

# 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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## O, O! HOW SWEET!

He and she sat close together,  
O, O! how sweet it was!  
One cold night of wintry weather—  
O, O! how sweet it was!  
Up the chimney roared the fire,  
And he drew his chair still nigher.  
With a glance of fond desire—  
O, O! how sweet it was!  
She was winsome in her beauty,  
O, O! how sweet it was!  
And she blushed in modest duty—  
O, O! how sweet it was!  
With a timid sort of haste,  
And a beating heart, he placed  
One fond arm about her waist—  
O, O! how sweet it was!

## A FAMILY PET.

San Francisco Post.

The other morning while Mr. Cole, proprietor of the approaching circus and menagerie of that name, was picking his teeth on the steps of the Buss House, a tall, sun-burned, bald-headed man, with pine-burrs in his clothes, and a stick of sassafras in his mouth, approached and said:

"Be you the wild animal man, mister?"

The proprietor of the "Double Mammoth Mastodon Aggregation" admitted that such was the fact.

"Then," proceeded the party from the mountains, "I think I'll get you to make me an offer for a large-sized, healthy California lion I've got."

"Good specimen, eh?" asked the circus man.

"Good? Well, I should say so. Measures eleven feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. Caught him myself when a cub. Just four years old to-morrow."

"Hum—good appetite?"

"Appetite! Great Scott—appetite! Well, I should smile—that's just the point—that's just why I'm parting with Jay—I call him Jay Gould, because he takes everything in. If it wasn't for his appetite, and the queer little things it makes him do, I wouldn't part with Gould for a fortune."

"Savage, eh?"

"Well, no; I don't know as I should call Jay savage, exactly—sorter nibblish, though, maybe. Has a kinder habit of knawing up things, so to speak. In fact, the neighbors—I live up at Bladder's Peak—have gotten to be so fussy and particular of late that I can't so much as unchain J. G. for a little fresh air without their getting grumpy over it."

"There's no pleasing some people," said the hippodromer.

"I should say not. Now, frinstance, about three months after Jay got to be as big as a hotel sofa, I came home one day from a picnic and found he had eaten up old Aunt Maria, who had been left at home to mind the house—leastwise she was nowhere to be found; and as Jay seemed sorter bulgy like, and kept coughing up hair pins and false teeth for a day or two, we kinder suspicioned the whole thing."

"Maternal aunt?" inquired the showman, thoughtfully.

"Exactly. My wife took on dreadfully at first, especially as Jay seemed fond of playing with the children. One morning soon after that my wife's mother—whole family lived with me, you see—didn't come down to breakfast. As all of her false hair was hanging over the back of a chair, and Gould crawled out from under the bed licking his chops, and with his tongue a good deal coated—mother-in-law was always taking things for the liver complaint—we saw at once it was another visitation of Providence, and that the heavy hand of affliction was again upon us."

"Looked that way, didn't it?"

"Well, as you may suppose, the old lady—that's my wife—pranced around a good deal then, and got down the breech-loader, right away. But just then a gold medal arrived from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, awarded on account of my forbearance in the Aunt Maria business, and so I got her calmed down after a while."

"Pacified her, eh?"

"Yes; I managed to arrange a

reprieve for Jay, somehow. You see, I was awfully fond of pets, and tender-hearted, and all that, you understand. I argued that the poor animal didn't know he was doing wrong—merciful man is merciful to his beast, etc., etc. That smoothed things over for another month."

"What happened then?"

"Well, one day I sent Tommy, our youngest boy, down to the store for some sugar, and he took Gould along for company. Now, whether it was because Jay was fond of sugar, or not, I don't know, but he came home alone, and as soon as we noticed a peculiar kind of bulge on his ribs, almost as big as Johnnie, we concluded that the dread archer had marked another Skidmore—my name is Skidmore—for his own. The whole family took on like mad, and Mrs. Skid was about to shove the powder keg under J. G. and touch it off herself, when I pointed out that it wouldn't do to desecrate our offspring's tomb in that way. So I just had the burial service read over the lion, and tied crape around his neck for thirty days. How does that strike you?"

