

Management.

Orleans WEEK... St. Tammany... one year, for... Subscriptions... in advance.

Notice.

will preach in... Church, Covington... usual hours. The... invited to at-

T. Vickar will preach in... at Maude... Sunday, February 20, at... weather and route... public are respect-

DIED.

Thursday, Feb. 9, 1891, at... of his son, George Kepp... A. Kepp, aged 73

from the country slip... pavement... Church, and, of... from the use... but if such had... every square inch... air would... profanity... it is your... and.

was how it is in... place, we never... orange peel. In... we are not a "fat... if we should... up," we don't be... like "a house... In the third place... comes to slip up on... the circumambient... its serene tran-... that is, if there... left to give vent to... The human voice... exercise its in-... such an aus-

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures

—Mr. Milton... the Police Jury... Ward, requests u... changes in... of road overseers

road, from the junc... messville road to... Step Blackwell.

from the Lee road... g's, Wm. Taylor,

h, member of the... the Sixth Ward, re-... ke the following... versers in his Ward:... Mill creek to Ma... that Magee.

by's upper line to... Welch, Overseer... Creek to the cen-... bridge, S. D.

member of... Police Jury for the Ninth... has appointed the following... his Ward:

om the west bank of Bayou... ty to the division line between... seventh and ninth wards, A...

the east bank of Bayou... the Pearl River road, at... C. M. Garcia.

named... from... had... Francisco, and his... about the... killing... belong to... to live.

ay... "Why... Isaac?"... going to... brand."

asked the next... to be the son... why it was... not kill Isaac.

at enough to... These lit-... ting-

Exhaustion From Brain Work

Few of our business or professional men reach the age of forty-five without brain and nervous exhaustion—often to an extent that forces them to relax effort, or abandon work for a time, if not altogether. An occasional use of that vitalizing agent, now so widely known as "Compound Oxygen," would give nature the power to restore these wasted forces in a large number of cases. Rev. D. D. Reed, of South Amboy, who was greatly run down by over-work, and consequent waste of nervous energy, after being restored to health through the use of this agent, gives it this voluntary and strong endorsement: "After a most thorough and continued trial of its worth as a remedial and restorative agent, I pronounce its value to be above that of gold and silver. I freely and voluntarily commend it to all brain-workers as the best thing they can use to secure a restoration of exhausted energies." Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa., send their Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" free to all who write for it. It contains a record of many remarkable cures.

WHERE WILKES BOOTH IS BURIED.

The Washington Correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial writes: It was only after some patient inquiry that I could ascertain the facts, which are interesting, and, so far as I know, are yet unpublished. Booth died, as will be remembered in a barn in Maryland from a wound received from the musket of Boston Corbett. His body was brought to Washington and after having been identified by the court-martial before which his fellow conspirators were tried, was dissected by the surgeon general of the army. The brain and heart and some other parts of the body were preserved in alcohol, and are now on exhibition at the medical museum of the surgeon general's office. The building in which the assassination occurred was Ford's theatre. The government confiscated it, but afterward Ford was paid its full value, and it has since been used as the headquarters of the medical corps of the army. The brain and heart of Booth are in jars, standing in a case that is situated very near the actual scene of the assassination. After the surgeon was done with Booth's body it was buried in a grave in the arsenal grounds. Only a half-dozen persons know the exact spot, which was unmarked. In 1867 Edwin Booth, the actor, sent Mr. Weaver, the sexton of Christ's Church, Baltimore, to Washington, with the request that the remains of his brother might be taken up and removed to the family burial place. After some delay the request was granted by President Johnson, who was finally appealed to, and Mr. Weaver took the body to Baltimore and buried it beside the elder Booth and others of the family. The removal conducted with great secrecy, and was concealed from Secretary Stanton who had refused to give his consent.

It was necessary on a certain occasion in court to compel a witness to testify as to the way in which a Mr. Smith treated his horse. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, with a sweet and winning smile—a smile intended to drown all suspicion as to ulterior purpose—"how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?" The witness looked innocently and replied: "Generally astraddle, sir, I believe." The lawyer again asked: "But sir, what gait does he ride?" The imperturbable witness answered: "He never rides any gait at all, sir, but I've seen his boys ride every gait on the farm." The lawyer saw he was on the track of a Tartar, and his next question was very insinuating: "How does Mr. Smith ride when he is in company with others? I demand a clear answer." "Well, sir," said the witness, "he keeps up with the rest if his horse is able to, or if not he falls behind." The lawyer, now almost beside himself, asked: "How does he ride when he is alone?" "I don't know, was the reply, "I was never with him when he was alone," and there the case dropped.

A man that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking. If she gives up the weeds for him, he should give up the weed for her.

