

St. Tammany Farmer

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

VOL. 8.

COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA. JANUARY 13, 1883.

NO. 51

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

BOLIVAR EDWARDS,
Attorney-at-Law,
AMITE CITY.....LA.

Will practice in the parishes of Tangipahoa, Washington, St. Tammany, St. Helena and Livingston. oc14 ly

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Franklinton, La.

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Physician and Surgeon.

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TERMS OF COURT.

CIRCUIT COURT.

St. Tammany Parish.—Fourth Monday in February and fourth Monday in July.

State of Louisiana, Parish of Tangipahoa.

It is hereby ordered that the rule of Court, rendered April 6, 1880, be and the same is hereby amended, as follows: From and after July first, 1882, the terms of Court of the several parishes composing the Eighteenth Judicial District shall commence on the following dates:

Parish of Tangipahoa.

Jury terms—Second Monday in January and first Monday in June. Court terms—Fourth Monday in April and second Monday in November.

Parish of Washington.

Jury terms—Fourth Mondays in January and June. Court terms—Second Monday in May and first Monday in December.

Parish of Livingston.

Jury terms—Tuesday after the second Monday in March, and Tuesday after the fourth Monday in October. Court terms—Tuesday after the second Monday in April, and Tuesday after the fourth Monday in November.

Parish of St. Tammany.

Jury terms—Fourth Monday in March and second Monday in October. Court terms—Fourth Monday in May and third Monday in December.

Signed in open court, June 14, 1882.
JAS. M. THOMPSON,
Judge Eighteenth Judicial District.
A true copy.
V. CASTAINS, Deputy Clerk.

Parish of St. Tammany, State of Louisiana.

THE COVINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Located in the town of Covington, will reopen Monday morning, Sept. 11, 1882, at 9 o'clock, under the management and instruction of Mr. W. W. DUNBRACCO, (a graduate of the Baltimore City College.) The school-room has been somewhat altered, and is now more commodious and better adapted for the accommodation of the scholars. There will be four grades, with tuition fees as follows:

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.	
Spelling and Reading.....	\$1 00
SECONDARY DEPARTMENT.	
Spelling, Reading, Writing, Primary Arithmetic and Primary Geography.....	1 50
GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.	
Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Spelling and History.....	2 00
CLASSIC DEPARTMENT.	
Algebra, Latin, Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Spelling and History.....	3 00

All tuition fees must be paid on the 30th day of each month. Thanking the public for past favors, we earnestly solicit their patronage for the scholastic term of 1882-83.

No particular religious creed taught in this school.

For further information, apply to Wm. C. WARREN, President, Or W. W. DUNBRACCO, Principal

SCHOOL NOTICE.

Covington, La., Sept. 15, 1882.
Miss Mary Kellar will reopen her school on MONDAY, October 2, 1882, and respectfully solicits the favors of her former patrons and friends. Terms moderate.

CENTENARY COLLEGE.

JACKSON, LA.
A full corps of teachers. Two new professors. Necessary expenses for board and tuition not more than \$145 in the Preparatory, and \$165 in the College Department. Next session begins the first Monday in September, 1882. Send for catalogue.
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TWO OF THEM.

In the farmhouse porch the farmer sat, With his daughter having a cosy chat; She was his only child, and he Thought her as fair as a girl could be. A wee bit jealous the old man grew, If he fancied any might come to woo; His one pet lamb and her loving care He wished with nobody else to share.

"There should be two of you, child," said he— "There should be two to welcome me When I come home from the field at night;

Two would make the old home bright. There's neighbor Gray with his children four, To be glad together. Had I one more, A proud old father I'd be, my dear, With two good children to greet me here."

Down by the gate, 'neath the old elm tree, Donald waited alone; and she For whom he waited his love-call heard, And on either cheek the blushes stirred. "Father," she cried, and knelt her down, And kissed the hand that was old and brown— "Father, there may be two if you will, And I—your only daughter still."

"Two to welcome you home at night— Two to make the old home bright; I—and somebody else." "I see," said the farmer, "and whom may somebody be?" "Oh, the dimples in Bessie's cheek, That played with the blushes at hide-and-seek! Away from his gaze she turned her head, "One of Neighbor Gray's children," she said.

