

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

Vol. 7.

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

NO. 7.

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FEET OF SIZE.

Take them up tenderly,
Lift them with care—
Fashioned so slenderly,
A beautiful pair.

Look at those number "twelves,"
A sight of themselves!
Made from two or hides—
The truth shall I tell?
Made for a young bride,
For a Terre Haute belle.

Touch them not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Who has to wear them,
To naught on land or sea,
Under the canopy,
Can we compare them.

How were her father's feet?
How were her mother's?
How were her sister's feet?
How were her brother's?
What had the maiden done,
That she should merit it?
Was it a judgment?
Or did she inherit it?

Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity—
Scarcer than pearls;
Oh, it was pitiful,
To see a whole city full
Of big-footed girls.

Ah, those huge bridal shoes,
Look at their soles!
Laces like clothes lines,
Pass through the holes.
Take them up gently,
Lift them with care—
Fashioned so slenderly,
A beautiful pair!

If such were her slippers,
What were her stoppers?
Fabrics of leather,
Like two Senecas!
Droves of horned cattle,
While passing around,
Look at her brogans,
And paw up the ground.
Bellowing all the while,
Knowing full well,
The leather required,
For a Terre Haute belle.

She has good understanding,
That's morally certain;
Her footing is proper,
So let's drop the curtain,
And pledge in a bumper,
With proper solemnity,
A health to the fair bride's
Feet and extremity.

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

"Can I bear it?" asked George Chesterfield's wife of her own heart, as she knelt by the bed, her arms upon it, her face hidden upon them.

"Can I bear it—can I bear it?" Then her own heart answered: "You can, for if he does not love you, you love him." And she arose and stood beside her baby's cradle.

That morning a letter had been brought to her—an anonymous letter, accompanied by a packet. The letter ran thus:

Madam—A friend who does not wish to see you imposed upon sends you these to show you what a man may be. They have been stolen from the person to whom they were written, but the good intention sanctifies the means used to further it. A WELL-WISHER.

The wife of two years read this and had opened the packet. There she found love letters written to some woman addressed to Olivia and dated one year before her own marriage—letters that told of a passion warmer than that which was pure, for she who had awakened it was evidently a wife—letters such as George Chesterfield had never written to the woman who now read them. Following them came this, dated on the very day before their wedding:

DEAR OLIVIA, DEAREST OLIVIA—I shall write no more to you. I shall never say a word of love to you again, for I am about to place myself in a position which makes it my duty to appear to forget you. I am to be married to-morrow. I have done this to tear myself more completely from you. You have often told me that I should. You are right. A man in love can not trust himself. For my sake—and may I say for your sake, also, Olivia?—I have taken this step.

Of course I do not love this girl; but she is a pure, good woman, and I respect her. They call her beautiful, but only your face can be beautiful to my eyes.

It rises before my eyes as I say adieu. It will haunt me always, but here I part from it. Farewell—farewell, as though I were dying.

Perhaps in heaven we may meet again, and there we shall be all in all to each other. Yours forever,
GEORGE CHESTERFIELD.

Helen Chesterfield read this through, knew it to be genuine, and cried out in her great agony: "Oh, why did I not die upon that happy wedding night? Why did I live for this?"

Then for two long hours she knelt beside her pillow, struggling with herself, struggling until at last her own heart gave her the answer we have already written down:

"Yes, you can bear it, for though he does not love you, you still love him."

Then the poor wife tore into fragments those passionate love letters and that final one which seemed her death wound—the whole cruel packet that had brought her so much woe—and burned them in the hearth, and vowed that while she lived her husband should never know that she had read them.

"For he has not deceived me," she said to herself. "He has been true to me, honorable to me. That as he has been sorely wounded should not make me hate him, and he shall never know, if I can help it, how I suffer. He is always kind—oh, God, pity me!—always kind, that must suffice me!"

And she met him, with her babe in her arms, as calmly as she parted from him.

He never saw the great change in her. He never knew that from that hour life lost its beauty for her; that even the brightness of love for her babe had faded, because she knew that its father had not loved her.

