

# St. Tammany Farmer

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dews from Heaven, Should Descend Alike upon the Rich and the Poor."

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## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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## BAD BOYS AND GOOD OLD MEN.

"Any chesnuts round here?" asked one of three boys who met an aged, benevolent looking farmer out in Montgomery county. The old man hesitated.

"You don't want to steal 'em?" he asked.

"Oh, no! We just want to find out," said the boys.

"Well, there's a few trees back there; but if I thought you wanted to steal them I wouldn't have told, for the owner has gone to town. But you are bright, honest looking boys."

The boys blushed with the pride of conscious goodness.

"When will the owner be back?" they asked.

"Well," said the old man "I don't exactly know, but not before dark, I reckon."

The boys respectfully thanked the old man, waited until he got out of sight, jumped over the fence, and were soon shaking down the burrs.

The shaking was easy; but the opening of the chesnut burrs was more difficult and unpleasant. At last the boys had a splendid pile of handsome brown nuts on the ground and they prepared to put them in the bags they brought with them.

"Please don't take any more trouble," said the benevolent old man, who stood by the fence beaming kindly on the startled boys. "I am not so strong as I once was, and I fear I can't hold in this dog much longer. If you hurry, though, I think I can keep him here till you get to the railroad track. Down, Tige, sir!"

As the boys looked back from the railroad fence they could see the stooping figure of the old man scooping the rich, brown chesnuts into a two-bushel bag.—*Hartford Courant.*

The price of wheat is 25 per cent higher than it was a year ago, and the aggregate crop will be about 25 per cent less in amount. So the farmers will receive as much for the crop as they did then.

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

## WILL THE END OF THE WORLD COME THIS YEAR?

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

Well, yes, anxious, troubled questions, it will. We hope you will feel satisfied to have the matter definitely settled. And we can tell you positively that it will. We know as much about it as Proctor, as Prof. Swift, as the Smithsonian Institute and the National Observatory, and more than the United States Signal Service. You have been tormented and tortured, no doubt, by Mother Skipton, and by the comet, and the Canadian farmer who built him an ark and had it all ready to launch for the 19th of June—he can go into the ferry business with it now, or sell it to the Mississippi Barge and Transportation Company—and by the Millerites, and one fool thing or another, until your mind is distracted and you can't sleep, and don't think it worth while to pay your debts. All the same, you will have to pay, or go out of business. And if the world should come to an end at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, up to 9:45 a. m. money would be eight per cent. on gilt-edge, and none too easy to get then.

So you see the fact that the world is coming to an end won't make any difference in your business affairs. It won't make any change in the shallowness of the strawberry boxes this season; the good berries will all be on top, the same as last year. With eternity staring them in the face, mankind will go right on swindling and lying, and praying and singing, and swearing and dealing dishonestly, and doing tricky things, loving and hating, laughing and weeping, until the end comes, and the lips that cursed or prayed are hushed alike in the quiet of death.

For the world is coming to an end. And the comet can't hasten, and a million comets can't retard its coming. It is bound to come this year. There is no help for it. If it scares you, we can't help it. We must tell the truth about this thing, since you have asked us what we know about it. And, indeed, we know more than we have told. The end of all things terrestrial is coming to-morrow, and you can't stop it by climbing a tree or crawling into a cave. Every day and every hour the end of the world comes to some unsuspecting mortal, who is only thinking up his plans for next summer, or studying over a "hoss trade" he has in his mind for next week. Every time your heart beats the end of the world comes for some one, and just as sure as you have, more surely if you have not, paid your newspaper subscription, it is coming to you. And, good subscriber, fearful and troubled about comets and many things, when it does come, if it catches you off your feet, with your business raveling out at the edges, your bills unsettled, your notes protested, your subscription not paid, your pew rent over-due and your pastor running into debt for his living, with your conscience burdened with wrongs, and your life bristling with uncorrected and unrepentant faults, you won't need any comet nor any long procession of perihelia to scare you. You won't think of the planets then, good man. You will think about the horse with a spavin you sold to poor Greenwig; you will think about the shoddy four dollar overcoat you sold poor Hayseed for \$13 75; you will think about the quarts of strawberries you sold

