

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., OCTOBER 22, 1881.

NO. 39

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JOHN W. ADDISON. BOLIVAR EDWARDS.

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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 5th day of November, 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. 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—The above described property having been offered for sale for cash, and failing to bring two-thirds of the appraisement, it is now re-offered on a credit of twelve months, for what it will bring, the purchaser giving bond with approved security, and mortgage retained on the property to secure payment of the same.

W. B. COOK, Sheriff.
Covington, La., Sept. 24, 1881.

SUCCESSION OF JAMES P. CROSS.

The State of Louisiana, Parish of St. Tammany—Eighteenth Judicial District Court—No. 143.

Having assumed the administration of the succession of James P. Cross, all persons having claims against the said estate, and all persons indebted thereto, will present such claims or make such payments to the undersigned at Covington, Parish and State aforesaid.

By order of the court.
W. C. MORGAN, Clerk.
COVINGTON, LA., Sept. 17, 1881.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

State of Louisiana—Parish of St. Tammany.

TAX COLLECTOR'S OFFICE.

Covington, La., June 11, 1881. The taxes assessed in the year 1881 are set forth in the tax rolls now on file in my office, and in the mortgage office of this parish. They are now due, and if not paid, will become delinquent on the 31st day of December, 1881, and will draw eight per cent. per annum interest from that date until sold, in accordance with Article 210 of the Constitution.

W. B. COOK,
Sheriff and Ex-Officio Tax Collector.

ST. TAMMANY PARISH.

ITS LOCATION—HEALTH—
PRODUCTS—MANUFACTURING AND AGRICULTURAL ADVANTAGES, ETC.

St. Tammany parish is located twenty-two miles north of New Orleans. Covington, the county site, is ten miles further north, in the interior, and is delightfully located on the Bogue Falia.

IMMIGRANTS,

with a small amount of capital and a fair supply of industry and perseverance, cannot possibly do better than locate in our parish. The climate is as fine as any in the world. The winters are generally mild, and snow rarely falls. Spring opens early in February, with blossoms on the peach and quince trees, and vegetation comes rapidly forward. The heat of summer is moderate, and the unfailing breezes of the evening refresh man and beast after the labors of the day.

THE SOIL

is very productive, and admirably adapted for raising sugar cane, cotton, oats, corn, rice, peanuts, etc. The vine is indigenous, and yearly bears large harvests of delicious fruit. Oranges, pears, peach, plums, quinces, figs and pecans thrive well.

CATTLE AND SHEEP

graze upon our pine lands throughout the year, and seldom are fed in winter, thus making St. Tammany the stock-growers' home. Farming and stock lands can be purchased at rates varying from \$1 to \$5 per acre, and Government lands to actual settlers.

WATER POWER.

There is an abundance of water power, already improved, inviting the attention of manufacturers. We have no doubt a small factory, such as already abound in Alabama and Georgia, for the purpose of converting our cotton crop into yarn, would prove a paying investment.

FIRE CLAY

is found in abundance, as well as clays suitable for pottery ware of the very finest texture, purely white, and free from sand or grit. Persons having a practical knowledge of such business would soon realize a fortune in manufacturing and shipping such wares to the New Orleans market.

MANUFACTURE OF GLASS.

Sand suitable for the manufacture of glass is also abundant all along the banks of the Bogue Falia, above the town of Covington. It has been practically tested by Pittsburg manufacturers, and found to contain all the necessary properties to produce the finest glassware.

COVINGTON,

the county site, contains about eight hundred inhabitants, and is the best business point in the parish, commanding much of the trade of both St. Tammany and Washington parishes. The mail from New Orleans arrives three times a week, per steamer New Camelia, and there is some talk of building a telegraph line.

At present there is no mill or manufactory of any kind in Covington. Building sites for manufacturing purposes can be had on the most favorable terms, and every facility will be offered for immigrants to this parish.

To all honest and industrious immigrants who may wish to settle in St. Tammany, a hearty welcome is extended and protection guaranteed in their respective occupations.

\$5 outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything, \$10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. de18 ly

TOO AWFULLY UTTER.

A DEADWOOD MAN'S INTERVIEW WITH A BROOKLYN GIRL.

"Well," said a Deadwood man who had just been introduced to a Brooklyn girl, and who had been asked by her if they had many of those lovely frontiersmen out his way—"well, mum, we hev right smart of 'em in our neck o' the woods."

"And do they wear fringed legs and hunt those dear, sweet buffalo?" asked the girl.

