

**THE ST TAMMANY FARMER**  
**Official Journal of the Parish**  
**of St. Tammany.**

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COVINGTON, LA.:  
 Saturday, July 23, 1881.

See School Board proceedings, in another column.

A few comets in the North shall burst, In eighteen hundred and eighty-first.  
 —Mother Shipton.

About nine hundred dollars have been subscribed, up to date, for the erection of the telegraph line.

The old comet, although still visible, appears to be on its last tails

A young lady in New York appropriately named her dog Penny, because it was the one sent to her.

President Garfield still continues to improve, and very little doubt is now entertained of his ultimate recovery.

A Kansas man caught a rattlesnake by the head and crushed it to death while it was crawling up his pantaloons. To be continued.

A Bostonian tells of a New Yorker who had so big a mouth that the last time he gaped he lost his balance and fell in.

English newspapers assert that the Czar of Russia is mentally deranged. If this true, he had better be deposed before he assassinates himself.

A witness in an Ottawa court refused to be sworn on the old version of the Bible, and the Judge allowed the use of a revised New Testament.

State Treasurer Burke estimates that the revenue from State taxes and licenses for 1881 will fall short of the year's appropriation by at least \$204,000.

We had a fine shower of rain last Thursday, which did a great deal of good to the vegetable world, but failed to cool the atmosphere, to any appreciable extent.

Just in. Do you drink brandy? No! I do not drink brandy, but my brother Andy, who is quite a dandy, drinks brandy, mixed with rock candy.—Stuebenville Herald.

Sombody said to a doctor the other day, "Do the doctors go to the watering-places?" "Yes," said he, "but they do not drink the water. They always have something stronger."

A party of young men from the town of Colfax recently crossed the river at that place and administered a sound thrashing to a white man who had brutally beaten his wife.

An ethereal maiden called Maud, Was suspected of being a fraud; Scarce a crum was she able To eat at the table, But out in the pantry—Oh, Lawd!  
 —Augusta Chronicle.

First doctor to second doctor—Ah, I hear you've a famous cure for rheumatism! I'm subject to rheumatic attacks myself; next time I have one of them I must ask you to let me try your cure on one of my patients.

Peaches are selling in Covington at five and ten cents per dozen. We bought a dozen for a dime yesterday, and after a fair trial, we pronounce them flat, unpalatable, wormy, and not worth ten cents a bushel.

During a recent storm in Washington pariah, the lightning struck a tree by the side of which a wagon drawn by three yoke of oxen was passing. It then struck the team, probably attracted by the chains, and all the oxen were instantly killed. One of the drivers was badly stunned, but has since fully recovered.

Quite a good haul was made the other day by that portly and jovial disciple of Isaac Walton, Col. John Overton, on a fishing excursion on the Tchefuncta river. He was accompanied by Judge J. M. Thompson, of Tangipahoa, whose wiles and blandishments no tawny finned fishes can resist. Among other prizes they captured a trout measuring twenty-one inches in length, fifteen inches in circumference around the head, width of body seven inches, and weighing four pounds and one ounce. To the unbelievers and paragraphists the Colonel shows, as proof evident, a sketch of the animal, taken on the spot by himself.—N. O. Democrat.

We can also vouch for the truth of the above, with the exception that Judge Thompson is a citizen of this parish, and not of Tangipahoa. The Judge assured us, himself, that the trout actually weighed four pounds and one ounce, and his reputation for veracity precludes the thought that he would prevaricate about the weight of a trout—at least not for one ounce. But we didn't see the fish.

The citizens of Texas universally denounce the action of Governor Roberts, in refusing to respond to the request of Governor Foster, of Ohio, calling for the appointment of a day of thanksgiving and jubilee for the recovery of President Garfield. The following is Gov. Robert's reply to Gov. Foster, giving his reasons for not complying:

"My failure to answer you favorably is not on account of any want of sympathy for the President, but because I do not deem it as consistent with my position as Governor to issue a proclamation directing religious services where Church and State are, and ought to be, kept separate in their functions. I doubt not the people of Texas have as strongly wished and will as devoutly pray for the recovery of the President as any people in the United States."

Dr. W. A. Hammond, one of the consulting surgeons in attendance upon President Garfield, in speaking of Guiteau, says: "I see they say the assassin is insane. I have written a book on that subject. I am in favor of hanging such insane people, on the same principle that I would shoot a mad-dog." We would simply add, here, that Dr. Hammond is one of the most successful and experienced surgeons in the United States, and any suggestion from him is worthy of the greatest consideration.

Water has become so scarce in Paris, France, that it has become necessary to discontinue sprinkling the streets, and great fears of sickness are entertained. As soon as the above news was received in this country, a similar state of affairs was reported at St. Louis, which city aspires to become the Paris of America. Chicago must now "dry up" or shut up,

Stanley Matthews is frequently taken for Grant, Garfield and Hayes. Grant himself notices the resemblance.—Ez. Bishop Galleher, of the Louisiana Diocese, looks like Grant also. So does Judge Taylor Beattie.—Baton Rouge Advocate.

