

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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AN ARKANSAS BORE.

HIS VARIOUS WANTS STATED TO A JADED EDITOR.

Judge Bill Mozzlewood, of the cyprus-swamp neighborhood, came to town yesterday and called at the Gazette office. The Judge is called Judge because he is not a Judge. He defies education, declaring that it is a rascally invention brought about by men who are trying to cheat honest people.

"I've come up for a purpose, gentlemen," he said, throwing his saddle-bags on the floor and wiping the perspiration from his face with a handful of clippings, which he raked up, to the horror of the editor. "Yes, I've come up for a purpose," and he tore the front-piece from a new magazine and wiped the back of his neck. "I left my handkercher at home. Say, I want you to use your influence in getting me on the jury in the Garfield case. You know when they come to try that fellow—what's his name? Feddie, no Guitar—they'll want men who hasn't read about the circumstance. A situation of that kind during the dull season would fill up the gap powerful. As a sort of favor to the Judge, can't you telegraph to Congress and git me the place? Jes' say that Judge has been in the jury business for thirty odd years, and that he can drap on the mericks of a case without the least trouble. Tell them to ask any of the old lawyers in Little Rock and see if they wouldn't rather have me on a jury than any other man livin'. That never has been but one time that I was disqualified, as the sayin' goes, and that was when my son was on trial for killin' a man. But even then I exerted a influence for Ike—that's my boy—I worried the jury powerful.

"Did he hang the jury?" asked the editor, removing a newly-written article beyond the reach of the Judge's perspiring hands.

"No, he didn't hang the jury. The jury hung him, but he worried 'em nearly to death. Now, about that other business. Do you think I can get it, eh?" and he punched the editor in the ribs and chuckled.

"I'm sorry to inform you, Judge, but the jury has been selected. We sought an appointment for a man from this State, but as there was thirteen men in Ohio not actively engaged in running the Government, twelve of them were selected. The thirteenth man would have been put on, also, probably, but he was sober and out of debt at the time."

"Well," said the Judge, after reflecting a moment, "I reckon—"

"Look out!" exclaimed the editor. "Don't wipe your hands on my shirt. Wait; let me shut that drawer."

"Well, as I was sayin'—but why do you keep your shirt here? Proper place for 'em in your draws, eh?" and again he punched the editor in the ribs. "But as I was sayin', as there's no chance for me on the jury, I want you to get me a situation here in town. Ain't thar a sort of place here whar a man with a lot of tin horns and butterfly arrangements tells when its goin' to rain?"

"Yes," said the editor, dodging, "the United States Singnal Service office."

"They have to pay a man to fool with horns and butterflies and tell when thar's goin' to be a storm, don't they? Yes, well that's the place for me. I don't want any horns. I tell by the rheumatiz. If

thar's a pain in my leg, thar'll be a stiff blow before two days, shure; no mistake about it. If it's goin' to rain, I has a pain in my hip. If the rain ranges round to the right, the pain, say it was in my left hip at first, ranges round in my right hip. If the rain comes straight over the pain comes right over the top of my head. Now I can set up thar in that office for a dollar a day. This will save the Government a good size pile in the course of a few years. Can you get me the place?"

"No, sir, I can't. I can't do anything for you. I couldn't get any civilized work for you to do. Leave this mutilated office. Put down that ink. No, it's not blackberry cordial. Yes, go on. Don't come here any more. No, sir, I don't care if you do belong to one of the first families. It's one of the last families that I want represented here."

The Judge took up his saddle-bags and went down, while the editor mused: "Three more such visits and the publication of this journal will be suspended.—Arkansas Gazette."

OVER THEIR STEAK.

They were talking it over in a restaurant at noon yesterday. Said the first:

"So you have come down to make a settlement and try for a new start?"

"Yes."

"How bad was the failure?"

"Well, I think I can pay 40 cents the dollar, but perhaps not more than 35."

"It was all owing to your partner, you said."

"Yes. He raised money on our company note, and slid."

"That was bad. He must have been a thorough rascal. Have you made any effort to overhaul him?"

"No."

"But you will?"

"No."

"Are you going to permit such a rascal as that to roam the country unpunished?"

"I think I shall. He has almost ruined me in a business sense, and yet I can't but feel grateful to him. When he slid he took my wife with him!"

The other looked at him for half a minute, nodded his head, and began on his steak without a word, and with a look of dumb suffering in his eyes. He had no partner, poor man!

