

The Tammany Farmer.

THE BLESSING OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS FROM HEAVEN, SHOULD DESCEND ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR.

Vol. 2.

ROBINSON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1878.

NO 41

I.S.L.

UNPRECEDENTED TRACTION

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO

This institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes, in 1868 with a Capital of

ONE MILLION DOLLARS,

and it has since added a reserve fund of \$350,000. Its

AS SINGLE NUMBER

DRAWING

Take place Monthly.

Three scales postpone.

Look at the following Distribution:

GRAND PROMISE CONCERT,

during which will take place the

Extraordinary

SEMI-ANNUAL DRAWING,

At New Orleans—

Tuesday, December 10th, 1878,

Under the personal supervision and

management of

Gen. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana,

and Gen. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia.

CAPITAL PRIZE:

\$100,000.

NOTICE—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, \$5. Fifths, \$2. Tenths, \$1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE of \$100,000	\$100,000
1 GRAND PRIZE of 50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE of 20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES of 10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES of 5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES of 1,000	20,000
20 PRIZES of 500	10,000
100 PRIZES of 200	20,000
200 PRIZES of 100	20,000
400 PRIZES of 50	20,000
10,000 PRIZES of 2	20,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES:

100 Approximation prizes of \$200	\$20,000
100 do do 100	10,000
100 do do 75	7,500

11,279 Prizes, amounting to \$522,500

GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of LA.

GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY, of VA.

Commissioners

Write for Circulars, send orders to

M. A. GAUPJIN,

P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La.

Regular Monthly Drawing, Class M.

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$30,000.

Whole Tickets, \$2. Halves, \$1.

Spinning in Japan.

SPINNING PROCESSES VIEWED IN A FACTORY.

[From Japanese Advertiser.]

When I first visited some business

places in Japan, one noon, accompanied by a

party of heads toward Sakai for a sea

journey. On arrival there we were

invited to inspect the cotton mills

and spinning factory, established at

Sakai for many years, but which has

a minimum share of public notice.

These premises cover about 7,000

square feet, and the buildings thereon

are very substantially and extremely

well constructed; the major portion

of the machinery was imported to

order from England, and though

offers of purchase have been made

for the same, \$150,000 has never

been offered as the lowest figure.

As you enter the machine shop

you pass first through the engine

room; the engine is a common

high pressure one of thirty horse

power, and is worked with sixty

pounds of steam; you then enter

the workroom, which is very large

and the machinery therein (to our

unpracticed eyes) being all in

motion, was sufficient to dazzle one's

senses. We hastily, amid the deafening

sounds around us, gleaned a few

particulars of the process through

which cotton in its raw state is put

before it becomes ready for use.

Twenty-five pounds of cotton are

put into a batting machine; this

passes between two grooved rollers

and quickly becomes a rope piece; all

seed or dirt thereby quickly becomes

expelled by a blower whilst the stuff

is undergoing the first process. It

is then put on to the carding machine

which is self-acting; it then coils

around and is deposited in a receiver.

This operation is known as the "silver

process." Next, the end of the cotton

is put between two rollers which

is rapidly caught up, and by this

process is reduced to half its bulk

and doubled in length; the twisting

is also increased. It is then put on

to a machine by which it is put on

spindles ready for spinning; again

the bulk is reduced by one half, the

length doubled, and more twist is

taken. The last process in the machine

shop is placing the ends of a spinning

machine, each one having 150 spindles.

These machines have been explaining

all these processes with reference to

twenty-five pounds of cotton only) to

taken to write it down all eyes were concentrated upon and followed us whithersoever we went. We were highly gratified with our visit, showing, as it did, that there is a wide and very hopeful field for the development of industries in Japan. We should not forget to mention that those in charge of the factory were courteously polite, and civility was to be met with at every step and turn we took.

A Female Teamster.

[Little Rock Democrat.]

For several months past, among the many teamsters and wood-choppers working for the railroad company at and in the vicinity of Poplar Bluff, there has been one, a trim, very smooth-faced fellow, especially noticeable. He was popular with all his associates, owing, perhaps, to his boyish ways and his straightforward bearing. He did not indulge in the use of intoxicating liquors; and night after night, as the men were grouped around the camp fire, his cheery voice, as he sang the rude ballads of his companions, made the forest ring.

About ten days ago he fell a victim to the chills and fever, and while delirious his attendant made the startling discovery that their favorite was not what he claimed, but a woman in disguise. At night, on the return of the choppers to the camp, the information was imparted, and the next day the girl was carried to Poplar Bluff, where, under the care of a physician, she soon recovered. Her occupation gone, she found herself an object of suspicion and curiosity. Unable to obtain work suitable for her sex, a few nights since she donned her "old clothes," and came to Judsonia, where she is again at her old occupation—driving a team. The girl, when questioned as to her reasons for leading the life she does, answered frankly that she cannot obtain employment suitable for a woman, and that as a man she receives much larger pay than she would as a common domestic.

Shooting a Woman Out of a Cannon.

[New York Telegram.]

