

ST. TAMMANY FARMER.

Covington, April 26, 1879.

NOT GREENFIELD.

A chill December evening, with the rain and snow forming a disagreeable sort of conglomeration on the sidewalks, the gas lamps flickering sullenly through the mist, and the wind taking one viciously as one turned the corner. Not a very pleasant evening to assume possession of a new home; but necessity knows no law, and Mr. Barkdale put up his night-key as he walked into the red brick house in the middle of the block, sincerely hoping that his new landlady would have common sense enough to light a fire in the grate.

"Is it you, sir?" inquired Mrs. Hinman, beamingly. "There's a good fire, and it's all right."

"All right, eh?" said the bachelor, feeling the blue tip of his frosty nose, to see whether it had escaped being frozen off entirely. "Well, I am glad to hear that. Have the trunks come?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and the other things."

"What other things?" demanded Mr. Barkdale.

But Mrs. Hinman pursed her lips, "I wasn't to tell, sir, please."

"Rather an eccentric old lady," thought Mr. Barkdale, pushing past her to the third story front room which he had solemnly engaged the day before.

It had been rather a dark and dingy little den by the light of the moon; but now, softened by the coral light of a well-filled grate, it wore quite another and brighter aspect.

"Velvet paper on the walls, gilt panelings, red carpet and a Sleepy Hollow chair," thought Mr. Barkdale, glancing around. "Not so uncomfortable, after all. When I get my things unpacked it will seem quite homelike."

He placed his valise in the corner, deliberately opened it, took out a pair of slippers, and invested his tired feet therein. Next he laid away his overcoat.

"Now for a cigar," thought he.

But the brown-layered weed was yet in his hand, when there was a bustle and a flutter, and a whisper, and a merry noise on the landing outside, and the door flew open, as if by magic, to admit half a dozen blooming girls.

Mr. Barkdale dropped his cigar and retreated a step or two.

"Don't be alarmed," said the tallest and prettiest of them, "it is only a surprise."

"A very agreeable one, I'm sure," said our friend, recovering in some degree his presence of mind.

"There's no mistake, I hope," said a yellow-tressed blonde. "Your name is not Greenfield?"

"No mistake at all, I assure you," said Mr. Barkdale. "Of course it's not Greenfield. Sit down, ladies." And he pushed forward the Sleepy Hollow chair, a camp-stool and two rheumatic reception chairs, which were all the accommodations presented by the apartment.

But instead of accepting his cour-

tesy, the girls all fluttered out again, laughing, and in a second, before he could realize the strange condition of affairs, they were back again, bearing chairs and a table-cloth, bouquets, a pyramid of macaronies, piled-up plates of sandwiches, frosted cake, and a mysterious something like unto an ice-cream freezer.

The golden-tressed girl clapped her hands.

"You needn't think we are doing this for you, sir," she said.

"Oh," said Mr. Barkdale, bashfully, "I—I hadn't any such impression."

"It is all a surprise designed for Kate's cousin."

"Is it?" said Mr. Barkdale, more in the dark than ever.

"And how do you suppose we found it all out?" demanded the tall girl with the black eyes and scarlet feather in her hat.

"I haven't the least idea."

"We found your letter to Kate, and then we girls read it, and we resolved to take you and her both by surprise. She is to be here in half an hour. Barbara—that is Barbara Morris, in the blue merino dress," with a turn of her long lashes toward the golden-haired girl—"pretends that she has moved here, and Kate is to come and spend the evening with Barbara. Won't it be a joke?"

"Stupendous!" said our hero, gradually beginning to comprehend that he was mistaken for some one else.

"What will Kate say when she sees you here?" ejaculated another maid, merrily.

"Ah! what indeed?" said Mr. Barkdale, wondering in what words he could best explain matters.

"Of course we shall look the other way while you are hugging and kissing her," said Miss Barbara, demurely.

"Very considerate of you, I'm sure," said Mr. Barkdale.

"She's the sweetest girl in New York," exclaimed the tall damsel, enthusiastically. "I am one of her dearest friends. Hasn't she ever written to you about Alice Moore?"

"I don't just at this moment recall that she has."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," said Alice. "Just sit down while we fix the tables. Are not those roses beautiful? My goodness, how astonished Kate will be."

"She can't be more so than I am," said Mr. Barkdale, sinking into his Sleepy Hollow chair, and passing his handkerchief vaguely across his forehead. "Well, it's a mere matter of fate; I can't see how I am to explain myself, and yet, perhaps, I ought to explain, Ladies—"

"Hush-sh-sh-sh," cried the six pretty girls, all in a chorus; "Kate's coming; Bessie has brought her. Hush! Don't say a word, Mr. Greenfield." The golden-haired girl's hand was clapped promptly over his mouth. Alice Moore grasped his arm spasmodically, and the other four danced a sort of a bewitching little feminine war dance about him, while a seventh girl entered—a pretty Madonnafaced little creature, like a dove.

