

J. E. SMITH PROPRIETOR
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And Business Manager.

Official Journal of the Parish
of St. Tammany.

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Covington, July 1, 1882.

The sale of immovable property, for delinquent taxes, will commence at the Courthouse to-day.

Mr. Wehrli, the tanner, presented us with some fine grapes last week, for which we tender him a bunch of thanks.

We are indebted to the captain of the new steamer "Captain Miller," now in the Lake trade, for a copy of the *Times-Democrat*, received last Thursday at 12 o'clock—seven hours ahead of the mail.

Mr. A. J. Reynolds, of the *Donaldsonville Chief*, has our thanks for a copy of a beautiful new ballad, entitled "Little Mary Gaudet." Words by A. J. Reynolds, music by Prof. F. Blanchy. Published by Phillip Wehrlein, New Orleans.

We have received the first number of the *National Farmer*, published at Washington, D. C., of which Mr. Lee Crandall is manager. It is devoted entirely to agriculture, and contains many interesting articles. Price, \$2 per year.

If it takes one National and one State Board of Health five days to discover that a fatal case of yellow fever has been imported into New Orleans, how many National and State Boards of Health will it require to detect and stop a case of yellow fever before it arrives in the city from the Quarantine Station? *Weg iver tup!*

The Amite City Independent contains the charter of the "Louisiana Marriage Association," recently organized in that town, of which that well-known and estimable gentleman, S. D. Ellis, Esq., is the President. The object of the Association is to "peculiarly aid and fraternally unite all acceptable white males and females over the age of sixteen years." All persons joining the Association, and complying with its rules, will receive, upon marriage, a sum not to exceed \$3000. The charter members are all gentlemen of undoubted integrity, and the Association is in every respect worthy the confidence of the public. Circulars can be had by addressing the Secretary of the Association, at Amite City, La.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the steamer "Capt. Miller," now running between this point and New Orleans. By reference to the schedule it will be seen that she arrives at Old Landing at half-past 11 o'clock on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays, and returning, leaves at 12 o'clock on the same days. A FARMER reporter visited the "Capt. Miller" on Thursday, and inspected her thoroughly. She is in all respects suited to the passenger trade, in which she is now running, and is neat, safe and reliable. The tickets are 50 cents for the round trip, good until used. Mr. W. R. Nixon, well known to all our readers, is clerk on the "Capt. Miller," and promises good attention to all who travel with him.

Eighty-five Dollars Lost.

"You do not tell me that your husband is up and entirely cured by so simple a medicine as Parker's Ginger Tonic?" "Yes, indeed I do," said Mrs. Benjamin to her neighbor, "and after we had lost eighty-five dollars in doctor's bills and prescriptions. Now my husband feels as well as ever."

YELLOW FEVER.—The "original" first case of yellow fever made its appearance in New Orleans last week. A young man by the name of Forbes, who arrived there a few days ago from Havana, on the ship *Maxeo Aurelio*, was taken sick soon after his arrival and sent to the Charity Hospital, where he was treated at once, and found by the physicians to be suffering with yellow fever. He died on Monday last, and so far no new cases have developed from this. Strict sanitary measures have been adopted by our Crescent City friends, and it is to be hoped that the worst is over. The National and State Boards of Health have ordered all vessels from infected ports quarantined twenty days, before being allowed to enter the port of New Orleans. If they had been more particular, the case mentioned above would not have been brought to the city, and the commerce of the place not injured to any extent whatever. As it is, the people living in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Texas, in fact all the Southern States may quarantine against the city, thereby cutting off much of her valuable trade at this season of the year. This is said in a spirit of kindness; but the old adage is that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

We have received the proceedings of a meeting of colored citizens, held at Indian Village, on the 24th of June, upon the subject of the recent lynching of Mealy Howard, an account of which, together with his diabolical crime, appeared in last week's FARMER. The proceedings are too long to publish in full. The meeting was called to order by Rev. Jos. H. Dowery, and a committee of ten was appointed to wait upon Justice Gusman and investigate the case. The committee, having done so, reported that the evidence was amply sufficient to commit him to jail. A number of resolutions were then adopted deprecating the summary manner in which he was treated by Judge Lynch, and hoping that such a "crime" will not again be committed in this parish for a century to come. The proceedings are signed by Jerry T. Jones, Secretary, and the committee of ten, as follows: Rev. Elijah Lewis, Samuel R. Porter, Joseph Taylor, Alfred Bady, Hiram Jones, Thos. Crandle, Simon Jones, Wm. H. Ramsey, Frank Cloud and Hiram Clark.

As a general thing, St. Tammany is a quiet and peaceable parish, and the people abide by the established laws of the land. But whenever a fiend in human shape, such as the late but not lamented Mealy Howard, makes his hated presence felt, our citizens, by a large majority, have no serious objections to turning him over to the tender mercies of Judge Lynch. Such devils have no claim upon society or the laws for protection, and hanging is too good for them.