"After that you kept the animal chained?"

"Well, no. The fact is I set out to get a chain several times, but one thing and another prevented, until one day last week I actually missed the old lady herself. I looked around for her a couple of days, when somehow, all of a sudden, I sorter imagined where she was. I gave Gould about half a pound of emetic right away, but all we could get out of him was a pair of high-heeled shoes and a chest protector. We put the shoes and things in a coffin, and had Jay led behind the hearse to the cemetery. Wanted to have as much of the corpse present as possible, don't you see? We had the animal all decorated with flowers and things, as fine as you please. Folks said it was the touchiest thing that ever took place in them parts, and the bereaved husband sighed heavily."

"Don't wonder you want to sell the beast," remarked the menagerie man, after a pause.

"Well, I sorter do, and I sorter don't," said Mr. Skidmore, abstractedly. "There's so many memories and things clustering around J. G.—seems kinder like parting with one's family burying lot, as it were. On the other hand, though, now that the old lady's gone, I sorter feel as if the insect had—well, had outlived his usefulness, so to speak. So suppose I just have this box hauled around to your show after the performance this afternoon, and see if we can't strike a bargain."

"All right," said the manager, "I'm going up to Salt Lake City after a while, and perhaps I can work him off for big money to some of the Mormon elders."

"There's a mint of coin in him as a family pet," said the other, earnestly. And after striking the circus proprietor for a season dead-head, the widower shouldered his umbrella and drifted sadly down the street.

He came up a little late, stepped in without ringing, and, striding softly into the parlor, dropped into an easy chair with the careless grace of a young man who is accustomed to the programme. "By Jove," he said to the figure sitting in dim obscurity on the sofa, "by Jove! I thought I was never going to see you alone again. Your mother never goes away from the house nowadays, does she Minnie?" "Well, not amazingly frequently," cheerfully replied the old lady from the sofa. "Minnie's away so much of her time now I have to stay in."

Miss Almira Jenkins, of Cleveland, a limp, lank lily, who is doing the Alps, reports progress to her guardian: "I tried to climb the Matterhorn; didn't reach the top. It's absurdly high—everything is high in this country. Please send me some money."

The present style of ladies' evening dress is the low and behold style.

## SHE TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

Wiggles had some teeth pulled lately, and took cold in his jaw, which swelled until it looked like a prize watermelon. He poulticed it and bandaged it, all to no purpose, and walked the floor several nights with it, quoting choice extracts from Bob Ingersoll's lectures, but all to no purpose; it kept on swelling. The other morning he remarked to his wife that he'd give fifty dollars to any one that would hit him a tremendous thump on it suddenly without expecting it, to see if it wouldn't burst the swelling. The dear woman, smiling to herself, went and gathered a boot jack, and stepping up quietly behind the old man as he was trying to strain some coffee through his teeth lovingly inquired: "Where does it pain you most, Wrig?" "Oh, Lord! right here, right here," replied he, as he turned his jaw up and pointed to the protuberance. Taking a step back, the dear woman raised the bootjack up and gave him a regular bung-starter right in the center of the calamity, and smilingly stepped back to await results. The old man's knees flew to his chin as he shut up like patent rat trap, and with a hollow groan he rolled off the chair on the floor. But he was up in a moment, and as he danced the can-can with original variations his wife smilingly asked: "Did it relieve you, dear?" And as he tried to howl out an answer old Mrs. Pry, who had just dropped in, beat a hasty retreat. And now the whole neighborhood has it that Wiggles has 'got em' again. And Mrs. Pry remarked, "That 'ere comit will be the death of some o' these old bald-heads yet, settin' up to watch it."

## YOUNG LOVE'S DREAM.

She was a real pretty bread and butter, peaches and cream kind of a country girl, and she almost broke the hearts of the clerks in the postoffice when she came up to the window and asked to buy a postage stamp.

