

# 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, JUNE 4, 1881.

NO. 19.

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### SUCCESSION OF JOHN H. E. GAILE.

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

By virtue of an order of sale to me directed by the honorable the Eighteenth Judicial District Court in and for the parish of St. Tammany, State of Louisiana, in the above entitled succession, bearing date May 2, 1881, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the door of the Court-house, in Covington, Parish and State aforesaid, on SATURDAY, the 11th day of June, 1881, between legal sale hours, the following described property, to-wit:

1. Forty acres of ground, situated in the town Madisonville, Parish of St. Tammany, La., facing north on the Pontchartrou road, and known as the Cusack place.

2. Another tract of land, containing twenty acres, situated in the same town, State and Parish, known as the Williamson tract, fronting on the Pontchartrou road, and opposite to the former forty acre tract.

Terms of sale—Cash.  
W. B. COOK, Sheriff.  
Covington, March 25, 1881.

## CONDENSED NOVELS.

### NANA.

#### CHAPTER I.

Nana was a child of misfortune. Born in poverty and Rat Alley, and raised in rags and vice, it is no wonder that at thirteen she was the wildest of the noisy and reckless lot of girls that sewed the hind legs on flannel elephants that the children delight to play with, in a great square building that stood in a remote part of Paris. Trade in a thickly populated city is a great monster with the arms of an octopus and the maw of a shark. It stretches out its myriad tentacles in all directions, each one coming back well laden to the central mouth with as much certainty as the unfortunate vessel, once within the dread circle of the Norwegian maelstrom is drawn round and in a wild waltz end in its being plunged into the gaping vortex that seethes and hisses in very joy as its prey disappears. When Gervaise, Nana's mother, was a little girl, she, too, sewed on the hind legs of flannel elephants, but it was then a trade at which she gained nearly two francs a day. At 18 she had been married by the Cure Deauchery to Coupeau, an honest, hard-working young man.

#### CHAPTER II.

Nana was born. The neighborhood gossips laughed and wagged their heads. Coupeau did not laugh. He kissed Gervaise tenderly as she lay in the little cot by the window. Just as his lips touched her's the rays of the setting sun came through the glass and fell on the mother and her child.

"Look," said the midwife, "she is bathed in a golden flood."  
"Do not let her bathe," said Coupeau. He was a true Frenchman. In a little while he went out, saying nothing to the women, who eyed him curiously.

"Can it be possible that he does not know?" said Virginia, a woman who chewed snuff and had once been in the hands of the gendarmes for saying that Robespierre was no sucker, if he did finally get licked.  
"Some men will never tumble," responded an old hag, who fascinated rats by smiling at them, and sold their skins to glovemakers.

#### CHAPTER III.

The evening passed, but Coupeau did not return. Just as the clock struck twelve his heavy and uncertain step was heard upon the stairs. Gervaise started up in bed and listened. Presently the door opened and he came in. One glance told everything. He was drunk. Advancing unsteadily to the side of the bed, he placed upon a little table a pitcher. "Here is some beer," he said, and fell to the floor in a drunken stupor. Gervaise looked in the pitcher. "He has not deceived me," she said; "it is beer." After drinking it she said to herself "Coupeau loves me," and turning her face to the wall, she slept.

When she awakened in the morning Coupeau had already risen, and was looking into the empty pitcher.

"Where did you get that beer last night?" asked Gervaise.

"At the Assommoir saloon," said Coupeau.

"Get some more," said Gervaise. He went out with the pitcher. From that moment he was the slave of the still.

#### CHAPTER IV.

When Nana was sixteen, she met one day, on her way to the place where she sewed hind legs on flannel elephants, a man whom she had never before seen. "Would you like to live with me and have fine clothes?" he said.

"Yes," answered Nana, putting her hand in his. That night she did not come home. Two weeks later she drove through Rat Alley in a carriage. No one knew her. She had been washed. "I am Nana," she said to her mother, and laughed mockingly as the poor woman pleaded with her to return. Then she drove away.

