

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, JULY 23, 1881.

NO. 26.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JOHN W. ADDISON. SOLIVAR EDWARDS

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

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LAND OFFICE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.,
July 1, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register of the United States Land Office, at New Orleans, La., on the 6th of August, 1881, viz:

REBECCA JANE TOOMER, Homestead No. 4441, for the east half of the southwest quarter of section 7, and the north half of the northwest quarter of section 18 township 8, south, range 16 east, Louisiana meridian.

She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Philip Magee, Henry Lloyd, W. H. Toomer and J. E. Toomer, of St. Tammany parish, La.
Jy9 5t GEO. BALDEY, Register.

ST. TAMMANY PARISH.

ITS LOCATION—HEALTH—
PRODUCTS—MANUFACTURING AND AGRICULTURAL ADVANTAGES, ETC.

St. Tammany parish is located twenty-two miles north of New Orleans. Covington, the county site, is ten miles further north, in the interior, and is delightfully located on the Bogne Falia.

IMMIGRANTS,

with a small amount of capital and a fair supply of industry and perseverance, cannot possibly do better than locate in our parish. The climate is as fine as any in the world. The winters are generally mild, and snow rarely falls. Spring opens early in February, with blossoms on the peach and quince trees, and vegetation comes rapidly forward. The heat of summer is moderate, and the unfailing breezes of the evening refresh man and beast after the labors of the day.

THE SOIL

is very productive, and admirably adapted for raising sugar cane, cotton, oats, corn, rice, peanuts, etc. The vine is indigenous, and yearly bears large harvests of delicious fruit. Oranges, pears, peach, plums, quinces, figs and pecans thrive well.

CATTLE AND SHEEP

graze upon our pine lands throughout the year, and seldom are fed in winter, thus making St. Tammany the stock-growers' home. Fencing and stock lands can be purchased at rates varying from \$1 to \$5 per acre, and Government lands to actual settlers.

WATER POWER.

There is an abundance of water power, already improved, inviting the attention of manufacturers. We have no doubt a small factory, such as already abound in Alabama and Georgia, for the purpose of converting our cotton crop into yarn, would prove a paying investment.

FIRE CLAY

is found in abundance, as well as clays suitable for pottery ware of the very finest texture, purely white, and free from sand or grit. Persons having a practical knowledge of such business would soon realize a fortune in manufacturing and shipping such wares to the New Orleans market.

MANUFACTURE OF GLASS.

Sand suitable for the manufacture of glass is also abundant all along the banks of the Bogne Falia, above the town of Covington. It has been practically tested by Pittsburg manufacturers, and found to contain all the necessary properties to produce the finest glassware.

COVINGTON,

the county site, contains about eight hundred inhabitants, and is the best business point in the parish, commanding much of the trade of both St. Tammany and Washington parishes. The mail from New Orleans arrives three times a week, per steamer New Camelia, and there is some talk of building a telegraph line.

At present there is no mill or manufactory of any kind in Covington. Building sites for manufacturing purposes can be had on the most favorable terms, and every facility will be offered for immigrants to this parish.

To all honest and industrious immigrants who may wish to settle in St. Tammany, a hearty welcome is extended and protection guaranteed in their respective occupations.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

State of Louisiana—Parish of St. Tammany.
TAX COLLECTOR'S OFFICE,
Covington, La., June 11, 1881.
The taxes assessed in the year 1881 are set forth in the tax rolls now on file in my office, and in the mortgage office of this parish. They are now due, and if not paid, will become delinquent on the 31st day of December, 1881, and will draw eight per cent. per annum interest from that date until sold, in accordance with Article 210 of the Constitution.
W. B. COOK,
Sheriff and Ex-Officio Tax Collector.

A SMILE FOR HOME.

"Take that home with you, my dear," said Mrs. Lewis, her manner half smiling, half serious.

"Take what home, Caddy?" said Mr. Lewis, turning towards his wife curiously.

Now, Mrs. Lewis had spoken from the moment's impulse, and already partly regretted her remark. "Take what home?" repeated her husband; "I don't understand you." "That smiling face you turned upon Mr. Edwards when you answered his question just now."