"The stage drivers wear fringe and sich, and when a buffaler shines out some one is purty apt to hook on."

"How supreme! And those gorgeous Indians in their picturesque wigwams of wampun, with 'heir blending combinations of war paint, do you often see them?"

"Oh! once in a while we get a buck at a buck, but mostly they are on the reservations," replied the Deadwood man, staring. "They do come in occasionally, but we don't track with them."

"The sweet things! And you have such sunsets out in your mountain fastnesses, and such loves of highwaymen! Do you ever see those delightful highwaymen?"

"Not often, mum. They get in the brush; and, as for sunsets, we get 'em pretty reg'lar in fair weather."

"Isn't it just too awfully too!" exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands and rolling her eyes.

"Yes, mum," stammered the Deadwood man, "sometimes its pretty dern, too, leas'twise it was the day Cobler Duffy came into town on the lands'ide."

"An avalanche! Do you mean an avalanche? Oh! Can there be anything more crystally utter than an avalanche!"

"It was too pooty tooty utter," hazarded the Deadwood man, dropping into his companion's style of expression. "The cobbler had a—a—he had a crystally shaft up the side of the butte, and one day he was too tooting around up there and the thing shipped out from under him."

"Oh! How radiant! How iridescent!"

"Yes, mum, and he began to radiate towards town at the rate of 1000 miles and three furlongs a minute. We seen him a—a uttering down the side of the mountains, ripping up trees and rocks and tooing along, and his iridescent wife flapped out of her schack and began to raise a row."

"Poor Lily," moaned the girl; "did she stop the glorious avalanche?"

"No, mum, not quite. Duffy fetched up against his schack all standing and began to howl like a bizzard, 'cause he thought he'd lost his mine. But when they tipped the land slide on one end, the mine was underneath, just as he left it. So he could wrck it right under his winder. That was pooty considerable too, eh? and the Deadwood man never winked."

"How sublime! How crystally!"

"But, I was going to say, we never had a sunset since."

"So star-like," murmured the girl.

"Yes, mostly star-like. You see the land-slide stands taere to this day on end, and they don't dare to turn it over, for fear of filling in the town, so we don't get any sun after 11 in the morning."

"A perenial twilight! So fearfully, terribly, awfully utter."

"Yes," murmured the Deadwood man. "It's just about as utter as you can get 'em."

And she sat and gazed upon him, wrapped in admiration, while he fell into a reverie, and wondered at Brooklyn hospitality in not providing "sand boxes" for strangers.

George Washington was a great general. It was not until he adorned a postage stamp that he was licked behind his back.

A DECOY FOR THIEVES.

It was one o'clock on Friday morning. I sat on the almost deserted piazza of the big hotel at Coney island. The day had been insufferably hot, and a fairly cool breeze had set in. Turning to the bartender I remarked that I felt like dropping asleep in my chair and remaining in the open air all night. He laughed. "You'd be cleaned out in half an hour," he said. "Your watch and chain would be on a Chatham street shelf before noon to-morrow. I don't know where all the thieves come from, but let a man go to sleep in a dark seat anywhere on Coney Island, and a thief will apparently rise right out of the sand and go through him."

One word brought on another, and the barkeeper finally proposed to fish for thieves. We padded his Sunday suit, put out the lights, and placed it on a chair. An immense brass curb chain fell in a yellow festoon from a pocket in the waistcoat. At a distance the image looked like a hearty old gentleman indulging in a cat nap before turning in for the night. We took positions within the bar-room, where we could see through an open window, and awaited developments.

Ten minutes passed. I was becoming impatient, when my comrade pointed his finger over the flooring of a veranda. I saw a head cautiously raised above the edge of the stoop, near a pillar. After a moment's observation it sunk from our line of vision, and I heard receding footsteps. Next we heard a man mounting the stairs at the further end of the portico. He was a tall, spare fellow. He came down the stretch of boards like one in deep meditation, and walked past our window, after casting a keen glance at his victim. Then he turned slowly and retraced his meditative steps, taking a closer view of the prey. On the next lap he laid his hand on the back of the chair and shook it very lightly. "Say, Cojouel," he said, in a voice just loud enough to test the soundness of the nap, "hadn't you better be getting inside? You'll catch cold out here."

