

St. Tammany Farmer

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike upon the Rich and the Poor."

Vol. 6.

COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1880.

NO. 25.

NEW ORLEANS CARDS.

[ESTABLISHED IN 1829.]

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**Boot and Shoe Man-
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IN LOUISIANA.

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COTTON FACTORS,

—AND—

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chants,**

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Prompt attention given to all
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Will practice in the Eighteenth Ju-
dicial District. Will be found at the
Clerk's office, in Covington, La., from
the 20th to the last of each calendar
month. ml 6

DR. E. R. RANDOLPH,

LATE OF NEW ORLEANS,

Tenders his professional services to
the people of St. Tammany parish and
surrounding country.

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POPULAR PRICES:

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Best SPANISH TONIC FOR THE
HAIR always on hand. F. DUSSE,
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OMNIBUS LINE.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT.

Leaves Covington for the Old Landing,
connecting with the steamer New Came-
lia. Will take passengers to any part of
this or adjoining parishes. Terms mod-
erate. Feb 8 tf

Hack Line!

BY ROBERT BADON.

This old and popular carrier, connect-
ing with the Steamer *Cavelin*, at Mandev-
ille, Madisonville and Old Landing, is
carrying the U. S. Mail and thereby com-
pelled to distance all opposition. Every
one is treated courteously, and charges
are uniform, and no delay on account of
old horses and other vexation. Travelers
desirous of speed and safety, will look
out for Mr. Badon.

COVINGTON, Sept. 15, 1877.

**Pure-blooded Berkshire Boar
and Sow**

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Boar 16 months old. Sow 12 month
old. Apply at this office.

The Mails.

COVINGTON TO NEW ORLEANS

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Monday... 7 P. M.	Monday... 4 A. M.
Tuesday... 10 P. M.	Tuesday... 5 A. M.
Wednesday... 12 M.	Wednesday... 4 A. M.
Thursday... 7 P. M.	Thursday... 4 A. M.
Friday... 10 P. M.	Friday... 5 A. M.
Saturday... 7 P. M.	Saturday... 4 A. M.

PEARL RIVER TO PEARLINGTON.
Leaves Pearl River Thursday, at 8 A. M.
Arrives at Pearlington by 11 A. M.
Leaves Pearlington Thursday, at 1 P. M.
Arrives at Pearl River by 4 P. M.

PEARL RIVER TO COVINGTON.
Leaves Pearl River Monday, at 6 A. M.
Arrives at Covington on Tuesday, by
9 A. M.
Leaves Covington on Tuesday, at
9:30 A. M. Arrives at Pearl River Wednes-
day, by 9 A. M.

PEARL RIVER TO RIGOLETS.
Leaves Pearl River Saturday, at 9:30
A. M. Arrives at Rigolets by 1:30 P. M.
Leaves Rigolets Saturday, at 2 P. M.
Arrives at Pearl River by 6 P. M.

COVINGTON AND SHADY GROVE.
Arrives at Covington from Shady
Grove on Tuesday, at 6 P. M.
Leaves Covington for Shady Grove
Wednesday, at 7 A. M.

COVINGTON AND PONCHATOULA.
Arrives at Covington every Friday, at
6 P. M. Departs Saturday, at 6 A. M.

"I die content," said a fly in the
baker's dough; "somebody will take
me for a currant."

Carpets ought of right to be ob-
jects of sympathy. First they are
badly beaten and then trodden un-
der foot.

"Help the sweeper, please, sir."
"Can't, my man. I wasn't brought
up to the business; besides, I have
no broom."

If ministers would only speak the
plain truth in funeral sermons,
the demand for such discourses
would rapidly decrease.

What is the difference between
a stylish young lady's cranium and
a hammock? One is a banged head
and the other is a banged bed.

West Philadelphia has a woman
who admits that her baby is not
half as pretty as her neighbor's.
She has been sent to an insane
asylum.

In Italy, when a man has a No.
10 voice they make an opera singer
of him; in America he becomes an
auctioneer. The man gets rich in
either case.

"Mr. Jones," said a lady at a fair,
"won't you please buy this bouquet
to present to the lady you love?"
"That could not be," said Mr. Jones,
"I'm a married man."

It is awful hard to realize that a
woman is an angel when one sees
her pick up a clothes-prop fourteen
feet long to drive a two-ounce
chicken out of the yard.

Putting it neatly. Said the little
pet of the household, on her last
birthday: "It's a lovely doll, dear
grandpa and grandma, but—I've
been hoping it would be twins."

