

T. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dews from Heaven, Should Descend Alike upon the Rich and the Poor."

VOL. 7.

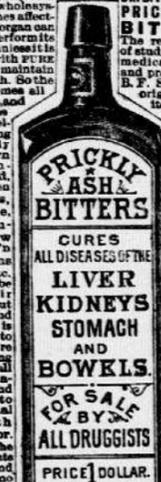
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THE LIVER AND ITS FUNCTIONS.

It has become a well established fact that the larger portion of disease to which the human family is subject arise in the first place from some derangement of the Liver. This organ is not only the largest, but at the same time one of the most important. The venous blood, on its return to the heart, passes through this organ, and in its passage the impurities which are secreted, and which are necessary for digestion as well as for a caloric to assist in the removal of waste material &c. are eliminated. From this it is easily seen that the Liver is liable to get out of order to a greater or less extent, and when this occurs it is impossible for it to properly fulfill its office of removing all objectionable matter from the blood, but allows it to pass through, carrying with it the poisons of which it should have been relieved.

With impure blood the whole system becomes affected, and no organ can properly perform its function unless it is supplied with PURE BLOOD to maintain its strength. So the Liver becomes all important, and when one has the feeling of being continually tired, worn out, is constipated, with tenderness to the Liver, Headache, Sick Stomach, Bloating, Colic, or any of the above symptoms, it is a sure sign that the Liver is out of order, and a remedy is required to assist in its relief. Prickly Ash Bitters is a medicine of rare merit, and not an intoxicating beverage, used at all times with beneficial results. It is not the ordinary cathartic, but a blood purifier, and as a BLOOD PURIFIER, ranks above all other preparations. Ask your druggist for it, and get the real thing. If he has none on hand, ask that it be ordered for you.



DR. S. F. SHERMAN'S PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. The result of years of study, experiment, and medical research, and the practice of Dr. S. F. SHERMAN, its originator, and its success where ever used is sufficient evidence of its merit. Prickly Ash Bitters acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, & Bowels, is a mild yet effective purgative, and is as pleasant to the taste as any cathartic, and is as easily taken by children as adults.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is a medicine of rare merit, and not an intoxicating beverage, used at all times with beneficial results. It is not the ordinary cathartic, but a blood purifier, and as a BLOOD PURIFIER, ranks above all other preparations. Ask your druggist for it, and get the real thing. If he has none on hand, ask that it be ordered for you.

MEYER BROTHERS & CO. SOLE PROPRIETORS, ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY, MO.

PROF. HARRIS' RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY AND ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN YOUNG AND MIDDLE AGED MEN.

Put up in bottles of three sizes. No. 1 (enough to last a month) \$1. No. 2 (sufficient to effect a permanent cure, unless in severe cases) \$2. No. 3 (lasting over three months, will restore those in the worst condition) \$7. Sent by mail, in plain wrappers. Full Directions for using will accompany each box.

Prepared and Sold ONLY by HARRIS REMEDY CO. Mfg. Chemists, MARKET AND 5TH STS., ST. LOUIS, MO.

DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY

Established 1847 at 12 N. 5th Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE Physician in charge of this old and well known Institution are regular graduates in medicine and surgery. Years of Experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases have made their skill and ability so much superior to that of the ordinary practitioner, that they have acquired a national reputation through their treatment of complicated cases.

INDISCRETION AND EXPOSURE Producing Gonorrhoea, Syphilis, and other venereal diseases, without using Mercury or Poisonous Medicines. These are cured, and those of middle age who are suffering from the effects of a venereal disease, which is the result of business or marriage, permanently cured, at moderate expense.

PATIENTS TREATED, but where possible, personal consultation is preferred, which is FREE and involves no cost to the patient. List of questions to be answered by patient, and address of Dispensary, from Dispensary should send their address, and leave something to their advantage. It is not a trust, and Dispensary strictly confidential, and should be addressed to DR. BUTTS, 12 North 5th St., St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS.

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OMNIBUS LINE.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT.

Leaves Covington for the Old Landing, connecting with the steamer New Camelia. Will take passengers to any part of this or adjoining parishes. Terms moderate.

BENNIE'S SURPRISE.

Three Christmas days had showered their gifts
On curly-headed Bennie;
But then he was so very wee
He scarce remembered any.

To-morrow morn the fourth would come,
With Christmas wreaths of holly,
And chiming bells, and Christmas trees,
And Santa Claus so jolly.

His heart was full, his deep-blue eyes
With joyous wonder beaming,
When mother said the time had come
For Bennie to go dreaming.

Before she heard his evening prayer,
She told the "old, old story,"
Of the bright star, the shepherd throng,
The angels, and the glory.

