

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, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

NO 33.

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

JOHN WADSWORTH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,

Franklinton, La.
Will practice in the Eighteenth Judicial District. Will be found at the Clerk's office, in Covington, La., from the 20th to the last of each calendar month.

F. A. GUYOL,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

OFFICE—Courthouse, 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

Eighteenth Judicial District Court for the parish of St. Tammany—State of Louisiana.

Richard Flowers & Co. vs. Wm. Badon—No. 1314.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias from the honorable the aforesaid court, bearing date the 16th day of July, 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 17th day of September, 1881, between legal sale hours, the following described property, to-wit:

1st. Lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15, in square No. 13, Division of St. John, in the town of Covington.

2d. Lots 1, 2, 3, 4 and 8, in square No. 14, Division of Spring, in the town of Covington.

3d. A tract of land, two hundred (200) acres, bounded north by the Pearl River road, south by Arthur's road, east by Vergine's tract, and west by Zack Strain's, as per description, in Book I, page 140, the three lots sold to David Lacroix, as stated in the title, and less also fifteen (15) acres sold to Mrs. E. Lacroix, described in Book I, page 210.

Together with all the buildings and improvements thereon.

Seized in the above entitled suit.
Terms of sale—Cash.

W. B. COOK, Sheriff.
Covington, La., August 13, 1881.

LAND OFFICE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.,
August 5, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Court, at Covington, La., on the 10th of September, 1881, viz:

Jonathan E. Crow, homestead No. 4530, for the northwest quarter of section four, township eight, south, range thirteen east, St. Helena meridian.

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

John Y. Crow, A. F. Stickler, Philip Magee and J. R. Toomer, of St. Tammany parish, La.

W. G. BALDEY, Register.

F. Losset & Son,

Blacksmiths and Wheelrights,

—Will do all sorts of work in—

WOOD and IRON, at short notice and on accommodating terms.
COVINGTON, LA.

FOR RENT.

The large dwelling house, on the corner of Florida and Boston streets, next door to the FARMER office.

Also, the small building on Columbia street, formerly occupied as a drug store. Suitable for an office.

J. E. SMITH,
Covington, La.

Special Notice.

The members of the

POLICE JURY

—OF—

St. Tammany Parish

Are hereby notified that there will be a Special Meeting of the Board at the Courthouse, in Covington, on

MONDAY, SEPT. 12, 1881,

At 10 o'clock A. M. A full attendance is requested, as business of importance will come before the meeting.

By order of the President.

W. G. KENTZEL, Secretary.
Covington, La., Aug. 27, 1881.

Auction Sale.

By S. B. STAPLES.

On THURSDAY, September 15, 1881, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Morgan Place, on the Bogue Falia, opposite Covington—

A choice lot of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

Consisting of fine Mahogany Bedsteads, Armchairs, Bureaus, Chairs, Marble-Top Washstands, Sideboards, Center Tables, Etc. Also, a large lot of Dining Room and Kitchen Furniture.

Terms of sale—Cash.

VENIRE.

Eighteenth Judicial District Court for the parish of St. Tammany—State of Louisiana.

1 Jno J Coatsney.	26 James Boura
2 A Trullier.	27 Jos Davenport
3 Jnot Robert	28 J C Mathews
4 Albert Hosse	29 Aolph Cousin
5 F B Martindale	30 Chs T Magee
6 Robt M Davis	31 St. Ang Bossier
7 Henry Page	32 Fritz Zora
8 Thos Crawford	33 Alex Page
9 Hardy Tally	34 Jules Beaujeaux
10 Wm Conaughton	35 Jas T Davis
11 Neal McLain	36 J D Tally
12 W B Nixon	37 H Schultz
13 Geo S Strain	38 J L Smith
14 J H Thompson	39 W H Davenport
15 Dan W Davis	40 Jno R Haas
16 M Zeitvogel	41 John Tal'y
17 Herb't Carpenter	42 Jno Martin
18 J C Lemon	43 Ed Welsh
19 J Kramer	44 H Q Parker
20 Jas Galloway jr	45 E Reiling
21 C C Cooper	46 J W Sharp
22 Terance Sadler	47 Theo Verret
23 J E Parvis	48 Jas F Talley
24 R Quave	49 Emile Bruhl
25 Sidney Anderson	50 W G Davis

I certify that the above list of names drawn to serve as Grand and Petit Jurors is a true copy from the original list on record in this office, for the October term, 1881, of the aforesaid court.

Witness my hand and seal officially, this 25th of August, 1881.

W. C. MORGAN, Clerk.

GET THE BEST.

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

If you intend some day to get

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED,
"DO IT NOW."

THE NEW EDITION
Contains over 118,000 Words,
1928 Pages, 3000 Engravings,
Four Pages Colored Plates,
4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings,
Biographical Dictionary
of over 9700 Names.

BEST FOR FAMILIES.
Great amount of information in the Appendix and Tables.

Every copy is a vast storehouse of useful knowledge.

The very best aid to help a family to become intelligent.

