St. Tammany Farmer.

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

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COVINGTON, LA.:

Saturday, September 11, 1880.

The betrothal bracelet now takes the place of the engagement ring and is worn on the left arm.

We presume the catfish is so called because no one was ever lucky enough to kill one with a bootjack.

"I say, my little son, where does the right hand road go?" "Don't know, sir; 'taint been nowhere since we lived here."

A woman in Jericho, Vermont, having heard a great deal about "preserving autumn leaves" put up some, but after yard told a neighbor that they were not fit to eat.

Mother—"Now, Gerty, be a good girl, and give Aunt Julia a kiss and say good-night." Gerty—"No, no! if I kiss her she'll box my ears, like she did papa's last night."

Burdette has been fishing. "I haven't done so very badly myself," he says, in a letter to Mr. Bailey, of the Danbury *News*. "I have been out twice, all day long both times, and caught three fish, an average of one and one-half fish a day. That is 547½ bluefish a year, and let me tell you there are very few, if any, amateur fishermen who catch more than this in a year. The fresh fish I caught aggregate about fourteen pounds down here; but if they don't pull down the beam at thirty-seven pounds apiece by the time I get them to Burlington, my pen has lost its cunning, that's all."

BUILDING UP A TRADE.

The family had only lately moved into the neighborhood. A day or so after their arrival the head of the family went to the grocery in the neighborhood and asked the price of a can of condensed milk. "Fifteen cents," said the proprietor. "Fifteen devils!" said the customer, "why, man alive, I don't want to buy a dozen cans, but only one. What do you ask for half a can, wholesale figures?" "Never sell half a can." "I reckon you never sell anything if you mark your goods up that way. Suppose I take one whole can, will you come down to a dime?" "Fifteen cents is the usual price." "That may be with unreliable transient customers, but I am an old citizen of Galveston, and the store that captures my permanent trade will have to be enlarged within six months. Say a dime, and throw in a pound or so of soda crackers, and its a whack." "Do you buy a great deal in the course of a year?" asked the proprietor, with a sneer. "Do I buy a great deal? I should say I did. Why, it won't be more than two months before I'll have to get another box of matches. The box I am using from now is more than half gone, and I only got it last February, late in February, too. Say a dime for the condensed milk, and one of them stale watermelons thrown in as a sorter of an inducement, and you can put these two nickles in your burglar proof safe." "Fifteen cents is the lowest price." "I wish you could see my blacking brush. It can't hold out over Christmas, and then I am bound to negotiate for a new one. Throw one box of blacking in with the condensed milk, and it's a transaction." "I won't do it." "All right! You won't do it. I'll just keep my eye on you. I'll bet your stock is insured for twice what it's worth, and you are going to have a fire pretty soon. When a merchant don't care to build up a trade, he is fixing to fail or to swindle somebody somehow. Good morning sir."—*Galveston News.*

HOW COL. HAY GOT A WIFE.

I am Kate.

Of course I can tell my own adventures better than any one can tell them for me. That stands to nature. I'm not a practical writer, and I don't know how to produce what the fashionable authors call "grand pen-effects," but I believe I can make you understand how it was. And that is all that is necessary.

Leeman had sprained his ankle, that's my brother, and he could not go to town with the load of russet apples that was already piled into barrels and stood waiting under the big red shed.

"It's too bad!" said he. "Those russet apples are worth a deal at this time of year, and we shall miss the market to-day."

"Can't you ask Neighbor Hutton to take them?" said my mother.

"Neighbor Hutton is a deal too sharp a practitioner for me," said Leeman. "It's a hard thing to say about a neighbor; but I can't trust his honesty."

"Mr. Hall?"

"Hall would be casting it up in my face for the next six months that I had asked a favor of him," said Leeman. "No, I'd rather lose the apples than my independence. But it is too provoking that I must needs have slipped on that piece of orange-peel, now, of all times in the world. I have been saving up these apples all the winter with a special eye to this particular market-day."

"Leeman," said I, "I'll go."

"Nonsense!" said Leeman.

"But why not?" said I. "Old Pomp is as gentle as a kitten, and I know every inch of the way."

