

St. Tammany Farmer

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

VOL. 9.

COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA. JUNE 23, 1883.

NO. 22

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PROCEEDINGS —OF THE— POLICE JURY —OF— St. Tammany Parish.

Covington, La., June 4, 1883.

The Police Jury met on the above date.

Present—J. M. Allison, M. Burns, R. Galatas, W. B. Rogers, W. E. Parker, Chas. Aubry and R. A. Orr. Absent—A. Cousin, P. Welch and M. H. Crary.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.
The Committee on Repairs to the Courthouse presented their report, as follows:

Covington, La., June 4, 1883.

To the Honorable President and Members of the Police Jury:

Gentlemen—We, the undersigned committee on repairs to the Courthouse, beg leave to report that we have examined the work of Mr. W. W. Risher, and found it according to contract, and instructed the Secretary to issue a warrant in payment for the same, which was done, as far as there was money in the treasury. We ask that the report of the committee be received, and that they be discharged.

[Signed,] J. M. ALLISON,
MILTON BURNS.

On motion, the report of the committee was received and adopted.

The following communication was then read:

Covington, La., June 4, 1883.

To the Honorable President and Members of the Police Jury:

Gentlemen—The warrant given me for the work on the Courthouse was not paid in full. You will remember that the contract was for cash, and there now remains unpaid over \$43, of which I am in need, and I hope you will make some arrangement by which I can get my pay. Yours truly,
W. W. RISHER.

The following resolution was then adopted:

Resolved, That the Sheriff be and he is hereby instructed to pay the balance due Mr. W. W. Risher for repairing the Courthouse out of the special fund.

The following petition of citizens asking for a public road was then read:

COVINGTON, LA., June 4, 1883.

To the Honorable President and members of the Police Jury:

Gentlemen—We, the undersigned petitioners, would respectfully represent to you that we are desirous of having a public road laid out, to intersect the Columbia road, near Mr. Harry Dutsch's; thence to the Bogue Chitto road, near Robert Williams, Sr.'s, and that the following named persons be required to keep said road in good, passable condition: Benj. Williams, Robert Williams, Jr., Joel Williams and John Dutsch. Messrs. Ryan and Norman also live on this road and are subject to road duty. The above specified road is the main market road but the above named hands work on a road that is not used by our petitioners.

[Signed,] ROBT. WILLIAMS, SR.
ROBT. WILLIAMS, JR.
BENJ. WILLIAMS,
JOEL WILLIAMS.

On motion, the above petition was granted, and Mr. Benj. Williams was appointed road overseer.

The following road overseers were then appointed:

Otto C. Stratmann, from the five mile post to the ten mile post, on the Columbia road.

Tenth Ward—Richard Spears, from R. A. Orr's store to the six mile post.

William Miller, from the six mile post to East Pearl River.

The following bills were approved:

S. Crawford, commissioner of election and returning officer, Nov. 7, 1882, \$4.

Chas. McMahan, commissioner of election and returning officer, Nov. 7, 1882, \$4.

Antoine Provost, commissioner of election, Nov. 7, 1882, \$2.

Jackson Rousseau, commissioner of election, Nov. 7, 1882, \$2.

M. Dicks, to summoning and swearing jury of inquest on the body of Griffin Ingram, 1882, \$5; mileage, fifteen miles, \$1 50. Total, \$6 50.

The following bills were reduced one-half and approved:

W. Kennedy, Justice of the Peace, Third Ward—

State vs. James Jackson, March 1, 1883, \$2.

State vs. Pierre Pellaot, Feb. 14, 1883, \$5 25.

State vs. Benjamin Thomas, Feb. 26, 1883, \$2 57.

State vs. Jerry McKelleny, March 5, 1883, \$2.

State vs. Nora Duncan, March 1, 1883, \$1 12.

State vs. Jean P. Pellaot, February 17, 1883, \$8 25.

State vs. Moses Laurent, Feb. 13, 1883, \$2 50.

Francis A. Guyol, Justice of the Peace, Third Ward—

State vs. A. J. Rousseau, et als., June 1, 1883, \$9 25.

State vs. J. F. Finney, et als., 1883, \$12.

F. A. Guyol, J. P., in the case of State vs. Mary Ann Hilliard and Philip Eugene, 1882, \$3 50.

F. A. Guyol, J. P., in the case of State vs. M. Owens, 1883, \$5 75.

M. Dicks, Justice of the Peace, Fourth Ward—

State vs. N. Levy, 1883, \$6 50.

State vs. John Martin, 1883, \$7.

On motion, Messrs. Aubry, Parker and Rogers were appointed to examine and destroy all canceled warrants in the hands of the Treasurer, and report at next meeting.

Bills were issued to the members of the Police Jury as follows:

R. Gallatas, 1 day and mileage, 11 miles..... \$3 70

Milton Burns, 1 day and mileage, 16 miles..... 3 80

J. M. Allison, 1 day and mileage, 14 miles..... 3 70

W. B. Rogers, 1 day and mileage, 21 miles..... 4 20

W. E. Parker, 1 day and mileage, 32 miles..... 4 60

Chas. Aubry, 1 day and mileage, 40 miles..... 5 00

R. A. Orr, one day and mileage, 40 miles..... 5 00

Total..... \$39 50

There being no further business, the Police Jury adjourned to meet on the 11th inst.

IN A SLEEPING CAB.

[Stanley Huntley.]

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, ramming his arm up to his ear in the family traveling bag, "say, my dear, where is my night shirt? Don't you know what you did with my nocturnal garment when you packed this measly grip-sack?"

"Isn't it there?" said Mrs. Spoopendyke, holding the curtains together with one hand, while she tried to do up her back hair with the other.

