

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, SEPTEMBER 13, 1880.

NO. 25.

NEW ORLEANS CARDS.

[ESTABLISHED IN 1829.]

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**Boot and Shoe Man-
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IN LOUISIANA.

BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KIND AND
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HOME AND EASTERN MADE

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Free of Charge,

—IN—

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—BY—

MAX BEER & Co

167 Canal street,

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When you go to New Orleans, the first
place to visit is MAX BEER & CO. They
are right opposite where the Lake cars
stop, and as they deliver packages free
of charge to your home, and sell all Cot-
tons, Plantation Goods, etc., at Manu-
facturers' Prices, every one in the parish
buys from them. Look well and see that
you go to the right place, as you can
save money by buying goods from them.
Write for samples, and compare them
with others, as that will convince you
how cheap they sell at.

MAX BEER & CO.,

167 Canal street

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SAM'L R. WALKER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
COVINGTON, LA.

Practices in U. S. Circuit and District
Courts, New Orleans.

JOHN WADSWORTH,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW.

Franklin, La.

Will practice in the Eighteenth Judi-
cial District. Will be found at the
Clerk's office, in Covington, La., from
the 20th to the last of each calendar
month. mh6

DR. F. H. KNAPP & SON,

Dentists.

No. 13 BARONNE STREET,
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OVER THE MOURNING STORE.

Dr. F. H. Knapp's experience of forty-
six years renders him capable of per-
forming the most beautiful and durable
Dental operations at prices to accommo-
date all.

Look for their photographs on the door and
you will not mistake their office.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN WITH
GAS.

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DR. E. R. RANDOLPH,

LATE OF NEW ORLEANS,

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

Dr. J. F. CHAMBERS,

OFFICE

NEXT DOOR TO INGRAM'S CORNER
Covington, La.

Covington Shaving Saloon

POPULAR PRICES:

SHAVING..... 10 cts.

Hair Cutting..... 20 cts.

Shampooing..... 20 cts.

Best SPANISH TONIC FOR THE
HAIR always on hand. F. DUSSE,
merzly Proprietor.

"HEALTH AND LIFE,"

A Journal of remarkable cases and cures
under the new and wonderful Com-
pound Oxygen Treatment for
Chronic Diseases. Just published, and
sent free. Address Drs. STARKY & PALAN,
1109 Girard st., Philadelphia. au7

Notice to Tax-Payers.

State of Louisiana—Parish of St. Tam-
many.

TAX COLLECTOR'S OFFICE,

Covington, La., Sept. 4, 1880.

The taxes assessed in the year 1880 are
set forth in the Tax Rolls now on file in
my office and in the Mortgage Office of
this parish. They are now due, and if
not paid will become delinquent on the
31st day of December, 1880, and will
draw eight per cent. per annum interest
from that date until paid, in accordance
with Article 210 of the Constitution.

W. B. COOK,

Sheriff and Ex-officio Tax Collector.

Notice.

State of Louisiana, parish of St. Tam-
many—Eighteenth Judicial District
Court.

To the creditors of the succession of

Frank Leuel, deceased:

You are hereby cited to attend a meet-
ing of the creditors of said estate, to take
place before me, Wm. C. Morgan, clerk
and ex-officio notary public of the parish
of St. Tammany, at the courthouse, in
the town of Covington, on MONDAY,
the 11th day of October, A. D. 1880, at
my office, at 10 o'clock A. M.

By order of the Court.

Wm. C. MORGAN, Clerk.

Covington, La., Sept. 11, 1880.

Notice.

State of Louisiana, parish of St. Tam-
many.

Notice is hereby given to all persons
having claims against the succession of
Frank Leuel, deceased, to present the
same to the undersigned, within thirty
days from this date. All persons indebted
to said succession are required to
make settlement of the same without any
delay.

C. C. COOPER, Administrator.

Covington, La., Sept. 11, 1880.

Special Notice.

COVINGTON, LA., Aug. 28, 1880.

All persons owing taxes to the cor-
poration of Covington, prior to January
1, 1880, are hereby notified to call at the
Mayor's office and pay the same, within
twenty days from the date of this notice,
or they will be proceeded against, ac-
cording to law. Wm. KAGAN,
au28 Marshal.

