

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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1.
Suppose that every wind and breeze
That lightly blows and rustles by
Should only whisper through the trees:
1.
Suppose the sea, the fishing boat,
One sound alone should carry high
The shore, and it should ever be:
1.
Suppose the happy, fitting birds,
That warble 'neath the sunny sky,
Should sing (could they indulge in words):
1.
Suppose the fragrant, lovely flowers
Should wear a line of beautiful dye,
And on each petal we could read:
1.
Suppose the silvery, summer rain,
Feeding the springs and streamlets dry,
Should have this musical (?) refrain:
1.
Suppose the cricket by the hearth,
Whose chirping wintry strains defy,
One note of cheer should give the earth:
1.
Suppose the thunder's hollow roar
And crash, in enjambé high,
Should have this echo, and no more:
1.
Suppose Niagara, clothed in mist
And pride of glorious majesty,
Should utter always, as we list:
1.
The brilliant stars pursue their way,
The sun its beams does not deny,
They fill their role, but never say:
1.
At her appointed hour the June
Brings roses; yet there is no cry
Of, "Look, who walks in blossom soon?"
1.
Yet man, the egoist, will not be won
From Nature, bounteous of the earth
Of speech. Good words will honor earn.
1.
Need not so often be the great,
Colossal pronoun, if we try
In proper bounds to regulate:
1.
—Laura Rosmond White, in *Cleveland Leader*.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

How She Made a Hiding-Place of a Brass Kettle.

It was a stormy day, and the children were popping corn over the glowing coals in the grate.
Grandma sat with her knitting work near the fire, and the kitten was chasing a great white fluffy kernel around the room with her frisky paws.
"When I was a little girl and lived at the West," said grandma, "my brothers and I used to pop corn in the ashes."
"How could you do that?" said Tom.
"I shouldn't think it would have popped at all."
"O, we didn't use coal ashes, but scraped a clear place in front of the great wood fire, put the corn down in little heaps, and then covered each heap carefully with hot ashes, placing a live coal or so on the top, and in a little while they would come popping out all over the floor."
"What fun!" said Meg. "I wish we had a fire-place and a wood fire."
"Grandma," said Bess, who had been reading frontier stories, and was more interested in Indians than popping corn at present, having become somewhat tired of the occupation, "did you ever see any Indians in those days?"
"I saw one, and he frightened me nearly out of my senses."
"O, do tell us about it!" cried all the children in the same breath. "The corn is all popped now, and it will be so nice to hear a story while we are eating it."
"Wait till I count the stitches on my needle, and then, if you will promise not to ask me to tell it over again for a month at least, I will tell you the story."
They promised, and seating themselves in a row, each with a dish of corn in his or her lap, waited impatiently for the stitches to be counted.
"When our family moved to the West," began grandma, "I was only eight years old. It was a pretty, but lonely spot where our little log house was built, in a clearing not far from the edge of the prairie. If you went far enough into the woods, or across the prairie, you could hear the wolves howl at night."
"There were no roads for a great distance, only a path or trail, as they called it, and our nearest neighbor lived nearly a mile away."
"When we first went there, we had a great dread of Indians—or at least mother and our children had, though father used to laugh at us, saying that there were no hostile Indians in the region, and the remnant of a copper-colored tribe, which still lingered in the outskirts of the State, would have to run the gauntlet of I don't know how many blockades to get at us."
"But it was only a very few years before that they were scalping and committing all sorts of depredations within a mile or two of the spot where we were living, and my mother was continually on the lookout for them, though she was very careful not to say anything to frighten our children."
"As for me, I was a nervous, delicate child, and there was not a day during the first six months of our life in this new country that I didn't imagine that I saw one. If a tuft of leaves stirred out in the still twilight, I was sure that it was the feather in an Indian's cap. If I heard the cattle tramping about in the underbrush, I was sure that a whole horde of Indians were coming to ransack the house. If I looked out into the moonlight, every shadow took the grim shape of a chief, tomahawk and all. If I peered up the wide chimney to see the sparks from the fire fly up to see the stars on a winter's night, I never failed to encounter twinkling, sly and terrible eyes gazing down into mine."
"Did you, truly?" inquired little Joe,