"H'm!" said the farmer, "make it plain; Is it Susan, Alice, or Mary Jane?" Another kiss on the aged hand, To help the farmer to understand (?) "H'm!" said the farmer, "yes; I see— It's two for yourself and one for me." But Bessie said, "There can be but one For me and my heart till life is done."

DRIVING AWAY A HEADACHE

[Texas Siftings.]
"Mr. McGuinness, did ye iver foind anything that wud dhrove away a headache?"

"Is it a headache ye have, Mr. O'Dwyer? Shure an' I kin dhrove it away in no time at all."

"An' what is yer rimidy, Mr. McGuinness? It's meself wud loike to be afther thryin' it."

"Well, all ye have to do is to dhrink plinty av whisky."

"Is it whisky ye say? Shure it's jokin' ye are, for that wud only give me a headache, as I know by some little expariance I have had."

"Well, there's where ye will foind the philosophy av me rimidy, Mr. O'Dwyer. Ye niver saw a man wid two headaches at wanst, did ye? Ye see, the whisky headache will dhrove away the other wan ye are sufferin' wid now."

"That's so, Mr. McGuinness. Yer argument seems to be reasonable. Let's go down to Sullivan's an' thry some av yer rimidy."

A great many queer stories are told about the absurd way in which uneducated people muddle the marriage service part of it. A comic paper makes a Hampshire incumbent responsible for the following: "He said that, in his own parish, it was quite the fashion for the man, when giving the ring, to say to the woman, 'With my body I thee wash-up, and with all my hardle goods I thee thou.'" He said that the women were generally better up in this part of the service than the men. One day, however, a bride startled him by promising, in what she supposed to be the language of the Prayer Book, to take her husband, "to have and to hold for this day fortnight, for better horse, for richer power, in siggerness health, to love cherries, and to bay." What meaning this extraordinary vow conveyed to her own mind, incumbent said it baffled him to conjecture.

Nothing is ever lost by being pleasant and agreeable. You ask for two pounds of steak—no more, no less. One butcher growls that he can't cut off just two pounds, and you leave him, thoroughly vexed. At the next stall, the man of meat hears your request with unruffled visage, cuts off a pound and a half, slips it into the scales and rolls it up in double-quick time, out it again neatly, and says, with a sweet smile; "Just two pounds, ma'am." He is the man who succeeds.—Chicago Tribune.

THE TATTOOED WOMAN.

"And are you really illustrated with cuts all over?" asked the reporter.

"Not yet," was the reply, "but I'm getting to be."

An engagement was made for the reporter to be present when the next operation was to be performed. The reporter was startled, not to say shocked, by the promptness with which she displayed various parts of her anatomical structure when he called at her room. It seemed a trifle immodest for her to show in private what she proposes to exhibit in public for a living; but after a brief struggle with his sense of propriety, he looked with great interest at certainly the most remarkable collection of pictures ever exhibited. The gentleman who devotes his days to the puncturing of his wife's epidermis is a sailor, or has been one, and has imbibed fo'castle art, together with his knowledge of tattooing. Accordingly, his wife's arms, legs and body look as if she had had a violent eruption of flags, tombstones, allegorical figures and patriotic and moral mottoes.

"God bless our home," "Procrastination is the thief of time," and "The Union forever," fill up the interstices between Melpomene, Callypsso and the grave of Thomas Jefferson, while a large tri-color adorns the right thigh, and a free hand sketch of a man-of-war is pricked into the left. Scores of designs, no two of which are alike, have been engraved (so to speak) in the flesh, and the vacant spaces are being filled in day by day with others.

"Can I see you put on a new picture?" asked the reporter.

The tattooer carefully wetted a small camel's hair brush in some India ink, and commenced examining his subject, to see where he should begin. After turning her round two or three times, he selected a small white spot on her left shoulder blade, and rapidly sketched a heart, punctured by Cupid's arrow. Then he chose one of the several bunches of needles and began to prick the ink in. "I go just deep enough to draw blood," said he, "and when that comes I stop. Then it immediately swells up like this," and he put his finger on a raw sore on her arm. "After three or four days the scab comes off, and it looks like this," and he put his finger on her left knee, where there was an ugly-looking blotch in the shape of a bird. Then the skin peels off twice, and in about a week or so it is all done."