BEST IN ENGRAVINGS.
The "most beautiful and complete English Dictionary."

3000 Engravings, nearly three times as many as any other Dict'y.

Very school and family should have it for constant reference.

BEST FOR SCHOOLS.
BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY has over 9700 Names of noted persons.

Each word in Supplement has been selected and defined with great care.

SUPPLEMENT, contains over 4600 New Words and Meanings.

The pictures of ships on page 1829, show the meaning of 110 words.

Also Webster's National Pictorial Dictionary. 1040 Pages Octavo. 600 Engravings.

Ice. Ice. Ice.

I am now prepared to furnish my patrons and the public in general with ice, at reasonable rates, during the summer months.

CHAS. HEINTZ,
Covington, La.

ALL THROUGH A POCKET-BOOK.

Tom and Joe lie stretched, boy-fashion, upon the rug before the fire, with a very disconsolate look upon the young faces the dancing flames lit up. It is a stormy night, and they are, therefore, disappointed of a promised treat to which for a week back they had been looking forward.

Suddenly the door opens and gives entrance to a tall, brisk figure.

"Boys, are you here? Poor fellows! it's too bad you are doomed to disappointment—but what say you to a story? Would it compensate in the least degree for the great animal show?"

Yes, they think it will; and, with a slight but decided change in both position and expression, they wait expectantly, confident of being interested, for they are no strangers to their brother-in-law's graphic stories. And he begins:

"It was a very cold day, and, as little Dick stood on the corner shivering in the keen blast which pierced relentlessly through his thin ragged garments, he said, half aloud: 'Oh, dear! this world isn't much of a place. I wonder if it's warmer where mother is! I wish I was there!'"

"Poor boy! A month ago death had robbed him of his only friend by taking away his mother, and since then he had lived as thousands do—'everywhere'—picking up what odd jobs he could in the daytime, and sleeping at night in any nook that offered him shelter. But work was not always to be found, and for the past two days his pockets had not held even a penny with which to buy bread, and the boy was almost furnished. He walked on slowly, the tears running down his pinched face, when suddenly a great thrill ran all through his frame, for the moment bringing a warmth it had but rarely known. Could it be, or did his eyes deceive him? There, right before him on the pavement, was a pocket-book!

"With a hasty glance backward the lad, with trembling fingers, lifted and opened his prize, and saw what seemed like incalculable riches to his unaccustomed eye—a roll of crisp bank notes.

"Now I can get something to eat!"

"But something white attracted his notice; a card, and penciled upon it a name and address.

"Dick could read a little, and he easily picked out the written characters which proclaimed to whom the lost pocket-book belonged.

"For a moment the boy hesitated. It was his. He had found it. Had he not a right to it?"

"But even as he thought conscience rose, and with a loud voice cried:

"'No! as long as you know the owner's name it is not yours!'"

"Just before she died his mother had said to him:

"'Dick, my poor boy, I doubt not but that you may come to wear a torn, soiled coat, but there is no need that it should cover a soiled soul. Be true and honest, no matter what happens, and God will care for you.'

"A choking sob rose in the boy's throat as he slowly turned.

"I will take it to the house that is on the card," he said softly; 'but oh, how hungry I am!'"

"He thrust the pocket-book into the breast of his jacket, but not before it had been seen.

"See here, Dickey, old fellow, shell out! You've got a find and you must go shares. Here, hand over that pocket-book!"

"Dick looked up resolutely into the boyish faces of his accosters. They were bigger boys than he, but he was no coward.

"You can't have it," he said, 'for it is not mine; and I'm taking it where it belongs.'

"You can't come that dodge over me. Here, hand it over, or you'll wish you had," and the taller of the boys raised one hand to strike, while he made a snatch at Dick's jacket with the other.

"The thin cloth parted, and the object of dispute rolled upon the pavement.

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"You can't come that dodge over me. Here, hand it over, or you'll wish you had," and the taller of the boys raised one hand to strike, while he made a snatch at Dick's jacket with the other.

"You young rowdy, what are you striking that little boy for?"

"The new-comer was a middle aged, benevolent-faced man, and as he spoke, he emphasized his words by grasping the rough boy's shoulder with no gentle hand.

"He's a thief; he's got my pocket book," was the sullen reply, with a vain glance around for the companion, who lost no time in putting a good distance between himself and the scene of action.

"That he hasn't. I have been watching the whole occurrence from the stoop just over the way. I saw this little lad find the pocket-book, read the card, and heard what passed between him and you. It is you who are the thief—in intention, if not in actual deed; and now you had better go away quickly, and be thankful you are let off so easily."

"Then, taking Dick's hand, he looked pityingly into the pale face, all disfigured by his assailant's rude fist.

"Come with me, my little lad," he said. "It was my pocket-book which you found, and I am going to show you now that, no matter what comes, 'honesty is the best policy' to follow."

