

ST. TAMMANY FARMER.

Covington, February 15, 1879.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The Mails.

The Covington mails will arrive and depart according to the following schedule, wind and weather permitting:

ARRIVE	DEPART
Tuesday 7 P. M.	Wednesday 7 A. M.
Thursday 7 P. M.	Friday 7 A. M.
Saturday 7 P. M.	Monday 7 A. M.

Religious.—Rev. G. T. Vickers will preach in the Covington Methodist Church to-morrow (Sunday) morning, at 11 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

Rev. I. L. Peebles will preach in the Protestant Church, Mandeville, on Sunday, February 16, at 11 o'clock A. M.

Rev. G. T. Vickers will preach in the Protestant Church, Mandeville, Sunday morning, Feb. 23d, at 11 o'clock.

Peach trees are in bloom. We think the blossoms had better have remained where they were a little while longer. They are rather too precious. There's frost in the air yet.

ROAD OVERSEERS.—The Clerk of the Police Jury, Mr. Isaac Evans, requests us to publish the following names of road overseers for the First Ward, which were unintentionally omitted by him in the proceedings of the Police Jury:

Nanie Quave, from the intersection of the Covington road, on the turnpike road, to the parish line.
Chas. Ouilbar, from Madisonville to the Parish line, on the road leading to the Tangipahoa river.
Paul Donillon, from Madisonville to the ferry, on the Covington road.

Cotton Statement.

The following is a statement of the cotton shipped from Covington, and also the stock on hand, for the present commercial year, commencing Sept. 1, 1878:

J. O. Poole	69
A. Schrieber, Jr.	52
E. J. Smith	26
Robert Babbington	140
W. H. Jones	68
Charles Heintz	2
On consignment	67
E. J. Smith	209
On consignment	139
E. S. Kottwitz	119
W. C. Warren	113
Total	1,041

Covington Price Current.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1879.

COTTON—Selling at 8, 8 1/2 to 9c.
SUGAR—Choice brown 10c; choice white 12c.
MOLASSES—New 25 to 35c per gallon.
WHEAT—Common \$4 50; choice family 50.
BACON—Choice clear sides 7c; clear 7c; smoked shoulders 6c; dry salt 5c.
BEEF—Per bbl., \$10 00 to 11 00.
LARD—Choice 10c per lb.
COFFEE—Prime 25c; good 22c; ordinary 20c per lb.
RICE—Prime 7c; common 5c; rough 6c to 7c per bushel.
COW HIDES—Dry salted 8c; taint 10c.
BEEFWAX—Per lb., 25c.
TALLOW—Scarce; would command 7c to 8c.
Poultry—Grown chickens \$3 00; turkeys \$1 00 to \$2 50 per dozen; turkeys 7c to \$1 20.

VIOLETS vs. AMETHYSTS.

"Eight-and-twenty years old today!" said Miss Maurande, with a shake of her yellow curls. "Dear me, I am really getting to be almost an old maid!"

"Oh, my love, what nonsense," said her mother, a comfortable old lady, with a double chin, and bright blue eyes that blinked behind gold glasses. "As if you couldn't be married any day that you pleased!"

"But it's so hard to make up one's mind," said Miss Maurande.

If Mary Maurande had been pretty without being rich, she would probably have eloped with some handsome young ne'er-do-well, with pockets no better lined than her own; if she had been rich, without being pretty, she would doubtless have been married long ago to some bald-pated stock broker. But, as fortune had endowed her with both beauty and wealth, she was still hesitating what matrimonial choice to make.

She sat there at breakfast, in the pretty little blue chintz boudoir, with the hyacinths blossoming in the window, and the old china arranged on velvet-draped brackets above the mantle, with her fluffy yellow hair filleted by a blue ribbon, and her soft, turquoise eyes looking pensively into the red glow of the grate fire.

"Really," said Miss Maurande, to herself, "I don't know what I shall do."

At that moment Dorothy, the parlor-maid, tripped in.

"If you please, Miss Mary, there's a bunch of violets just come for you. And a card!"

"Violets!" cried Mary, her eyes brightening. "My favorite flower! How kind of Captain Cleveland to remember my birthday."

But in less than a minute, back came Dorothy again.

"A parcel for Miss Maurande," cried she, breathlessly. "And the express charges paid. With Mr. Mildmay's card, please, Miss."

"Isn't it nice to have birthdays," said Mary, laughing and coloring as she opened the little violet-velvet case and saw an amethyst bracelet—a plain bar of dead-gold, studded with glistening purple stones, and with one word, "Mary," engraved on the inside. "But, oh, mamma, I can't take anything so expensive as this!"