People called the Chesterfields a happy couple. Women envied her, for he seemed a model husband. She looked her skeleton carefully up, and gave no one a peep at it.

Years flew by. Two other babies took the place of the first baby. George Chesterfield grew rich. She had helped him to become so by industry and usefulness, and now it was a pleasure to give her the means of doing good among the poor. Helen Chesterfield's carriage was oftener found waiting at the door of some wretched tenement house than those of her fashionable friends. One day a woman in the most wretched haunt into which she carried her pure presence spoke to her of another lying ill in the next room.

"She's been a lady, ma'am," she said, "but she's come down dreadfully. I think you'd do her good."

And Helen Chesterfield followed her into a room, where, upon a bed lay the wreck of the loveliest woman on whom Helen's eye had ever rested—a blonde, with black eyes, and whose golden hair swept over her pillow down to the floor as she lay—a creature with white hands and snowy throat, but with "lost" stamped upon her features as though it had been written there.

She looked at Helen angrily. "More tracts?" she asked in a harsh, ruined voice. "Take them away then. It's too late for them with me."

But Helen was not one of those who satisfy starving wretchedness with mere words. What she said or did hardly matters. It was what was most needed. No phariseal pride made her shrink from contact with a fallen sister. There was food and wine and decent linen in that poor room before many hours passed; and she did not even ask the woman's name. It mattered not who she was to Helen. She suffered—this was enough for charity.

So for days and days she ministered to this poor creature, who grew to yearn for her coming; who prayed her to stay longer when she came, but who often looked at her in a strange way, quite unaccountable to Helen; who sometimes began to speak and paused and said: "Another time," as though she postponed some conference—in the story of her life, perhaps. Only God knew what it might be.

So the autumn wore away. Winter came and went; and in the spring the little life in that poor creature's breast was smothering out. It seemed right to tell her so; but the task was a woeful one.

She sat beside her, thinking of this one day, when the poor soul caught her hand.

"I shall go soon, shan't I?" she asked. "I know it is so. But prom-

ise me that when I have told you my story you won't leave me—that you will still be kind to me, and not turn from me. Promise."

"I promise," said Helen. "You are George Chesterfield's wife? I know it. You need no answer. You remember ten years ago receiving some letters written to Olivia?"

Remember! The wife's cheek paled. She remembered it always. "Go on," she said hoarsely, bitterly, her whole woe upon her as it had never been before. "Go on."

"I am Olivia," said the woman. "I sent those letters myself. I did it to make you wretched, to revenge myself. He was young when he met me. I, a married woman, though not older than he—I lured him on; I delighted in his hopeless love—in those letters—in his protestations. I joyed in the receipt of that one written on his wedding night. Pure women can not understand how wicked women rejoice in crushing hearts they do not care for; in ruining young men's lives for a petty triumph. Lady, do not turn from me; I've not done yet."

"Had you not enough?" gasped the wretched wife. "Could you not bear to keep it from me? You ruined my young life. You killed me; yes, you killed me, as far as heart went."

"Ah!" cried the woman; "it was not when we wrote love to me that I betrayed him. Revenge prompted me. Six months after his marriage I received this. Read this and see."

Helen seized the faded, dingy envelope that the woman drew from her bosom, and hurried with it to the light. She tore it open and looked upon the lines within. This was what she read, dated six months after her marriage:

OLIVIA—My Friend: I told you I would never write to you again, and I wrote like a fool. I told you that I married a woman that I did not love and I should love you for ever. Being so true a friend as I believe you are to me, you will rejoice to know that I was quite mistaken. I have forgotten the unhappy love of my youth, as you often bade me, and a man never loved a wife so fondly as I love my darling Helen. She is the life of my life, the soul of my soul, and I cannot leave you under the false impression I have given you. Love came after marriage, it is true, to me, but its germ was in my heart. You will be glad to know of this, and wish me, as I wish you, every happiness.

GEORGE CHESTERFIELD.