A man much addicted to snoring
remarked to his bed fellow in the
morning that he had "slept like a
top." "I know you have," replied
the other, tartly, "like a humming
top."

A Texas gentleman traveling
through Arkansas, gives the follow-
ing as his unbiased opinion of that
State: "It raises the finest crop of
ticks, chiggers, dog fennel, snakes,
tarantulas and centipedes I ever
saw."

At dinner she had a doctor on
either side of her, one of whom re-
marked that they were well served,
since they had a duck between them.
"Yes," she broke in—her wit is of
the sort that comes in flashes—"and
I am between two quacks." Then
silence fell.

A ROUGH STORY ABOUT A NEW HAT.

[Little Rock Gazette.]

Probably the meanest trick that
was ever played on a white man
was played last week in this city,
and the fact that there is no Vigi-
lance Committee here is the only
reason the perpetrators of the trick
are alive. A business man had pur-
chased a new stiff hat, and he went
into a saloon with half a dozen
friends to fit the hat on his head.
They all took beer and passed the
hat around, so all could see it. One
of the meanest men that ever held a
county office went to the bar-tender
and had a thin slice of Limberger
cheese cut off, and when the party
were looking at the frescoed ceiling
through the beer glasses, the wick-
ed person slipped the cheese under
the sweat-leather of the hat, and
the man put it on and walked out.

The man who owned the hat is
one of our nervous people, who is
always complaining of being sick,
and who feels as though some
dreadful disease was going to take
possession of him and carry him
off. He went back to his place of
business, took off his hat and laid
it on the table, and proceeded to
answer some letters. He thought
he detected a smell, and when his
partner asked him if he didn't feel
sick, he said he believed he did.

A clerk said it was evident that
somebody's feet needed washing.
The man turned pale, and said he
guessed he would go home. He
met a man on the sidewalk who
said the air was full of miasma, and
in the street car a man who sat
next to him moved away to the end
of the car, and asked him if he had
just come from Chicago. The man
with the hat said he had not, when
the stranger said they were having
a great deal of small-pox there, and
he guessed he would get out and
walk, and he pulled the toe bell and
jumped off.

The cold perspiration broke out
on the forehead of the man with
the new hat, and he took it off to
wipe his forehead, when the whole
piece of cheese seemed to roll over
and breathe, and the man got the
full benefit of it, and he came near
fainting away. He got home, and
his wife met and asked him what
was the matter. He said he believed
mortification had set in, and she
took one whiff, as he took off his
hat, and said she should think it
had. "Where did you get into it?"
said she. "Get into it?" said the
man. "I have not got into any-
thing, but some deadly disease has
got hold of me, and I shall not live."
She got his clothes off, soaked his
feet in mustard water, and he slept.

The hat was lying on the center
table, and the children would come
in and get a smell of it, and look at
each other with reproachful glances
and go out to play. The man slept
and dreamed that a small-pox flag
was hung in front of his house, and
that he was riding in a butcher's
wagon to the pest-house. The
woman sent for a doctor, and when
the man of pills arrived she told
him all about the case. The doctor
picked up the patient's hat, tried
it on, and got a sniff. He said the
hat was picked before it was ripe.
The doctor and the wife held a
post-mortem examination of the
hat, and found the slice of Limber-
ger. "Few and short were the
prayers they said."

They woke the patient, and to
prepare his mind for the revelation
that was about to be made, the doc-
tor asked him if his worldly affairs

were arranged in a satisfactory con-
dition. He gasped and said they
were. The doctor asked him if he
had made his will. He said that he
had not, but he wanted a lawyer
sent for at once. The doctor asked
him if he felt as though he was pre-
pared to shuffle off. The man said
he had always tried to lead a differ-
ent life, and tried to be done by the
same as he would do it himself, but
that he might have made a mistake
some way, and he would like to have
a minister sent for to take an ac-
count of the stock.

Then the doctor brought to the
bedside the hat, opened up the
sweat-leather and showed the dying
man what it was that smelled so,
telling him he was as well as any
man in the city. The man pinched
himself to see if he was alive, and
jumped out of bed and called for his
revolver, and the doctor couldn't
keep up with him on his way down
town. The last we saw of the odor-
iferous citizen, he was trying to
bribe the bar-tender to tell him
which one of those pelicans it was
that put that slice of cheese in his
hat lining.

PATTY'S SWARM.

One day Patty ran into the house
with her yellow hair a-tumble, and
her blue eyes sparkling with excite-
ment.

"Mother, O mother!" she cried,
her little brown hands fluttering
like the wings of a bird. "The
bees are swarming."

