

THE ST TAMMANY FARMER.

J. E. SMITH PROPRIETOR
W. G. KENTZEL EDITOR
And Business Manager.

Saturday, June 18, 1881.

Wool is quoted at 27c.

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

The thermometer went up to 96 in Covington last Thursday.

The new bridge across the Bogue Falia is now entirely completed.

Some of our exchanges announce the receipt of ripe figs, peaches, watermelons, etc.

Notwithstanding the recent copious showers we have had, rain is badly needed.

Mr. Jack Pelloat presented us with a head of cabbage this week which weighed fourteen pounds. Next?

Hon. E. John Ellis and wife arrived at Covington last Monday and returned to the city Wednesday evening.

The State tax sales of immovable property, for delinquent taxes of 1880, will commence at the Court-house to-day.

Large numbers of beef cattle are being sent to the city from St. Tammany and Washington parishes. They appear to be in fine condition.

Mr. Geo. Kepp, of Madisonville, called to see us this week. He informs us that crops in his neighborhood are suffering for want of rain.

COTTON STATEMENT.—The following table shows the amount of cotton shipped from Covington to date:

Since Sept. 1, 1880.....	220
Same time last year.....	155
Total last year.....	219

Emile has greatly improved the appearance of his beer emporium and billiard parlor, by the addition of one of the celebrated Roberts patent gas machines, which gives plenty of light on the subject under discussion.

Joseph Ziegler, Esq., the popular proprietor of "No. 8, Royal street," New Orleans, was in Covington this week. In honor of his arrival, a few of his numerous friends and admirers honored him with a serenade last Wednesday night.

A horse attached to a sewing machine agent's wagon ran away in New Orleans, one day this week, and the driver was thrown out on the pavement, but his side-whiskers saved him from injury. And now one of the stage drivers of Covington, probably as a precautionary measure, has had his chin scraped, and sports a huge pair of side whiskers. He evidently thinks that two mutton chops of prevention are worth a whole mutton of cure. *Bustanveyyar!*

A BIT OF A WORM.—Mr. F. A. Guyol left a large worm at the FARMER office this week, which he found on his place near Covington. We take it to be a species of caterpillar, probably that of the mammoth peacock butterfly. It is about three inches in length, and two-thirds of an inch thick. It is of a light green color, and jointed, with two black feet and four short black horns at each joint. Has a red head and tail. Immediately back of the head are eight large horns, varying from an inch to half an inch in length; they are of a reddish tint, tipped with black, and barbed. These horns give the worm the appearance of having a golden crown upon its head. Although a ferocious looking beast, it cannot be classed as ugly, the blending of the colors, green, red and black, forming a combination rather pleasing to the eye. It can be seen at our office for a few days, if it don't take wings and fly away.

THE LATEST FROM ALBANY

[New Orleans Democrat, Friday.]

The joint convention met at noon. The following is the vote for senator in place of Roscoe Conkling: Jocobs 51, Conkling 32, Wheeler 38, Rogers 1, Cornell 11, Lapham 12, Bradley 1, Folger 3, Tremaine 3, Crowley 4. No choice.

The convention then proceeded to vote for senator in place of Mr. Platt, with following result: Depew 54, Kernan, 52, Platt 27, Folger 2, Cornell 12, Crowley 5, Lapham 1, Wheeler 1, Tracy 1. No choice.

Jona, of the *Gretna Courier*, has been laid up for two weeks with the gout, but he is able to be about again, thank the Lord!

It is said of the three million dollars stolen from the Government by the star-route swindlers, the contractors received only \$600,000, \$2,400,000 having been pocketed by Congressmen and Senators.

Conkling is still busily engaged in trying to have himself re-elected to the Senate, and Parson Garfield is restlessly packing up and down the De Golyer pavement in Washington, anxiously awaiting the result.

Heretofore the office of Vice President of the United States has been considered somewhat of a sinecure. It remained for Arthur to demonstrate the fact that it is one of the duties of the Vice President to attend the sessions of State Legislatures and lobby for the election of United States Senators.

