

# 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 18, 1881.

NO 21.

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Receives continual supplies of well-selected DRY GOODS and choice

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Which will be sold at low figures. Country produce taken in exchange for goods, at market price.

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Board per Month, \$30; per Week, \$7 50; per Day, \$1 50.

This charming residence, situated on a hill, opposite the town of Covington, on the banks of the Bogne Falls, besides being noted for its beautiful climate and beautiful scenery, is also recommended for its beautiful springs. Families desiring to secure board can do so now, by addressing the undersigned, at Covington, La. J. JAUFROID, Proprietor. Mme E. JAUFROID, Manager.

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HAIR AND WHISKERS DYED, at moderate prices.

ALL WORK DONE FOR CASH.  
Best SPANISH TONIC FOR THE HAIR always on hand. F. DUSSE, Proprietor.

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Will pay the highest market price for Cotton, Hides, Wool and Country Produce, or liberal advances made on same. COVINGTON, LA.

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I am now prepared to supply the public with all kinds of leather, best quality, of my own manufacture, at prices that defy competition.

Harness Leather, Bridle Leather, Sole and Upper Leather.

Call at the Tannery, in Covington, and examine my stock, before sending your orders to this city.

I will give leather in exchange for hides. no28 LOUIS WEHRLI.

### HOW LONGFELLOW WROTE HIS FIRST POEM.

When our great poet was nine-years old his master wanted him to write a "composition." Little Henry, like all children, shrank from the undertaking. His master said:

"You can write words, can you not?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then you can put words together?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the master, "you may take your slate and go out behind the school house, and there can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to be near, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what it was, what it was for and what would be done with it.

A half-hour had been allowed to Henry for his first undertaking in writing compositions. In a half hour he carried in his work, all accomplished, and the master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what little Henry had done in that short time:

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finney had a turnip,  
And it grew, and it grew;  
And it grew behind the barn,  
And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,  
Till it could grow no taller.  
Then Mr. Finney took it up  
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,  
Till it began to rot;  
When his daughter Susie washed it,  
And she put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it,  
As long as she was able,  
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,  
And she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife  
Both sat down to sup;  
And they ate, and they ate,  
Until they ate the turnip up!

### ISABELLA AND PEDRO.

The last gleam of day was silvering the waters of the Guadalupe, at the mouth of which stands the ancient city of Valencia, as the congregation was slowly departing from the cathedral of Saint Cecilia. Among the last of the worshipers was a young female closely shrouded in a mantilla. In her hand she carried a fan of the most exquisite workmanship, seemingly more for ornament than use; behind her hobbled an old donna, who with difficulty kept up with the tripping feet of Donna Isabella, for such was the name of the maiden. Close by her side walked a young and noble-looking cavalier, whose deep, dark eye was riveted upon her, while ever and anon glances of recognition were exchanged between them, till at length the suspicion of the old lady was aroused, who, seizing the arm of her young charge, quitted her not till they reached a noble mansion in the neighborhood of the ever verdant Glorieta.

Just as Donna Isabella was ascending the stairs leading to the mansion, she dropped her fan, as if by accident. The opportunity was immediately seized by the young cavalier, who hitting it unseen to the duenna, slipped within its folds a billet, and kneeling, presented it to the blushing girl.

"You will not fail to meet me, as the note says," he whispered, beseechingly. "You understand?"

"I tumble," was the maids' reply.

That night, when the bell of Miquel toiled the midnight hour, Isabella stood in her balcony, which overhung the garden. A slight movement was soon heard among the orange foliage, and a tall figure shrouded in a flowing mantle, advanced and stood beneath the balcony.

"Are you ready?" asked the mask.

"O. n!" answered the maiden in a breath scarce audible from terror.

The next moment she was in the arms of her lover.

"Now then for the chapel of the nearest justice of the peace. Ere

the sunlights fall upon the Alhambra saloon you will be mine."

"That morning you will never see," cried a man who advanced from an umbrageous shrubbery close by, and struck Pedro a powerful blow behind the left ear.

The unfortunate man sank senseless into the arms of his assailant, who bore him swiftly away.

The next morning Donna Isabella was buried in grief and a percale wrapper. Corsetless, and with tear-stained cheeks, she sought her mother. "They have taken my Pedro," she cried despairingly.

"Who could have done it?"

"It must have been the ten-spot or jack," responded the mother. "Nothing less could take it."

In one corner of the Valencia cemetery may be seen a grave, kept beautiful by flowers which loving hands have strewn upon it. It is the grave of Donna Isabella. Succeeded at the age of seventy-four, having raised seven children. This is not romantic, but you can bet your corset-strings on its being a centre-stout on the truth—Argonaut.

### LAW IN THE WILD WEST.

A Carson City paper reports the following lively law proceedings:

Yesterday afternoon a young man came into Justice Carey's courtroom, with the rim of his hat drawn over his eyes, and remarked:

"Do you know me?"

"I think," replied the Judge, meekly, "that you are the chap I sentenced for stealing, about a year ago."

