THE ST. TAMMANY FARMER.

Covington, June 5, 1880.

THE GIRL WITH THE CALICO DRESS.

A fig for your "fashionable girls,"
With their velvets, and satins, and laces,
Their diamonds, and rubies, and pearls,
And their miliner figures and faces;
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazoned with half they possess,
But give me, in place of them all,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is as plump as a partridge, and fair
As a rose in its earliest bloom;
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume;
Her step is as free and as light
As the fawn's, whom the hunters hard press;
And her eye is as soft and as bright—
My girl with the calico dress.

Your dandies and foplings may sneer
At her simple and modest attire
But the charms she permits to appear
Would set a whole iceberg on fire.
She refuses to dance, and never allows
The hugging, the squeeze, and caress;
She is saving all these for her spouse—
My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted, and true,
And kind to her father and mother;
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sisters and brother.
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enlighten and bless,
She is just the right sort for a wife—
My girl with the calico dress.

THE BEAUTY'S CHOICE.

Mrs. Hawley's prettiest boarder was the bit of a blonde girl named Florence Castleton. It was a romantic name, and she had a romantic history. Her parents were dead, she was the heiress of their property, and had a guardian. He had been in love with her mother, and was very jealous of the daughter's guardianship, treating her with arbitrary power, and teasing her quite as much as pleasing her with his affections.

Yet, it was quite exasperating to the young men to see her hanging on his arm, and he a handsome bachelor of only forty. He boarded at a hotel, she had Mrs. Hawley's prettiest set of rooms. They were furnished by herself, and most charmingly, in rose wood and blue damask. She had canaries, and a paroquet and a King Charles spaniel, and a maid under her authority, and it was but a short time after her arrival before every young man in the house was remarkably subservient to her.

There were four young men in the house—Charley Childs, Fred Grove, Leonard Martin and Dick Manchester—all bright, agreeable, marriagable young men, and all admirers of Florence Castleton. Finally there was another, but he was too plain and bashful to be admitted to the elegant ranks of Miss Castleton's galaxy of beaux, and no one thought of his being any one's lover.

His name was David Atwood. He was a book-keeper, was plain in dress, and evidently straightened in means. He had one of the smallest of Mrs. Hawley's side rooms, spent his days and most of his evenings in the office where he was employed, never went to theatres or the opera, and possessed not the slightest style of manner.

The others laughed at him—he was so shy, and awkward, and bashful. And Florence Castleton often joined the laugh, silverly; yet no one offered him any disrespect Indeed, they all acknowledged him to be "a good young man, but so homely and awkward."

Florence Castleton had a pretty voice for singing, and used to play upon a guitar, a beautiful one, inlaid with pearl, which her guardian had given her.

One evening, after David Atwood had resided in the house about six weeks, she brought it down into the parlor and sat down to play.

The young men gathered around to sing with her. Young Martin sang very well and Charley Childs sang better. While they were singing David Atwood came in.

He slipped into a corner and sat down in his shy way, and was unnoticed until Dick Manchester, who was restless for mischief, called out: "Mr. Atwood, won't you come and sing with us?"

"I do not sing," he said quetly.

"Nor play?" asked Dick.

"Only upon the violin," he answered.

Florence was strumming her guitar carlessly.

"Won't Mr. Atwood let us hear him play upon the violin?" asked Dick, glancing slyly at Martin, as if he was starting game. All awaited Atwood's answer with a certain degree of interest.

"I have not used my violin since I came here. I will unpack it, and if none of the strings are broken I will play," and he rose quietly and left the room.

"I never knew a country bumkin who had'nt a fantasy for a fiddle," said Martin. "There, he's coming back. Now, if anyone has fastidious musical sensibilities I'd advise him to decamp."

"I'll stay," said Dick.

"We'll all stay and see the fun," said Grove, sitting down by Miss Castleton.

David came in. I began to understand what was coming as he bent his head over the violin and drew the bow lightly across the strings. In a moment he glided into an air of Verdi's, so light and graceful that it was like the fall of sea spray. Every ear and eye was given in rapt attention; some in delight, some in troubled doubt, as if they could not believe their senses; some in spleen and envy, and all in amazement. Astonishment was the prevailing emotion.