That night Coupeau started for a pitcher of beer, as usual. The cat was purring on the landing of the long flight of steps that led from the room of Coupeau and Gervaise to the street below. Coupeau

stepped on the cat, and it went down stairs with him. When they reached the bottom he was dead. The cat still purred. Gervaise heard the unusual noise, and ran to the door. A piece of orange-peel lay on the landing. Gervaise stepped on it. With a wild whoop she flew through the air, and landed on a young girl who was walking along the street. It was Nana. Gervaise weighed two hundred pounds.

There was a triple funeral the next day.

L'Assommoir had done its work. *Emile Zola in Chicago Tribune.*

Among the incidents of the last Drawing Room was the chilling reception given by her Majesty to the Baroness Burdett-Countess. The queen not being accustomed to find her advice disregarded, especially on a matrimonial subject, gave the ancient and benevolent bride an extremely stiff and formal reception. Town Talk, whose editor was imprisoned for libeling Mrs. Langtry, reappears in Fleet Street with full statement that may bring the editor into trouble again. Among its recent utterances is one to the effect that Baroness Burdett-Countess is making clothes too small for her ladyship and too large for a doll.

In all places where a newspaper is published, every business man ought to advertise in it, if it is nothing more than a card stating his name and the line of business in which he is engaged. It helps to sustain the paper and lets the people at a distance know the town is full of business men. The paper finds its way into thousands of places where a hand-bill can not reach. A card in a newspaper is a traveling sign-board and can be seen by every reader.

A tablespoonful of pulverized slum sprinkled into a hoghead of water (the water stirred at the same time) will, after a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be thoroughly purified by a single teaspoonful of the slum.

Chloride of lime is not only a fine disinfectant but will drive away rats and mice from places they frequent. A solution will free the ground and plants from grubs; and bunches of cotton, or tow, smeared with a mixture of chloride of lime and hog's hair, attached to the branches of a tree, will also drive away insects, grubs, slugs, etc.—*The Land and Home.*

He was just home from dancing school. "Did you have a good time my little man?" asked his father. "Yes, sir; a real good time. I danced every time except the last." "And why not then?" asked the father. "Because," said he, "the master wouldn't let me, and it was real mean, for there were two or three empty girls!"

Thompkins is not going to do anything more in courtdrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hog's head, and she said there was none. He says it is not the right answer.

Frog culture is among the new branches of American industry. A man at Elgin, Ills., has arranged a frog farm, and is making arrangements to supply the markets of the principal Western cities with this article of food.

That Brooklyn man who was examined by a jury of doctors on a charge of insanity, was acquitted as soon as they found six letters from other men's wives, so effectually concealed in the lining of his coat that his own wife never found them.

An affidavit is generally pretty dry reading, and if there is anything ludicrous in it it must be by accident. The following, however, is suggestive of the possibility of humor, even in a law document. "The prisoner set upon me, calling me an ass, a scoundrel and an idiot, all of which I certify to be true."

## THE POWER OF LOVE.

"Do you love me as much to-day, Bertrace, as you did last Friday?"

These were the concluding words of a letter which Bertrace Houlihan, a fair, graceful girl of nineteen, held in her hand, on one finger of which sparkled a diamond ring—the pledge of Herbert Hanafin that he would love and cherish her forever.

"What a dear, silly old boy he is, to be sure," Bertrace said to herself, and a merry laugh rippled through her pearly teeth and flowed gracefully out over the ripe, red lips that seemed made only for kissing, although there were dark stories about in the Houlihan household that when the dried beef jar was found empty one day, Bertrace had only smiled in her languid way, and said something about trying to keep up with the procession, if it took all the dried beef in town.

Her parents were rich but honest, and loved their only daughter with a mad, trusting, passionate love that had no bounds; her every wish was law, and yet, knowing this, she would often shrink from letting her wants be known, so retiring was her nature. Once Mrs. Houlihan discovered Bertrace standing beside a marble Psyche that ornamented the parlor bay window, and silently weeping.

"What is the matter, child?" said the mother, coming to her daughter's side and kissing her. "Can you not trust me with your grief?"

"Yes, mamma," said the girl, looking at her with a tear-stained nose, while a bright smile illumined her countenance, like the sun shining during the shower, "I have always trusted you. I want a pair of striped stockings"—and blushing deeply, she hid her face in her mother's bosom.

