

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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change editor. "You see—"
"Oh, no, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden. "Not that."
"Certainly!" protested the exchange editor, warning up. "Nine to four she's got 'em; and you get fidelity to fact with wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you can't state things as they are. It ain't like prose. But here we've busted all the established notions, and put up an actual existence, with the veil of genuine poetry over it. I think that's the best idea we've struck yet."

DROPPING INTO POETRY.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]
"If you please, sir," said the young lady, faintly, as the exchange editor handed her a chair. "I have composed a few verses, or partly composed them, and I thought you might help me finish them, and then print them. Ma says they are real nice, as far as they go, and pa takes the *Eagle* every day."
She was a handsome creature, with beautiful blue eyes, and a crowning glory as yellow as golden rods. There was an expectant look on her face—a hopefulness that appealed to the honest emotions, and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush the longings of that pure heart, but to never struck another link.

"May I show you the poetry?" continued the girl, red mouth. "You will see that I couldn't get the last lines of the verses, and if you would please be so kind as to help me—"
Help her! Though he had never even read a line of poetry, the exchange editor, in the spirit of the divine art flooding his soul as he yielded to the bewitching music. Help her! Well, he would smile!
"The first verse runs like this," she went on, leaning courage from his eyes:

"How softly sweep the autumn air
The dying woodland sighs,
And nature turns from restful care—"
"To antiseptic pills," added the exchange editor, with a jerk. "Just the thing. It's funny, and it's so—"
"The first verse runs like this," she went on, leaning courage from his eyes:

"I suppose you know best," interrupted the young girl. "I had not thought of it in that way, but you have a better idea of such things. Now, the second verse is more like this:

"The dove-eyed kine upon the moor
Look tender, meek and sad;
While from the valley comes the roar—"
"Of the matchless liver-pad" roared the exchange editor. "There you get it. That finishes the second verse so as to match with the first. It combines the fashions with poetry, and carries the idea right home to the fireside. If I only had your ability in starting a verse, with my genius in winding it up, I'd quit the shears and open in the poetry business to-morrow."

"Thank so?" asked the fair young lady. "It don't strike me as keeping up the theme."
"You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. Oh, yes. Where you keep up the theme it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I didn't think of that. Now I'll read the third verse:

"How sadly droops the dying day,
And night springs from the glen;
And moaning twilight seems to say—"

"The old man's drunk again, wouldn't he, would it?" asked the exchange editor. "Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have this thing original. Suppose we say—now, just suppose we say, 'Why did I spout my Ben?'"

"Is that new?" inquired the sweet rosy lips. "At least I never heard it before. I don't know what it means."

"New? Indeed it's new. 'Ben' is the name for overcoat, and 'spout' means to hock. 'Why did I spout my Ben?' means why did I shove my topper? That's just what twilight would think of first, you know. Oh, don't be afraid—that's just immense."

"Well, I'll leave it to you," said the glorious girl, with a smile that pined the exchange editor's heart to his spine. "This is the fourth verse:

"The merry milk-maid's sombre song
Re-echoes from the rocks,
As silently she trips along—"

"With holes in both her socks!" by Jove!" cried the delighted ex-

change editor. "You see—"
"Oh, no, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden. "Not that."
"Certainly!" protested the exchange editor, warning up. "Nine to four she's got 'em; and you get fidelity to fact with wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you can't state things as they are. It ain't like prose. But here we've busted all the established notions, and put up an actual existence, with the veil of genuine poetry over it. I think that's the best idea we've struck yet."

"I don't seem to look at it as you do, but of course you are the best judge. Pa thought I ought to say: 'As silently she trips along
In autumn's yellow tracks.'"
"Wouldn't that do?"

"Do! Just look at it. Does tracks rhyme with rocks? Not in the Brooklyn *Eagle* it don't. Besides, when you say 'tracks' and 'rocks,' you give the impression of some fellow heaving things to another fellow who's scratching for safety. 'Sacks,' on the other hand, rhymes with 'rocks,' and these beautify them, while it touches up the milkmaid, and, by describing her condition, shows her to be a child of the very nature you are showing up."

"I think you're right," said the sweet angel. "I'll tell pa just where he was wrong. This is the way the fifth verse runs:

"And close behind, the farmer's boy
Thrills forth his simple tunes,
And slips beside the maiden coy—"
"And splits his pantaloons!" Done it myself; know just exactly how it is. Why, bless your heart, you—"

"Snip, snip, snip. Paste, paste, paste. But it is with a sad heart that I see the dawn of a new day."

recollection in his heart of one sun-beam in his life, launched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a "brute," and went out from him forever.

