

# 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, JUNE 25, 1881.

NO. 22.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JOHN W. ADDISON. BOLIVAR EDWARDS.

**ADDISON & EDWARDS**  
Attorneys at Law,  
AMITE CITY, LA.

Will practice in the parishes of Tangipahoa, Washington, St. Tammany, St. Helena and Livingston. ap2 ly

**F. A. GUYOL,**

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office—Court-house, Covington, La.  
Office days, Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturday. je6

**DR. E. R. RANDOLPH,**  
LATE OF NEW ORLEANS,

Tenders his professional services to the people of St. Tammany parish and surrounding country.

**Dr. J. F. CHAMBERS,**

OFFICE

NEXT DOOR TO INGRAM'S CORNER  
Covington, La.

**DR. C. FAGET,**

A graduate of the Paris and New Orleans Medical Colleges, offers his professional services to the residents of this parish. Apply at J. Cahier's store, Covington, La. de18 3m

## Best is Cheapest.

**Dr. F. H. KNAPP & SON,**  
Dental Surgeons,  
No. 18 BARONNE STREET,  
OVER THE MOURNING STORE,  
New Orleans, La.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

Dr. F. H. Knapp's experience of forty-six years renders him capable of performing the most beautiful and durable Dental operations at prices to accommodate all.

Look for their photographs on the door and you will not mistake their office.

Try their EXCELLENT MOUTH WASH and TOOTH POWDER, an improvement on their old. For sale by all druggists.

F. FREDERICKSON, AGENT,  
Jy31 ly New Orleans, La.

**J. THOMSON & BROS.,**

Importers and Dealers in

**Carriage and Wagon Makers**  
Material,

And manufacturers of

LIGHT CARRIAGES AND SPRING WAGONS

All at reasonable prices.

Nos. 68 and 70 South Rampart street,

Between Common and Gravier,

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Country Orders Receive Prompt Attention. no20 ly

**JOS. ZIEGLER,**

BEER SALOON AND RESTAURANT,

No. 8 Royal street,

New Orleans, La.

HEADQUARTERS OF ST. TAMMANY AND WASHINGTON PARISHES.

The choicest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars constantly on hand, and the best and coolest Beer in the city. Customers carefully attended to. sep27

**CHARLES HEINTZ,**

(Agent,)

**MERCHANT.**

Receives continual supplies of well-selected DRY GOODS and choice

**FAMILY GROCERIES**

Which will be sold at low figures.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods, at market price.

In connection with the general Mercantile business of this house, the proprietor has established a neat BAR ROOM, where he will keep the finest of Wines, Liquors, Lager Beer, Cigars, etc. constantly on hand and at prices to suit the times.

COVINGTON, LA.

## AN INCIDENT ON THE CARS.

[From Golden Days.]

"Cars stop twenty minutes for refreshments!" called out Conductor Richardson, at Allen's Junction.

Then, as the train came to a dead halt, he jumped down upon the station platform, ran along to the front of the long line of passenger cars, where the engine was standing, and swinging himself up into the cab, said to the engineer:

"Frank, I want you to come back with me to the last passenger car and see a girl that I hardly know what to make of."

The engineer nodded without speaking, deliberately wiped his oily, smoky hands on a bunch of "waste," took a look at his grimy, dusty face, in the narrow little mirror that hung beside the steam gauge, pulled off his short frock, put on a coat, changed his little black, greasy cap for his soft hat—taking these "dress up" articles from the tender-box, where an engineer always has something stowed away for any emergency, and went back to the coach as requested.

He entered the coach and made his way to the seat where the kind-hearted conductor sat talking to a bright-looking little girl, about nine years of age, oddly dressed, and wearing a woman's shawl and bonnet.

Several of the passengers were grouped around the seat, evidently much interested in the child, who wore a sad, prematurely old countenance, but seemed to be neither timid nor confused.

"Here is the engineer," said the conductor, kindly, as Frank approached.

She held out her hand to him, with a winsome smile breaking over her pinched little face, and said:

"My papa was an engineer before he became sick and went to live on a farm in Montana. He is dead, and my mamma is dead. She died first before Susie and Willie. My papa used to tell me that after he should be dead there would be no one to care for me, and that I must get on the cars and go to his home in Vermont. And he said if the conductors wouldn't let me ride, because I hadn't any ticket, I must ask for the engineer, and tell him I was James Kendrick's little girl, and that he used to run on the M— and G— Road."