When he had finished the opera air, he asked, "Is there any tune you would particularly like?" And he glanced toward the side of the room where Florence Castleton sat, rather than at Dick and Martin.

"Will you play the Phantom Chorus from Faust?" asked Florence. And the mild, sweet tones came forth obediently, in beautiful perfection. Air followed air. The company sat spell-bound until the suddenly revealed musician laid down his bow. A chorus of eulogistic phrases and expressions of gratitude followed, but David Atwood smiled only at Florence Castleton's simble remark. "We thank you."

He left the room. A little while after I went through the hall, and met him.

"You have surprised and delighted us with your performance, Mr. Atwood," I said.

He smiled.

"I learned to play to please a little sick sister I had once," he answered. "Since she died I do not care to play much, although I love music."

Just then Florence Castleton flitted by and went up stairs. I think she heard what he said.

"Do you think she liked it?" he said, with amusing simplicity and directness.

"Yes, I am sure she did," I answered.

It soon became perceptible to all observing people how much David Atwood was in love with Miss Castleton. He would turn pale every time she spoke to him, and once, when he brought her a chair in an awkward hurry, I saw him trembling like a leaf under her beautiful eyes. They were together that evening, with three or four others, in the parlor.

"Miss Castleton," said a pretty little school girl, who idolized Florence for her beauty, after the manner of school girls, "your eyes are just the color of the water off Coney Beach, where I saw it last summer."

Miss Castleton laughed.

"They are like the summer skies," said Charley Fields.

"I say they are just like the binding of 'Owen Meredith,' in blue and gold," said Dick Manchester.

"And what is your comparison, Mr. Atwood?" said Florence, looking up archly at David.

"They are like the blue larkspur that used to grow in my mother's garden," he said.

Florence Castleton blushed; it was the only time I had seen her blush. Looking up, she suddenly met the eyes of her guardian, Mr. Gray, who was present. Rising quickly, she went to the piano, and seating herself, she played a light air.

That night a cry of fire awoke me. I lay unaffected for a moment, until I suddenly perceived the odor of smoke. Rising hurriedly, I opened my door; the hall was filled with smoke, and there was great confusion in the house. The cry of "fire, fire," arose.

I flung on a wrapper, drew on a pair of slippers, and commenced putting my most valuable papers in my writing desk. While I was doing this there came a quick step on the stairs, and a voice crying the names of all who slept on the landing. I opened my door again and saw for the first time that the doors of all the other chambers were open and the occupants had fled. It was a servant.

"Oh, come down, for heaven's sake!" she cried. "The back part of the house is afire, from cellar to roof, inside!"

There were doors in the hall shutting all the back part of the house from the front.

"Are all out?" I asked, flinging a coat around me and taking up my precious writing-desk. "Where are Miss Houston and Miss Castleton?"

"Heaven have mercy!" cried the Irish girl, "but I don't think Miss Castleton is out! I haven't seen her! Oh, what shall I do?"

Just then a figure came leaping up stairs.

"Go down!" he cried to me, as he sprang past.

He flung open the door between the two halls. A volume of smoke poured out, and I retreated.

It was David Atwood, and I knew instinctively that he had gone after Florence Castleton, and that she would soon be safe.

Down stairs the people were carrying out furniture, amid the greatest confusion.

Mr. Gray caught the arm of Mrs. Hawley, as she fled down stairs with a pile of valuable clothing.

"Miss Castleton, Mrs. Hawley—where is she?" he cried.

"I don't know!" she exclaimed, despairingly. "Some one went after her. I have not seen her—"

Mr. Gray interrupted her with an oath, and sprang to the stairs; but at that instant the figure of David Atwood emerged from the smoke on the stairway, with the senseless form of Florence Castleton in his arms. She had apparently fainted with fright, or been overpowered by the smoke. She was half dressed. Her beautiful hair swept over David's arm; her white, unconscious face was clasped to his breast.