with his mouth agape with astonishment.
"Why, no, Joe. Grandma said she only imagined it all, you know, because she was afraid," explained wise Bess, impatient of the interruption.
"And every night before I went to sleep," grandma continued, "I heard all sorts of noises, which I had no doubt were Indians trying to break into the house, shaking the bolts of the doors, or tramping about on the roof over my head. But as time passed on these fears and imaginations gradually wore away, and when summer came even I had forgotten nearly all about Indians."
"It had been a late, cold spring. The rain dripped off the eaves and blurred the windows nearly every day; and when the sky was clear, a chilly wind blew, that frightened back the leaves and blossoms, and stopped the birds' songs in their very throats."
"But when June came, the weather was so lovely that we children played out of doors the whole day long. The flowers seemed to be making up for lost time and crowded everywhere, dressed in all sorts of pretty colors. They peeped through the chinks of our log cabin, climbed to its very roof in pretty, graceful vines, and made it, as crude and clumsy as it was, a perfect bower of beauty."
"I was so weary after those long, sunny days out of doors, that I went to sleep as soon as my head touched the pillow, and heard no more shaking bolts or feet tramping overhead. Mother no longer searched every nook and corner, every crevice and closet, before going to bed; and we often left the house by itself in the daytime, with doors and windows wide open, and nothing but the sunbeams, or perhaps a stray chicken, had ever ventured to stray within."
"One warm afternoon in July, mother and the boys went berrying, leaving me at home alone. Father was at work on what we called the 'burnt land,' three-quarters of a mile away. I had expected to be one of the berrying party; but as I had been out of doors all the forenoon, and was afflicted with a headache, mother thought it would do at all for me to go out again under the hot sun."
"You won't be afraid to stay in the house alone, will you, Mary?" said she. "I don't know what could possibly harm you. I wish you would feed the chickens about four o'clock. Be sure to take the gingerbread out of the oven in about ten minutes, and don't let pussy get her nose into the custard-pies which are cooling in the window."
"I wasn't afraid the least bit in the world. The sunshine was streaming in at the open door; the birds were singing in the bushes outside, and the speckled kitten was chasing her tail around the kitchen floor. Who would think of being afraid, or even lonely, when everything was so bright and pleasant!"
"I took the gingerbread out of the oven. It was what folks called a tin kitchen, an affair with several shelves, which stood before the blaze in the fire-place. Everybody used it in old times, before stoves were plenty."
"Then I covered the fire with ashes, that it might not go entirely out. When it was time to boil the tea-kettle for supper, you could rake the ashes away, and there would still be hot coals under them."
"Then I sat down and rocked by the cool window, where a breeze blew in through the morning-glory vines, and soon fell into a sort of doze. But it was not long before a bumble-bee came in and awakened me, and, gazing out of the window, I beheld a sight which fairly froze my blood with horror."
"It was a tall Indian, dressed precisely as I had seen Indians dressed in pictures, making long, but leisurely strides toward the house."
"He had a sort of topknot feathers on his head, like that of one of our croppie-crowned hens, and I could see that his long, brown arms were quite bare, and looked like copper in the sunlight."
"What should I do? where could I hide myself? My heart was beating so violently that I felt almost suffocated, and I stood for a moment in the middle of the floor, unable to move or think."
"But there was no time to be lost. He was coming so near that I could almost see his face now, and what, oh! what if he should find me when he got into the house!"
"It did not once occur to me to bolt the doors; but, if it had, there would have been hardly time, for the bolts were very heavy, and it was as much as I could do to move them, and then the windows were all open too, and though they were very small, the Indian might have squeezed through one of them at a pinch."
"I ran wildly toward the bedroom, and was about to creep under the bed. But no, that would not do, I thought. His long arms might reach me there. Then I rushed through the kitchen into the shed, and looked about me in a perfect frenzy."
"Suddenly the huge brass kettle which had been my grandmother's caught my eye, hanging from a beam overhead, and quick as thought I climbed first on to father's work-bench, which stood underneath, thus, obtaining a footing on a wooden peg which was driven into the wall. I managed to swing myself on to the beam, and from thence let myself down into the kettle, which was large enough to hide me completely."
"I had never accomplished such a feat before; but I was a light and nimble child, and in my fear and excitement it seemed easy enough to perform."
"The kettle had not ceased moving after my leap into its bosomy depths, when the Indian entered the door. I was sure that he would see it, and gave myself up for lost. I was really paralyzed with fear, and if I had tried to

