

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 17, 1881.

NO 34.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JOHN W. ADDISON. BOLIVAR EDWARDS.

ADDISON & EDWARDS

Attorneys at Law,
WHITE 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. jef

DR. E. R. RANDOLPH,

LATE OF NEW ORLEANS,
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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. del8 3m

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, less 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 19th 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.
and GEO. BALDEX, 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.

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Quar. column.	8.00	18.00	30.00	50.00
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Whole column.	20.00	50.00	75.00	100.00

Legal Advertisements—One Dollar per square for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents for each subsequent insertion.

VENIRE.

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

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Jno J Coatney. | 26 James Bourn |
| 2 A Trullier. | 27 Jos Davenport |
| 3 Junot Robert | 28 J C Mathews |
| 4 Albert Bosse | 29 Adolph Cousin |
| 5 F B Martindale | 30 Chs T Magee |
| 6 Robt M Davis | 31 St. Ang Bossier |
| 7 Henry Page | 32 Fritz Zorn |
| 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 R 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 Tally |
| 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 Varret |
| 23 J E Purvis | 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.

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SENT BY EXPRESS.

Minnie Harlan was alone in the world, her mother just buried.

She was a beautiful, brown-haired girl, with soft, shy eyes of violet gray, and rosy lips compressed to a firmness far beyond her years. For after all she was scarcely seventeen, and so Deacon Gray told her, as he sat by the fire spreading his huge hands over the blaze, and asked abruptly:

"But what are you going to do to earn your bread an' butter, my child?"

"I don't know—I have thought—mamma had an uncle living in New York, who—"

"Yes, yes, I've heard about him; he was mad 'cause your mother didn't marry just exactly to suit him, wasn't he?"

Minnie was silent. Deacon Gray waited a few minutes, hoping she would admit him to her secret meditations; but she did not, and the deacon went home to tell his wife "that Harlan gal was the very queerest creatur he had ever come across."

In the meantime Minnie was busy packing her scanty things into her carpet bag, by the weird, flickering light of the dying wood fire.

"I will go to New York," she said, setting her pearly teeth together.

"My mother's uncle shall hear my cause pleaded through my own lips. Oh, I wish my heart would not thro' so wildly! I am an orphan, all alone in the world, who must fight life's battles with her own single hands."

* * * * *

Lower Broadway at seven o'clock in the evening! What a babel of crashing wheels, hurrying humanity and conglomerate noises it was! Minnie Harlan sat in the corner of an express office, under the flare of gaslight, surrounded by boxes, and wondered whether people ever went crazy in this perpetual din and tumult. Her dress was very plain—gray poplin, with a shabby, old fashioned little straw bonnet tied with ribbons, and a blue veil, while her only article of baggage, the carpet-bag, lay in her lap. She had sat there two hours, and was very tired.

"Poor little thing!" thought the dark haired clerk nearest her, who inhabited a sort of a wire cage under a circle of gaslights, and then took up his pen and plunged into a perfect Atlantic ocean of accounts.

"Mr Evans?"

"Sir."

The dark haired clerk emerged from his cage with his pen behind his ear, in obedience to the beckoning finger of his superior.

"I have noticed that young woman sitting here for some time—how came she here?"

"Expressed from Millington, Iowa, arrived this afternoon."

As though poor Minnie were a box or a paper parcel.

"Who for?"

"Consigned to Walter Harrington Esq."

"And why hasn't she been called for?"

"I sent up to him some time ago, and am expecting an answer every moment."

"Very odd," said the gray-haired gentleman, again taking up his newspaper.

Some three quarters of an hour afterward, Frank Evans came to the pale girl's side, with undescribable pity in his hazel eyes.

"Miss Harlan, we have sent to

Mr. Harrington's residence—"

Minnie looked up with a feverish red upon her cheek, and her hand clasped tightly on the handle of the faded carpet-bag.

"And we regret to inform you that he has sailed for Europe at twelve o'clock to-day."

A sudden blur came over Minnie's eyes—she trembled like a leaf. Frank Evans had been turning away, but something in the piteous tones of her voice appealed to every manly instinct within him.

"Shall I send to any of your friends?"

"I have no friends."

"Perhaps I can have your things sent to some quiet family hotel?"

Minnie opened her little leather purse and showed him two ten-cent pieces, with a smile that was almost a tear.