"I suppose it is," growled Mr. Spoopendyke, tumbling the things all over the lower berth. "It must be there, it isn't here! Did you bring any sleeping raiment for me, or have I got to roost on the edge of this berth with my head under my arm like a doggasted cooing dove all night? Any mate to this?"

And Mr. Spoopendyke unloaded a short-sleeved garment with frills around the watch pockets. "I suppose this had to come, even if I staid at home! Couldn't you have rented this out and brought me something to sleep in?" and Mr. Spoopendyke fired the obnoxious article into the upper berth and continued his explorations.

"I'm sure I put a night shirt in for you," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, clenching her hair in her teeth and making a dive for the valise. "It must be in there somewhere."

"How many of these does it take to make a pair?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, drawing out four or five stockings of various colors and designs. "Maybe that's it," and he grabbed another mystery and examined it intently. "Did I have any night shirts of wire? Got tired of starching the measly things, and now you put in springs to hold them out, don't you?"

"Let it alone! That's mine!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I'll find your night shirt for you if you'll let things be!" and she tumbled around in the bag in a fruitless search for the missing garment. "Don't hurry me, dear, and I'll find it if you give me time."

"I s'pose you want to give your notes for it, don't ye?" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, tipping the satchel upside down and rummaging about among the laces and penates his wife had spent a whole day in packing.

"Want thirty, sixty and ninety days, and a couple of extensions, on that night shirt, don't ye? Get me pen, ink and paper!" he roared, seating himself on the side of the berth and glaring at his wife. "Develop the measly stationery and let me conclude this doggasted mercantile transaction. Thirty days after date I promise to pay to one Spoopendyke a pair of sleeves and a collar! Sixty days after date I promise to pay the same Spoopendyke one back and stomach! Ninety days after date I promise to pay the identical Spoopendyke one good and lawful undivided night shirt tail of the realm! Where's your indorsement? Bring into my presence the millionaire who secures the negotiable instruments!"

and, foaming at the mouth, Mr. Spoopendyke went for the bag again and turned it inside out. "This is cash!" he yelled. "Get me my cash night shirt, before the rest of the passengers begin to think a soda fountain has burst in this sleeping section!"

"I don't know—" sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh, ye don't!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Ye don't know! It we could only put sleeves and a button-hole into what you don't know, it would make night shirts for the teeming millions of this measly vale of tears! Where'd ye put it? What was the geografin cal location of that night shirt, in its relation to that bag, when ye let go of the doggasted thing?"

"As near as I can remember, it was on the top," ruminated Mrs. Spoopendyke, trying to recollect if she might not have left it on the bed in the hurry of getting away. "I'm pretty sure I put it on the top of the satchel!"

"Then let me grapple the top," growled the late lamented night shirt," snarled Mr. Spoopendyke, as he again rummaged about

measly top we long have sought, and mourned because we found it not! Is this it?" and Mr. Spoopendyke held the bag bottom upwards, and grinned at his wife till his wisdom teeth stuck out like steeples. "New, take this toil-worn hand and lay it gently on that night shirt! Is this it?" and Mr. Spoopendyke grabbed a corset-waist and dangled it before his wife's eyes. "Where's the rest of it? Here's the button-holes and a place for the sleeves! Where's the part that does the most good? May be you put that on the bottom!"

"That isn't yours!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, snatching it out of his hand. "If you hadn't everything upset here, I'd have found it long ago. I think—"

"There it is!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You think! And when you commence to think, you only want an impediment in your speech and a wart on your nose to be an Academy of Sciences! Got an idea you can sew a few thoughts on the bottom of that bib and make it long enough for me to sleep in one night?"

"Say, dear," pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke, "Say, dear, couldn't you wear one of mine just for this one night?"

"Certainly!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "I was constructed short in the arms and thin in the neck for that express purpose! Give me that blue enameled one with a lot of flounces on the chest, and hem-stitched arm-holes, and a bow on the back. I think, my dear," he continued, with unnatural gravity, as he stepped into the garment as though it were a pair of trousers, "I think, my dear, it is going to be a little short in the legs!"

"Those are the sleeves," moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I don't believe you can get your arms in them, but I could tie them around your neck, and the skirts would keep you warm enough until morning."

"That's the idea!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, hopping out of the night dress, and flourishing it like a banner. "I knew you would hit it before you wound up! With all that brilliancy, you only want to travel backwards, and have two nucleuses, to be a Jenks comet! Where's my night shirt?"

"Here it is, dear," smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke, who had unearthed it from under his coat. "I put it out for you, and when you came in you threw your coat on top of it!"

"Why didn't you say so at first?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, crawling into the garment and hustling into the back part of the berth before his wife could get there. "What d'ye want to disturb the whole car for, and keep me awake an hour longer than necessary? Another time you pack up to go traveling, you put things where you can find 'em, or hereafter you will do most of your traveling between the front door and the back windows, to see if I am coming home!"

and Mr. Spoopendyke growled himself to sleep.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, putting her shoes carefully under the pillow so they wouldn't stick out under the curtain and show the other women in the car what size she wore, "I don't care! He might have asked for his library or a step-ladder, and then I would have been in trouble. I think I was fortunate that it was only his night shirt!" and with this consoling reflection the good woman crawled into bed and lay awake half the night, to find out if any one in her vicinity was in the habit of snoring.

"I can imagine," said the poet, dreamily, as he toyed with a charlotte russe, "that Aphrodite originally rose from one of these at some love feast of the immortal gods on high Olympus. I always think so when I see one of them." "Well, I do not," replied his companion; "whenever I see one of them I feel like dipping a lather brush in it and having a close shave. It would make a good shampoo, besides the foam." But the bard had fainted.

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