scream, I do not think I could have done so.
"But he evidently did not look up in that direction. He stood stock-still in the middle of the floor for a moment or two, uttering some indistinct words in his guttural Indian tongue. Then I heard him stride into the kitchen, and from thence into the bedroom, still talking away as fast as he could talk. Then I heard him tramping about overhead. He had climbed the ladder into the loft."
"But in a few moments he was back again, investigating the pantry. Mother had been doing a whole week's baking that morning, and the shelves were filled with nice brown loaves of bread, custard and berry pies, a great milk-pan full of cookies, and the gingerbread which I had just taken out of the oven."
"Judging by the sounds which I heard from that direction, I thought he must be eating; and every once in a while there came a deep grunt of satisfaction, as if he had found something that he liked very much. Then, for a little while, there was deep silence, and then, to my great relief, he stole very quietly and swiftly out of the house, and away, taking the same path by which he came."
"I peeped out from my hiding-place and saw him disappear in the distance. Then a mist came over my eyes and I lost consciousness. I had been expecting every moment that he would spy the kettle, which was so huge that it generally attracted attention, and proceeded to investigate; and now my relief was so great that I was entirely overcome."
"When I recovered my senses I heard my mother's voice calling me."
"Mary, Mary, where are you?"
"O, mother," screamed my brother Cyrus, who always repaired to the pantry the minute he got into the house, "just look here! All the baking's gone, pies 'n' everything, and there's crumbs all over the floor."
"There's been an Injun here," I gasped, from my perch overhead.
"I should think so," said my mother, who gazed up into my white face, the very picture of consternation. How in the world did you get up there, child?"
"Just then father came running in quite out of breath."
"Have you seen anything of an Indian?" he gasped. "One has been seen running toward the river, laden with stolen property, quilts and coats and things, they say. I didn't know but that he had been making ravages here, as you were all gone berrying."
"Then I piped up and told my story; but when father stood on the bench and took me out of the kettle, I fainted again in his arms."
"On investigation, it was found that the Indian had not only taken all the bread and cake and pies in the house, but had seized upon a gray patchwork quilt, father's winter overcoat and a bright scarlet petticoat of mother's. The silver spoons and a heavy silver tankard—the very one that is standing on the sideboard now—were all in plain sight; but he probably had no idea of their value and so left them untouched."
"All the men in the settlement immediately turned out in pursuit of the thief, but they did not capture him. And he was never seen or heard of in that region again."—Susan Hartley Sutt, in *Golden Days*.

She Wore the Steamer.

A Confederate officer during the war captured a Federal steamer in the Gulf and brought it into Galveston. Federal steamers were not so plentiful as the gossip of the war would seem to indicate; and this prize was to the officer as the apple of his eye.
Being called away to Red River he left the steamer in charge of his wife—she had his power of attorney.
His Red River expedition did not turn out satisfactorily. His troops were overpowered with superior numbers and badly beaten.
Their commander returned hastily to get his steamer and secure reinforcements. On arriving in Galveston he learned to his dismay that his steamer was gone.
"Where's my wife?" he asked impatiently of the servants.
"She gone to Missy C.'s party, Massa. Said the oldest and most faithful of them."
Without stopping to dress, he hurried to Mrs. C.'s, covered with dust and mud, and presented himself at the door.
He was shown in. His wife excused herself to her cavalier.
"What is the matter?" she asked.
"Where's my steamer?" he asked the officer in tones of suppressed excitement.
"Why, here it is, my dear," said his beautiful wife.
And then she pointed to a diamond cross glittering on her fair breast.—*Ingleside*.

A Rich Young Chap of Natick, Mass.

went to a livery stable pretty drunk and ordered a team. While they were harnessing the horse he climbed into the carriage and went to sleep. They let him sleep a couple of hours when he awoke and, declaring that he had taken a good, quiet ride, called attention to the fact that he hadn't abused the horse, but on the contrary had given him an oat bait at the Newton Falls Hotel, paid three dollars for the tour and went off satisfied.—*Boston Post*.