"That's just the hair-pin I am," replied the other, "and there's twenty dollars for my fine."

"But you served your term in jail," said the Judge, "and owe no fine."

"That's all right, old boy; but I'm about to commit an assault and battery, and I guess I'll settle now. You're the man I propose to lick."

"Oh, that's it!" replied the Court, pocketing the coin, "then you can start in, and we'll call it square."

The young man advanced to the Court and let out his left. The Judge ducked his head, and rising, cited the intruder in the eye with a right-hander, and sent him over against the wall. In a moment the Court was climbing all over the man, and in about three minutes his face was hardly recognizable. The man begged the Court to let up, which he finally did. As the fellow was about to go out, the Judge went after him and said:

"See here, young man, I don't think the fighting you did ought to be assessed at any more than \$2 50. Here's \$17 50 in change. I ain't charging you for fighting, but just for my time. Next time I won't charge you a cent."

The rough took the change and the next train for Virginia City.

### AN EDITOR'S DREAM.

He fell asleep after a time, and he dreamed again. And it seemed to him in a vision that, having armed himself with certain papers and books, he turned his steps once more toward the place and knocked at the gate.

"Hello, is that you again?" said St. Peter. "What do you wish?"

"Let those persons again come forth," replied the editor, and St. Peter this time made them all pass through the gate and stand outside.

"They came as before and uttered the same cries as before.

"Why didn't you notice that big egg I gave you?" yelled the first.

"It was rotten," replied the editor.

"Why didn't you write up my soda fountain?" cried the druggist.

"You had your tickets printed at the other office," calmly replied the local man.

"Why did you write about old Thomson's hens, and never speak of my new gate?" shouted the third.

"Old Thomson paid for his advertising, and you didn't. Here's the bill," said the editor.

"Why did you spell my name wrong in the program?" growled the local talent.

"Take a look at this manuscript of your's and see for yourself," said the editor, with a grim smile.

The rest of the company yelled

their complaints in unison, and the editor calmly sorted out a series of bills for unpaid subscriptions, and presented each with one; and it was so, that when they received them, they all tore their hair and rushed violently down a steep place into the sea, and St. Peter, taking the editor calmly by the hand, led him within the gate, and said:

"Come, friend; these chaps managed to slip through here in spite of us, but, thanks to the press, we now know what sort of fellows they are. Come in and stay; we need a few such men as you in here."

### A WAR ANECDOTE.

During the late war General McLaws, now postmaster at Savannah, was riding down his picket line, and encountered a genuine son of the Old Pine Tree State on duty, who had taken his gun apart with the intent on giving it a thorough cleaning. The General halted in front of him, when the following conversation ensued:

"Look here, my man, are you not a sentinel on duty?"

"Well, y-a-s, a bit of a one."

"Don't you know that it is wrong to take your gun apart while on duty?"

"Well, now, who the devil are you?"

The General saw his chance, and with a sly twinkle of the eye, replied, "I'm a bit of a General."

"Well General, you must excuse me. You see, that is so many d—n fools riding around here a feller can't tell who's General an' who ain't. If you'll just wait till I git Betsy Jane fixed up, I'll give you a bit of a shoot!"

The General smiled and rode on, firmly convinced that that sentinel would prove equal to any emergency.—Savannah News.

A farmer asked a boy what he would work for him for one year. The farmer was close at a bargain, and the boy knew it. Says the boy, "I will work for you if you will give me one grain of corn for the first week, two grains for the second, four for the third, and doubling each week till the 52 weeks or year is out."

"Good," said the farmer. The boy began work, and took one grain for the first week, two, for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, sixteen for the fifth, thirty-two for the sixth. "Hold on," said the farmer, "you are taking too many."

"Not at all," said the boy, "I am but carrying out the contract." The farmer began to figure how many grains the boy would take in fifty two weeks, and to his astonishment he found out he would be entitled to 1,456,593,257,463,808 grains. He could never pay him, and agreed to give him his wages if he would let him off from the contract.

The good old lady kept a private bottle, from which she refreshed herself from time to time, as she felt the need, though none of the family knew it. One evening her laughter, in rummaging through the pantry for doughnuts for her beau, spied the bottle and had the curiosity to draw the cork and apply her nose to the aperture, at which moment the old lady hove in sight and angrily demanded:

"Well, are you any wiser than you were? What do you suppose it is?"

"I don't know what it is, mamma," answered the shrinking maiden, "but it smells just like Charlie's moustache."—Er.

Theatrical—Fenderson was at the theater the other night. "It was a burlesque, a take-off, wasn't it?" asked Jones. "Yes," said Fenderson, "that's what it was, I guess. They had taken off about everything they dared to."

His photograph: She was decorating her room with pictures, and she perched his photo up on the topmost rail, then she sat down to admire her work and remarked quietly: "Now everything is lovely and the goose hangs high!"—It's a Wisdom.

If Arkansas is Arkansas, then sassafras is sassafras.—Detroit Free Press.