Mr. Lewis slightly averted his head and walked on in silence. They had called in at the store of Mr. Edwards to purchase a few articles and were now on their way home. There was no smile of the face of Mr. Lewis now, but a very grave expression instead—grave almost to sternness. The words of his wife had taken him altogether by surprise; and though, spoken lightly, had jarred upon his ears.

Mr. Lewis, like many other men, was in the habit of bringing home, and too often, a clouded face.

Mrs. Lewis was already repeating. Her husband was sensitive to a fault. He could not bear even an implied censure from his wife; and so she had learned to be very guarded in this particular.

Block after block was passed and street after street crossed, and still there was silence between them.

"What then, Caddy?"

Mrs. Lewis almost started at the sound of her husband's voice, breaking unexpectedly upon her ear in a softened tone.

"What then?" he repeated, turning toward her, and looking down into her shyly upturned face.

"It would send happiness through the whole house," said Mrs. Lewis, her tones all trembling with feeling.

"You think so?"

"I know so! Only try it, dear, for this one evening."

"It isn't so easy a thing to put on a smiling face, Caddy, when thought is oppressed with care."

"It didn't seem to require much effort just now," said Mrs. Lewis, glancing up at her husband with something of archness in her look.

Again the shadow dropped down upon the face of Mr. Lewis, which was again partly turned away; and again they walked on in silence.

After remaining gravely silent, because he was undergoing a brief self-examination, Mr. Lewis said:

"You thought the smile given to Mr. Edwards came easily enough?"

"It didn't seem to require an effort," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"No, not much effort was required," said Mr. Lewis. His tones were slightly depressed. "But this must be taken into the account; my mind was in a certain state of excitement or activity that repressed sober feelings and made smiling an easy thing. So we smile and are gay in company at the cost of a little effort, because all are smiling and gay, and we feel the common sphere of excitement. How different it is when we are alone, I need not say. You, Caddy, are guilty of a sober face at home, as well as I."

Mr. Lewis spoke with a tender reproof in his voice.

"It is caught from yours oftener than you imagine," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"Are you certain of that Caddy?"

"Very certain." You make the sunshine and shadow of your home. Smile upon us; give cheerful words; enter into our feelings and interests, and there will be no brighter home. A shadow on your countenance is a veil for my heart, and the same is true of our children."

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were now at their own door, where they paused a moment and went in. Instantly on passing his threshold Mr. Lewis felt the pressure upon him of his usual state. The hue of his feelings began to change. The cheerful, interested exterior put on for those he met in business, his desire for profitable results, was even far in advance of the slow evolutions of trade, and his daily history was a history of disappointments, in some measure dependent upon his restless anticipations. He was not willing to work and to wait, as he should be; and, like many of his class,

neglected the pearls that lay here and there along his life-path because the best were inferior in value to those he hoped to find just a little way in advance. The consequence was that when the day's business was over, his mind fell into a brooding state and lingered over its disappointments, or looked forward with failing hope to the future—for hope in many things had long been deferred. And so he rarely had smiles for his home.

"Thank you for the words," said he, "I will not forget them."

And he did not; but at once rallied himself, and to the glad surprise of Jennie, Will and Mary, met them with a new face, covered with fatherly smiles, and with pleasant questions in pleasant tones of their days' employments. The feelings of children move in quick transitions. They had not expected a greeting like this, but the response was immediate. Little Jennie climbed up into her father's arms. Will came and stood by his chair, answering in lively tones his questions, while Mary, older a few years than either of the others, leaned against her father's shoulder and laid her white hand softly upon his head, smoothing back the dark hair just showing a little frost from his broad manly temples.

A pleasant group was this for the eyes of Mrs. Lewis as she came from her chamber to the sitting room, where she had gone to lay off her bonnet and shawl and change her dress.

"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver," said Mr. Lewis, speaking to her as she came in.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mary, looking curiously into her father's face.

"Mother understands," replied Mr. Lewis, smiling tenderly upon his wife.