Notice.

To all shippers of freight per steamer

NEW CAMELIA.

On and after this date all freight must
be reported at the warehouse of the
steamer New Camelia, in Covington, by
4 o'clock P. M. on Monday, for Tuesday's
boat, and by 4 o'clock P. M. on Thursday,
for Friday's boat, and so on, for boat
days. No freight will be received, hand-
led up nor delivered on Sunday.

J. O. POOLE, Agent.

Covington, La., Sept. 11, 1880.

LAND OFFICE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.,

August 24, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the follow-
ing named settler has filed notice of
his intention to make final proof in
support of his claim, and secure final
entry thereof, said proof to be made, be-
fore the clerk of the court, at Covington,
parish of St. Tammany, La., on the 25th
day of September, 1880:

LOUIS J. DIERSES, No. 3943, for the
south half of the southwest quarter of
section 7, township 6, south, range 12
east, Greensburg district, La., and names
the following as his witnesses, viz:
Henry Jones, Charles Strattman, Charles
Heinz and H. J. Smith.

GEO. BALDEY,

aug28 se25 Register.

LAND OFFICE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.,

September 6, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the follow-
ing named settler has filed notice of his
intention to make final proof in support
of his claim, and secure final entry
thereof, said proof to be made before the
Register or Receiver, U. S. Land Office,
New Orleans, La., on the 1st day of No-
vember, 1880:

MERRILL A. CROCKETT, No. 4222, for the
fractional northwest quarter of section
34, township 9, south range 15 east, St.
Helena meridian, and names the follow-
ing as his witnesses, viz: John W. Sny-
der, Gilbert Arnold, Francis Sandler and
Hiram Clark, all of St. Tammany
parish, La. GEO. BALDEY,
sep11 ec9 Register.

FOR SALE.

A Good Cottage,

Containing three ceiled rooms and a
cabinet room; a good kitchen, with pan-
try and store-room, connected with the
house by a covered shed; a good wood-
shed, cistern, chicken house, stable, etc.
Good rich soil. A number of fruit trees
on the place. For further particulars
apply to
MRS. GOKMAN,
Covington, La.

The Omaha Herald says a drink of
Council Bluffs whisky will make a
man go off to some secluded place
and rob himself.

"Hands wanted on boys' pants" is
an advertisement in a New York
paper. A few slippers and old
shingles are in demand also.—
Houston Post.

"Before I begin this story I must
tell you that I am a commercial
traveler." "Oh! that is nothing; we
would have found it out before you
finished," was the reply.

"What did the Puritans come to
this country for?" asked a Massa-
chusetts teacher of his class. "To
worship in their own way, and make
other people do the same," was the
reply.

A young lady wants to know
what will take the smell of onions
from her breath. Don't eat them,
dear; but if you must, take your
breath out, boil for two hours, and
then sprinkle with a little cologne.
This will do the business.

AS A MISSIONARY.

"I should like to do something
to help the missionaries," said Amy
Peake.

Times were dull in the store, just
then. Purse-strings were drawn
tightly—pockets were buttoned up
to correspond. The vague intang-
ible shadow of a coming "panic"
overhung the commercial world—
and Mr. Moneymint, of the firm of
Moneymint & Makecash was talking
of discharging half a dozen or so
of his assistants.

Amy Peake, the prettiest and the
brightest of them all, had just sold
a pair of castor-beaver gloves to an
old gentleman, and was now
thoughtfully replacing the stock in
trade on the shelves. She was a
blue-eyed lassie, with black, wavy
curls, lips as red as holly-berries,
and a pretty, round nose, just the
least bit turned up at the end, in an
inquiring sort of way, that was, to
say the least, bewitching.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Wigson,
who had had the small-pox, and
whose light-blue eyes didn't look
the same way. "You'd a deal bet-
ter help yourself! If you take care
of number one, you're certain that
person is taken care of!"

"That is a narrow and selfish
theory!" said pretty Amy indignantly.

"Well, I'm narrow and selfish,"
said Miss Wigson. "And so you will
be, when you have lived as long as I
have! What can I have the pleasure
of showing you ma'am?" to a yellow-
faced lady, in a seal jacket and dia-
monds as big as a peas.