In the great political squabble and fight over the spoils of office, that is now raging in the ranks of the Republican party, our ex-Presidents are about equally divided. Grant sides with Conkling, and Hayes with Garfield. It may yet become necessary to refer the whole matter to the late Louisiana Returning Board, and give Mr. Wells a chance to immortalize himself.

Last Sunday evening, as Mr. Jesse Abney, with his two daughters and Miss Dunham, were going down the hill toward the big bridge, in a Jersey wagon, Miss Dunham accidentally fell out, and broke her right leg, just above the ankle. The unfortunate young lady was taken to the Joyner house, where Dr. Chambers attended to her injuries. We learn that she is doing very well at present, but will necessarily be confined to her bed for several weeks. Miss Dunham is a daughter of Mr. Joshua Dunham, of Pearlington, Miss.

Last Sunday evening a difficulty occurred at Old Landing, between two colored men, "Tobe" Wheat and Mose Wilson, in which the latter was severely cut with a knife, by Tobe, in the arms and over the right collar bone. His wounds are considered serious. Tobe was arrested and tried before Justice Kennedy. According to the evidence of witnesses, the cutting was proved to have been done in self-defense, and Tobe was acquitted.

Now that the summer season has fairly arrived, "quail on toast" is not indulged in to any great extent. In lieu thereof, the city papers are giving us "Davis on Sherman," "Sherman on Davis," "Johnston on Davis" and "Davis on Johnston." Although "the cruel war is over," some of the leading battles are being fought again, with paper guns. Considerable ink has already been spilled, and there is no telling where it will end. But so long as the Generals do all the fighting, we believe the country is safe. We will therefore endeavor to maintain our equilibrium, knowing that the battles, though hotly contested, will be bloodless. "The pen is mightier than the sword." "Truth is mighty and will prevail." *Eat omnibus onion!*

THE ABITA SPRINGS.

The purchase of the Abita Springs by Messrs. Eager, Ellermann & Co. was noted in the *Democrat* some time ago, together with the fact that great improvements were contemplated.

The purchasers have organized under a charter, and have associated with themselves Thos. L. Airey, John J. Gidiere, Wm. Henry, W. G. Coyle and Adam Thomson, and propose to make the springs both a summer and a winter resort.

They will build a hotel with accommodations for between 100 and 200 persons, and in addition erect a number of comfortable cottages. They will also build and equip a railroad between Mandeville and the springs, and place one or more fast steamers in the water between West End and Mandeville.

The road and the steamers will make the time between New Orleans and the springs in about two and a half hours.

The contemplated improvements will be finished within six months after the commencement of the work which will begin in a short time, as the line of the railroad has already been surveyed.—*N. O. Democrat.*

SALE OF LANDS FOR TAXES.

A correspondent of the *New Orleans Democrat*, writing from Plaquemines parish, gives the following information upon the subject of delinquent tax sales:

"On the fourth instant the sheriff sold at auction the lands of delinquent taxpayers. A suit was instituted before the Twenty-fourth District Court, which convened during last week, contesting the sales. The main plea of the contestants was that the State and parish were associations of individuals, and when they did not enforce the payment of indebtedness due them the taxpayers could plead prescription from the payment of back taxes after the lapse of the legal time fixed for the payment and enforcement of these taxes, in the same manner as an individual can plead prescription from the payment of a promissory note long due and not properly protested. The plaintiffs—the taxpayers—rested their case on a decision of the Supreme Court of the State as a precedent, and also held that only so much land of each taxpayer could be sold as would pay the delinquent taxes of 1880. The suit was decided in favor of the plaintiffs."

The necessity for a State Board of Equalization is imperative. Under the present Revenue law the Assessor is powerless to remedy the evil complained of by our contemporaries throughout the State. It is a fact that property has been enhanced in value considerably since two years, yet in many cases taxpayers have succeeded by *arbitration* to have the value of their property reduced.