It is bad enough for them to know this, without continually reminding them of it in the papers. They should not be arraigned for what is clearly not their own fault.

A Galveston printer has been arrested for burglary. This is a bad case, and not in good form. He was probably hard-pressed. He must have known that such conduct would surely lead from the "pick-up" to the "lock-up," and chase him out of good society. Better stick to the rule, "honesty is the best policy."

Major Walpole, of the Yazoo City Herald, has gone to Eureka Springs, Ark., for his health. During his absence, the local and business departments of the Herald are conducted by a Roach.

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

**STILL ANOTHER COMET.**

Prof. Swift, Director of the Warner Observatory, Rochester, N. Y., has just verified the discovery of another comet, in the Constellation of Auriga, made July 14th, by Prof. J. M. Schaeberle, of Ann Arbor, Mich. This new comet is apparently coming directly towards the earth, and, for a telescopic comet, is very bright; indeed, it can readily be seen with a good opera glass. It is quite remarkable that it should be in just the spot where the present large comet was first seen by the naked eye in this latitude, and it shows that the two bodies must have crossed each other's paths. This makes the fourth comet discovered within ten weeks, a circumstance heretofore unknown in history. Prof. Schaeberle has duly filed his application for the Warner prize of \$200, and as yet he is the only claimant.

A party of masked men visited the jail at Grand Haven, Mich., while the Sheriff was absent, and demanded the keys of the jail, that they might take out a prisoner and try him before Judge Lynch's court. The Sheriff's wife obligingly opened the door of the jail and allowed the visitors to walk in. She then turned the keys on them and locked them up until the return of her husband, who filed complaint against them for their attempted violation of the law.

Mr. S. B. Staples informs us that while he was digging a hole for a fence-post, on his place in Covington, last Tuesday, he discovered what appeared to be the opening to a cave. In order to discover its depth, he lowered a very large-sized cold-chisel, when it was suddenly seized by some kind of an animal, which bit off the end of the chisel. He then lowered the ram-rod of his gun, but was unable to reach the bottom of the cave. After withdrawing the ram-rod, he threw it on the ground by his side, and it accidentally rolled into a small pool of water, when behold, the water was immediately transformed into solid ice. There was also a large crack in the ground, extending from the hole across the yard, and through this crevice he could distinctly hear the most unearthly sounds. Mr. Staples, not relishing the idea of having such a mysterious subterranean menagerie on his place, proceeded to fill the cave up, and planted his post solidly in the ground above it. It is useless for us to assure our readers that Mr. Staples is a reliable man in every particular, and whatever he says can be depended upon as strictly true. But if there are any doubting Thomases, why, "ding it," the fence-post is there to show for itself.

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

	Bales.
Since Sept. 1, 1880.....	2358
Same time last year.....	2186
Total last year.....	2190

A man who made some abusive remarks about President Garfield was knocked down in the reading room of the Grand Pacific Hotel, at Chicago, by a stranger supposed to be an ex-Confederate soldier.

A farm is advertised for sale in to-day's paper. It is eight miles from Covington, in a good neighborhood, and contains eighty acres, twelve of which are under cultivation. The live stock consists of about 14 head of cattle and 10 hogs. See advertisement.

Widow Badon's residence, in Covington, will be sold at auction next Saturday. This place is located in a quiet part of town, and is a very desirable piece of property. There is a good dwelling, kitchen, stable, etc., and three lots of ground. A good title guaranteed. See advertisement.

**LETTER FROM WEST PEARL.**

West Pearl River, La., July 20, 1881.

EDITOR ST. TAMMANY FARMER:

To cheer desponding hearts, the poet saith: "For though 'tis raining hard to-day, the sun will shine to-morrow." But with us the despondency all arose from the persistent shining of the sun day after day, week after week, with no prospect of a rain "to-morrow." At last, however, the blessed rain has fallen, and the parched earth seems laughing in delight—if we might call fresh flowers, glossy leaves, clean vegetables and delicious fruit a laugh of the earth.

How we mortals complain of the weather, and yet the weather always gives us a standing topic, when without it we might be as non-communicative as the obelisk lately brought to our shores is as to its origin; and therefore we ought, like

"Good old Mr. Ball,  
 Be very thankful we have  
 Any weather here at all."

In the very acme of that hot weather, in June, we had some of the finest peaches I ever saw—rich, rosy and mellow, some of them measuring ten inches in diameter, without a knot or a worm, and they were as near perfection as any fruit could be. Some of my neighbors have watermelons weighing thirty-five pounds, and some even more than that.

When our railroad is built through here, (and that it will cross the Rigolets between the mouth of Pearl River and Fort Pike is now, I am told, a fixed fact,) then the world will hear from this part of the parish, and some of its now dormant but really magnificent resources will be developed.

