

ST. TAMMANY FARMER.

Covington, October 18, 1879.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.

I shall never forget the uncomfortable position that I found myself in through too free a use of that unruly member, the tongue. I was a young fellow then, clerk in a London bank. My father was an officer in the army, and he often told us boys that setting each of us up in business or a profession was all he could ever do for us, for the scanty pittance he would leave behind him must belong solely to my mother and sister. But my brother and I were energetic and hopeful. So long as each day brought us enough to satisfy our daily wants, we recked little of the future.

One bleak, cold January morning, I was greatly surprised, on my arrival at the bank, to find my father pacing up and down before the building. I was not living at home just then, and his presence there made me fear lest something was wrong.

"Philip," he began, "are you in time? Can you spare me three minutes?"

"Yes, sir," I replied; "for a wonder, I see I am ten minutes earlier than I need be. What is the matter?"

"Do not look so startled," he said; "nothin' is wrong. You know Mr. Fosberry?"

"Oh, you mean that half-cracked old man who is awfully rich, and is my god-father, as well as cousin thirty times removed?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "Well, last night I received a letter from him, after years of silence, in which he asks after you." And he read me the letter.

"What a queer old boy!" I exclaimed. "What does he mean?" for I did not exactly understand him.

"Mean!" cried my father, excitedly, snatching the letter from me, and crushing it in his pocket, "Mean!—why, to make you his heir, Philip—his heir!"

"Whew!" said I, blushing; "that's a good idea!"

"You must apply for leave to go off at once," said my father. "Strike while the iron's hot. Its a splendid chance, Philip—splendid! Use it well, and your fortune is made!"

So I thought, applied for leave, and set off for the Paddington Station soon after, with my ears ringing with a legion of instructions for pleasing old men, given me by my fellow-clerks. The only one I could clearly remember was, to rise when he came into the room, and then eschew every comfortable arm-chair for fear he should want it. I felt bursting with importance, and actually treated myself to a glass of hot whisky and water at the refreshment room.

"Hello, Philip!" suddenly cried a voice.

"Why, Jack, what brings you here?" I replied, recognizing my

friend Jack Evans.

"I am going down to Gloucester," said he. "Where are you off to?"

"Oh, no such luck!" I cried. "I am going off beyond Hereford to humor an old gentleman."

"What?" said he.

"Come along and I'll tell you all about it," said I. "Second class? Yes, all right. Here we are."

After we were settled in our seats an old man got in. He was poorly dressed, and wore a green shade over one eye, while the other looked weak and drooping. We granted our disapproval at his entrance, and made mutual grimaces, but as his blind eye was toward us, they were lost to him. As the train moved off I told Jack my story, which you know already.

"Well done, Philip! Your bread is buttered for you!" he exclaimed, when he had heard me to the end. "What a glorious chance! Man alive, I wish I were in your shoes, that's all."

"Yes, yes, my boy. All right!" I exclaimed. "Well, its a shame if I don't secure a good smoke now, before the light of my pipe goes out in obscurity. Do you object to smoke, sir?"

This latter question was addressed to the old gentleman in the corner, who appeared a curious mass of old coats, railway rugs and newspapers.

"I do object very much," was the gruffly spoken reply.

"Very sorry, sir," said I, "I'll keep my head out of the window, then."

Shame seizes me when I recall this incident. In lieu of attending to the old man's wishes, I coolly lit my pipe, and though I knew the wind would blow the smoke right into his eyes—though I heard him growling with rage—I puffed on heedlessly. I should be sorry to be so rude now, but I was young and excited then.

The short afternoon was drawing to a close, and very soon after we were dependent for a light on the lamp that hung from the center of the carriage roof.

Whether it was the old man's example, who had gone to sleep, or the monotonous noise of the train as it sped along, or that our powers of chatting were exhausted, I knew not; but anyhow, we began to feel inclined for a nap. But we found the lamp an intolerable nuisance, with its incessantly flickering light.

"Bother it! Can't we blow it out?" said I.

"Not if we cracked our cheeks. But I've a notion!" cried ever ready witted Jack. "Hand me the old boy's hat."

"What for?" said I, as I handed him the article in question. It was worn and rusty, but well brushed and well shaped.

"To make an extinguisher of," replied Jack; and so saying, he fitted it on the lamp, making the globe act like the bald head of the owner of the hat. It fitted to a nicety, and so tightly as to keep well in its place. The arrangement answered splendidly, and not a glimmer of light was to be seen.

When the train stopped at Swindon we awoke and rushed out of

the carriage to get refreshments, quite forgetting our fellow-passenger and his hat. On returning, we found they had both flown. The train started, and when we arrived at Gloucester Jack left me. I had a cool, lonely journey to my destination, a little station just below Hereford. When I arrived it was 11 o'clock; a dark, raw night; I was very sleepy and tired. For some moments I could not find my portmanteau; then my hat was missing, and while I was searching the guard was exclaiming against the delay of the train. At last I found everything, the guard whistled, the train moved off, and I was left standing on a little country platform in a strange place.

"Any cabs to be got here?" I asked of the station master.