That such a state of things exists is the best evidence of the great need of a Board of Equalization and we earnestly call upon our Legislators to carry into effect Art. 203 of our Constitution.—*Iberville South.*

WHY SHOULD IT NOT?—The Republican party has in the general opinion fulfilled its mission. Why should it not go to pieces? Why should any one of its honest voters mourn over its disappearance? It may not be dead at this moment, but it is rotten. To say that such a party, which deliberately chooses Dorsey as one of its public manipulators, and unblushingly gives him public dinners; which has protected and honored Robertson and openly courts the friendship of public plunderers; which during four years sheltered Brady in his Star Route jobberies and took part of his gains for its campaign fund after the exposure made of him in Congress; to say that such a party, which secretly conceals its relations with a dozen lobbies, many of whose public men live by jobs—to say that this party, quarreling now over the spoils, ought to live is absurd.—*New York Herald, Conkling Organ.*

NORTHEASTERN RAILROAD.

The surveyors are still out upon the lower portion of the route of the New Orleans and Northeastern Railroad, examining different locations for the line this side of Pearl River. The projectors of this road contemplated an air line across Lake Pontchartrain to Lewisburg. The depth of water nowhere exceeded 18 feet when the original surveys were made, and averaged about 10 feet. Since those soundings the lake has filled up some from the Bonnet Carre crevasse. The work has been pronounced practicable by eminent engineers, though it would doubtless prove very costly.

Such a road, however, would have decided advantages over all others going out of New Orleans in the way of local passenger traffic. It is only 20 miles from the Mississippi River to the pine lands—across the lake. A ride of less than an hour would suffice to reach the rolling lands of St. Tammany parish.

It is also suggested that the construction of such a road would render it easy to bring into New Orleans a supply of pure water from the clear streams that flow into Lake Pontchartrain. It is said that a sufficient supply can be obtained within 30 miles, at an altitude that will give a force sufficient to carry it to the top of the highest buildings. *Picayune.*

[Baton Rouge Advocate.]

The following extract from an essay read by Miss Fanny Rew, before the Grange of Londerdale County, Miss., gives a graphic picture of real life in the South, produced by the mortgage or agricultural loan system—the system so-called, because the planter leans on the merchant, and gets very lean before he gets through with it:

Would you like a pen picture of those to whom the prize is awarded? Visit Meridian about the middle of December. Stop to rest awhile with a friend beyond the business mart. You can scarcely take time to talk for the halcyon scenes that surround you, when presently a familiar sound greets your ear. You look out, and there sure enough is old Stiney, with the big bell, saying as plain as a bell can say, "Here we come! here we come!" The old cow, with three round holes and fourteen wrinkles on each horn, tells the tale of no shelter, scarcity of feed, and a comparatively profitless life. Three of her latter progeny are followed by the owner, a car-worn man with cotton pants, patched jeans coat, hickory shirt, slouched hat, and coarse leather shoes, bestride a tolerably well kept pony, with rope rein bridle, rawhide-saddle, gunny bag blanket and sheepskin canteen, while on the other side of the pommel of the saddle hangs a dozen chickens tied by the feet, saying at each turn of the pony, to guide the unruly herd, down-t! down-t! in their most piteous accents. A little beyond we see the big boy with the wagon, who cracks his whip as a kind of solace to drive off his embarrassment. On examination we find the wagon contains two bales of cotton to raise the mortgage; a mildewed basket filled with eggs, a water bucket with pound balls of butter, covered with a snowy towel made of the thrums of ante bellum web, and a few turkeys and ducks, while mamma, tired of being cramped in such a mule, trudges in her straight dress, plain apron, and splint bonnet. Later in the evening you see this independent trio return. The mortgage is raised for the first time in ten years. With the proceeds of the dairy and fowl yard 'mama' has bought some quilt lining, heavy domestic apron truck, calico and linsey. With the quantity of cattle, papa has a jug of mean whiskey, some back tobacco, a few pounds of low grade coffee and sugar, and a barrel of flour. Before other purchases are made another mortgage is requisite. They have worked hard, sacked the premises for everything that could be spared, and not a cent can be found to buy a stick of candy, a top, or a bit of fruit, to brighten the hearts of the little ones at home.