"Sure?" asked her mother, doubt-
fully. For, you see, Patty was the
least bit in the world like a boy in
the fable who cried, "Wolf! wolf!"
when there was no wolf. Not that
she meant to be, but so many bees
would fly about, making such a
buzzing in the warm sunshine, that
Patty was often quite certain that
they were swarming when they
hadn't any idea of it.

And that is why Patty's mother
asked her, in that doubtful way,
"Sure?"

"Yes'm," said Patty, meekly.

Her mother stepped to the door.
True enough, there was a roar like
that of a very small waterfall in the
air, and out over the bee-hives
floated a little black cloud.

"I do believe they are," she said.
"But they're not all out yet, I guess,
and will not begin to light for some
little time. Run down to Mr. Jes-
sop's, Patty, and tell your father—
no, I'll go,"—with a smile—remem-
bering that Patty had gone for her
father once before when the bees
were not swarming after all.

"May I go out and watch 'em,
mother?" asked Patty, dancing heel
and toe on the white kitchen floor.

"Yes; put on Aunt Nabby's shaker
and don't go too near."

So Patty got into Aunt Nabby's
big shaker-bonnet, which was so
much too large that you could not
see her little round face, unless,
feeling quite sure it was there, you
stooped and peeped in; and the
brown calico cape almost reached
the hem of her short skirts.

Then Patty went out into the gar-
den and sat down on a box by the
cucumber bed.

She watched the dancing black
swarm until her eyes grew heavy.
The sun shone brightly, the west
wind blew about her warm and
soft and fragrant.

The buzzing of many bees grew
louder and louder, until it seemed
to swallow up every other sound.
Then the big shaker began to droop,
and that was all Patty knew un-
til—

"Patty, Patty, child, don't stir

for your life!"
This was what called Patty out
of dreamland, her father's voice,
deep and hoarse.

At first she wondered where she
was. There was a roar like distant
thunder in her ears.

"Don't move, Patty, dear. Don't
lift your head!" That was her
mother. The words sounded to
Patty a great way off, and there
was a tremble in them and a sob
at the last. What could it mean?

Patty was frightened, but she was
a brave little girl, and had always
been taught to obey. So she sat
very still, with scarcely the quiver
of an eyelid, and presently she felt
the big shaker gently lifted from
her head.

"All right!" said her father.

And Patty looked up with a little
cry to see her shaker—Aunt Nab-
by's shaker, truly, but bigger than
ever with that great cluster of mov-
ing, buzzing bees hanging to it—
disappear within an empty hive.

Then Patty laughed. "Did they
light on my head?" she cried, jump-
ing up. "What fun!"

But her mother took the little
girl in her arms and carried her
into the house, and cried over her.
Mothers are such queer people.

"That shall be Patty's hive,"
said her father, coming in later;
adding, with a twinkle in his eye,
"I've heard of a bee in one's bon-
net, but I never saw so many bees
on a bonnet before."

"Nor I," said Patty, laughing
still. "They shall make me some
honey to pay for that."

A LONG HILL.—A tavern keeper
on the San Bruno road was aroused
one night by an antiquated old
Granger, who sat over the wheels
of an open lumber wagon, and was
evidently disturbed about some-
thing.

"I say, mister," said the rustic,
scratching his head with the but of
his whip, "this here's the road to
Frisco, ain't it?"

"Certainly; but, old man, what
have you done with your hind
wheels?"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the old
party, rubbing his specs and look-
ing behind him, "if I hain't gone
and lost them wheels. That explains
the whole thing, though, stranger;
seemed like I'd been going up such
an all-fired long hill, I was begin-
ning to think I had lost the way."

Of the late Bishop Ames the fol-
lowing anecdote is related: While
presiding over a certain conference
in the West, a member began a
tirade against the universities and
education, thanking God that he
had never been corrupted by con-
tact with a college. After proceed-
ing thus for a few minutes, the
Bishop interrupted with the ques-
tion, "Do I understand that the
brother thanks God for his igno-
rance?" "Well, yes," was the an-
swer. "Well, all I have to say," said
the Bishop, in his sweet, musical
tones, "all I have to say is that the
brother has a great deal to be
thankful for."

A new pair of shoes came home
for a little five-year-old. He tried
them on, and finding that his feet
were in very close quarters exclaim-
ed, "O, my! they are so tight I can't
wink my toes."

Said Jones, "Fred Grant won't
have so soft a thing as he has had."
"I don't know," replied Robinson;
"he'll have a soft thing so long as he
keeps cool and doesn't lose his
head." Slightly ambiguous is Rob-
inson.