They are making a sensation in the Aquarium by shooting a young woman from a cannon. The cannon seems to be made of wood, and is mounted after the manner of a mortar. It stands at the front of the stage, pointing at an angle of about thirty-five or forty degrees, between the upturned faces of the spectators and the rafters overhead. At the close of the trapeze act Miss Geraldine comes down the rope, head foremost, by twining one leg around it, and with her disengaged toe describing an Archimedian spiral. She is then assisted to the raised muzzle of the cannon, into the bore of which she slips, feet first, lying on her back. Her head and neck are just visible when the gun is charged. Then she gives the word, the report of the cannon is heard, and she flies toward the spectators, going some twenty-five or thirty feet in a straight line before she drops to the net spread to catch her, when she again steps upon the stage and smiles her acknowledgment of the applause. Her bright garments are not at all blackened by powder, a fact which is doubtless due to the interior construction of the cannon.

A SIGN BOARD.

I will paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And hang it over your door,
A truer and better sign board
Than ever you had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rum-seller,
As you wait for the fair young boy,
Just in the morn of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.
He has no thought of stopping.
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rum-seller;
I will paint you as you stand
With a tempting glass of liquor
Holding in either hand.
He wavers, but you urge him;
"Drink! pledge me just this one!"
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

And I next will paint a drunkard,
Only a year has flown,
But into this loathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown;
The work was sure and rapid;
I will paint him as he lies
In a torpid, drunken slumber,
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother,
As she kneels at her darling's side—
Her beautiful boy, that was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of the coffin
Labeled with one word—"Lost!"
I will paint all this, rum-seller,
And paint it free of cost.

The sin, and the shame, and the sorrow,
The crime, and want, and woe,
That is born there in your rum-shop,
No hand can paint, you know;
But I'll paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And many shall pause to view
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

A Little Candle, but Shining Far.

A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, was holding by the right hand a boy, sixteen years old, mad from love of the sea. And as she stood at the garden gate, one morning, she said:

"Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink liquor."

"And," said he, for he told the story, "I gave the promise, and went the world over, to Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco and the Cape of Good Hope, the North and South Poles. I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form at the gate did not rise before my eyes; and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was that not sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half. "For," he continued, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a man of forty years."

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"Well," said he, "I was brought into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth, and kept me there until I had slept off my intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother I said I had never heard a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest ships in New York harbor, and I have called to ask you to come and see me."

How far the little candle throws its beams, the mother's words on the green hills of Vermont! God be thanked for the mighty power exerted by the utterance of a single word.

Pepper and Salt.

—Some women are things of beauty, but a jaw forever.
—Beware of a woman who sings, "Oh, how a thousand tongues."
—The right to be honest and decent is never taken away from a man.

—A disheartened periodical publisher wishes his was a powder magazine; it might go off better.

—Why don't they give old Vesuvius a rub down with sulphur soap. It is said to be good for eruptions.

—Ladies like basque waists, but an editor can't get along without a waist basque—it is said.

—Bow down your head, ye haughty clam; ye oyster say your prayer; the month that has an R has come; you're on the bill of fare.—[Boston Post.]

—The proper time for a girl to marry is after she has counted up her cash and found that she can support herself in case her husband turns politician.

—Commend us to the woman who cheerfully adapts herself to the reduced circumstances of her husband and whose affections fit closer than a French corset or a number six glove.

—Tell me, gentle traveler, who hast wandered through the world and seen the sweetest roses blow, and the brightest gliding rivers—of all thine eyes have seen, which is the fairest land? Shall I tell thee, child, where Nature is most blest and fair? It is where those we love abide. The space may be small, but it is more ample than kingdoms; it may be a desert, but through it runs the river of Paradise, and there are the enchanted flowers.

—Once, when some pilgrims journeyed to Mecca, they found themselves in a fruitless valley, beholding the Kaaba, a lofty house of stone. They sought with zeal to find God, but they found him not. Long they encircled the house of stone with their march, when a voice from within was heard saying: "Why stand ye here to worship stone? Go and worship in God's true house, the house of truth, the home of the heart. Blessed is he who enters there!" Tebrisi, leaving the desert, made a pilgrimage to his own home, and found it a temple.—[Persian.]

—A little five-year-old fellow came up to his mother the other morning, and with great earnestness, said: "Mother, I saw something run across the kitchen floor this morning, and it hadn't any legs, either; what do you suppose it was?" The mother's curiosity was excited at the apparent strangeness of the supposed animal, and not knowing what else to say, said she supposed it was a worm, or something of that sort, she did not know what. Having for some time enjoyed his mother's inability to solve the problem, said: "It was some water."

—A fellow bought a huge banana of the train boy on a railroad the other day. First he tore of the rind and tossed it out of the window, and then tore the fruit into pieces, carefully inspecting the fragments, and tossed them after the rind, with a look of supreme disgust, muttering: "That settles it; that's the last prize package I ever buy."

—Hotel guest on retiring: "I want to get up at 8 o'clock." Facetious night clerk: "Have not got one sir." Guest: "Not got what?" Clerk: "A potato clock."