"But there are the Red swamp woods, that desolate stretch of three miles, with never a house on either side of the way except the deserted cabin where the old negro hanged himself twenty years ago," argued my mother.

"Who cares for the Red swamp woods?' said I, valiantly. "I never was afraid of frogs and whip-poor-wills, and I am not going to begin now. Lil, will you go out and help me harness early in the morning, and—"

"Oh, I wish I was going, too! Can't I go, Kate?" cried Lil, my hoyden young sister, with her blue eyes glistening with delight at the idea of anything unusual.

"Stuff!" cried I, imperiously. "Of course you can't! Hasn't Pomp a heavy load enough without your ninety pounds of mischief loaded on? Besides, you must stay at home and take care of mother and Leeman, and finish the chintz curtains for the big west chamber, for Colonel Hay may come home at any time now."

Colonel Hay was our city boarder—a gentleman who had been recommended by his physician to try the fresh, pine-scented breezes of the Shawangeenta mountains, and whom our rector had recommended to the Icy Spring farm.

We were not rich, although mother and Leeman had managed the farm economincal and well since father's death, and the weekly addition to our income would be something worth considering.

The idea of a city boarder was very pleasant too, and Icy Spring farm was a very lovely spot, although we seldom allowed ourselves to think of that.

So, after a little, I asked mother and Leeman to consent, and the next morning Lil and I were up long before daybreak, harnessing old Pomp and getting ready for the day's journey.

By the time the red, level light of the rising sun touched old Pomp's gray mane with radiance, I was driving through the Red swamp, where the maple trees, from which it took its name, were all aglow with crimson blossoms, and the thrushes and robins called to one another with flute-like notes.

Well, I managed splendidly. I knew where I was going to when I started. I sold the six barrels to the man who kept the Park Hotel for $4 apiece, and that's more than Leeman himself anticipated.

"Be careful you don't get robbed now," said the man, as he watched me put the bills into my little porte-monnaie.

"Robbed!" said I, with a laugh. "Why, who should rob me?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the landlord. "There's always tramps and burgulars around. They're a crop that don't belong to any particular season of the year."

As I turned away—I did not notice it at the time, but it came back to me afterward, as things do come back like a sudden flash across the dark shield of memory—a man who was lounging on the steps looked hard at me.

I colored a little and thought to myself: "Well, he'll know me the next time he sees me," and then forgot all about it, for I had mother's black bombazine to match and Lil's spring hat to buy, and some dinner china to select, and the doctor's prescription for Leeman to fill out at the druggist's, so it was well on to 7 when I turned old Pomp's head homeward, in the suburb of the town, with a feeling of emotion which was quite pardonable, when one considers my inexperience in the marketing line and my exceptionally good success.

The sunshine was warm, and still on the high road, and I was rather glad when we came to the cool shadows of the Red swamp, where the birds were all silent in the noon-heats, and the sweetest of odors came floating up from the tangled recesses of fern and cowslip, on either side of the solitary, railed-in road.

All at once old Pomp gave a sidewise start, his ancient idea of shying, and then I saw a man, pale, dusty and tired looking, sitting on a fallen log, just outside of the road. I felt sorry for him; I was like mother, who never would let the shabbiest or meanest-looking vagabond go past our house without a draught of milk, or a piece of fresh-baked pie, or a slice of her famous home-made bread-cake, and without stopping to think, I drew in old Pomp's rein.

"Are you going towards Lennox Cross Roads?" said I. "Yes? then jump in; I'm going in that direction too, and I'll give you a lift."

He thanked me in a silent, drooping sort of way, and seated himself on the board at the back of the wagon, toward which I pointed with the handle of the whip.

"You look ill," said I.

"I am not ill," he said with a smothered cough; "only tired with my long walk. I didn't know it was so far to Lennox."

"I suppose you are going for work?" said I. "Deacon Brierly has a good many hands just now in his tobacco factory."

"No," said he, "I am not going to work."

I asked no more questions. I did not like the idea of a man's shrouding himself in mystery in that sort of a way, and, as I glanced once more, a sudden revelation came across me like a blaze of light.

It was the same man who had eyed me so keenly on the steps of the Park Hotel.