AN UNSATISFACTORY VISIT.

A Humorist Tells Why He Will Never Again Visit the Family of Talmacious Peelworth.

I have decided not to again visit the house of Talmacious Peelworth. As a rule, I am fond of children and enjoy telling them stories of questionable truth, but of decided moral alignment. I like to lift an inquiring little fellow to a position on my knee, study the kaleidoscopic dance of his eye, as costumed thoughts chase each other round and round, but when he becomes too intense I want to put him down and change the subject. I went over to Talmacious Peelworth's the other day to renew the ownership of a book which I had loaned to his literary wife several years previously, and which she had promised to return within a week. Talmacious was not at home, having gone to a justice of the peace to swear out a warrant for the arrest of a man whose longing taste for fresh pork had trampled his honesty under foot. Mrs. Peelworth and the children, especially the children, were at home.
"Come in," said the lady. "You must excuse the appearance of everything this morning. William," addressing a boy with a smear of jam across his face, "quit fooling with that dog. James, watch Sylvia and don't let her fall out the door."
William, a friendly little fellow, climbed up and sat on my knee. "William!" exclaimed the mother, "don't put your dirty fingers in the gentleman's mouth."
I could not help but show discouragement at this attempt. Whether a youngster's fingers be dirty or clean, I do not care to have him investigate my front teeth and seek an exploration of that territory lying farther back, for I do not believe that an accomplishment of his extreme desire in this direction would naturally extend his store of use-knowledge.
"Gim me this," plucking at a shirt stud.
I am much inclined toward liberality, but not realizing William's immediate need of the stud, I felt that it was my duty to decline an entertainment of his proposition, and to frown down a renewal of his negotiations.
"What you come here for?"
"William!" called the mother, "don't put your hand in the gentleman's pocket. Put him down."
"Let him remain," said I, at the same time attempting to put him down; but he braced his feet on the rounds of the chair and climbed back to his perch of annoyance.
James entered the room with a pole. "Take that out of here," said the mother. "Don't swing it around that way. Now just look at that!"
He had cracked my head with the cussed implement.
"My goodness, I never saw such children. Did it hurt you, sir?"
Hurt? Just as well ask a man who had been torn to pieces by a dog if he were bitten! "O, it amounts to nothing," rubbing a lump which had begun to rise. "Madam, if my book be convenient, I will take it now."
"James, what did you do with the gentleman's book? I saw you with it the other day."
"Didn't do nuffin wif it. Bill flung it in the well."
"Don't care if I did," exclaimed William, wiping his jam on my shirt bosom; "you tole me ter."
"I declare," exclaimed the poor woman, wiping her flushed face with a checked apron. "I never did see such children. It does seem like they'll take the place. James, I'm a great mind to whip you for that!"
He had wiped his mouth on the tail of my linen coat, leaving a stain as though I had been struck by a ripe tomato. William climbed down. I felt relieved.
"You must excuse the uncomfortable warmth of this room, as I had to make up a fire for ironing purposes. We are having the other part of the house plastered and we have to use this room for everything. I am really sorry about your book. Let's see. It was 'Eagle-Eyed Jake, or the Trail of the Scorpion,' wasn't it?"
"No, it was 'Felix Holt,' I think."
"Sure enough, it was. I didn't read it. Started to, but didn't like it. William, take that switch out of the fire. Now I remember. I borrowed 'Eagle-Eyed Jake' from Mrs. Pelberton. I don't have much time to— Did I ever see the like of that!"
William had jabbed the back of my neck with the burning end of the switch. It was impossible to longer disguise my feelings, for the end of the switch, burned to a coal, had broken off and gone down my back. I have a recollection of seeking the woods and hanging my shirt on a swinging limb. Twisting around and looking down, I could see a trail as though a centipede had used me for a highway. No, I shall never again visit the house of Talmacious Peelworth.—*Opie P. Read, in Courier-Journal*.