HAD AN INTEREST IN THE BUSINESS. Two commercial agents met at the depot with their grip sacks, when one said: "Hello, John, whar have you been?" John said that he had been laying off; but now he had an interest in the business, and was going on the road again. The friend congratulated him on having gained the proud position of partner in one of the largest houses in Milwaukee, which was making money hand over fist, when John broke in by saying: "No, I am not a partner, but the old man told me if I didn't take more interest in the business he would bounce me, so I have concluded to take an interest in it hereafter. Good-day!"

We to-day call attention to the advertisement of the PRICKLY ACH BITTERS, which can be found in another column. These Bitters are made from the purest and best materials, and their tonic and cathartic properties render them superior to all others in disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, &c.

A FERTILE BOY.

"My, son," said a Little Rock mother, "go down to the grocery and get me a can of condensed milk."

"I should squirm to wriggle," answered the boy.

"Go on, I tell you."

"If you don't go this instant. I'll tell your father when he comes home."

"I should blow to tattle."

"Never mind, sir."

"I should whoop to squeal."

When the father came the mother said: "I wish you'd whip Tom. He positively refused to go down to the grocery, and told me that I was a tattler and that he would jump on me."

"Tom."

"Yes, sir."

"What was it you said to your mother?"

"Never said nothin'."

"Then I am a story teller and you are a pretty boy," said the mother.

"Look here, young man, if you don't behave yourself I'll thrash you. Do you hear?"

"I should titter to snort."

"Come here to me, sir," and the young man squirmed to wriggle, limped to jump, blew to tattle, whooped to squeal and tittered to snort.

MINOR PUNISHMENTS.

One of the most serious problems with which we have had to deal under the post bellum regime concerns the methods of repressing the lesser crimes like larceny and disorderly conduct. A certain class has become so habituated to an occasional incarceration in jail, and the sense of shame has been so entirely obliterated by the degrading punishment they have incurred, the jail has no terrors and exerts no deterrent influence.

The result is that this worthless class is a burden on the community, swelling the criminal budget and always perpetuating an evil example.

There is no sense in dealing with this condition of things in a spirit of sentimental tenderness. Whenever a man has become so degraded that he has no moral sensibilities, punishment has to be directed to the point where he does have feeling. When his sense of pride and shame has become so callous and indurated by repeated humiliation that a moral infliction cannot reach him, you have to apply punishment to the bodily nerves which do feel it. For the repression of larcenies nothing has ever been invented which is such a complete and perfect specific as the whipping post, and in all the refinements of modern civilization no expedient has ever been found to supplant it.

But this remedy would require the intervention of the legislature, and we are inquiring now for a corrective which can be immediately applied.

This corrective consists in sentences on the public works. The law has made provision for this mode of punishment for the minor offences, and wherever tried it has worked well. It is ridiculous that the honest working people of a parish should have to support the criminal classes while they are serving a term in jail. Their labor while under sentence can be employed in useful works, and thus the burden of criminal expenses may be lightened. It costs little more to feed and guard the prisoners on public works than in jail. Attention to these considerations will eventually lift from the shoulders of the people what has grown to be an intolerable burden.—Baton Rouge Advocate.

A genuine female regulator and iron tonic is in demand by nearly every woman; that which stands pre-eminent is Dr. Drougoule's ENGLISH FEMALE BITTERS.

AN INGENIOUS RASCAL.

The theater of Ofen—Buda-Pesth—was the scene of his debut, though this was made in a loge, not on the stage. It appears that last week a certain Hungarian Countess, well known for her riches and beauty—the same spirited lady who last year seconded her brother in a duel—graced with her presence the performance at the Arena, or summer theater. On one of her fair fingers my lady wore two splendid diamond rings, exactly like each other. During an entre act there presented himself to her box a big fellow in gorgeous livery—six feet of the finest flunkey imaginable. Quoth he, in finest Hungarian:

"My mistress, Princess P—, has sent me to beg of your ladyship the loan of one of your rings for five minutes. Her Highness has observed them from the box opposite, and is very anxious to have one made after the pattern."

Without an instant's hesitation the Countess handed a ring to "James," who bowed with respectful dignity and retired.

The performances over, the two great ladies met on the stair-case, and the Countess begged her friend to keep the ring at her convenience. "What ring, my dear?" Demurement! Tableau!

