

# St. Tammany Farmer.

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

Vol. 7.

COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1881.

NO. 3.

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## VENIRE.

The State of Louisiana, Parish of St. Tammany—Eighteenth Judicial District Court.

I hereby certify that on the 15th day of January, 1881, the Jury Commissioners for the parish of St. Tammany, Louisiana, drew the following list to serve as Grand and Petit Jurors, for the first week of the March term, A. D. 1881, of the aforesaid court, to-wit:

1 E. R. Doyle,	26 J. H. Magee
2 Hiram Thompson	27 B. E. Willigan
3 Paul Dalton,	28 A. F. Parker
4 J. M. Quave,	29 J. D. Linn
5 H. C. Rogers,	30 J. C. Bridges
6 C. H. Heiser,	31 Armand Cousin
7 Wm. Jenkins,	32 E. B. Thomas
8 A. L. Conist,	33 Wm. McKenney
9 Stephen Blackwell	34 John Theodat
10 L. Lacroix,	35 Emile Cooper
11 Sam'l Wilson,	36 J. R. Hosmer
12 Jos. Dantes,	37 Wm. Phillips
13 W. A. Downs,	38 N. Levy
14 T. J. Goodhue,	39 Nor'n Fendleson
15 Max Cousin,	40 T. J. Davis
16 Fred Gause,	41 J. M. Allison
17 Isom Mizell,	42 John Day
18 J. M. Yates,	43 A. J. Core
19 W. E. Parker,	44 Paeston Burns
20 J. A. Ernest,	45 J. S. Bossard
21 W. C. Pharris,	46 J. C. Evans
22 H. H. Smith,	47 R. H. McKee
23 H. O. Alexander,	48 Wm. Kennedy
24 Fritz Buchme,	49 J. M. Coe
25 T. G. D. Richardson	50 Henry Brennan

Witness my hand and seal officially, this 19th day of January, 1881.  
W. C. MORGAN, Clerk.

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## A BOUQUET OF SENTIMENT.

Maidens, like moths, are caught by glare. And Mammon wins his way when Serapim would despair. —Byron.

How happy is he born and taught That serveth not another's will; Whose armor is his honest thought, And simple truth his utmost skill. —Sir H. Wotton.

Better trust all, and be deceived, And weep that trust and that deceiving. Than doubt one heart that, if believing, Had lost one's life with true believing. —Mrs. Xemble.

Faith shares the future's promise; Love's Self-offering is triumphant won; And each good thought or action moves The dark world nearer to the sun. —Whittier.

And when, through faith, good thoughts and love, This world has reached the sun, By all below and up above, "There's goin' to be some fun!"

## NEEDLE AND THREAD.

"An old bachelor?" said Honora Maywood.

"That's what he told me, just in so many words," said Mrs. Pennypacker, who stood on the threshold of her best room, with her head tied up in a pocket-handkerchief and a hair broom in her hand, wherewith she gesticulated, after a tragic fashion, as she talked, while Miss Maywood, tall and slender as a wild hye, stood in the hall, with a roll of music under her arm, and her slight figure wrapped in a shabby black shawl. "And he's willing to pay my price, cash down, every Saturday night. Never attempted to beat down a penny, if you will believe it, my dear."

"Why should he?" said Honora. "Most people do, my dear," said Mrs. Pennypacker. "A wrinkled old widow like me, who has her living to earn, is mostly fair game for everybody. A real gentleman my dear—every inch of him. But he's a little particular, I'm afraid."

"I supposed most bachelors are," said Miss Maywood, smiling.

"Yes, my dear—yes!" nodded Mrs. Pennypacker. "But this gentleman is beyond the average, I think."

"And if he is?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Pennypacker, making a dab with her broom-handle at a stray moth which was fluttering blindly against the garnet damask window curtains. "Nothing, except that one don't quite know where to have him. He drinks old English breakfast tea, and he wants his pie-crust made with the best Alderney butter, instead of hard, as is good enough for other people; and he must have ventilators to all the windows; and he must also have an open grate, instead of the base-burning stove; and—I hope you'll not be offended, my dear—but he particularly dislikes a piano."

"Dislikes a piano!" said the little music teacher, reddening in spite of herself.

"And he says, says he, 'I hope there's no piano in the house.' 'A piano,' says he, 'plays the deuce with my nervous system, with its everlasting tum tum!' 'These were his very proud words, my dear. So I courted, and says I: 'You will not be troubled with no one here, sir.' 'And so, my dear, I'll be grateful if you won't mind doin' your practicin' until he's out for his daily walk; from one to three, just as regular as the clock.'"

Miss Raymond looked up piteously in the old landlady's face.

"I will do anything to oblige you, Mrs. Pennypacker," she said, earnestly. "I haven't forgotten how much I am indebted to you, both in actual money and in kindness, which money can never repay."

And the soft blue eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

"My dear, don't say a word," said Mrs. Pennypacker, hastily. "You've been sick, and you've got a little behindhand, and it's quite natural you should be a little low-spirited now and then. But you must not get discouraged. Things will look up after a while. And you're quite welcome to stay here until you are able to settle your little account." Honora bowed and signed, as she often had done, and she had been inserted in

the daily newspapers, without attracting the least notice from the world of patrons and pupils. There were so many capable music teachers, willing to give lessons at moderate prices, nowadays, and how was any one to know how sorely she needed the money?

And as the time crept on, and no pupils came, Honora began seriously to ask herself whether she could go out in some menial capacity, or stay genteelly at home and starve.

"Clothes, ma'am!" Honora started from her reverie as the washerwoman's stumpy little girl banged herself, like a human battering-ram, up against the door, with a preposterously large basket on her arm.