—It comes pretty hard on some servants to give up their position where they can run things and settle down into the humble position of wives.
"Mary," said a lady to one such, recently, "have you come back to be a hired girl again? I thought you left us to get married and have a house of your own."
"So I did, mum."
"Well, what have you come back for?"
"Well, you see, mum, John's done purty well, an' we kep' a hired girl, too, and I'm kind o' tired aw the way of life. I thought I'd like to come back an' be boss agin for a while."—*Philadelphia Call*.

KILLED BY THE KAZOO.

Why a Music Dealer Decided to Sell no More "Kazoos"—Reins Wrought by Its Use.

"Say, mister, got any kazoos?" breathlessly inquired a boy as he entered a Broad Street music store this morning. The music man silently and sadly produced a cylindrical piece of red painted wood which theurchin eyed all over carefully, placed what appeared to be the mouthpiece in his mouth, inflated his cheeks, emptied the wind into the hole, and a sound compared with which the rasping of a saw would be sweet melody filled the store and caused the proprietor's teeth to ache. A moment later the boy was on the sidewalk exhibiting his prize to three other boys, who looked at their companion enviously as he remarked, after causing the instrument to emit a sound that made the lamp post rattle, "Ain't she a daisy!"
"Watch those boys closely," said the proprietor of the store, "and if either of them start in here lock the door. If this thing is kept up the new asylum will be too small to hold the kazoos. It's a new form of lunacy caused by those little instruments of torture which you see in that window."
"On last Monday a nice little boy purchased one. His father is a highly respectable man, a church member, and all that, who resides in Woodside. On Wednesday he came in here a perfect mental wreck. Talked awfully; said that I had ruined everything, broken up his home, wrecked the family fireside circle, and carried on so that I thought I should have to send for the police ambulance."
"From a neighbor I learned that the boy had done it all. He went out into the yard first and practiced. In ten minutes the watch dog, which the neighbor said had a voice of wonderful power and elasticity at night, was dead. He split his throat in a vain endeavor to equal the notes of the kazoo. As the boy kept on practicing and struck new discords, the boards which composed the back fence began to warp and finally curled up in agony, while the heads of the ten-penny nails ached. The boy, after getting well up in running the scales, entered the house, and the minds of the family were wrecked. The man has sued for damages, and says if he is expelled from church it will be my fault."
As the man concluded he mournfully handed one of the red pieces of wood to the *News* reporter for examination. It was about four inches long, with three holes on top, and a piece of tin also perforated.
"The name was not selected on account of its beauty nor because the inventor had any idea that it would prove an incentive to purchasers," said the music man. "It was chosen because the peculiar character of the noise which it produces requires a startling rather than a beautiful name. Indeed, the peculiar characteristic of the music is so much more startling than anything else that it would seem a libel to call the instrument anything like a rational name."
"One of the strongest features of the instrument, next to its music, is the fact that it has an affinity for the boy. It is harmless unless one end be attached to a small or large boy. It then emits a noise which, as you will agree, would make a foghorn blash and cause a callop to bust with envy. The kazoo and the small boy are amenable to each other by adding, do you see, and the noise is the result. If the amendment goes into effect the music is likely to produce a second amendment, offered by the boy's father, and which insists on 'striking out' the instrument originally amended to the boy."
"The greatest possibilities in the way of sound lie not in the kazoo but in the boy, and the number of boys who will use it. No one who has heard his neighbor's children practicing on the instrument for hours, patiently and heroically endeavoring to master the variations, will ever argue that the kazoo alone is capable of expressing the multiplicity or volume of disorganized and discordant notes which makes the night-howling dog long for solitude and silence."—*Newark News*.

Newspaper in Hungary.