"You can't return it, my dear, without seeming rude," said Mrs. Maurande. "And it certainly is a gem, and quite puts the captain's violets in the shade."

Miss Maurande said nothing, but dipped her pretty nose once more into the hearts of the violets.

"Nothing is so sweet as flowers, mamma," said she.

"But the violets could have been bought anywhere for fifty cents, my dear," said Mrs. Maurande, "and the bracelet must have cost sixty or seventy dollars."

Mary was silent. In her mind there was something distasteful in thus reckoning these spontaneous little offerings according to their money value.

"Mr. Mildmay is very handsome and agreeable," said Mrs. Maurande, with her eye still fixed on the bracelet, with its spots of violet fire.

"But there's something about him I don't like, mamma," said Mary.

"My dear child!"

"There really is, mamma."

"He is much more elegant than Captain Cleveland."

"But Capt. Cleveland is so frank."

And long after her mother had left the room Mary Maurande sat with the two birthday gifts before her, looking first at the bunch of violets, whose sweet fragrance pervaded the whole atmosphere, and then at the broad band of yellow gold in its satin-lined case.

But the very next afternoon she

met Lizzie Cleveland, the Captain's rosy little sister, on Broadway.

"Are you going to hear Cavatina sing next week, Lizzie," said she.

Lizzie shook her head and screwed up her cherry lips in a negative fashion. "The tickets are \$10," said she, "and Frank can't afford it. A private in his regiment shot himself last week—wasn't it dreadful?—and Frank has given all his money to take the poor widow and children back to Ireland. Poor, dear Frank is always doing such noble, foolish, Quixotic things."

Miss Maurande's eyes sparkled. "Why didn't he tell me?" said she. "Frank is too independent," said Lizzie. "He never will ask help of any one."

Mary Maurande walked on, secretly elevating Capt. Cleveland in her heart to the post of "chevalier sans peur, et sans reproche."

When she came home she found Mrs. Inglis waiting for her.

"My dear," said Mrs. Inglis, "I really must show you the bargain I got yesterday at Varian's—a real jet necklace, set in gold, for \$5. Look."

"It is beautiful!" said Mary. "But isn't Varian a—pawnbroker?"

"The very reason I go there to buy things cheap," nodded Mrs. Inglis. "A poverty-stricken thing like me can't afford to patronize a fashionable jeweler; and they do sell things so cheap at Varian's; and it's such a dreadfully convenient place, too. I was waiting in the dark end of the dear, mysterious red place, for the clasp of the necklace to be repaired—for of course I did not want to be seen, and while I was there, the handsomest young man you ever saw came in to hire a bracelet."

"To hire a bracelet!" repeated Mary Maurande in astonishment.

"Yes," said Mrs. Inglis. "Wasn't it a curious idea? To hire a bracelet for three months! There was a good deal of joking going on between him and old Varian, and I heard him declare he was going to be married to an heiress within three months, and that the bracelet should be returned at the end of that time, without fail. And he was to pay \$5 a month for it and assume all risks."

"How do you know?"

"Varian told me so after he had gone out. Varian was packing the bracelet in a velvet case to send away. I tried to make him tell me where it was going, but he would not. But it was the sweetest thing you ever saw—Roman gold, with—"

Mary Maurande opened the drawer of her inlaid secretary, and took out an open velvet case, in which lay the amethyst bracelet.

"Was it anything like this?" said she.

"The very one!" said Mrs. Inglis. "My dear child, how came you in possession of it?"

"Mr. Mildmay sent it to me yesterday," answered Mary, quietly.

"It can't be possible that that young man was Mr. Mildmay!" cried Mrs. Inglis.

"It is most probable," said Miss Maurande, with a curious smile.

"And—excuse me, dear—that you are the heiress he's going to marry?"

"I am the heiress that he is not going to marry!" said Miss Maurande, with the sparkle of angry tears in her eyes.

She sat down and wrote a frigid note to Mr. Mildmay and sent it to his house, together with the unlucky bracelet.

"How the deuce did she find out that it was hired?" exclaimed that young man, in amazement. And he went straight to Varian, the pawnbroker, and accused him of having violated his trust. But old Varian vowed and declared he had not; and Mr. Mildmay never could see through the mystery.

And Miss Maurande was married to Captain Cleveland after all, and the flowers she wore, with a tulle

and white satin, were neither orange blossoms nor jessamines, but simple violets.

A CARD.

To the citizens of the Parish of St. Tammany:

On the occasion of the assembling of the Constitutional Convention, allow me to address you: to say that in the past we have lived under the tyranny of a demoralized and corrupt government; that in the present days we are bent under the weight of increasing poverty, coupled with excessive taxation, and that the future promises no relief, if the Constitutional Convention is not composed of practical and energetic men, bringing the red-hot and healing iron into our social wounds.