LONG ENGAGEMENTS.

They may be prudent, but they certainly rob courtship of a great deal of its bloom. There is much to say against the policy of wedding in haste, but young people who take each other for better or worse, in all the illusions of mutual trust and admiration, go through a time of ecstasy unknown to those who marry quite rationally. The honeymoon of such pairs are halcyon epochs to be remembered all a life, and if the after periods seem dull and loveless by comparison, yet it is something to have lived, for however brief a time, up to the highest ideal of felicity. Besides, there is no little sweetness in having faced the first hardships of life together. If a young couple have to encounter poverty, and if they conquer it side by side, lightening all their labors by sharing them, and diminishing their troubles by mutual consolation and encouragement, they forge links which must bind their hearts closer and closer together. I like to see a young man saving money against his wedding day, while his future wife looks on complacently. It is pleasanter still to bear a smiling woman remark: "We had nothing at all when we were married; but see how cosy we have made our house!" This means that there has been cheerful hard work on the one side, thrift and self-denial on the other—in fact, union. After all, the yoke of marriage is an apparatus that should sit on two pairs of shoulders, and there is nothing very seemly in seeing a girl want to wear her own part of it until it has been nicely padded with quilted satin.—*Waverly Magazine.*

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WHAT HAPPENED TO A PITTSBURG MAN.

Newspapers nowadays are full of stories of the marvellous luck which has befallen people who did not look for anything of the kind to happen. Every now and then we hear of somebody having a large fortune left to them by the death of a distant relative, a cousin in California, or something of that kind. Not long ago a young Pittsburger had a singular piece of luck happen to him. One day the young gentleman in question was walking down Fifth Avenue, when he saw an old and rather decrepit man slip on a crossing and fall heavily. He aided him to regain his footing and helped him into a neighboring drug store, where the old man had his leg mended with sticking plaster, as he had knocked some of the skin off. The old fellow seemed very grateful for the courtesy which had been shown him, and, after asking the name of the young man who had been of service to him, he wrote it down in a memorandum book, and said, as he shook hands: "My name is —; I am from Massachusetts. Some day, perhaps, you may hear from me."

Time passed on, and all recollection of the occurrence passed from the Pittsburger's mind. He became embarrassed in business, and he was reduced to extreme poverty. One day, when he felt extremely down-hearted, and did not know which way to turn for a livelihood, he chanced to pick up a Boston paper, and to his intense astonishment, he saw that the old man whom he had picked up in Fifth Avenue was dead, and by his will, which was published in the paper, the Pittsburger saw that a fortune of \$100,000 was left to him.

THE OBEDIENT FOR A DOCTOR'S BOY.

A physician ought to be specially careful in the selection of a servant. This servant should not be dressed in black, for that would be too suggestive; but in garments of neutral tint, the symbol of uncertainty. He ought not to be the possessor of a cadaverous visage, lest he give the impression that those who enter the doctor's office must abandon hope. Neither should he be florid and rotund, as though sickness was not a serious thing. He should occupy the golden mean between the gay and the grave. He ought not, moreover, be excessively truthful, lest he injure the practice of his employer. We have heard of a servant who was totally unfit for his position, simply because he positively could not tell a lie. A stranger who had sudden illness at home inquired:

"Is the doctor in?"
"No, sir," was the quick reply.

"Tell me, has the doctor a great many patients?"

The servant became pale, but slowly and solemnly replied:

"Not many living, sir."

Then the stranger turned sadly away and sought a doctor whose servant had less resemblance to the Father of his Country.

A fashion paper says cornmeal rubbed in the hair will clean it, but nobody wants to take so much trouble to clean cornmeal.

HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW.—It is absolutely demanded that the mental and physical laws of our nature should be kept in equilibrium. System and order must be recognized as fundamental; any departure entails sickness, disease and death as penalties. To be healthy, beautiful and buoyant, the whole constitution must maintain regular action in all its component parts. A female who imprudently exposes herself and becomes prostrated with headache, pain in the back, fever, irregular or suppressed monthly action, with constipation and loss of appetite, must be restored to regular action, must be revitalized, recuperated at once, and for this purpose nothing equals **DR. DRUMGOOLE'S ENGLISH FEMALE BITTERS.** It is prepared expressly for all such diseases.