His hand slid gently down toward the glittering chain. At this instant more footsteps were heard on the piazza. Prowler No. 2 appeared. The first comer assumed an air of companionship with the sleeper. He soon drew up a chair and took a position at his side. Prowler No. 2 hummed an air from "The Mascotte," and made several laps, closely observing the couple as he passed them. At last, however, he disappeared at the extreme end of the porch. The original speculator hesitated a second, and again extended his hand toward the chair. We alarmed him by a tap on the window. He was off in a jiffy. Without looking around, he sprang across the piazza, dropped to the ground, and disappeared.

After displaying anew the attractiveness of our bait, we again ensconced ourselves at the side of the window. Prowler No. 2 reappeared. He glanced suspiciously at the sleeper, saw the watch-chain, and seemed surprised at the absence of the tall man. He mused within himself some time. The shining lure acted like a charm. Gaining confidence, he approached the quarry. "Say, Judge," he ventured as a feeler, "you'll get robbed if you don't go inside." The Judge made no response. Prowler No. 2 shipped behind his chair, and, reaching down over his shoulder, gently detached the chain from the button hole. He was tugging at the supposed watch, when the bar-tender yanked at him. He shot into the darkness like a bullet, leaving the chain dangling loosely from the pocket.

We again doctored the image. Scarcely were we out of sight when a reconnoitering party, consisting of a man and a boy, appeared. They made a concerted effort to clean out the slumberer by approaching him simultaneously from opposite directions. This effort, however, was check-mated by a persistent thumping on the window. By this time the bar-tender

thought that I had received an instructive lesson. He said that the fun might be kept up until daylight, but it would become too monotonous. While we were talking about taking in the figure, a tall, lank man, evidently the original speculator, rushed across the platform and made a dash for the chain. He yanked at it with such force that he jerked the sleeper from the chair. For an instant he seemed dazed by the catastrophe. Then, recovering himself, he swept the effigy up in his arms and ran over the sands like a deer. Before the bar-tender had recovered from his surprise he was out of sight. A long chase followed. The bar-tender returned panting and streaming with perspiration.

"Well, by thunder," he exclaimed, "that fellow got his work in well. He didn't quit no loser. That suit of togs cost me \$40. It wasn't a paying circus, I'm blowed if it was. If this thing goes on, and we stay on the island all summer, we'll have to sleep in the safe."
—N. Y. Sun.

SHE PROVED HER LOVE.

Over the closely trimmed lawn, whose velvety surface gave forth no sound as his feet pressed heavily upon it, came a young man—a strong, handsome fellow in the full flush (or straight flush, which ever suits the reader best) of early manhood.

Miriam did not see him, but the faithful watch-dog did, and came bounding forth from his kennel, grabbing the young man blithely by the seat of his pants, and galloping away in merry glee to the back yard with his mouth full of gents' furnishing goods. Fortunately for Whitelaw the jocund day was swiftly waning, and grayhooded night was spreading her sable mantle o'er all, including his pants. Stepping still more softly over the lawn, he was on the porch and seated in a chair before Miriam knew of his presence, and it was only when he spoke her name in the low dulcet tones that one only acquires by living in New York and trying to talk while a tug is taking some vessel down the river that she knew of his presence. Running quickly to him, she knelt by his side, and placing her fair young face closely up to his, she said: "Is it you, darling?" Whitelaw never deceived a trusting heart. "It is me," he said, admitting his identity, and lack of familiarity with Lindley Murray at the same time. "I was so awfully afraid you wouldn't come," continued the girl, "and papa acted as if he never would go, and really and truly I began to think that you had missed the train, and then again that maybe you didn't love me at all, and ever and ever so many dreadfully horrid things, that I was almost ready to cry. But you are here now, aren't you, darling?" With a rib-cracking hug he testified to his presence. Then looking tenderly into the blue eyes, and kissing fondly the red lips, and bending low over the tiny pink ear, Reid whispered into it a few earnest words. A rosy blush suffused Miriam's cheek as she arose, and quietly led Whitelaw to her father's room. "In there," she said "are pants till you can't rest." The door closed behind him with a heavy clang. Five minutes later he emerged clad in a pair of trousers belonging to the haughty broker. Miriam had proved her love.—From "Pastoral Loves," by John Hay.

A dutiful son-in-law: A young Frenchman, who had sown a heavy crop of wild oats, determined to get married and settle down. On the wedding day his mother-in-law said to him: "I hope, my dear son-in-law, that you will be guilty of no more follies in future." "My dear madam," he replied, "I promise you that this shall be the last!"

It is said that a man will jump as high from the prick of a tack as that of a ten-penny nail, the point of attack being the same.

A New Yorker is named Stealing, and he hates the name; but he took the curse off his daughter by making her Christian name "Worth."

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