They carried her into the air and she soon survived, after which she was taken to the hotel where Mr. Gray resided.

The fire was finally extinguished, but the house was very much injured, and rendered untenable until repaired. It was spring, and I went out of town; but that summer I received the following letter from Jeanette Manchester:

"*My Dearest Esther*—I've such news to tell you. Florence Castleton has married that horrid, awkward David Atwood, who is a such a fright, if he does play beautifully on the violin. It seems that he saved her from the fire, and she went into a passion of gratitude, and he told her that he loved her; and that was a pretty state of affairs for that aristocratic Gray, who is more than half in love with her himself, I believe. But they say that Florence said to him: 'Dear guardian, remember my mother,' and he gave up and let her marry Atwood. I was not at the wedding; it took place at the Gray's country seat, and they say that the bride wore blue larkspur in her hair. Horrid taste! and so forth.

J. MANCHESTER.

I smiled. I was glad.

ROGERS'

CELEBRATED LINIMENT.

The most remarkable curative discovery ever made in any country. A Liniment that penetrates the Muscle, Membrane and Tissue to the very bone itself; curing Disease; banishing Pain with a power that is astonishing in the extreme.

The Proprietor of ROGERS' LINIMENT has been using it for the last twenty-five years, and the numerous certificates attached thereto will testify to its Curative Powers. It was just being started at the breaking out of the late war, and the Proprietor being entirely broken up then, is just now getting it revived, and it only needs a trial to insure success.

No Farmer or owner of Stock should be without a supply of this truly valuable Medicine. It is the only Medicine now in use that will permanently cure that fatal disease among cattle, called "hollow horn." ROGERS' LINIMENT has never failed to accomplish a speedy and permanent cure; it also prevents Flies and Gnats from troubling Animals. It is the greatest destroyer of Bed Bugs ever offered to the public, and will not injure Furniture; on the contrary, will cleanse and put a gloss on it equal to a coat of varnish.

The Proprietor of ROGERS' LINIMENT does not claim that it is a cure all, but does claim that it will cure any and all of the diseases mentioned; also do just what it is represented. It is the best article in the world for cleaning Guns, Pistols, Knives, etc.; for taking Rust off anything, and preventing anything from rusting on which it is used.

HEAR WHAT PEOPLE SAY WHO HAVE TRIED THE MERITS *OF*

ROGERS' LINIMENT.

W. H. Toomer, Esq: *New Orleans, La., Aug. 1, 1879.*
Sir—Having tried and seen tried "ROGERS' LINIMENT" on Old Sores, I pronounce it the best remedy of the kind I ever saw, and recommend it to all who are in [illegible] of such an article. Yours, etc., P. BONSEIGNEUR, 334 south Basin [illegible]

W. H. Toomer, Esq., New Orleans: *Bayou Lacombe, La., Sept. 1, 1879.*
Sir—A neighbor of mine had a young cow down with Hollow Horn. He told me he had tried everything he could think of without doing any good. I told him to get a bottle of "ROGERS' LINIMENT" and try it. He procured one bottle and commenced using it, and the cow began improving from the very first application, and before one bottle was used she was able to get up without help, and was cured sound and well, and is now as fat and fine as any cow in his stock.
Yours, etc., PHILIP MAGEE, St. Tammany Parish.

W. H. Toomer, Esq.: *New Orleans, Aug. 20, 1879.*
Sir—"ROGERS' LINIMENT," put up for sale by you, is, I believe, the very best preparation of the kind in use. It ought to be on every farm and in every house. It is invaluable. Yours truly, E. NORTH CULLOM.

W. H. Toomer, Esq.: *Bayou Lacombe, Dec. 6, 1879.*
Sir—Please ship me by schooner Mary Ann five dozen more of "ROGERS' LINIMENT." The sale is increasing rapidly. And oblige, yours truly, JOS. H. BLOCK.