I have the greatest respect for the members of the Bar; but, convinced as I am, that past conventions have been too much ruled by members of the legal profession, I think that in the present emergency we want less Law-makers than practical men, Merchants, Planters, Farmers and Mechanics, provided they are men of energy, industry and unexceptional political probity.

Believing that I am at the height of the requirements, having been a resident of this parish for the last forty years, I freely offer myself to the people as a candidate for delegate from St. Tammany parish to the State Constitutional Convention.

For obtaining the People's Vote, I shall not, as a candidate, offer you more butter than bread. No! But I think it a duty of mine to tell you how I would vote if elected, and to pledge you my word of sacred honor, that I have no personal object nor interest to forward and promote on the occasion.

Under all circumstances I will respect and enforce the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

I believe that Universal Suffrage needs regulating for the better, and I shall insist on future legislation on the subject.

I shall vote to the last for a large reduction of the State taxes, founded on scaling anew the State debt to the present market value of its bonds—about forty cents on the dollar—and that henceforth the maximum interest on any State debt should not exceed five per cent.

In this age of resumption of specie payments, I will vote for an absolute restriction of Parishes and Corporations in the emission of that demoralizing trash called warrants, evidences of debt, or the like.

In view of the laborer toiling a whole year on a piece of land scarcely worth \$500, and who is not able, even then, to procure the most absolute necessities of life for his family, I shall persistently insist upon an immense reduction of the extravagant salaries or fees of office allowed by the State to some of her officers, such as six, eight, fifteen and even eighteen thousand dollars, reducing them to the maximum of Two Thousand Dollars, which is ample sufficient to live upon these hard times. I will also insist that all State expenditures be reduced in proportion to the above.

I desire that a Poll Tax be established, specially collected and disbursed, solely to defray the expenses of a Primary Education to the Poor, without distinction of color or previous condition.

Rural property under One Hundred Dollars ought to be exempt from Taxation, and all taxes less than One Dollar should not be collected.

The recent Judiciary System needs revision.

If those views meet your approbation, then vote for the undersigned to represent St. Tammany parish in the Constitutional Convention; but if, on the contrary, you vote for my staying at home, all the better, perhaps, for me.

Your devoted servant,

A Conservative-Democrat,
A. A. BAUDOIN,
Of Mandeville.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome and dumb to the inquisitive.



The Old Reliable.

In its Tenth Year.

Paying \$40,000 annually for the Support of the Charity Hospital at New Orleans, La.

ANOTHER

BARE OPPORTUNITY.

NO SCALING,

NO POSTPONEMENT.

All Prizes Paid in Full.

Splendid Chance FOR A FORTUNE.

THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

WILL GIVE AT NEW ORLEANS, LA.

ON TUESDAY, March 11, 1879,

THE GRAND MONTHLY Two Dollar Drawing,

CLASS C. CAPITAL PRIZE

\$30,000.

1857 Prizes, all amounting to **\$110,400.**

The drawing will positively commence at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Rooms of Company, on the morning of TUESDAY, March 11, 1879, at New Orleans, La.

LOOK AT THE DISTRIBUTION.

EXTRAORDINARY DISTRIBUTION.

100,000 Tickets, at \$2 Each.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE of	\$30,000	\$30,000
1 PRIZE of	10,000	10,000
1 PRIZE of	5,000	5,000
2 PRIZES of	\$2,500	5,000
5 PRIZES of	1,000	5,000
20 PRIZES of	500	10,000
100 PRIZES of	100	10,000
200 PRIZES of	50	10,000
500 PRIZES of	20	10,000
1,000 PRIZES of	10	10,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

9 Approximation prizes of \$300 each, for the nine remaining units of the same ten of the number drawing the \$30,000 prize, are	\$2,700
9 Approximations of \$200 each, for the nine remaining units of the same ten of the number drawing the \$10,000 prize, are	\$1,800
9 Approximations of \$100 each, for the nine remaining units of the same ten of the number drawing the \$5,000 prize, are	900

1857 Prizes, amounting to \$110,400

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

For sale at all the New Orleans agencies and at the Central Office of the

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY.

Address—Lock Box 692, New Orleans Postoffice.

Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter, Draft, or by Express.

Observe and recollect that in the Two Dollar Drawing of March 11, 1879,

ALL THE PRIZES ARE PAID

ON PRESENTATION.

Agents wanted in every State, County, City and Town throughout the Union.

Unexceptional guarantees required, and must in every instance accompany applications, to be made to

M. A. DAUPHIN, PRESIDENT

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

All letters unanswered mean a negative reply.