The pleading blue eyes were now full of tears; but she did not cry after the manner of children in general.

Engineer Frank now quickly stooped down and kissed her very tenderly; and then, as he brushed a tear from his eye, he said:

"Well, my dear, so you are little Bessie Kendrick? It's my opinion a merciful Providence guided you on board this train."

Then, turning around to the group of passengers, he said:

"I knew Jim Kendrick, the father of this little girl, well. He was a man out of ten thousand. When I first came to Indiana, and before I got acclimated, I was sick a great part of the time, so that I could not work, and I got homesick and discouraged. I couldn't keep my board bill paid up—not to mention my doctor's bill—and didn't much care whether I lived or died.

"One day, when the pay car came along, and the men were getting their monthly wages, there wasn't a cent coming to me, for I hadn't been free from theague, nor

worked an hour during the month.

"I felt so blue that I sat down on a pile of railroad ties and leaned my elbows on my knees, with my head in my hands, and cried like a great boy, out of sheer home-sickness and discouragement.

"Pretty soon one of the railroad men came along, and said, in a voice that sounded like the sweetest music in my ears, for I hadn't found much real sympathy out there, although the boys were all good to me in that way, 'You've been having a rough time of it, and you must let me help you out.'

"I looked up, and there stood Jim Kendrick, with his month's pay in his hand. He took out from the roll of bills a twenty-dollar note and held it out to me.

"I knew he had a sickly wife and two or three children, and that he had a hard time of it himself to pull through from month to month, so I said, half ashamed of the tears that were streaming down my face, 'Indeed, I cannot take the money. You need every cent yourself.'

"Indeed, you will take it, man," said Jim. 'You will be all right in a few weeks, and then you can pay it back. Now come home with me to supper and see the babies; it will do you good.'

"I took the bank-note and accepted the invitation, and after that went to his house frequently, until he moved away, and I gradually lost sight of him. I had returned the loan, but it was impossible to repay the good that little act of kindness did me, and I guess Jim Kendrick's little girl will never want for anything, if I can help it."

Then, turning again to the child whose blue eyes were open wide enough now, he said to her:

"I'll take you home with me, Bessie, dear, when we get to Wayne. My wife will fix you up, and we'll write and find out whether those Vermont relations really want you or not. If they do, Mary or I will go on with you. But if they don't care much about having you, you shall stay with us and be our little girl, for we have none of our own. You look very much like your father; God bless his memory."

Just then the Eastern train whistled.

"All aboard!" was shouted. Engineer Frank vanished out of the car door and went forward to his engine, wiping his eyes with his coat-sleeve, while the conductor and sympathetic passengers could not suppress the tears this touching episode evoked during the twenty minutes' stop at Allen's Junction.

## SHE KEPT HER WORD.

A Salopian parish clerk seeing a woman crossing the churchyard with a bundle and water-can followed her, curious to know what her intentions might be, and discovered that she was a widow of a month's standing. Inquiring what she was going to do with the watering-pot she informed him that she had begged some grass seed to sow upon her husband's grave, and had brought a little water to make it spring up quickly. The clerk told her there was no occasion for her to take that trouble—the grave would be green in good time. "Ah, that may be," was the frank reply; "but my poor husband made me promise not to marry again until the grass had grown over his grave; and having a good offer, I don't wish to break my word or keep as I am longer than I can help.—*Chambers Journal.*

## SOME SNAKE STORIES.

[Harrison Times.]

On Tuesday last a German butcher by the name of Hans Wiger passed through our town en route for Little Rock, where he stated he had many friends. After traveling as far as the first crossing of Davis' creek he became fatigued, and, as there was no house in sight, rested himself upon some flat rocks, which formed quite an inviting place by the roadside. Exhausted in mind as well as in body he soon fell asleep, and all was a blank to him until he awoke with a start and the realization that he was in the clutches of some one or something. Looking down, such a sight met his eyes as would have made the stoutest heart bound with agitation. Clapping both right and left legs were two rattlesnakes of the diamond species, coiled from the feet up and looking him greedily in the face from both sides. It was a moment to try the nerve of the bravest hero known to history, and we need hardly say Mr. Wiger trembled from head to foot, but knowing his salvation was inaction rather than action, he dropped back as if shot and lay still; how long he remained in this predicament it is hard to tell, as under such circumstances minutes lengthen into hours and hours into days; but sometime after dark both snakes, becoming wearied, no doubt, slowly uncoiled themselves, and, after crawling under his neck and round his head several times moved quietly away. It is needless to say that our Teutonic friend made tracks for the nearest house, and fell fainting while trying to climb the fence in order to enter. After some little trouble he was revived, but it was found that during his lying still, blood had oozed from his eyes and mouth; his hair, which he said before was raven black, had almost an iron-gray cast.