every year in past boxes; you will remember the seven cent print you sold to old Mrs. Thistlepod for fourteen cents; you will think about the firkin of axle-grease you painted with butter and sold for thirty-seven cents for table use; you will think of the mortgage you foreclosed on poor Ragweed's farm, after he had paid you thirteen per cent. for the money for ten years; you will think of the loads of three feet cord-wood you hauled to town and sold at full market price; you will think of the sand you sifted in the brown sugar; you will remember how you sold 1700 pounds of coal for a ton; you will think of the paper you took for a year and a half and never paid for; you will recall a thousand little meannesses and weaknesses of which you have been guilty; you will think how you made your money, and how precious little good it is going to do you in the country whether you are going; and, poor man, if you have fastened your faith and trust to nothing better than Mother Skipton, or Vennor, or General Hazen, or some celestial tramp of a comet, the sound of the trumpet, the voices of the beasts, the seven thunders, the hail and fire mingled with blood, the darkened sun, the vials of wrath and the voice of the eagle could not add to your fears. When the end of the world comes for you, that will be the only end you will take any interest in. It will be awful enough for you, if it comes before you are ready for it, and unless you know you have a dead sure thing on eighty-nine years or more—and you know whether you have or not—you keep one eye open all the time for the end of the world.

So, don't you worry about two comets, or conjunctions, or perihelia, or eclipses, or spots on the sun. They have nothing to do with your case at all. You may not live to see the world burned up, and you pass away in the great final dissolution of all things, but you are going to live to your end of the world, and don't you forget it. That's all you have to do with it. You go home now, and quit worrying about prophecies. Admire the comet without fear. Study astronomy for its wonders and beauties, and not for fanciful and ignorant and superstitious terrors. You go home and sell clean goods by full measures and honest weights; teach your clerks that a thirty-five inch stick doesn't measure a yard of dress goods; don't weigh yourself with the hay, and the wagon by itself; make your ton of coal weigh twenty hundred, and cut your wood four feet long; be honest and square in your dealings; pay your pew rent every week, and your newspaper subscription in advance; read the revised Testament oftener and go to church regularly; be manly, and pay your debts as fast as you can, and live so that you can look every man in the eyes when you meet him; give up swearing and try family prayers as a substitute; don't be afraid of any man that ever wore a hat, and always stand by your own honest convictions; and then, if some night a comet with a tail like a torchlight procession, and the perihelion of Jupiter, and an eclipse of the sun, and old Mother Skipton, should all file into your front yard and kick and thump at the door, and say: "We want you, old man!" you would hop cheerfully out of bed, and shout back: "All right, wait till I get my trousers on!" and go out to join the proces-

sion without a tremor.

Bless your timid soul, non-paying subscriber, the other end of the world is nothing, if you only shape this end as near right as you know how.

## A GOOD JOKE ON A LAWYER.

An honest German laborer a day or so ago was passing along the street, when a small dog rushed out of a yard and bit him on the leg, tearing his pants and leaving the print of his teeth in the calf. The man hastened to a lawyer's office and asked the barrister if he'd agree to take the case and made propositions for filing a suit of \$5000 damages, alleging that the dog was a ferocious animal and the plaintiff's flesh was terribly lacerated, necessitating the expenditure of large sums of money for medical attendance and for a new pair of pants. The client was directed to go to the owner of the dog next day, make demand of \$5000, and ascertain the name of the defendant. He called at the house next day and asked for the "boss." He was somewhat surprised when the lawyer presented himself as the owner of the little dog. The lawyer was no less surprised to learn that his black and tan was the cause of the trouble, and he informed the client that a suit would not be maintained, as the injury done was a mere trifle and the dog was only in fun. The result of the conference was that the lawyer gave the client 65c to pay for patching his pants, and took a receipt in full satisfaction of all claims for damages. Both parties were spared the trouble of trying a vexatious and costly damage suit.