"Come and kiss him, Kate," cried all the others. "Now, don't be ridiculous, for we shan't take any notice. Here he is."

"Kiss who?" cried Kate, standing still and staring around her. "Girls, what on earth do you mean?"

"You provoking thing!" said Barbara, stamping her little foot. "Do you suppose we are all fools? Why, of course we know all about him! It's Mr. Greenfield, your cousin, Kate—the young M. D."

"Where?"

"Why, here."

"Nothing of the sort!" said Kate, demurely.

Our hero stood up, feeling himself growing uncomfortably warm and red.

"Ladies," said he, "there's some mistake here. I said at the outset that my name was not Greenfield."

"There!" cried the girls, all at once.

"There!" echoed Kate, defiantly. "Didn't we tell you?" cried the girls.

"Didn't I tell you?" retorted Kate. "Be kind enough to let us know what your name is, sir?"

"Cephas Barkdale," said the wretched victim of a misunderstanding.

"But," said Miss Moore, "you said it was Nott Greenfield!"

"Of course I did!" said the puzzled bachelor. "It isn't Greenfield, and never will be, unless I have it changed by act of the Legislature."

"Oh-h!" cried the girls. "Dear, dear, to be sure! And we thought you were Kate's lover—and his name is N-o-double-t—Nott Greenfield."

"Do hold your tongues, you ridiculous things," said Kate, half vexed, half laughing. "What must Mr. Barkdale think of us?"

Miss Barbara, in the meantime, had taken a slip of paper out of her pocket. She uttered a hysterical shriek.

"It's all my fault!" she exclaimed. "It was No. 39 instead of No. 36—and the tail of the horrid figure turned the wrong end up—that's all. And the cake and the flowers, and everything!"

"Stop, ladies, if you please," said Mr. Barkdale, politely. "Because the surprise has come to the wrong place is no reason why the right person should not enjoy it. Allow me to give up this room to your use this evening. I will just step across the street and send Mr. Nott Greenfield over."

"But you must return with him," said the girls.

And Mr. Barkdale was not allowed to depart until he had promised to return.

Mr. Nott Greenfield—a good-looking medical student, who had the "sky parlor" directly opposite—came promptly, on mention of the name of Kate Kelford, and did the polite thing in introducing Mr. Barkdale; and Mr. Barkdale ate of the sandwiches and enjoyed the cake and cream, and coaxed Miss Barbara to pin a little pink rosebud in the button-hole of his coat, and enjoyed himself prodigiously.

"I'd like to be surprised like this every night in the year!" said he.

"Oh, you greedy creature!" said Miss Barbara.

"But there was one time that I seriously meditated throwing myself out of the window," said he, "when you told me I was to kiss Kate."

"Dear, dear," said Barbara, "that would have been dreadful, wouldn't it?"

"But the awkwardness of the thing!"

"I dare say you never kissed a pretty girl!" pouted the blonde.

"I never did," said the bachelor, growing bold; "but I will now, if you say so!"

"But I don't say so," said Barbara, coloring and laughing. "Behave yourself, sir!"

Mr. Barkdale went home with the fair Barbara, and they grew to be very great friends, and—where's the use of trying to conceal how it ended? They were married at the year's end, with all the surprisers as bridesmaids, Kate Kelford included. Mr. Nott Greenfield proposes to follow the example soon.

Scientific American: Saturday night makes people human; sets their hearts to beating softly, as they used to before the world turned them into war drums and jarred them to pieces with tatoes. The ledger closes with a crash, the iron-doored vaults come to with a bang up go the shutters with a will, click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business breathes free again. Homeward ho! the door that has been ajar all the week gently closes behind him, and the world is all shut out. Shut out? Shut in, rather. Here are his treasures, after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the bank. Maybe you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday night is nothing to you, just as you are nothing to anybody. Get a wife, black-eyed or blue-eyed, but above all, true-eyed. Get a little home—no matter how little—a sofa, just to hold two, or two and a half, and then get the two or two and a half on it, of a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank God and take courage.

Consul Mosby attended a state dinner of the British Governor General the other day, clad in his usual every-day garments. In response to loud hints that his conduct was considered extraordinary and an apology was expected, he announced, with considerable emphasis, that his clothes were good enough for him as an American citizen, and, therefore, must do for the company. The American residents are badly torn up in their minds in consequence.

The editor of a paper recently insisted that poets must be brief. The next day he received a composition entitled, "The Ballad of the Merchant":

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