"Ah," said Oscar, with a smile of killing variety, as he noticed she held a yellow envelope in her hand, "Why not buy a plain white stamped envelope?"

"I don't want a stamped envelope," she simpered, "I want a stamp."

"Oh, very well; but you know stamped envelopes are all the rage now."

"I don't care, I want a stamp."

"Well, you are just too utterly utter. Won't you tell me why you want the stamp?" and the young man wrapped a smile around his face like a sheet around a ghost.

"You won't tell anybody?"

"No, of course not."

"Nobody?"

"No."

"Well, then—te-he-te-he—" she laughed, "you see my beau he don't like stamped envelopes. He lives away out in Colorado, and he says he never gets to see me, but if I lick the stamp and stick it on, he can take it off and chew it, and it is the next thing to kissing me."

Then she blushed and looked teased, and Oscar got so red in the face that he gave her a stamp and seven cents change for a three cent piece.—*Steubenville Herald.*

A report on the state of religion in Nevada would be almost as brief as the famous chapter on snakes in Ireland. The following anecdote might, however, be inserted: "At the recent opening of the Nevada Legislature an Eastern minister was invited to perform the religious service. He accepted the call and closed the ceremony with the Lord's Prayer. When he had finished, State Senator Doolan turned to Senator Hammond and remarked audibly: "He stole that prayer, and I'll bet on it. I heard it almost word for word in Eureka at a funeral over ten years ago."

"Please draw upon the black-board an interrogation point," said a teacher to one of her pupils. "Can't make a good one," replied the boy. "Draw a boot-buttoner," said the teacher, "that will answer." The boy took the crayon and drew a hair pin.

## A TEMPERENCE DRINK.

Among the thirsty ones yesterday bunting up and down Wood street for something to quench his thirst was a man in rusty black, who entered a drug-store and softly inquired:

"Have you a temperance drink?"

"Two or three of 'em. Will you take soda-water or ginger ale?"

"Well, now, our society does not regard either of those as a strictly temperance drink. Both are associated with strong liquors."

"How would root beer answer?"

"Suspicious—suspicious," was the whispered reply.

"Ah! I've got it now!"

"Ah!"

"I can give you a straight temperance drink as cool as ice, but it comes high."

"How much?"

"Ten cents a glass."

"Very well," said the old man, as he put down his dime.

The druggist was absent only a minute and then returned and placed a glass of liquid before him. The man drank half of it, snatched his lips and asked:

"May I ask what you call it?"

"Certainly; it is called water. I just drew it from the hydrant."

The old man set the glass down much harder than he needed to, buttoned up his coat, and, with a glance meant to reduce the druggist's weight to 120 pounds in five seconds, marched out as stiff as a bean-pole, and crossed the street after a lemonade flavored with peppermint essence.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## HE GOT IT.

One of the most touching things we have read in a long time is that story of a robber and a poor lone woman near Franklyn, Indiana. The robber came to her house at night and demanded her money or her life. She hadn't much money or life either, but she preferred giving up the former rather than the latter; so she brought her little store and placed it in his hand. He looked it over carefully, to see that she didn't palm off any twenty cent pieces for quarters, and facetiously told her that he could credit her for only ninety-four cents on the trade dollars, chiding her for taking them at their face value. "Haven't you anything else of value?" inquired the bold, bad burglar, looking about the scantily furnished apartment, "a child's bracelet, ring, anything will be thankfully received." She had nothing more, she replied with a sigh. A thought struck him. "Your husband was a soldier, was he not?" She acknowledged that he was killed in the war. "Then he must have had a revolver," he continued, searching her countenance. "Ah! you grow confused—you stammer; your manner betrays you. Get that revolver at once and give it to me." In vain the woman implored him to spare her that harmless trinket, almost the sole memorial of the husband she had lost. She had pawned many things when in distress, but had always held on to that. But the robber was unrelenting. Sobbing bitterly the poor woman went to a bureau drawer and removed the precious relic, around which clustered so many tender recollections. "Must you have it?" said she, as she advanced with trembling steps towards him. "Yes, I must," said the robber extending his hand. "Well, then take it," said she gently pressing the trigger for the last time. There was a loud report, and the robber tumbled over dead. The community ought to pension that woman.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Mrs. Jones went to a picnic the other day, one of those quiet picnics with no fuss, where you get up at four o'clock in the morning, pack off four children and ten lunch baskets, and gad around in the heat all day; and it made Mrs. Jones so tired that she had to do two days' washing before she felt rested.