From that moment they understood each other perfectly. It was a beautiful picture to see them together in the house, more like sisters than mother and daughter. Their lives knew no shadow, and they held up old Mr. Houlihan for whatever they wanted in the way of clothes. There were no other children. Bertrace had the track all to herself.

She had met Herbert Hanafin at a fair held under the auspices of the United Italian Benevolent Societies, and loved him deeply. They were to be married in the fall. It would save coal, Mr. Hanafin said, but Bertrace only laughed a little light, sunny, three-for-ten-cen's laugh, and said her darling papa was quite too awfully quiet.

It was Jay. From a cloudless sky the sun beat down with pitiless fury upon a railroad. Near by was a grove from whence proceeded sounds of laughter. A train stood on a siding. Three brakemen were asleep in the front car. This train had brought the excursionists to the grove. It was waiting to take them back. Come with me to the grove. Bertrace Houlihan is the center of a merry group. In her hands she holds a custard pie.

Some one calls. She places the pie on a chair, and turns to see what is wanted. Herbert Hanafin joins the party. "I'm tired," he says, and sits down in the chair. Instinctively he feels that a mistake has been made. "If it is discovered," he says to himself, "I shall be overwhelmed with ridicule, and lose Bertrace. She could never love a man with custard pie on his pants."

Bertrace again joined the party and greeted Herbert affectionately. She was about to ask for the pie, when a look from Herbert told her all. "Would I betray him for a paltry pie?" she murmured. "No, not for a whole bakery."

Herbert was saved. Such is the power of love.

"You're sister Melia's feller, ain't you?" asked the little trotter, not yet out of dresses. "Well, what do you think about it?" was the replying question, with a redness of the face that nearly matched his hair. "I think," said the little one, "that mamma talks a fully 'bout the 'margarine on your hair gettin' the new wall paper dirty." There's where the child made a mistake. He drew no candy that trip.

## CONFIDENTIAL.

The other morning when Mr. Jones entered his family drug store to have a prescription put up, he found a new clerk in attendance. Mr. Jones has considerable curiosity, and while he waited he began:

"Been here long?"

"Only two days."

"Going to stay?"

"I think so."

"Old clerk gone for good?"

"Yes."

"Come from New York?"

"No. I came from St. Louis."

"Didn't like the town, I suppose?"

"Oh, fairly."

"Got a better offer here, I presume?"

"Well, not much better."

"Druggist related to you?"

"No."

"Going to marry his daughter?"

"Haven't thought of it."

There was a brief rest until the clerk had finished his labors, and then he beckoned Mr. Jones into the back room, and said:

"You look like a person who can be depended on, and I'll tell you in confidence why I came here. I liked St. Louis, and I had good wages, but I happened to kill three or four persons by putting up wrong prescriptions, and I thought a change of location would relieve my sorrow. This is on the square, you know, and nothing is to be said unless I buy out two or three of your leading citizens, in which case I shall give up the drug business altogether, and go to sailing a sand barge."

Jones went out feeling of his left ear and looking into vacancy, and his sore throat got well without the help of the gargle.

With regard to wine drinking the *Lancet* says: "We can not believe that any wines whatever are necessary for a healthy adult in good physical strength, taking a fair amount of daily exercise, and with no excessive mental strain. Most light wines taken sparingly with the meals do no harm to a person under the same conditions, and are quite as consistent with health as the consumption of tea, coffee, etc., which generally take their place. Indeed, strong tea, strong coffee, and, we should add, strong tobacco, have much to answer for in the production of indigestion, nervous palpitation, et hoc genus omne, and we should not regret to see them now displaced by many varieties of sound wine, free from excess of sugar and of feeble alcoholic strength."

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says: Let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm and pour it on the wound, no matter where the wound is, and relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine; it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and in every case three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly. Every family should have a bottle of turpentine in the house.

At one of the schools in Cornwall the inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted, in reply, the text: "No man can serve two masters!"

When a despondent Philadelphia wife attempted to escape the troubles of this world by drinking a quart of coal oil, her unfeeling husband forced her to swallow a yard of lampwick, and now uses her of nights to read by.

Startling burglary: A New York "99-cent store" was robbed a few nights ago of eleven gold bracelets, six watches, three diamond pins, fourteen gold brooches and fifty-four finger rings. The loss is estimated at two dollars and twenty cents.