Of how the wise men sought and found
The baby in the manger,
And gave their rich and pretty gifts
Unto the Holy Stranger.

Then Bennie clasped his little hands
In prayer, and said, "Now may-be
Instead of sending Santa Claus,
Dear God would send a baby."

On Christmas morn the little feet
Went pattering off to mother,
And there beside her, on the bed,
Lay—Bennie's little brother.

—Children's Museum.

TRY.

Try popcorn for nausea.
Try cranberries for malaria.
Try a sunbath for rheumatism.
Try ginger ale for stomach cramps.

Try clam broth for a weak stomach.
Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas.

Try gargling lager beer for cure of soar throat.
Try a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless.

Try swallowing saliva when troubled with sour stomach.
Try eating fresh radishes and yellow turnips for gravel.

Try eating onions and horseradish to relieve dropsical swellings.
Try buttermilk for removal of freckles, tan and butternut stains.

Try to cultivate an equable temper, and don't borrow trouble ahead.
Try the croup tippet when a child is likely to be troubled that way.

Try a hot dry flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain and renew frequently.
Try taking your cod-liver oil in tomato catsup, if you want to make it palatable.

Try hard cider—a wineglassfull three times a day—for ague and rheumatism.
Try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to relieve whooping-cough.

Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening.
Try a cloth wrung out from cold water put about the neck at night for sore throat.

Try snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrhal "cold in the head."
Try an extra pair of stockings outside of your shoes when traveling in cold weather.

Try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward.
Try a silk handkerchief over the face when obliged to go against a cold, piercing wind.

Try planting sunflowers in your garden if compelled to live in a malarial neighborhood.
Try a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) in diarrhoeal troubles; give freely.

Try a newspaper over the chest, beneath your coat, as a chest protector in extremely cold weather.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

"I never used such a medicine, Never,—well—hardly ever. It foams and sparkles just like a glass of soda water. Oh! it is perfectly splendid. One swallow cures heartburn and acid stomach. So cooling and delightful in fevers and sick headache. For habitual constipation, I use it all the time, and prefer it to anything else. It is sold at 50 cents per bottle of 20 doses, and is known as Bailey's SALINE APERIENT." Thus speaks a most sensible woman.

A DROVER'S STORY.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover and I live miles and miles away upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a house within sight when we moved there—my wife and I; and now we have not many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and, above all, a doll for our youngest Dolly. She never had a shop doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me, "buy a big one." Nobody but a parent can understand how much my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper and tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine, and tea and sugar put up. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about the doll she was so anxiously expecting.

I mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine, and was pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down dark as pitch while I was in the midst of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way through. I remembered it so well; and it was almost ten when the storm that was brewing broke and pelted the rain in torrents, five miles or maybe six, from home too. I rode on as fast as I could, but suddenly I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened. I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing—all was dark, as I got down and felt about in the grass; I called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but then I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. I am not superstitious—not very; but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a stormy night, and at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away; but once more I heard that piteous cry, and, said I, "if any man's child is hereabouts Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it lie here to die." I searched again. At last, I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me; and I mounted and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mamma. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom. It had slept there over an hour, when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them, for my sake; but when I got into the yard, I saw something was the matter, and stood still, with dread fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amid them weeping. When she saw me, she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she cried. "It will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried. And one said: "Nothing, now, I hope. What's that in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I, "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child—my little Dolly.

It was my darling, and no other, that I had picked up upon the drenched road. My little darling had wandered out to meet "daddy" and the doll, while her mother was at work, and whom they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked God on my knees before them all.

It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road—the baby-cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

Ab, friends, the blessings of our work often comes nearer our homes than we ever dare to hope.

A bee's sting is only one-fourth of an inch long. A very small and insignificant thing, yet it leaves a warm impression of about two feet, and there's nothing stingy about the sensation either. A certain merchant's wife danced to a late hour one night—became overheated, and returned home in a thin dress. Next morning she had a severe headache and general pain and aches in her bones and joints. She and her husband considered it a trivial affair, and thought of no serious results. The next few days she became much worse and a doctor was called in. He failed to find out the cause of suffering, and only prescribed for the fever and headache. She recovered only after two years suffering, and was then cured by the use of Dr. Dromgoole's ENGLISH FEMALE BITTERS. One bottle of this wonderful female regulator would have cured her during the first few days.

PINKIE AND RUTH.

"Where under the sun is Darkey Jim?" said Pinkie to herself, as she turned over and over in bed trying to find him. "I don't believe Kitty put him to bed at all."