"Yes," said Honora, coloring. "Put them down, Sally. But I'm afraid it isn't convenient to pay your mother to-day."

"Mother didn't say no'ing 'bout the pay," said Sally, wiping her forehead with a whisk of her arm and sniffing herself well-nigh off her feet. "I was to leave the clothes with her 'umble duty and she 'oped they'd suit; but it was that damp and muggy on Monday and Tuesday, as starch wouldn't stick, and she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they shall be done better next time."

"I dare say they are quite right," said Honora, with a little sigh, as she marveled at this unexpected excess of courtesy on the part of her laundress.

But when Sally had stumped off down-stairs, her flapping slippers beating a sort of tattoo as she went, and Miss Maywood took off the fringed towel that covered the basket of clothes, she gave a little start.

"Shirts," said Honora, "and socks and turn over collars, No. 16, and great big pocket-handkerchiefs, like the sails of a ship, and white vests, and—goodness me! what does it all mean? Mrs. Mulvey has sent me some gentleman's wardrobe by mistake. I must send these back at once."

But then Miss Maywood looked down at the articles in grave consideration.

"I never had a brother," mused Miss Maywood; "and I can't remember my father; but of this I am quite certain—if I had either one or the other I should thank any girl to mend their dilapidated wardrobe if they looked like this. And Mrs. Mulvey can't send before night and unfortunately I've nothing to do, so I'll just mend this poor fellow's clothes, who-ever he may be. A half-starved theological student perhaps, training for the Polynesian islands, or perhaps a newspaper reporter, or a pale clerk under the dazzling skylights of some dry goods palace. At all events he's worse off than I am, for he can't mend his own clothes, and I can."

And the smiles dimpled around Honora Maywood's little rosebud of a mouth, as she sat down to darn holes, sew on tape, and insert patches.

"He'll never know who did it," said Honora to herself, "but I dare say he will be thankful; and if one gets a chance to do a little good in this way, one ought not to grudge one's time and trouble."

But as Honora stitched away, she mused sadly whether or not she ought to accept a position which had offered itself as assistant matron in an orphan asylum, where the work would be most unendurable, and the pay next to nothing, with no Sundays or holidays, and a ladies committee, consisting of three starched old maids, to "sit" upon her the first Friday of every month.

"I almost thir k I'd rather starve," thought Honora. "But, dear me! starving is a serious business when one comes to consider it face to face."

Sally Mulvey came back, puffing and blowing like a human whale, in about two hours.

"Mother says she's sent the wrong basket," said she, breathlessly.

"I thought it very probable Sally," said Miss Maywood.

"And mother's compliments," added Sally, "and she can't undertake your things no longer, Miss Maywood, 'cause she does cash business, are there ain't nothing been paid on your account since last June."

Honora felt herself growing scarlet.

"I am very sorry, Sally," said she. "Tell your mother I will settle my bill as soon as I possibly can."

Sally flounced out of the room, red and indignant, like an over-charged thunder-cloud, and poor little Honora, dropping her hands, burst into tears.

"Pretty girl that—very pretty," said Mr. Broderick, the old bachelor, to his landlady.

"Do you mean—"

"I mean the young lady boarder of yours that I see on the stairs now and then," said Mr. Broderick. "Nice figure—big, soft eyes, like a gazelle. Did some one tell me she was a music teacher?"

"That's her profession," said Mrs. Pennypacker. "But there ain't many pupils as wants tuition, and, poor little dear, she has a hard time of it."

"Humph!" granted Mr. Broderick.

"What fools women are not to have some regular profession. If I had a daughter, I'd bring her up a self-supporting institution."

And Mr. Broderick disappeared into his room, in the midst whereof stood a girl with flapping slippers, a portentous looking shawl and a bonnet which had originally been manufactured for a woman twice her size.

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Broderick.

"Please, sir, I'm Sally—the washerwoman's Sally," was the response.

"And what do you want here?" said Mr. Broderick.

"Please, sir, I've come to bring your things," said Sally, chattering off her lesson like a parrot, "and please, sir, her 'umble duty, and 'opes they'll suit, but it was damp and muggy Monday and Tuesday and starch wouldn't stick; and she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they shall be done better next time, sir—please sir."

"Who mended them?" demanded Mr. Broderick, whose hawk-eye had already caught sight of the dainty needlework on his garments.

"Nobody mended 'em," said Sally "and mother says it's easy to see as the new gent is a bachelor, on account of the holes in his heels and toes, and strings off his dicker's."

"I can tell who mended 'em," said Mrs. Pennypacker, "for I saw her at it, the pretty dear—Miss Maywood. And says she, 'I don't know whose they are, Mrs. Pennypacker, but,' says she, 'they need mending—and a kind action never comes amiss.' No more does it, sir, Lord bless her."

"Humph!" said Mr. Broderick, "she's right—no more it does. And she is a regular little scientist at the needle, is Miss Maywood. Just look at that patch, Mrs. Pennypacker! Euclid's geometry could not produce straighter angles. See the toe of that stocking! It's like a piece of Gobelin tapestry. That's the way I like to have things done!"

And Mr. Broderick never rested until he had been formally introduced to Honora Maywood, and thanked her with equal formality for the good services she had unwittingly rendered him.

It was a golden October evening that Honora came down into the kitchen where Mrs. Pennypacker was baking pies for her eccentric boarder, with the crusts made of the best Alderney butter instead of lard.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Mrs. Pennypacker; "what a thing it is to be an old bachelor."

"He won't be an old bachelor much longer," said Honora, smiling and coloring, as she checked on the good landlady's joining shoulder.

"What do you mean, Pennypacker?"

"He has asked," said Honora, "to be acquainted with me."

who needed her help. He had been inserted in the