The "powdered menial" was no flunkey at all, but a thief, and the ring was gone. The police were informed of the impudent trick. Justice seemed to have overtaken the culprit in a very few strides, for the next morning the Countess, while still en robe de chambre, received a letter informing her that the thief had been caught and the ring found on his person. "Only," added the note, "the man stoutly denies the charge, and declares the ring to be his own. To clear up all doubt, pray come at once to the police station, or send the duplicate ring by bearer."

To draw the second ring from her finger and intrust it to joyfully to the messenger—a fine fellow in full police uniform—together with a handsome "tip" for the glorious news, was the work of a moment. Only when my lady, an hour later, betook herself radiant to the police station to recover her jewels, a slight mistake came to light. "Well, my rings? I could not come myself the instant I got your letter." "What letter, madam?" Demurement! Tableau No. 2! The thief had got them both.—London Globe.

A school teacher asked, "What bird is large enough to carry off a man?" Nobody knew; but one little girl suggested "a lark." And then she exclaimed: "Mamma said papa wouldn't be home till Monday, because he had gone off on a lark."

The first thing a man thinks of is himself; the second thing he thinks of is himself again; and the third thing he thinks of is himself once more. Bully for man.

THE SOUTH AHEAD.—Notwithstanding the vast numbers and quantities of proprietary medicines that have for years flooded the whole country, the honor for a special remedy has been fairly won by a Southern gentleman, whose remedy to-day stands without a parallel on the American continent. He has achieved a decided victory over nearly all chronic female complaints, which have heretofore proven so difficult. Cases of ten years standing are often cured in a short time, including married and single ladies. We advise to Dr. J. P. Drougoule and his pet remedy, ENGLISH FEMALE BITTERS, now meeting with such wonderful success.

FRENCH MARRIAGES.

The marriage of a son of Musurus Pasha to a daughter of the Countess d'Innocent, has been annulled by a French Court. The case was a romantic one. The handsome young French girl fell in love with the Mahomedan in Constantinople. It was she who did the courting, but the young man was willing, and they went to England to be married. But in France the union was held to be invalid, on account of non-compliance with the requirements of the French law. This leaves the young woman in a most pitiable position, as she has lived with the Pasha's son in good faith, supposing herself to be his lawful wife. Many American girls have been caught in the same trap; indeed, it is dangerous for foreigners to marry Frenchmen who live in France, for the French law has many peculiarities. Young women who go abroad to pick up French noblemen would do well to bear this in mind.

CHAFF.

The man that doesn't urn his salt probably puts it into bags.

He who gives soft hats to his friends makes his presents felt.

"Love's young dream" usually merges into matrimonial nightmare.

Hotel proprietors have this summer some pretty tough things at steak.

One of Shakespeare's athletes: "Oh! that this too too solid flesh would melt."—Hamlet.

A Mormon never speaks of his better half, but of his better eighth or sixteenth, as the case may be.

A pretty girl won a musket at a lottery. When they gave it to her she asked: "Don't they give a soldier with it?"

It is a great triumph for State rights that Mr. Arthur can't remove Mr. Hayes from his office of Road Commissioner.

A Pekin, Ill., man's wife has given birth to a boy every Fourth of July for four years. Methods of celebrating are a matter of taste.

Before marriage she was dear and he was treasure; but afterwards she became dearer and he treasurer, and yet they are not happy.

"Will your mother ever marry again?" he inquired. "Not with my approval," she answered; "such is my opinion thus far, and not a step farther."

"I hope this is not a counterfeit?" said a lover, as he toyed with his sweetheart's hand. "The best way to find out is to ring it?" was the quick reply.

J. W. Riley has a poem on the "Lost Kiss." He doesn't make it very plain as to how he lost it, but it is presumed her mother came into the room just in time to catch her at it.

Professor in history to non-attentive senior—"Mr. —, how long did the thirty years' war last?"

N. A. S.—"About sixteen years, I think, sir?"

Applause on the part of the attentive seniors.

One of the most unpleasant things known is to be walking in a June wood with a lovely girl when you are breaking in a new pair of boots. Although the girl may be fairer than sun-capped Aurora grinning for all it is worth on acres of wild flowers, the boots get away with her in his mind by a good majority. Somehow the boots seem to strike an average that the girl can't reach to save her sweet life.

He took six nauseating pills for constipation. They pinched and sickened and griped him all next day. He lost his appetite, lost a day from business and was left quite feeble; his neighbor, who was also suffering from constipation, took one dose of Bailey's SALINE PEPERMENT. It cooled and cleansed his stomach, moved his bowels gently, and the next morning he felt bright and happy.