The greatest readers of newspapers in the world are the Hungarians. It is said that the peasants in that country, with very rare exceptions, know how to read, and the number of boys who will use it. No one who has heard his neighbor's children practicing on the instrument for hours, patiently and heroically endeavoring to master the variations, will ever argue that the kazoo alone is capable of expressing the multiplicity or volume of disorganized and discordant notes which makes the night-howling dog long for solitude and silence."—*Newark News*.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Oxford Press, it is claimed, uses paper enough each year in printing Bibles to form a band nearly nine inches wide around the earth.
—The almost universal practice of teaching abstract numbers before concrete is an inversion of nature and common sense.—*Philadelphia Press*.
—The most sublime announcement ever made to man is that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; and yet we are so familiar with it that we regard it as a commonplace.
—Four young ladies were among the recipients of scholarships at the recent contest in Cornell University. Four young men also won. Cornell believes in equal honors and privileges.—*Syracuse Journal*.
—The Duke of Norfolk has given to the Catholic Church since 1863, when he became a duke, more than \$2,500,000, besides very large sums to private charities which amount to nearly as much more.
—Bishop Wordsworth, of the Church of England, diocese of Scotland, has lately announced to his clergy that he despairs of a union between the Established Church of Scotland, the "Auld Kirk," and the Episcopal Church in that land.
—The eldest daughter of Dr. Thomas, of Baltimore, one of the Johns Hopkins trustees, recently graduated from Zurich University with the highest honors in philosophy earned by any student in the past two hundred years.
—During the trial of a disputed settlement at Leith, Scotland, one of the witnesses was asked: "Do sermons that are delivered and not read edify you most?" He excited the risibility of the court by replying, "I consider that if ministers can not remember their sermons, it is perfectly unreasonable to expect their hearers to do so."
—A man visiting London went to church and seated himself without hesitation in the nearest pew. Soon the owner came in, eyed the stranger critically, and writing "My pew" on the flyleaf of a prayer-book, handed the book to the intruder. The stranger read the message, smiled a beautiful smile, and wrote underneath: "Nice pew. What do you pay for it?"
—The difference between the condition of education in the South and that in the North is vividly set forth in a few statistics which we take from the report of the Commissioner of Education. According to this document the average school year consists in North Carolina of 62.5 days, in Georgia of 65, in Tennessee of 73, in Rhode Island of 184, in New Jersey of 192, in Maryland of 199; in Alabama the annual per capita expense of each child is \$1.01, in Massachusetts, \$15.83.—*Chicago Journal*.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A noiseless violin has been invented. Now when some one discovers a noiseless opera singer the weary soul of the public will find rest.—*Chicago Tribune*.
—An old negro woman, praying for a certain slanderer, said: "O, Lord, won't you be kind enough to take the door of his mouth off, and when you put it on again just hang it on the gospel hinges of peace on earth and good will to men."
—A young lady who was too sick to wash the supper dishes recovered sufficiently fifteen minutes after her mother had performed the job to play croquet and "sit up" with a young man until midnight. What delicate creatures American girls are, anyhow.—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine*.
—"You may talk as much as you please," remarked the irascible man; "but let me tell you that I consider your arguments as well as yours; beneath my notice. I don't give you so much as a thought." "I hope not," was the response; "I wouldn't have you bankrupt yourself on my account."—*Boston Transcript*.
—"Wife, I wish you could make pies that would taste as good as my mother's used to." "Well, my dear, you run out and bring in a pailful of water and a hoful of coal and an armful of wood, just as you used to for your mother, and maybe you will like my pies as well." He concluded the pies would do just as they were.—*Boston Post*.
—Say, ma, I seen a nigger put seven eggs in his mouth all at once," said Johnny Quarle as he came in from his supper. "Humph, that's nothing; your father put that butcher shop and a horse and wagon into his," tartly replied Mrs. Quarle. Whisky was the ruin of the old man.—*Brooklyn Times*.
—He was reading a patent-medicine almanac. Suddenly he jumped up and shouted to his wife; "Somebody run for the doctor; I'm sick. I'm the sickest man on the footstool. There ain't a disease known to medical science that I haven't got pronounced symptoms of. I have reached the advanced stage of everything. Somebody run for the doctor quick!"—*Detroit Post*.
—Kosciusko Murphy was taking a cup of coffee in Schmidt's restaurant on Austin Avenue when the genial proprietor came in, and taking a seat alongside of Murphy, they soon engaged in conversation on scientific subjects. "It was somedings wonderful," said Schmidt, "what progress is made by science."
"Yes, that is so, and in some things science has gone as far as it can possibly go." "I was not so sure of that," responded Schmidt. "For instance, when it comes to making gold leaf, the leaf is made as thin as it is possible to make it. Science has also made wonderful progress in your business. For instance, look at this coffee. Is it possible for science to make it any thinner than it is?"—*Texas Siftings*.