But Amy revolved these things
in her mind.
"Are you really in earnest my
child?" asked Mr. Day, the near-
sighted, white-haired, kindly-nat-
ured old clergyman, who had christen-
ed her, as a babe, and catechised
her from time immemorial.

"Of course I'm in earnest," said
Amy.

"Because," said the old man,
thoughtfully, "I've heard of a vacan-
cy that wants a filling. But it's
at the very bottom of the ladder,
Amy—a menial position, which—"
"Nothing is menial in the details of
missionary life," said enthusiastic
Amy.

"It's the Reverend Briggs Badgett,"
said Mr. Day. "He is going
to Madagascar on a special mission
to the heathen—"

"Oh, that is glorious?" cried Amy,
with kindling cheeks and eyes.

"And he wants a help."
"A help?"

"Well, my dear, to put it in plain
English," said the old man, "I sup-
pose it means a servant, maid. He
has written to me to know if I can
recommend a meek-spirited, efficient
young woman, who would not
shrink from the path of duty, how-
ever thorny it might prove."

"The very thing," cried Amy.
"And as for servants, are we not all
the servants of One Master? Yes,
I'll go to Madagascar—that is, if
the Rev. Mr. Badgett will take me.
Since poor mamma died, and my
brother Daniel married, there is
nothing on earth to keep me in one
place more than another. Bu-

what sort of a person is this Rev.
Briggs Badgett?" with a little natu-
ral curiosity.

"I don't know, my dear," said
Mr. Day. Our communications
have been carried on entirely by let-
ter, and I shouldn't know him if I
were to meet him to-morrow face to
face. But I saw Mrs. Briggs Bad-
gett once—a pretty, little old lady,
with white curls and a face like a
winter apple."

"I'll go!" said Amy, promptly.
"I can sew, cook, wash, and iron;
and whatever I can't do I shall be
glad and willing to learn."

"That's the right spirit, my dear,"
said Mr. Day.

"How soon will my services be
required?"

"At once, so my correspondent
says."

"Then I'll go at once," said Amy.
"Please to give me the address."

Mr. Briggs Badgett was sitting
alone in his shabbily furnished little
study, before a meagre fire, drink-
ing a cup of semi-cold tea—for the
landlady didn't think it worth her
while to put herself out for a lodger
who was so soon to emigrate to
Madagascar.

He was a slender, pleasant-faced
young man, with dark, pensive eyes,
a silky beard, and features that be-
tokened delicacy of character and
extreme refinement. And, as he
sat there, he was mentally taking
himself to task, in that his heart
should fail at the very outset of the
career he had most coveted ever
since he graduated from the theo-
logical institute.

"Alone!" soliloquized Mr. Briggs
Badgett. "Of course I must go
alone. What right have I to expect
anything else? Is it for me, one of
the humblest workers in my Mas-
ter's vineyard, to pick and choose
how, when and where I am to be
employed? And—"

Just here came a soft little flutter
at the door. Mr. Briggs Badgett
paused and listened.

"It's my landlady's cat," said he.
"Poor thing! I'm almost sorry that
I made a pet of her. She'll be lone-
some when I am gone; and perhaps,
on the whole, it may be better for
me to let her in."

Tap, tap, tap! Again came the
hesitating, uncertain sound.
"My landlady's cat never made a
noise like that," cried the Reverend
Briggs Badgett, much marveling.
And he rose up, set down the cup of
lukewarm tea and opened the door.

There stood a pretty young lady
in a brown hood, edged with fur, a
brown quilted sacque, and a face
like a rosebud, all blushes and spar-
kles.

"Does the Reverend Mr. Badgett
live here?" asked Amy Peake.

"That's my name," said he.

"If you please, sir," said Amy,
feeling an instantaneous sensation
of awe thrill down to her heart,
"Mr. Doremus Day sent me here.
The young person, sir—the help."

"Oh!" said Mr. Briggs Badgett.
"Be so good as to walk in. Yes,
exactly."

And Mr. Briggs Badgett took up
the poker and put it down again,
in some embarrassment.

"Did he think you would suit?"
said he.

"Yes, sir," said Amy. "Here is
his letter."