When your chickens are first affected with gaps, give them a pill of bread coated with redpepper or a small lump of camphor. It is an unfailing cure.

—Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Dyspepsia.

"Brace up!" We like that slang phrase. We like it because there's lots of soul in it. You never knew a mean, stingy, sniv'l-souled man to walk up to an afflicted neighbor, slap him on the shoulder, and tell him to "brace up." It is the big-hearted, open-handed, whole-souled fellow that comes along when you are cast down, and squares off in front of you and tells you "that won't do, old fellow, brace up." It is he that tells you a good story and makes you laugh in spite of yourself; that lifts the curtain that darkens your soul and tells you to look out and see the light. It is he that reminds you that there never was a brilliant sunset without clouds. He may not tell you so in just such words, but he will make you "brace up" and see the silver lining for yourself.—*Er.*

"THE CYCLOPEDIA WAR."

The Cyclopaedia War and the Literary Revolution are working wonderful and happy results for the readers of books, and searchers after knowledge. The great "Library of Universal Knowledge," is announced to be completed, ready for delivery to purchasers, the early part of July. It is probably the largest and most important literary work this country and the century have seen. It is based upon Chambers' Encyclopedia, the last London edition of which is reprinted entire as a portion of its contents, a large corps of American editors and writers adding thereto a vast amount of information upon about 15,000 subjects in every department of human knowledge. Chambers' Encyclopedia, whose distinguished merit is universally known, is the laborious product of the ripest British and European scholarship, but being a work of foreign production, it has been naturally deficient in its adaptation to the wants of American readers. In this new form it is most thoroughly Americanized, and becomes at once the largest and most complete encyclopedia in the field at a mere fraction of the cost of any similar works which have preceded it, containing about 10 per cent. more matter than Appleton's Encyclopedia, at less than one-fifth its cost, and 20 per cent. more than Johnson's Cyclopaedia, at a little more than one-fourth its cost. The superlative value and importance of this great Encyclopedia, however lies especially in the fact that it is brought within the reach of every one who aspires after knowledge and culture. It is really a library of universal knowledge. It brings a liberal education easily within the reach of every plow-boy. Every farmer and every mechanic owes it to himself and to his children that such a cyclopaedia shall hence forward form a part of the outfit of his home. To the intelligent man in every walk of life a Cyclopaedia is indispensable. It is issued in various styles, in 15 large beautiful octavo volumes, varying in price from \$15 for the edition in cloth, to \$25 for the edition in full library sheep binding. Liberal discounts even from these extraordinary prices are allowed to clubs, and the publishers, besides, propose during the next two months to distribute \$10,000 cash in special rewards to persons who forward clubs of five, ten, or more subscribers. The American Book Exchange, 764 Broadway, New York, are the publishers, who will send sample pages and full particulars free on request.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lost in Covington.

A bunch of Four Door Keys, tied with a string. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning them to

Geo. T. Vickers.

GIBB PARKER VS. MARY JANE HAMILTON.

State of Louisiana, parish of St. Tammany—Third Justice's Court.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias from the honorable the aforesaid court, bearing date the 14th day of June, 1881, and to me directed, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the door of the Courthouse, in the town of Covington, parish and State aforesaid, on SATURDAY, the 23d day of July, 1881, between legal sale hours, the following described property, to-wit:

A certain lot or parcel of ground situated in section 48, township 7, south, range 11 east, commencing 125 feet northeast from the northeast corner of Grace Mc Coy's house, running due west to Gibb Parker's fence, making a front of 300 feet, with a depth of 470 feet south, between parallel lines, together with all the buildings and improvements thereon, consisting of a dwelling house, kitchen, another house, fences, etc.

Also, five head of hogs. Terms of sale—Cash.

S. B. STAPLER, Constable.

Covington, La., June 18, 1881.