A STOCK FARM.

The tendency of our large farmers is now in this direction. And the reason is plain: It does not pay to sell the hay and corn from the farm; but it does pay to feed the same to cattle and hogs and horses and sheep, and sell these. In no other way can the fertility of the farm be kept up. To be continually taking from the soil, and giving nothing back, is a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy, and will impoverish and waste the farm. And yet there are many cultivators who are playing at agriculture, or general farming, who have no more than a cow and two horses on a place, and perhaps not so much as that. Better, we say, go to your more thrifty neighbor and hire for \$20 per month "and board," till you gather enough together to go into business for yourself.

What you need in general agriculture is not so many acres; but some good Berkshire or Poland China pigs, a few Durham and Alderney cows, and a dozen, more or less, Cotswold and Merino lambs. Of course, you will raise a few colts, and your wife must have her chickens, of pure solid (not fancy) breed. Starting in his way you will be astonished how your herds of lambs will increase in a few years. In the meantime, you are growing hay and corn, and feeding on the place. Every now and then you will have a fat bullock or two for sale, with fat hogs, chickens, etc., which seem to have cost you very little. They have come along you hardly know how; and while you are constantly selling from the farm, your stock increases every year. Then you buy more, build more barns, have more help, and bye and bye become the greatest stock farmer in the country, maybe, whose note will be as good as any bank.

You started right, and kept on doing the right thing all the time; and this is the outcome. It is satisfactory to you. It is the only course to pursue in general agriculture. A farm without stock to consume the crops grown upon it can not be made profitable, from year to year, except it be some special crop that a man knows just how to manipulate, and for which there is a special reason or demand.—Rural World.

ANOTHER GENIUS IN SIGHT.

Instances of precocity of youth form a great part of the reading matter of many of our exchanges, but we have hitherto been silent on the subject. A case however which lesser-ment has recently come to our notice. The boy's name is John, and he lives on the line of Bibb county. Last week he went out into the field and saw a mule. He had not seen a mule in two days, and yet that boy returned to the house, and with no other implement than a pencil and some drawing paper, sat down and in less than an hour produced such an accurate likeness of the animal that his little eighteen year old sister (John's sister) told what it represented in three guesses, and all John had told her was, "this is used in plowing." The first time she said it was a plow, then she said "a man," and finally recognized it as a mule. John is only nine years old and has never taken drawing lessons. His father wants to get him into an art school, but if he will take our advice he will do no such thing. He should be allowed to study the rudiments of a mule for at least six years more. Art is long and John is young; he can wait. But the girl who did the guessing—put her in a first-class school at once. Success talent of the highest order.—Macon Telegraph.

Dr. Thomas Gutrie gave the following reasons for becoming a total abstainer: "I have tried both ways; I speak from experience. I am in good spirits because I take no spirits; I am hale because I take no ale; I take no antidote in the form of drugs, because I take no poison in the form of drinks. Thus though in the first instance I sought only the public good, I have found my own also since I became a total abstainer. I have these four reasons for continuing to be one: First, my health is stronger; second, my head is clearer; third, my heart is lighter; fourth, my purse is much heavier."

A lady returned to a popular divine that his sermons were a little too long. "Ah, dear madam," replied the divine, "I am afraid you don't like the sincere milk of the Word." "Yes, I do," said she, "but you know the fashion now—a day is condensed milk."

But few men can handle a hot lamp chimney and say "there is no place like home" at the same time.

A colored man came into a Galveston newspaper office and wanted to take the paper. "How long do you want it?" asked the clerk. "Jess as long as it is, boss. Ef it don't fit de shelves, I kin 'tar a piece off myself."

A brave boy who kept twenty Indians at bay died of his wounds at Denver, Col., a few days ago. It never happens that way in a dime novel of Indian warfare. The brave boy in the novel would have kept 20 Indians at bay until there was not an Indian left to buy at him, and then he would have rescued and married a beautiful white captive, with long hair kissed by the sunlight, ripe red lips, eyes of diamonds, amiable brow and a good-natured father worth \$300,000. There is too much reality in the real.

"Are the children safe?" "Quite safe, we assure you. They are up in the garret playing hotel fire. Jimmie is the clerk and is trying to slide down the water pipe to the ground. Willie is a guest, hanging to the window sill and waiting for the flames to reach his hands before he tries to jump to a shed roof, two stories below, and Tom is a heroic fire-man, and has tied his fish-line around the baby's body, and is letting it down to the ground. Oh, yes, the children are all right; just finish your call and don't fret about the children."

—Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Fever & Ague.