She read it through—she read it twice this poor wife to whom balm had come after so many years—and sank down upon her knees, forgetful of all else, and thanked God for it. When she turned once more towards the bed she saw that in that moment the death-angel had come, and that the unhappy Olivia had passed into eternity. When George Chesterfield met his wife that night he hardly knew her. Her girlhood seemed to have returned; her smile charmed him as of yore; her eyes were bright, her lips red again.

"How happy she looks!" he said. And she answered: "I am happy." Nothing more then, but one day she told him all.

STORY OF A LOTTERY TICKET

The story was told to me by one who had been cognizant of every circumstance he related. He went to New Orleans as an agent for a traveling exhibition. He had got as far as that city when the concern broke up, leaving him on his oars, and in pretty shoal water. However, he was not the man to remain idle. He cast about him for something to do, and soon struck a lottery office—a branch of a Havana house—where a faithful clerk was wanted. The day for drawing was near at hand, and business was driving.

Dan had been at work at his desk but a short time, when to him appeared a pale-faced, forlorn-looking woman, who had invested ten dollars in a ticket, but she had come to wait, and could not keep it. She had selected the date of the year of her husband's death for

the number, having dreamed, she said, that that number would draw one of the grand prizes. The number was 1847. She asked Dan if he would sell it for her. He took it, and sold it, and on the following day, when the woman called again, he handed her the ten dollars in full, deducting no commission for himself. She thanked him heartily and went her way.

The man to whom our clerk had sold the ticket was a bar-tender at a saloon on the levee, and he, a day or two later, being in need of ten dollars, offered it for sale to a dry goods clerk, who was in the habit of dropping in, assuring him that it was sure to draw a prize. A poor widow had been warned by a dream of the lucky number, and had bought the ticket, but had been unable to keep it. The clerk, however, though he had ten dollars with him, would not purchase it.

An hour or two later another dry goods clerk came in, and he bought the ticket.

In due course of time the budget from Havana arrived, bringing the result of the drawing, and ticket No. 1847 had drawn twenty thousand dollars! And now came the grand result to those who had to do with the ticket.

The poor widow who had originally purchased it of the company, believed that she had been punished for betraying the unseen spirit that came in her dream, and in the depth of her grief—in distress for her loss—she took a fatal dose of poison.

The bar-tender on the levee, who had owned it, and sold it, fretted himself into a fever, and from the fever and over-drinking, died within two weeks.

The unfortunate dry goods clerk to whom the ticket had been offered, and who had refused to purchase, felt that he had lost twenty thousand dollars, and, in sorrow and chagrin, he sought to bury his remorse in drink, and when last seen he was an outcast and a beggar, without home or friends.

And lastly, the other dry goods clerk, who had purchased the lucky ticket, and who drew the fortune that it brought him, lost his head; he threw up his clerkship, launched out into a course of conviviality and debauchery, and was fast sinking into the slough of despond when our friend gave up his clerkship in the lottery office and left the Crescent City.

So much for one lottery ticket. And the story is not an exaggeration. It is a logical sequence—cause and effect not at all to be wondered at.—N. Y. Ledger.

ALL SORTS.

—An Ohio farmer has named a prize rooster Robinson, because Robinson Crusoe.

—Why are birds melancholy in the morning? Because their little bills are all over dew.

—A minister walked six miles to marry a couple lately. He said he felt sort of fee-bill like. The groom saw it.

—A Syracuse grocer used to smoke his pipe while leaning against the kerosene barrel. His mail now goes to the dead-letter office.

—A young lady being asked by a rich bachelor, "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" replied, sweetly and modestly, "Yours truly."

—Mrs. Carr, of Quebec, hanged herself with her false hair last week. The coroner's verdict was that the Carr was demolished by a misplaced "switch."

—A man who is as true as steel, possessing an iron will, some gold and a fair proportion of brass, should be able to endure the hardware of this world.

—A little boy upon being asked by his mother if he would like to have wings and be an angel, replied: "No, ma, I'd rather be a hawk and live on chicken."

—Figures have been compiled to show that a lazy man will live no longer than a worker. He simply sees more circus processions and buys more tobacco.