Capt. W. H. Toomer, New Orleans: *Pearlington, Miss., Sept. 1, 1879.*
Dear Sir—Please send us two dozen more of "ROGERS' LINIMENT." It is taking well here, and we think the sale will increase. Yours, etc., POITEVANT & FAVER.

Mr. W. H. Toomer: *Bayou Lacombe, Nov. 25, 1879.*
Dear Sir—Please send me a half-dozen bottles "ROGERS' LINIMENT." I am entirely without it, and need it very much. And oblige, yours etc., W. C. ERNEST.

W. H. Toomer, Esq.: *Abita Springs, La., June 31, 1879.*
Sir—I have been using "ROGERS' LINIMENT" in my family and on my animals for the last seven years, and it has exceeded my expectations in every respect. I would not be without it for a single day. I recommend it to every one, both for Man and Beast. Yours, etc., FRANCOIS FLOT.

W. H. Toomer, Esq.: *Mobile, Alabama, 1859.*
Sir—I have used "ROGERS' LINIMENT" in over a hundred cases in my practice, and find it an Invaluable Remedy. Yours, etc., L. W. WHITAKER, M. D.

W. H. Toomer, Esq.: *Mobile, June 30, 1879.*
Sir—Please send me one-half dozen bottles "ROGERS' LINIMENT," as my stock has suffered very much for the want of it. Since you left Mobile I have been [illegible] it. Yours truly, JACOB MAGEE, Planters' Cotton [illegible]

W. H. Toomer, Esq.: *New Orleans, A[illegible]*
Sir—I have tried "ROGERS' LINIMENT" for Fresh Cuts, Old Sores and Sore Backs on animals, and find it to be as recommended. It is the Best Remedy of the Kind in use. Yours truly, L. ROCA, Lumber Yard, Old Basin.

W. H. Toomer, Esq.: *Mobile, Alabama, 1859.*
Sir—Having seen "ROGERS LINIMENT" used for *Rattlesnake Bites*, I can say that it is the Best Remedy I ever saw to relieve and cure snake bites of any kind.
Yours, etc., W. S. MITCHELL.

The Proprietor is in receipt of thousands of testimonials, too numerous to mention, testifying to the wonderful merits of ROGERS' LINIMENT."

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PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS——FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

MRS. C. VOGEL,

RETAIL DEALER

IN

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS,

HATS, SHOES,

WINES, LIQUORS, &C. &C.

COVINGTON, LA.

F. Lossot,

Blacksmith & Wheelright,

—Will do all sorts of work in—

WOOD and **IRON**, at short notice and on accommodating terms.

COVINGTON, LA.

New Tannery.

I am now prepared to supply the public with all kinds of leather, best quality, of my own manufacture, at prices that defy competition.

Harness Leather,

Bridle Leather,

Sole and

Upper Leather.

Call at the Tannery, in Covington, and examine my stock, before sending your orders to the city.

☞ I will give leather in exchange for hides.

ap17 **LOUIS WEHRLI.**

JOHN THEOBALD,

Blacksmith & Wheelwright

Covington, La.

WAGONS, CARRY-LOGS,

BUGGIES, CARTS,

And all kinds of Vehicles constantly on hand, for sale cheap for cash. Live stock will be taken in exchange for the above articles. ap17 3m

Farm for Sale.

Situated seven and one-half miles from Covington. It contains 162 acres of land; seven acres fenced in for cultivation. One good building on the place, 50x30 feet. A healthy place, in a good neighborhood. Apply at this office.

Farm for Sale.

169 Acres of Good Land.

WITH OR WITHOUT STOCK.

THIRTY ACRES UNDER FENCE

Call and examine the premises. There are abundant Fruit Trees on the place. Splendid Residence and good water in the yard. Out-houses of every kind that are needed in this country, and a small Sugar Mill, in good order.

The place is on the Columbia road, eight miles and a half from Covington.

Apply to CHAS. STRATTMAN.

NOTICE.

Property for Sale in Madisonville and Covington.

Several dwelling houses, empty lots and land. One small farm near Madisonville. Twelve squares of land in Covington. Apply to

R. GALATAS,
Madis[illegible]