**A BOY WRAPPED UP IN SNAKES.**  
A colored man named Jasper, living eight or ten miles from town, says that on Friday he and his little boy, about ten years old, were hoeing cotton; that he was some distance ahead of his boy, who was working near the edge of the field by some weeds and bushes. Heard his boy halloo, and looking around, did not see him. He then ran to see what was the matter. On arriving at the spot he found the lad on the ground in the coils of three large black snakes. On his appearance the snakes prepared to fight him, and seeing that they would soon choke his little boy to death, he took his pocket knife and cut the one that was around the little fellow's neck into half a dozen pieces, by inserting the knife next to the lad's neck and cutting upwards. He then caught the others by the head and cut them in two or three pieces. He was bitten several times.—*Americus, Ga. Republican.*

"Maggie, dear, if I should attempt to spell Cupid, why could I not get beyond the first syllable?" Maggie gave it up; whereupon William said, "Because when I come to C U, of course I cannot go further." Maggie said she thought that was the nicest conundrum she had ever heard.

Two murderers were standing on a scaffold waiting to be hung, when a wild steer broke in upon the scene and commenced goring the spectators ruthlessly. With a rope around his neck, Bill turned to his companion and said: "I say, Jim, what a lucky thing it is that we're up here on the platform."

## PROMPTLY SUPPRESSED.

More than a year ago those who travel by the Woodward Avenue car line entered into a solemn agreement not to mention the weather to each other when they met on the car. No matter how hot or cold the weather was, no one was to speak of it, and each one was to infer that all the others had brains enough to expect 'em degrees below in January and eighty-five above in August. As a result of this agreement a nuisance was abolished and thousands of citizens put in a way to enjoy themselves as well as one can in the street car. Two weeks ago the organization was revived, and scores of new names added to the list, and up to yesterday noon the word "weather" had not been even hinted at on any car on that line. At that hour a stranger entered a car at Adelaide street, and had scarcely taken a seat when he said to a man across the aisle:

"Nice little shower we've had?"  
He was given a freezing look in reply, but he continued:

"Curious that we don't have more thunder storms this spring."

One of the organization here presented him with an engraving of a coffin, but after a brief glance he continued:

"Wonder if we are going to have a very dry summer?"

One more effort was made to save him, but he recklessly observed:

"I'm buying a place up here, and shall use this line four times per day. Did any of you gentlemen notice how the thermometer stood?"  
The car was stopped, and he was taken off and impaled on the top of some iron pickets, no one even troubling himself to take down his dying words to his wife. The Coroner has refused to hold any inquest and the Chief of Police says he shall take no official notification of the incident. That's the sort of men they are up Woodward Avenue, and that's the sort of end weather talkers may expect to reach. This saying it's hot or cold or balmy or breezy or close or bracing has got to be put a stop to, if the cross-bar on every lamp-post becomes a gallows. It means nothing, annoys everybody, and is deserving of violent death. Let the work of execution go on.—*Detroit Free Press.*

There are some who possess a wonderful capacity for eating oysters. Some three or four years ago an amateur actor of this city astonished his friends by eating one hundred and one oysters in quick succession as fast as the opener could furnish them. But this feat was surpassed a few nights ago by a steamboat pilot, of large abdominal proportions, who wishing to get up a relish for his supper, entered a saloon on Gravier street. Before he left the counter he had despatched fourteen dozen and three raw oysters, and would have eaten more, had he not exhausted the proprietor's stock. Fortified with this bivalvular provocative to an appetite, the hungry pilot repaired to his boat, where he succeeded in doing away with a most sumptuous supper with great ease, zest and enjoyment. N. O. States.

Clara Bell writes to the Cincinnati Enquirer about how disgusting a sight it was to her to see two hundred New York women at a Turkish bath. She found them mostly misshapen in one respect or another. The ideal was absent.

"My friends," said the preacher, "there are no lazy angels loafing around the golden streets of the new Jerusalem."