"Do not marry a widower," said an old lady. "A ready-made family like a plate of cold potatoes." "Oh, I'll soon warm them over," replied the damsel, and she did.

## A BEAR WITH A STRONG HEAD.

An enterprising and good-natured visitor at Castle Park, a few days ago, in generosity of heart presented the bear with a bottle of beer. Bruin ascended his throne, and, after uncorking the bottle, drank it, and appeared much refreshed and well satisfied. This amused the visitor to such an extent that he took a glass himself and gave the bear another bottle. The performance lasted about two hours, the generous visitor drinking his glass each time that his bearship put a bottle of the "hop juice" under his belt. At the expiration of two hours it was found Bruin had indulged in nineteen bottles of beer, and his friend had gotten himself on the outside of nineteen glasses of the foam. The only difference to be discovered between the two was that Bruin was quiet and docile, and walked to the end of his chain in his usual dignified tread, while the man imagined that he was the Czar of All the Russias, and was momentarily expecting to hear an explosive missile burst about him. He was finally conveyed home "upon a shutter," while the bear quietly walked his beat and looked anxiously for another fun-loving visitor who would "set 'em up."—*Hot Springs Star.*

VERY BECOMING.—An editor struggled up stairs at three o'clock in the morning with a brand new bonnet held carefully under his arm in a tissue paper. As soon as he turned on the gas his better half rubbed open her eyes and drowsily inquired:

"You—forgot my—bonnet, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't."

"Oh! And that woman sprang up and ripped the wrappings off in a jiffy, and slating her nightcap into the corner, adjusted the new purchase carefully on her head."

"How do you like it? It's becoming, isn't it?"

"Madame," responded the husband, "the bonnet certainly is very becoming; but, somehow, the remainder of your costume don't jibe. Your dress, if I may call it such, has too much Hamburg edging and not enough overskirt. I think you need a little knife pleating and a couple of extra ruffles."

"You hateful, I'll throw the thing out the window if you don't tell me just how it looks, so there!"

"That's what I'm trying to do, my dear. The bonnet looks immense." In your present costume you could not fail to make a hit on the street, and just like as not land in the police station."

But she didn't take that bonnet off. She went and rigged herself up in the best duds she had, and when he awoke in the morning she was promenading about the room, trying the effect of posing in attitudes before the mirror.

"Can pa make a circus, ma?" "I don't know, Johnny. I suppose he could if he had a great deal of money to buy horses and wild animals; but why do you ask, Johnny?" "O, nothing much. Only I saw that Gaston fellow, that you told sis to have nothing to do with, standing with his arm around her at the back gate last night, and he said to sis, 'I e'pose if yer old man came along now he would make a circus,' and sis laughed and said, 'you bet!'"—*Somerville Journal.*

Why is a stylish girl like a rifle range? Because—oh, dear, we wish we hadn't begun this one—because—oh, shockey, you know; because—boo-hoo! boo-hoo! Because there is a bang at one end and a bustle at the other.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Such is the rapidity of the circulation of the blood, that if it flowed at an equal rate in a straight line, it would run 150 feet in one minute.

In the early days of printing books the paper was only printed on one side and the blank sides pasted together.

Miss Kulin, of San Francisco recently married a man named Wood. The marriage notice was headed "Kulin-Wood."