"And Dick, going willingly, was led to a cozy home, where a sweet faced woman with a babe in her arms came to the door to greet her husband with the same smile she might have worn when he was her lover. And there, in that home-nest, blessed by mutual respect and love, the poor orphan boy found a shelter. His benefactor was a physician, and there was many a way in which Dick's active hands and limbs could make themselves useful; and there he lived until the on-coming years brought with them a restless, ambitious longing for independence. Then, with tears in his eyes, he pressed the kind hands of his friends, and started out in the world to carve his own fortune.

"He went West, to that land where stout hands and hearts are so much needed and prized. Success does not come without labor, and Dick worked hard, and his exertions were rewarded. So he felt when, ten years later, he was able to invest in a safe business quite a little sum—the result of his own industry. Then, yielding to an irresistible impulse to return and look once more upon the faces of his benefactors, he turned his steps eastward.

"It was late in the evening when he alighted at the station and walked up the familiar street which led to his old home. But he found a disappointment awaiting him—the house was vacant, and a sign 'To Let' was upon the door. He turned away, to inquire in the adjacent house, when a sudden alarm rang out upon the night air—'Fire! fire! At once the bells clanged, and with the usual hue and cry, men and boys trooped out to the rescue, and among them, catching their excitement, went the traveler. The fire was some five blocks away, in a large handsome house, and it must have gained great headway before being discovered, for already the flames were licking the windows of the third story.

"It is Dr. L—who lives here, some one says. He's my doctor, and he told me the other day that he was going into the country for a while with his family."

"The name acted like a shock of electricity upon one hearer present. Throwing off his coat, disregarding the cries calling him back, Dick rushed straight into the flame which enveloped the office door. With superhuman strength he forced it open; all was dark inside, but by the lurid light which glared into the windows Dick saw a motionless form in the chair before the desk, his head sunk upon his breast, and his eyes closed. Seizing the inert figure in his strong arms he dragged rather than carried it from the room into the hall, and from thence out into the open air.

"A shout of horror greeted him. "We rapped and called and no one answered, and so we thought it was true that he was away. He must have been suffocated before he could call for help. Poor man!"

"Leave me alone and attend to

your duty," Dick said, briefly. "He isn't dead—his heart still beats. But make sure there is no other inmate in the house."

"There can't be. Don't you see the windows are all shut and fastened?"

"The house was burned to ashes before Dick's efforts, seconded by the sympathetic efforts of the many friends who had by that time gathered at the spot, proved effectual to restore his benefactor's consciousness. Then, alive and breathing, though faintly like an infant, they bore him to a friend's home, where Dick, as soon as he had sent a telegram to the absent wife, telling of her husband's peril and safety, followed.

"So you have saved my life, Dick," the doctor said, a day later. "That was a lucky day for me when I lost my pocket-book."

"Dick's eye's filled—man though he was.

"It was a more than lucky day for me," he answered, "and I am only glad that I have been enabled to repay in some measure the great debt that I owe to you."

"And the wife and daughter came, and Dick was overwhelmed by their gratitude; but what touched him most was when the daughter, whom he remembered as a little ten-year old girl, now a graceful young woman, with all her mother's beauty and her father's goodness combined in her lovely face, took his hand in her two fair ones, and pressing it to her soft, red lips, said: 'How can I ever repay you? But for you, I would now be fatherless, and my mother a widow.'

"And he married the daughter, I suppose," said Tom, breaking in.

"Yes, you are right. She found a way to repay him; and that ends the story."

"Brother Richard," says Joe, looking up, "are you quite sure it's a true story?"

"Quite sure—for, my little man, that poor little boy Dick, grown up to manhood now, tells you this story, and his benefactor, the good doctor, is no other than your own noble father, of whom you are so justly proud; while the daughter is your sister Fan, who, twelve years ago—just one year before you were born—made me one of the happiest of men."

"Wasn't it a jolly story, Joe?" said Tom, when they were snugly ensconced under the sheets for the night. "Do you know it proves one thing? I've always thought, from what I've heard and read—and you know I've read a heap of books—that the fellows who begin way down always seem to get up the highest in the end."

Postmaster General James has, it is said, devised a plan for sending small sums of money through the mails at a cheap rate. The device consists of a card having three columns representing dollars, tens and cents, and the amount to be drawn is designated by punching out figures. Two denominations will be issued, one for all sums within \$2 50, and the other for all sums within \$5. The orders will be payable to bearer, and the post-office will not be responsible for their safe delivery any more than fractional currency, for which they are a substitute. The orders will be finely printed on bank-note paper. The postmaster will sell the \$2 50 cards for two or three cents premium, and the \$5 card for four or five cents premium, and will himself punch out the amount paid and the buyer will simply inclose the card in the letter, and the receiver can cash it at any office. The postmaster will enter the amount of the order on a stub, which will be the only check the department will need as the name of the sender and payee are not entered. In order to prevent the use of the postal orders as currency they are redeemable only for three months from the date of issue.

Josh Billings: "When I was a young man I was always in a hurry to hold the big end of the log and do all the lifting; now I am older, I seize hold of the small end and do all the grunting."

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