Two raftmen, John Diamond and Theodore Carin, were caught in the late severe blow on Bayou Chene, when so many rafts were swamped and so many boats lost their sky-riggings. The raft was just emerging from Grand Lake as the squall came. In an instant it was pitching and writhing as it suddenly dropped into Charibdis while the waves broke over it with tremendous uproar. Expecting instant death, Carin dropped on his knees and commenced praying with a vim equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes, he observed Diamond not engaged in prayer but pushing a pole in the water at the side of the raft.

"What's that yer doin,' John?" said he; "get down on yer knees, now, for there isn't a minute between us and purgatory."

"Be easy, Theodore," said the other, as he coolly continued to punch with his pole, "what's the use of prayin' when a man can touch bottom with a pole?"

John Diamond is a pretty good specimen of a large class of christians who prefer to omit prayer as long as they can "touch bottom."

—Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic prevents Malaria.

The Mails. COVINGTON TO NEW ORLEANS. ARRIVE. DEPART. Tuesday 7 P. M. Monday 7 A. M. Thursday 7 P. M. Wednesday 7 A. M. Saturday 10 P. M. Friday 7 P. M.

Notice to Rice Planters.

All planters having Rice to be cleaned can have it promptly attended to by delivering the same to me at Old Landing, or leaving it with any of the merchants of Covington, addressed to my care. I will buy rice, or clean it for family use, at reasonable rates. d113m PHILLIP HELZEL.

OMNIBUS LINE. BY W. H. DAVENPORT.

Leaves Covington for the Old Landing, connecting with the steamer New Camelia. Will take passengers to any part of this or adjoining parishes. Terms moderate. feb 11

Hack Line! BY ROBERT BADON.

This old and popular carrier, connecting with the Steamer Camelia, at Mandeville, Madisonville and Old Landing, is carrying the U. S. Mail and thereby enabled 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.

FOR SALE.

On the bank of the Tchoufoueta river, a Turpentine Copper Still, double bottom; capacity, 18 barrels; with all the tools belonging to a Turpentine Orchard. Address, JULES BRADY, d128 Madisonville, La.

ST. TAMMANY PARISH.

ITS LOCATION—HEALTH—PRODUCTS—MANUFACTURING AND AGRICULTURAL ADVANTAGES, ETC.

St. Tammany parish is located twenty-two miles north of New Orleans. Covington, the county site, is ten miles further north, in the interior, and is delightfully located on the Bogue Falia.

IMMIGRANTS, with a small amount of capital and a fair supply of industry and perseverance, cannot possibly do better than locate in our parish. The climate is as fine as any in the world. The winters are generally mild, and snow rarely falls. Spring opens early in February, with blossoms on the peach and quince trees, and vegetation comes rapidly forward. The heat of summer is moderate, and the refreshing breezes of the evening refresh man and beast after the labors of the day.

THE SOIL, is very productive, and admirably adapted for raising sugar cane, cotton, oats, corn, rice, peanuts, etc. The vine is indigenous, and yearly bears large harvests of delicious fruit. Oranges, pears, peach, plums, quinces, figs and peaches thrive well.

CATTLE AND SHEEP graze upon our pine lands throughout the year, and seldom are fed in winter, thus making St. Tammany the stock-growers' home. Farming and stock lands can be purchased at rates varying from \$1 to \$5 per acre, and Government lands to actual settlers.

WATER POWER. There is an abundance of water power, already improved, inviting the attention of manufacturers. We have no doubt a small factory, such as already abound in Alabama and Georgia, for the purpose of converting our cotton crop into yarn, would prove a paying investment.

FIRECLAY is found in abundance, as well as clays suitable for pottery ware of the very finest texture, purely white, and free from sand or grit. Persons having a practical knowledge of such business would soon realize a fortune in manufacturing and shipping such wares to the New Orleans market.

MANUFACTURE OF GLASS. Sand suitable for the manufacture of glass is also abundant all along the banks of the Bogue Falia, above the town of Covington. It has been practically tested by Pittsburg manufacturers, and found to contain all the necessary properties to produce the finest glassware.

COVINGTON, the county site, contains about eight hundred inhabitants, and is the best business point in the parish, commanding much of the trade of both St. Tammany and Washington parishes. The mail from New Orleans arrives three times a week, per steamer New Camelia, and there is some talk of building a telegraph line.

At present there is no mill or manufactory of any kind in Covington. Building sites for manufacturing purposes can be had on the most favorable terms, and every facility will be offered for immigrants to this parish.

To all honest and industrious immigrants who may wish to settle in St. Tammany, a hearty welcome is extended and protection guaranteed in their respective occupations.

HELP Your-elves by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that is offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us, right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STRINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

\$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything—\$10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. HALLLEY & Co., Portland, Maine. d131y