Then I remembered my mother's words of caution, Leeman's reiterated exhortions, and the landlord's friendly words of warning. And, in spite of it all, I had deliberately thrust my silly head into the jaws of danger. There was only one thing for me to do—to get out of the scrape as well as I could.

I cast about in my mind how to do this; and presently, with beating heart, I dropped a little parcel of blue ribbon into the road.

"Oh!" I cried, checking up Pomp, "I've dropped my parcel. Would—would you mind getting out after it?"

"Not in the least," said the stranger, and he climbed laboriously out.

He had scarcely set his foot on the ground before I laid the whip on old Pomp with a will, and rattled away over the long, straight road at a pace that seemed positively marvelous to me and Pomp both.

So we left our passenger behind in the middle of the Red Swamp. I could see him standing there blank with astonishment, the sole picture in the long perspective, as I ventured to look back; but I only whipped Pomp the harder, and never let him abate his pace till we were well out of the Red Swamp.

"I've out-generaled him," said I to myself, "and I've saved Leeman's $24. I'm sorry about the blue ribbon; but it was only a yard and a quarter after all, and I can trim Lil's hat with something else."

They were delighted at my prowess when I related my adventure at home. Leeman declared I was a capital little market-woman; mother shuddered at the desperate tramp alone with me in the swamp; Lil declared that I was a hero.

"Wasn't it a good idea for Kate to drop the ribbon and send him after it?" said she.

"Kate was a goose ever to let him get into the wagon," said Leeman, knitting his brow.

"Kate mustn't go by herself such a long distance again," said mother.

And I drank my cup of tea and rested myself, and went out afterward to see the new brood of darling little yellow chicks which Old Speckle had brought off the nest during my absence.

I was on my knees in the henhouse, feeding them with scalded meal from the palm of my hand, when I heard mother calling me from the house.

"Kate! Kate! come up at once! Col. Hay has arrived."

"Col. Hay?"

I started up, looking with blank dismay at my calico dress, and the meal stains on my hands.

However, there was nothing for it but to obey the summons, so I went up to the house. A sort of blur seemed to come before my eyes as I entered the sitting room and heard mother saying:

"Col. Hay, this is my eldest daughter, Kate."

And then the blur cleared away, and I knew the man I had twice before seen that day—the pale, tired traveler whom I had so recklessly abandoned in the middle of the Red Swamp.

"I—I beg your pardon, Colonel Hay!" I cried, impulsively. "I thought you were a thief!"

The burst of laughter that followed from every inmate of the room effectually scattered all embarrassment.

"That was my adventure. And Col. Hay has long since forgiven me that unkind desertion of him. In fact (this is quite private and confidential, mind) we are to be married soon, and I am going with him to Florida to try the effects of a Southern climate on his health. That is all. Isn't it enough?"

Of the kind of "nobility" that exists only in name, France, like Poland and Italy, seems to have a supply sufficient to meet the demands, for years to come, of American girls ambitious to support some impecunious Count and to live in titled unhappiness. Here is a sample advertisement from a Paris paper:

"An honorable English lady, married to a French nobleman, is well acquainted with three Dukes, four Marquises and five Counts, belonging to the highest French nobility, who are desirous to marry English or American ladies having enough income to keep up a high rank in the St. Germain Society of Paris. The titled persons in question are from thirty to sixty years old. They do not require titled ladies, but honorable ones. The same English lady can procure the title of a Marquis and the title of a Count, to gentlemen of fortune, aged from thirty to thirty-two or thirty-five, if they consent to marry the young ladies who, by contract, can give that title to themselves and their descendants. The greatest discretion is promised and will be observed. Apply, during a fortnight, to Poste Restante, etc."

The following substances have been sanctioned by the Public Health Department of Germany, for use in confectionery and other edibles, as non-poisonous coloring matter: Flour and starch for white; cochineal, carmine, madder-red and the juice of carrots and cherries for red; saffron, safflower and turmeric for yellow; indigo and litmus for blue; the juice of spinach and mixtures of the already-mentioned blues and yellows for green; burned sugar and Spanish juice for brown, and Indian ink for black.