And Mr. Briggs Badgett unfolded
the letter and read:

"Dear Brother Badgett—Allow me
to introduce to you Miss Amy
Peake, a truly worthy and industri-
ous young female, who I think can
scarcely fail to suit you in the way
mentioned. Yours truly,

DOREMUS DAY."

Mr. Briggs Badgett folded up the
letter again and looked helplessly
at the poker, as if for further in-
spiration.

"It's a very important step you
are taking, Miss Peake," said he.

"Please don't be so ceremonious,
Mr. Badgett," brightly interposed
Amy. "Call me by my name—Amy.
Oh, yes, of course it is important.
But I've fully made up my mind to
it!"

"You are young," said Mr. Briggs
Badgett.

"I can be all the more useful,"
said Amy.

"You look—excuse me," stam-
mered the young clergyman—"but

you look delicate."

"Indeed, I am quite well and
strong," said Amy, "and I under-
stand all the branches of house-
work, and I really think I can suit
you."

"But—your friends?"

"I have no friends who will miss
me much," said Amy, speaking
with a dew in her eyes and a little
quivering in her voice. "Hence-
forward my mission will be all to
me."

"I wish I could have seen a little
more of you," said the Rev. Briggs
Badgett. "All this is rather sud-
den, you know."

"Everything is sudden—just at
the last," said Amy, cheerily. "You
need have no fears, sir; I am certain
that I shall suit you."

He held out his hand with a
bright smile.

"Well spoken, Amy," said he.
"There is an electricity in your look
and voice that encourages me in a
most marvelous degree. But I de-
sire you to think it well over before
you decide."

"My decision was made the first
hour that Mr. Day mentioned your
name to me," said Amy Peake.

"Strange—very strange!" said
Mr. Badgett, instinctively stroking
his brown silk beard. "And you
really think, young woman—Miss
Peake, I mean—Amy, I would say
--that you can bear all the hard-
ships and difficulties incident to the
life of a missionary's wife?"

"Of a—what?" questioned Amy,
not quite certain she had heard
aright.

"Of a missionary's wife," solemn-
ly repeated Mr. Badgett.

"Of whose wife?" asked Amy.

"Of my wife!"

Amy rose to her feet, blushing
like a Jacqueminot rose.

"I—I never dreamed of this!"
said she. "Mr. Day told me you
wanted a help-maid."

"A help-meet," gravely explained
the young clergyman.

"But Mrs. Briggs Badgett?"

"Eh?" said Mr. Badgett.

"A little old lady, with silver
curls and a fresh complexion," fal-
tered Amy. "Mr. Day said he had
seen her."

"That was my mother," said the
missionary-elect. "She died a year
since—God bless her sweet soul!
Had she been with me still, I should
have needed no one to hold up my
weary hands or cheer my solitary
hours."

Amy put both hands over her
scarlet face.

"Oh, how could Mr. Day make
such a blunder?" she cried.

"I'm afraid it was partly my own
fault," said the young man. "My
hand-writing is apt to be illegible
at times, and I can conjecture how
the word 'help-meet' could be con-
strued to mean 'help-maid.' I—
I'm very sorry, Miss Peake."

"What must you think of me?"
faltered the girl.

"I think you are a very sweet-
looking young woman," said the
missionary, gaining courage, "and
you seem very much in earnest, and
I don't see why you can't be my
help-meet in good earnest. It is
true that we have not known each
other long, but we have Mr. Day's
kind recommendation, and if I am
not positively disagreeable to you—"

"Oh, I don't dislike you at all!"
interrupted Amy, laughing in spite
of herself, at the comicality of the
situation.

"Then," said Rev. Briggs Bad-
gett, "we will send for a college
mate of mine, whose parish resi-
dence is in the next street, and
we'll be married at once."

Amy Peake hesitated.

"But will that be helping the
missionaries?" said she.

"It will be helping one particular
missionary very much indeed," said
Reverend Briggs Badgett.

"Well—perhaps—if it won't seem
so very strange," said Amy.

"Is it yes?" pressed the clergy-
man.

"I—suppose—so," said Amy.

And when the ship Eastern Prin-
cess sailed for one of the Madaga-
scar ports, containing in her list of
passengers the names of "The Rev-
erend Briggs Badgett and wife,"
few who read the register knew how
it had all happened.