"Something pleasant must have happened," said Mary.

"Something pleasant? Why do you say that?" asked Mr. Lewis.

"You and mother look so happy," replied the child.

"And we have cause to be happy," answered the father, as he drew his arm tightly around her, "in having three such good children."

Mary laid her cheek to his and whispered: "If you are happy, father, it makes us happy, too."

Mr. Lewis kissed her, but did not reply. He felt a rebuke in her words. But the rebuke did not throw a chill over his feeling; it only gave a new strength to his purpose.

"Don't distribute all your smiles. Keep a few of the warmest and brightest for home," said Mrs. Lewis, as she parted with her husband on the next morning. He kissed her, but did not promise. The smiles were kept, however, and evening saw them, though not for the outside world. Other and many evenings saw the same cheerful smiles and the same happy home.

And was not Mr. Lewis a better and happier man? Of course he was. And so would all men be if they would take home with them the smiling aspect they so often exhibit as they meet their fellow-men in business intercourse or exchange words in passing compliments. Take your smiles and cheerful words home with you, husbands, fathers, and brothers. Your hearts are dark and cold without them.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star," the nursery rhyme so familiar to everybody, has been revised by a committee of eminent scholars, with the following result:

Shine with irregular intermitted light, sparkle at intervals, diminutive, luminous heavenly body;

How I conjecture with surprise, not unmixed with uncertainty, what you are,

Located, apparently, at such a remote distance from, and at a height so vastly superior to, this earth, the planet we inhabit,

Similar in general appearance and refractory powers to the precious primitive octahedon crystal of pure carbon, set in the aerial region surrounding the earth.

ALL SORTS.

HE.

"Hast thou no feeling,
To see me kneeling,
My love revealing,
Day after day?"

SHE.

"Yes, I have feeling,
To see you kneeling,
Your bald head revealing,
Take it away."
—The Colonel.

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far."

Her name was Eva, and when Charles Augustus called the other evening and asked her to be his darling wifey, she gently said: "Not this Eva. Some other Eva. Good Eva."

A Dubious Compliment—A village paper says: "Our band was out in full force Saturday evening, and played several pieces, as, we are glad to believe, only they could play them."

"Sam, you are not honest. Why do you put all the good peaches on top of the measure, and the little ones below?" "Same reason, sah, dat makes de front of your house marble, and de back gate chiefly sloop bari, sah."

"This house for sail," was the way a landlord spelled his announcement. A smart fellow came along and asked, "When will the house sail?" "As soon as some one comes along who can raise the wind," was the cool answer.

A newsboy went into a cigar store and asked for a five cent cigar. Upon receiving it he bit off the end and lit it, throwing down a lead nickel. "Look here, it ain't good," said the tobacconist, examining the nickel. "I know it, but I'll smoke it, anyhow," responded the boy.

A citizen went into a Norwich hardware store the other day, and inquired: "How much do you ask for a bath tub for a child?" "Three dollars and seventy-five cents," was the reply. "W-h-a-w!" whistled the customer. "Guess we'll have to keep on washing the baby in the coal scuttle, till prices come down!"

He happened to press the foot of a young lady, who was sitting next to the door, in getting out of a street car. The damsel, compressing her brow into an awe-inspiring frown, ejaculated: "You clumsy wretch!" Many men would have looked foolish and apologized, but Col. Fellows was equal to the occasion. "My dear young lady," he exclaimed, "you should have feet large enough to be seen, and then they wouldn't be trodden upon!" Her brow relaxed, her eyes sparkled, her lips smiled, and the injury was forgotten.

UNEXPECTED ANSWER.—Talking to boys in public meetings is getting to be an art and a science. Billy Ross is a great temperance lecturer, and at Rosherville, Ill., was preaching to the young on his favorite theme. He said:

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question, you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine horses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" shouted the boys.

"And who will own all this property then?"

"Us boys!" shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now tell me, did you ever, in going along the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon doors, waiting for somebody to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them."

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys!"

Billy was thunderstruck for a moment, but, recovering himself, he tried to tell the boys how to escape such a fate.