"Dear me, no sir," was the reply. "But we can get you one down in town. Where is it to go, sir?"

"I want to go to Mr. Fosberry's, of Castle Hall," I replied.

I paced the wretched little station until the conveyance came, with my mind full of the coming meeting. I asked the driver how far we had to go.

"How far, sir?" said he. "Oh, about four miles."

I got in, and we rolled along the dark, narrow lanes. After half an hour's drive we entered some handsome iron gates, and drove into what seemed to me now, in the dim light, to be a very extensive park. The whole aspect impressed me with the idea of a grand estate, and I questioned the driver on the subject.

"Indeed, it's a big place, sir," he replied. "Tis about fifteen miles around the estate. Eh, Mr. Fosberry is very rich. People do say he has £200,000 to leave, if he's a penny, besides this property."

My driver jumped down and pulled the bell. The peal resounded through the house like the clang of a triumph. A footman in livery threw open the door, and I was admitted into a hall glowing with light and warmth, and then shown into a large, brilliantly lighted drawing room.

A moment later and the tall footman reappeared. He apologized for his master's non-appearance, and requested me to obey the contents of a note he handed me from a massive silver salver.

I tore it open and read:

"Mr. Philip Fosberry Williams: The next time you travel by rail do not smoke or annoy old gentlemen; do not make the infirmities of age and seeming poverty your laughing stock; do not tell your friends of your great expectations; do not make extinguishers of old gentlemen's hats; do not speak of your crack-brained relatives; do not be slangy, vulgar and insulting to strangers; do not cherish vain hopes of inheriting me; and, finally, do not lose any time in leaving forever the house of your 'old fire-works' of a fellow-traveler,

"PHILIP FOSBERRY.

"P. S.—I inclose a £20 note to pay your expenses."

How I got out of the house—how I got to the station, and spent the night in a wretched inn—how I returned to town, and told my enraged relations my woeful tale, wherein I

played such a sorry part—how my abject letter of apology was returned unread—I cannot tell. I only know that old Fosberry died worth £200,000, leaving his niece sole heiress, and that I quarreled with Jack Evans about it; nor have I ever spoken to him since.

RULES OF CONDUCT.

- Never betray confidence.
- Never leave home with unkind words.
- Never laugh at the misfortunes of others.
- Never send a present hoping for one in return.
- Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.
- Never make yourself the hero of your own story.
- Never pick your teeth or clean your nails in company.
- Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question.
- Never present a gift saying its no use to yourself.
- Never read letters which you may find addressed to others.
- Never question a servant or child about family matters.
- Never fail, if a gentleman, of being polite to the ladies.
- Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered.
- Never look over the shoulder of another who is reading or writing.
- Never answer questions in general company that have been put to others.

- Don't insult a poor man. His muscles may be well developed.
- Don't throw dust in your teacher's eyes. It will injure the pupil.
- Don't boast of your pedigree. Many a fool has had a wise ancestor.
- Don't buy a coach to please your wife. Better make her a little sulky.
- Don't write long obituaries. Better save some of your kind words for those living.
- Don't publish your acts of charity. The Lord will keep the account straight.
- Don't put on airs in your new clothes. Remember your tailor is suffering.

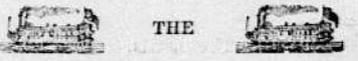
A school system that sharpens the wits and softens the hands of pupils will revenge itself upon its promoters. The country is getting full of young men and women of fair education, who find it impossible to support themselves. They might make passable clerks, but there is no kind of hard labor for which they have any aptitude or inclination. The *Scientific American* says a manufacturer advertised in Boston and New York for twenty-five shoe-fitters, offering current rates and steady work. The advertisement brought one application. Another firm advertised for a book-keeper, and the next day's mail brought 347 answers. In this country more farmers, blacksmiths, carpenters, etc., are needed. While education should by no means be neglected, it should be given a practical turn. No man is well educated who does not know what to do with his hands.

Governor Fenner, absenting himself from Church on fast day, was told by Dr. Wayland that he did not obey his own proclamation. "Yes, I do," he replied. "I tell the people to meet at their usual places of worship. Mine is at home."

The greatest evils in life have had their rise from somewhat which was thought of too little importance to be attended to.

Passenger Time Table.

For Mandeville, Madisonville and Old Landing.



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- On MONDAYS and THURSDAYS, for Mandeville, Madisonville and Old Landing, on arrival of the 12 M. train.
- On TUESDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS, for Mandeville and Madisonville, on arrival of the 4 P. M. train.
- On SATURDAY, for Mandeville and Old Landing, on arrival of the 4 P. M. train.
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- RETURNING:**
- Leaves Old Landing on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS at 6 A. M., and Mandeville at 8 A. M.
 - Leaves Madisonville MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 5:30 A. M., and Mandeville at 6:45 A. M.

Fare to all points.....\$1
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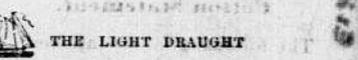
Freight will be received daily at her landing, New Basin, near Algouma Bridge.

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- Sacks.....15 cents
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