"This is all the money I have in world, sir."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I don't know, sir. Isn't there a workhouse, or some such place I could go to, until I could find something to do?"

Frank Evans could scarcely help smiling at poor Minnie's simplicity.

"They are putting out the lights and preparing to close the office," said Minnie, starting nervously to her feet. "I must go somewhere."

"Miss Harlan," said Frank, "my home is a poor one—I am only a \$500 clerk—but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof for a day or two, if you can trust me."

"Trust you?" Minnie looked at him through violet eyes obscured in tears. "Oh, sir, I shall be so thankful."

* * * * *

"How late you are, Frank! Here—give me your overcoat—it is all powdered with snow, and—"

But Frank interrupted his bustling, cherry cheeked little mother as she stood on tip-toe to take off his out wrappings.

"Hush, mother, there is a young lady down stairs."

"A young lady, Frank?"

"Yes, mother; expressed on from Iowa to old Harrington, the rich merchant, who sailed for Europe this morning, and she is left entirely alone. Mother, she looks like our poor Blanche, and I knew you wouldn't refuse her a corner until she could find something to do."

Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cheerfully out:

"Come up stairs, my dear, you're as welcome as the flowers in May! Frank, you did quite right; you always do so."

The days and weeks passed on, and still Minnie Harlan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evans' humble dwelling.

"It seems just as though she had taken our dead Blanche's place," said the cozy little widow; "and she is so useful about the house. I don't know how I ever managed without her. Now, Minnie, you are not in earnest about leaving us to-morrow?"

"I must, dear Mrs. Evans. Only think—I have been here most two months to-morrow, and the situation of governess in advantageous."

"Very well, I shall tell Frank how obstinate you are."

"What secret is it that is to be so religiously kept?" said Frank, coolly walking into the midst of the discussion, with his dark hair tossed about by the wind, and his hazel brown eyes sparkled archly.

"Secret!" repeated Mrs. Evans, energetically wiping her dim specta-

cle glass. "Why, Minnie is determined to leave us to-morrow."

"I must, Frank. I have no right to further trespass on your kindness."

"No right, eh, Minnie, do you know that the old house has been a different house since you came? Do you suppose we want to lose our little sunbeam?"

Minnie smiled, sadly, but her hand felt very cold and passive in Frank's warm grasp.

"You'll stay, Minnie?"

"No."

She shook her head determinedly.

"Then you must be made to stay," and Frank. "I've missed something of great value lately, and hereby arrest you on suspicion of being a thief."

"Missed something?"

Minnie rose, turning red and white.

"Oh, Frank, you can never suspect me."

"But I do suspect you. In fact, I am quite sure the article is in your possession."

"The article!"

"My heart, Miss Minnie. Now look here—I know that I am very young and poor, but I love you, Minnie Harlan, and I will be a good husband to you. Stay and be my little wife!"

So Minnie Harlan, instead of going out as governess, according to the programme, married the young dark-haired clerk in Edison's Express office, New York.

They were very quietly married early in the morning, and Frank took Minnie home to his mother, and then went calmly about his business in the wire cage under the circle of the gaslights.

"Evans!"

"Yes, sir."

Frank, with his pen behind his ear, as of yore, quietly obeyed the behest of the gray-haired official.

"Do you remember the young woman who was expressed on from Millington, Iowa, two months since?"

"Yes, sir, I remember her."

A tall, silver-headed gentleman here interposed with eager quickness.

"Where is she? I am her uncle, Walter Harrington. I have just returned from Paris, where the news of her arrival reached me. I want her; she is the only living relative to me."

"Ah! but, sir," said Frank, "you can't have her."

"Can't have her? What do you mean? Has anything happened?"

"Yes, sir, something has happened. Miss Minnie was married to me this morning."

Walter Harrington stared.

"Take me to her," he said hoarsely; "I can't be parted from my only living relative for a mere whim."

"I wonder if he calls the marriage service a mere whim," thought honest Frank; but he obeyed silence.

Frank Evans is an express clerk no longer, and pretty Minnie moves in velvet and diamonds; but they are quite as happy as they were in the old days, and that is saying enough. Uncle Walter Harrington grows older and feebler every day, and his two children are the sunshine of his declining life.

People who live remote from the sea shore can make a good artificial clam by rolling a piece of soap in sand and ashes, and eating it when it is about half cool. This is rather better than the real clam, but it will give them an approximate idea of the original luxury.—Hawkeye.