If the editor of the Democrat wants a slice of "Apple Pie," he had better put in an appearance pretty soon, as it is on the board, all cut up, and several slices disposed of already, with the prices going up. The editor, by coming over here, would also have his geographical knowledge somewhat enlarged, and his bump of 'locality' developed.

Some day in the near future our parish metropolis will feel proud of her Pearl River dependencies, and when a letter hails from 'Apple Pie' the editors will not have to appeal to the public to find out where it came from.

Our 4th of July passed off very quietly. The sad news of the attempt to kill the President cast a gloom over the little pleasantries we expected to enjoy on Independence Day. Every one seemed to feel that it was a personal sorrow, and that his death would be a national calamity. Even those opposed to the Administration express the deepest sympathy with and their earnest wishes for the recovery of President Garfield.

We hope that the Commencement exercises of the Louisiana State University came off pleasantly to all concerned. Judging from the programme, one cannot help thinking that all those who received invitations missed a great treat by not going. The annual sermon, by Bishop Galleher, was doubtless well worth the trip to Baton Rouge.

We are proud of our noble State and its institutions. We were informed, by Hon. A. W. Weems, that the University of Louisiana has had 507 students in attendance this season, 267 in the Academical Department and its adjunct High School. Considering that this is the third year of its existence, this is a grand showing, and very encouraging to the Faculty, as well as to its patrons. Yours, etc.,  
 L. C. S.

**RABBITS.**—Axle-grease and lard, well mixed in equal proportions, and rubbed on your trees, will protect them from rabbits. Very little need be used, as only the scent is necessary.

**SCHOOL BOARD PROCEEDINGS.**

COVINGTON, LA., July 16, 1881.

The School Board met at the Courthouse on the above date, pursuant to call.

Present—E. R. Randolph, J. M. Abney, George Kepp, C. Heintz, J. E. Smith and C. G. Joyner.

Absent—F. Ribava.

Messrs. Smith and Joyner presented their commissions and were admitted as members of the Board.

Permanent organization was then effected, by the election of the following officers:  
 President—E. R. Randolph.  
 Secretary—Chas. Heintz.

On motion, Mr. J. E. Smith was appointed a committee of one to make arrangements for the rent of schoolhouses throughout the parish at current rates.

The Board then proceeded to elect an Examining Committee, and the following named members were elected: Messrs. Randolph, Joyner and Heintz.

The following resolutions were then adopted:  
**Resolved,** That Mr. Kepp be authorized to sell the dead wood from the school section in township nine, for the sum of sixty dollars, for the purpose of building a public school house thereon, said wood to be taken off at the expiration of two years from date of contract.

**Resolved,** That Mr. Kepp be authorized to ascertain the number and names of the persons who have settled on the school section in township nine, so that the Board can get legal advice in regard to said settlers.

**Resolved,** That the Secretary be instructed to write out a petition to the President of the Police Jury, requesting him to call a meeting of the Police Jury, for the purpose of levying a two mill tax for school purposes, instead of one mill.

**Resolved,** That the School Board shall hereafter meet in the room over Mr. J. E. Smith's store, the same having been offered free of rent.

There being no further business, the Board adjourned, subject to call of the President.

CHAS. HEINTZ, Secretary.

The olographic will of the late John Burnside, the Louisiana millionaire, who died recently at the Monday Springs, was opened on Monday. It was written in 1857. After making bequests amounting to about \$150,000, Oliver Bierne, of Virginia, is made universal legatee. The estate is now valued at \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000.

**AN AMAZING FISH STORY.**

[Translated from the French.]

A rich proprietor at the interior had made to establish a pond artificial, where found themselves agglomerated 3,000 trouts.

This proprietor is the father of a girling of from five to six.

She had taken the habitude to go each morning to give to eat to the trouts, at the aid of crumbs of bread.

These fishes were become so entamed that they skipped out of the water for to attrap the crumbs which the infant held in the crevice of her hand.

It arrived one day that she lost the equilibrium, and she fell the head first in the pond, of which the water was enough profound.

At the cries emitted by the girling the father was run himself.

But what horror! He saw his infant extended without movement at the surface, where she floated as a cork.

What was not the surprise of the father in seeing that she had been supported by a mass compact of trouts.

The fishes had so arranged themselves under her body as to sustain and prevent her from to drown.

If this history is truthful, the fishes are not so much deprived of the intelligence as one pleased himself to believe.

"I remember," said Brewer, "I remember two young men who used to board at my house—they are both dead now—" The crowd broke out into a meaning smile, and Brewer wondered why they didn't wait for the funny part of the story to come.

William Cullen Bryant presented his wife with a copy of Mother Goose's melodies a few years ago, in which he had written: "I know of no other book in the world that has been read more diligently or has given more joy than this."