AN ANTI-DUELING LAW.—The bill reported by the House Committee on the Judiciary, relative to dueling, and which passed to its third reading last Wednesday, is as follows:

Section 1. Be it enacted, etc., That whoever shall by word, message, or in any other manner, challenge another to fight in a duel, and whosoever shall knowingly be a second, challenger, agent or abettor in such challenge, on conviction shall be punished by a fine not to exceed \$1000, nor less than \$500, and be imprisoned, at hard labor or otherwise, for a term not to exceed one year and not less than six months.

Section 2. Be it further enacted, etc., That it shall be the duty of Judges of the Criminal District Courts throughout the State to charge Grand Jurors specially as to this act.

Debility resulting from typhoid and low fevers is best and most quickly relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

Guiteau Hung.

The Assassin of President Garfield Meets His Doom.

How He Took his "Glorious Flight to Glory."

The Scene on the Scaffold.

His Last Words.

[From the N. O. Daily States.]

WASHINGTON, June 30, 1882.

There were great fears expressed that Guiteau would be so prostrated by his terror that he would not be able to ascend the scaffold.

He could not, at 12:15, stand up to hear the reading of the death warrant. Three hundred spectators and officers, including the executioner, stood patiently awaiting his recovery from a fit of fainting. Surgeon Williams applied the usual restoratives, and after a little while consciousness returned. Guiteau was terribly excited.

After regaining his strength, Guiteau braced himself up and marched firmly to the scaffold. He was supported by the Rev. Hicks and the warden, and others.

Guiteau was assisted up the steps and placed on the trap. He opened the Bible and read, in a firm tone, the 28th verse of the 10th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew:

"And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

Closing the book, he then read a prayer, denouncing all who caused his death. He said God would send to hell President Arthur and all who caused his death.

Then he read a little poem, the refrain of which was "Glory hallelujah, I'm going to glory."

The latter part of the poem was read in a broken voice, and ended in sobbing. His poem was, he said, intended to represent a child's prattle.

His legs were then pinioned. The condemned stood firm. Rev. Bent read the service for the dying, and the noose was adjusted around Guiteau's neck. The time of letting go the trap was 12:40 P. M.

Guiteau struggled very little. At 12:55 P. M. his pulse ceased to beat. The doctors say his neck was broken by the fall. Guiteau's last words were, "Glory—Ready."

Mr. E. Langhoff, the obliging and popular purser of the steamer *New Camelia*, has our thanks for a copy of yesterday evening's *Daily States*—twenty-four hours ahead of the mail.

ONLY FOR SPITE.

The "Temperance" fishing party that spent the day at Penn's Mill, on the Tchefuncta, last Tuesday, had a fine time. The party consisted of one disciple of Esculapius, an editor (and may the Lord have mercy on his poor soul) a grocery merchant and a student.—Charley Frickey and his good wife treated them well; and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of this "temperance gang," except, we might add, that the Esculapius man—in search of trout—measured his full length in the river and afterwards ate 24 gallons of *court bouillon* simply for spite. When they get up the next fish fry may we be there to see, &c.

Next Tuesday will be the Fourth of July—the glorious Fourth. No preparations have been made for its celebration here, that we know of. This is wrong. Year after year, when this grand old anniversary rolls around, we cannot refrain from admiring the patriotism of those who signed, at the peril of their lives, that magnificent document, from the pen of Thomas Jefferson, commencing with the immortal words, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the son of York."

U. S. MARSHALS.—Notwithstanding the numerous arrests recently made by the United States Marshals, we learn that those of our citizens who are engaged in the legitimate logging business are doing well, and they are highly pleased with the strong and durable eight-foot wheels made by J. Thomson & Bros., 68 and 70 south Rampart street, New Orleans.

COTTON SEED OIL.—Refined cotton seed oil, for cooking purposes, is quoted in the New Orleans papers at 60 cents per gallon, and yet one of our citizens, who purchased a small quantity in the city last week, was charged 90 cents per gallon for it. At this rate refined cotton seed oil will scarcely be able to successfully compete with lard. We have tried the oil, and find it fully equal to lard for frying fish, beef-steak, etc., and we would like to see it introduced here. But the people will hardly make the change so long as one gallon of the oil costs as much as six pounds of lard. Being a purely vegetable product, it is certainly cleaner and healthier than lard, and if it was not so costly, we believe it would soon come into general use. We have our doubts, however, as to there being any economy in using the oil, so long as the enterprising (?) city merchants insist on making from 30 to 50 per cent. profit on the gallon. It looks very much as though they were in league with the Northern and Western lard refiners, to prevent the introduction of cotton seed oil in the South for culinary purposes.