The woman undergoing the tattooing is the daughter of a well-to-do farmer in Pennsylvania, and is supported by remittances from home, while her husband is devoting himself to garnishing her for her debut. As soon as she shall have been sufficiently bedazzled, which he thinks will be in a few weeks, she is to fulfill an engagement of a year, at \$20 a week. Something like the first year's receipts have been used up while she has been undergoing the torture of preparation, but she calculates, unless the fashions in tattoo change, to be an attraction to any "show" for the rest of her life.

A LITTLE NEW ENGLAND FAMILY.

Among the papers of the late Thomas Atwater, of New Haven, Conn., the following memoranda was recently found:

"Mrs. Mabie, No. 100 Twenty-ninth street, of the firm of Topping & Co., has been married forty-eight months:

July 24, 1858, had.....1 child
July 30, 1859, had.....2 children
March 26, 1860, had....2 children
March 4, 1861, had....3 children
February 13, 1862, had...4 children

Total.....12 children

These children were all born within three years and seven months, and are all living and healthy. This is a copy of a memorandum given by the father, Mr. Mabie.—New England Medical Monthly.

DELIGHTS OF LIFE IN THE ARCTIC REGION.

Some features of the testimony of Seaman Ninderman, before the Jeannette Board of Investigation, at Washington, were of unusual interest. Detailing graphically a march in the Arctic regions with his companion, Seaman Noros, he said they traveled on the ice on the river, and about two o'clock halted, as the snow drifted so they could not travel further.

They stopped to rest in a crack in a bank, into which they crawled for the night, and succeeded in starting a fire. As they had nothing to eat, they cut up some pieces of their clothing, roasted them and ate them. There was not room for both along side the fire, so one crawled in above the fire, but he could not stand it long, and they had to keep changing places about every twenty minutes. They were not able to keep themselves very warm, and every now and then they would look out and see whether daylight had come or not.

A little before daylight the wind moderated, and the snow stopped drifting some. As soon as daylight came, and they could see the mountains to the southeast, they made some willow tea, ate a little more of the seats of their pants, and started again on their march to find the main river, going to the southeast. After quite an eventful day they took shelter in a ravine and built a fire, warmed some water, and as no willow could be found, they again partook of the seats of their sealskin pants. They spent the night further up the ravine, but could get little sleep, and if the night had been clear they would have continued their march. As soon as daylight broke they started down the ravine and followed along the river bank. The walking was very bad, and but little headway was made. About ten o'clock they started a fire, boiled some water and had another piece of seal-skin pants. Here they had to stop an hour or so to fix the soles of their boots. They continued for another mile, but finding the walking so bad, and there being no signs of game, witness thought it best to cross again to the west side.

HARD TO SWALLOW.

A youth, fresh from the rural districts of Tennessee, was in Hahnville last week. Sugar cane was something new to him, and he was anxious to taste a piece of the saccharine stick. A friend peeled a piece and handed it to him, which he immediately commenced to masticate. He had been chewing on it some time, when his companion asked:

"Well, how do you like sugar cane?"

"Well," responded he, "the juice is nice and sweet, but the darned quid is so hard to swallow."

He had been trying to swallow the bagasse.—St. Charles Herald.

"What is your business?" inquired a city merchant of a country youth with whom he was playing an innocent game of euchre. "Oh, I'm one of nature's humorists," replied the verdant youth. "I fail to catch on," replied the merchant, unconsciously dropping into slang; "what are you giving me?" "Just what I said, boss," responded the boy. "What do you mean by 'nature's humorist?'" "Why, I tickle the ground with a hoe," explained the young granger, "and the earth smiles with plenty." The merchant passed, and the youth made it spades.

We are told by a recipe book that "eggs may be kept in good order for six months by dipping them into warm tallow, and after they are cool, packing them in sawdust; cover with sawdust and make as nearly airtight as possible, and put away in a dry, cool place." This costs but little more than twice as much as it would to throw away the eggs you have and buy a fresh set when you want.

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