Kitty was the nurse, you know, and Darkey Jim was the black rubber doll that Santa Claus brought last Christmas time. I don't know why Pinkie always wanted Jim to sleep with her, because he was torn most to pieces. The big dog got him once and ate a whole leg off, and one night Jim was left out doors in the rain, and was dreadfully soaked out of shape. But Pinkie loved him better than any of her other dolls. Pinkie had a little sister, Ruth, who slept in another room, just through the doorway, so when Darkey Jim wasn't found that night, Pinkie called out: "Ruth, are you asleep?"

"But no answer came."
"I believe she's got him herself, and won't tell," said Pinkie.

"I'll go and see, anyway."
So she got out of bed and went into the next room.

"Ruth, have you got my Darkey Jim?" she asked, as she came to the crib. Ruth didn't answer, and so Pinkie began to feel all about for the doll, and at last she found it. But do you suppose that Ruth was really asleep? Not a bit more than you are at this moment; and when Pinkie tried to lift Jim out of the crib to take him to her own bed, she found out that Ruth was wide awake and had tight hold of Jim's leg.

"Go way!" cried Ruth, sitting up in bed and tugging with all her might to keep hold of Darkey Jim.

"He's mine, Ruth Vail, and you know it," answered Pinkie. "So give him to me."

They were both dreadfully cross, it seems to me, but they were dreadfully sleepy, too.

Well, the end of the quarrel was that mamma, down stairs, came running up to see what the noise was all about. Ruth was crying, but Pinkie wasn't—because she had the doll.

"He's mine, and I want him," said Pinkie crossly.

"I got him first, and I think I might keep him, I do," sobbed Ruth.

"Now look here," said mamma, taking Darkey Jim away from Pinkie, "this is too bad, to make all this noise and fuss, and neither one willing to give up to the other. I tell you what I must do. I'm going to stand Darkey Jim up here against the door between the rooms and have him sleep there all night. He'll be just as near one of you as he is to the other, and I hope my little girls will be satisfied, although I must say that I think Ruth shouldn't have taken Jim at all, because he didn't belong to her."

So that was the arrangement

made, and mamma went down stairs again, leaving the children in bed, and Jim standing on one leg against the door.

Pinkie hadn't been in bed two minutes before she began to think. "I don't see what good Jim is to anybody, standing over there."

Then she thought a little more. "I don't think I was very good to Ruth, particularly as she gave me half of her peach to-day. I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to get Jim and put him right back in Ruth's crib."

Now, it happened that Ruth hadn't been in bed two minutes, either, before she began to think. "I expect I was real cross to Pinkie."

Then she thought some more, too. "I don't see what good Darkey Jim's doing over there all alone by himself. I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to put him right back in Pinkie's crib."

So both the little girls got softly out of bed just at the same time, and went carefully across the floor.

"I must be very careful, so Ruth won't hear me," said Pinkie to herself.

"I must be very careful, so Pinkie won't hear me," said Ruth to herself.

So they felt along the wall, and put out their hands, and ran bump against each other in the dark.

"You take him," said Pinkie. "You take him," answered Ruth. "He's your's, you know—and I'm real sorry."

"But you gave me half of your peach, and I was cross," said Pinkie, holding out Jim in the dark.

And how do you think they made it all right?

Why, they both got into the same bed, and Darkey Jim slept between them.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

If you are suffering from indigestion or any complaint of the Stomach or Bowels, you will obtain great relief by using the PRICKLY ASH BITTERS, as they have the property of gently relieving these organs and placing them in a good, sound healthy condition.

HER SISTER NAT.—A West End door bell rang the other day, and was answered by the lady of the house, a pretty widow with "bonnie brown hair." A man—a strange man—stood on the verandah, and he astounded the widow by this curious question:

"Where's your sister Nat?"
The lady looked dazed, concluded she had misunderstood the question, and said so.

He calmly repeated the question, "Where's your sister Nat?"
Believing him to be a lunatic, or at the wrong house, she said, decidedly:

"I have no sister Nat."
Then the veil was rent asunder, and light beamed upon the interrogator's brain.

"Oh, I didn't mean your sister. I meant your cistern. Where's your cistern at? I've come to fix it."—*Indianapolis Review.*

An editor who had the misfortune to lose his wife, had the following combination epitaph engraved upon her tombstone: To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the *Trombone*. Terms, \$3 a year, in advance. A kind mother and an exemplary wife. Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. We shall miss thee, mother, we shall miss thee. Job printing solicited.

A little impatience subverts great undertakings.

Let every man strive to add a good name to his other capital.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

We always find wit and merit in those who look at us with admiration.

Two great evils—headache and constipation, afflicting nearly every human being, are relieved by Bailey's SALINE APERIENT.