Miss Mary Kellar's public school closed this week, and the children had a picnic at the stone spring last Thursday, which was quite a pleasant affair, in spite of the rain. The scholars were awarded prizes as follows: Master Sidney Barelli, first prize for excellence in scholarship and deportment; Master Albert Theobald, second prize for the same; Miss Lucille Badon and Master Willie Davenport were given the blue ribbon for declamation. The children sang very sweetly, and recited all their speeches in a very commendable manner. Among the latter were several deserving of special mention, particularly those of Master Richard Randolph, of Covington, and Master Sidney Marks, of New Orleans, which filled the audience with delight. These two youths certainly have fine talent for declamation. Master Ogden Marks also deserves credit for the charming manner in which he sang "Grandfather's Clock." The rain brought the picnic to a sudden close, but a pleasant party assembled at Miss Kellar's residence in the evening, and the festivities of the day were brought to a happy termination, with vocal and instrumental music, dancing and general gaiety.

Now that the "heated term" is upon us, and hard work is out of the question, we suggest that our readers amuse themselves by sending us local items. Just try it once, and see how delightfully cool and comfortable you will feel afterwards.

THE WATERWORKS COMPANY.—We extract the following from the proceedings of the General Assembly of Wednesday last:

House bill No. 278, to enable the St. Tammany Waterworks Company to supply New Orleans with pure and wholesome water from the Bogue Falia, was taken up.

Mr. Garrett moved to recommit the bill to the judiciary committee. The motion was lost.

Mr. Ogden, of Bossier, said that under article 46 of the Constitution the bill could not pass.

Mr. Bilieu offered an amendment to the effect that wherever the words "St. Tammany Waterworks Company" occur in the bill to insert immediately after the words "or any other waterworks company."

The amendment was adopted. Mr. Stringfellow moved an amendment, which was adopted, providing that the company shall commence work within one year.

The bill was then ordered engrossed and passed to its third reading.

Do you travel? Send 50 cents to the drug store for a bottle of Bailey's Saline Aperient, and when you become annoyed with symptoms of dyspepsia, sick headache, acid stomach, heartburn, torpid bowels, inactive liver, etc., it will relieve you at once, and will be attended with no unpleasant effects.

OX DRIVING.—In a country like this, where ox teams are so generally used, we believe that any information as to the proper way to drive and manage them will prove interesting to our readers. We therefore give the experience of Mr. H. J. Smith, one of our rising young merchants. Having loaded his wagon with lumber at Jay's mill, one day last week, he gave his whip a few preliminary pops and started for Covington. Unfortunately, however, he came in contact with one corner of the saw mill, and snapped the wagon tongue in two. In case of an accident of this kind, the only way to do is to unload the wagon and have a new tongue put in, and this was promptly done, after which he made a new start. When he had proceeded about half a mile, the wagon ran foul of a stump, which held it hard and fast. In such a contingency some people, inexperienced in the business, would probably have set fire to the stump, and after it had been reduced to ashes, quietly and serenely move along. But the proper way, according to Mr. Smith's plan, is to get under the wagon with an ax and chop the stump away. It will readily be seen that this is the quickest and safest course to pursue. A little further on his team ran into a thicket of pine sapplings, which broke the coupling pole, and one of the oxen lost a horn. When a trifling little mishap of this kind occurs, the first thing to do is to make a clearing, by chopping down all the sapplings in the vicinity; then take out the broken coupling pole, unbitch the team, and leave the wagon in its tracks until the next day, when you can return at your leisure, with assistance, make the necessary repairs, take another new start, and be ready for the next emergency.

It will be seen by the above rules, which are the results of actual experience, that our friend Henry has reduced ox driving down to a science, especially when we take into consideration the fact that the team was principally composed of young oxen, some of which were inclined to be unruly under the yoke.

Mr. J. F. Cary, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I tried Brown's Iron Bitters with my little girl, whose blood seemed poisoned, her skin being constantly covered with pimples and sores. It has cured her completely, and all trace of impure blood in her system has entirely disappeared."

Judging from the following extract from the *Galveston News*, the crop prospects are unusually bright in our sister State of Texas:

Statistics show that so far this season the South has drawn on the North for wheat to the value of \$55,000,000; corn, \$50,000,000; provisions, \$72,000,000—making an aggregate of \$177,000,000. The sum above indicated will make a very large hole in the net value of the South's cotton crop. The lesson of the past season, it is satisfactory to know, however, has not been without some excellent results in inducing the planting of an extended acreage in breadstuffs during the present year. As far as Texas is concerned, at least, the prospect for crops is simply the best that has ever blessed the State. From all quarters and in all directions reports come in that the prospect for corn, wheat, oats, barley, millet, etc., was never better than at the present time, and that the State is fairly groaning under the abundance. The oat and wheat crops are the largest ever grown in the State, the question now being to find markets for the product. Both these cereals are assured, subject to the contingencies of harvesting. Fruit of all description is plentiful and assured. Corn is in fine condition and well advanced, while fat cattle and splendid grass are the universal rule in every portion of the State.

A Vigorous Growth

Of the hair is often promoted by using Parker's Hair Baisam. It always restores the youthful color and lustre to gray hair, gives it new life, and removes all irritation and dandruff.