## A QUIET BOARDING-HOUSE

"I have come in answer to your advertisement for board," said a nervous old lady to a pert miss of 13, as the latter showed her into a parlor of all the comforts of a home establishment on Henry street. "But I won't come here unless your house is perfectly quiet, now remember that."

"Quiet! well, you may smile," replied Miss. "That noise you here now is the dentist in the basement pulling out a tooth, but he'll get it out, if it takes him a month. How much can you afford to pay?"

"I think I hear some one upstairs shouting," said the old lady.

"That's only a young lawyer practicing a case. You'll get used to him. Nobody liked it at first, but we've all got used to it and don't mind it now. Got any children? We don't take children, because our babies fight 'em so."

"No, I haven't. Who's that yelling in the next room?"

"That's the landlord trying to collect the rent. You know pa is very deaf and you've got to howl at him. You'll have to pay in advance if you come here."

"Good gracious! What's that?" ejaculated the old lady, as a furious din swept through the lower regions.

"I guess the cook is driving grandma out of the kitchen with the clothespole. She oftens does that. Have you got much baggage?"

"Sakes alive! Somebody is being murdered up-stairs! Who is it?"

"Oh! that's a literary fellow on the top floor. Whenever he writes anything he squeals like a pig. But he generally writes at night, and you needn't pay any attention to

to him."

"What are your terms?—good heavens, the roof has fallen in!"

"No, it hasn't; that's a college professor, and that's the way he goes down stairs. If you listen you may hear him break his neck! Can you give any references? Anybody know you?"

"Certainly; if I—was that a gun?"

"I guess so. My cousin has got a prairie down stairs where he hunts Indians and buffaloes and things. Sometimes he's a road agent, and then he robs us on the stairs. We always allow for it in the board, so it evens up. Got any money of your own?"

"Never mind whether I have or not; I don't think I want a room here, anyway. Let me out please."

"Couldn't let you have one anyhow;" retorted Miss, preparing to slide down the balustrade "There's only one empty one, and that's too high-priced for you; besides, you don't wear very good clothes, and we prefer not to have you around." And down the slide she went with a whizz, while the old lady pattered off after another home-like house.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## HOW TO EAT A WATERMELON

Instruction in eating watermelon is given by the Baltimore American, which should be good authority, as it is published in the melon region. The hotel plan of cutting a watermelon like a tulip, and putting a lump of ice in it, is condemned, because ice should never touch the pulp; but a burial of the uncut melon in ice for two days is wise. Then cut lengthwise and eat between meals. "People deal unjustly with this fruit sometimes by eating a hearty dinner first, and then topping off with a melon, and then if a moral earthquake sets up in the interior they charge it to the melon. The watermelon was intended as an episode—an interlude—a romance without words—a nocturne in green and red—not intended to be mingled with bacon and greens. Its indulgence leaves a certain epigastral expansion, but this is painless and evanescent. The remedy is to loosen the waist-band, and—take another slice."

## THEN.

Then the summer mornings were full of singing birds, always waiting outside our windows to help us begin the day with happiness. Then flowers were born as if to accompany the birds in their benevolent mission. Then all our dreams were pleasant imaginings and Arabian Nights' Entertainments, visions of untroubled joy. Then June was the longest and loveliest month in the calendar. Then we were never depressed by bad weather. Then personal rheumatism was unknown to us. Then insomnia had not been invented, and we were not obliged to draw upon the druggist for vials of sleep. Then all was gold that glistened. *Then we were young!*—James T. Field.

A little girl, the other day, told the school-mistress there was sickness in her house, and was sent home to learn the name of the disease. Next morning after roll-call, she bashfully advanced and said: "Please Miss, ma says we have a little baby at our house, but you needn't be afraid, for it ain't catching."

—Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic restores the appetite.