

St. Tammany Farmer.

Published Every Saturday.

COVINGTON, LOUISIANA.

GRAN'MA.

A wrinkled face hollowed with snowy white hair, Bright eyes that beam on you with kindness rare.

A plain dress, old-fashioned and spotlessly neat, A slow, gentle voice, sympathetic and sweet.

Dear hands often warm, but seeking no rest, Helping, mending or knitting for those in the nest.

In spite of mistakes ever doing their best, Has gran'ma.

The dearest companion on the staunchest of friends To petted grandchildren she ever defends.

The babies cry for her; big children and small, The neighbors, the old folks who on her must call.

Good mamma, kind papa, the servants and all Love gran'ma.

Ab! May we, when aged, become so endeared, May our lives, rightly lived, make us loved and revered.

And, viewing the future, be strengthened and cheered Like gran'ma.

—H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

JUSTICE VS. MERCY.

Finding a Wife Instead of Capturing a Defaulter.

"Why do you delay? Arrest the man at once!" This was the telegram which Charles Danforth sat with gloomy brows and firmly-set lips, his eyes half hidden in the hand shading his face from the blaze of the gas light hanging over his table.

Three months before the lovely summer day when he had received the telegram he had come to Mrs. Fisher's pleasant boarding-house, and had taken up his abode there, making himself generally beloved by every one in the house; for he was not only a handsome young fellow, but had frank, genial manners, a ready tact, and quick self-possession, that were very winning.

He was an artist, and had his drawing-boards and easel in his room, working early and late upon designs for the illustrated papers in New York, to which he sent by mail all the contributions from his pencil.

He occupied a hall room upon the third floor, and in the two large rooms adjoining his was Mr. Christopher Smith and his daughter, Lulu.

It was not strange that a lonely man should be interested in his neighbors; but Mr. Danforth's interest in the Smiths was constant and unwavering, and wise people in the house shook their heads, and whispered that it was Lulu's brown eyes and sad, sweet face that attracted the young artist, not his sympathy for the querulous invalid she nursed so tenderly.

Nobody at Easthaven knew much about the Smiths; even Mrs. Fisher had taken them without any reference, as they had come to her house under peculiar circumstances. They were traveling, when the old gentleman was taken with a stroke of paralysis on the train just before it reached Easthaven.

The physician who was suddenly summoned advised a quiet house for some time, and the hotel being crowded and noisy with the attendants at a cattle show, Mrs. Fisher had taken them in. The invalid began to recover very soon, but there was no talk of moving further on; and as the board was paid promptly, Mrs. Fisher had no disposition to turn away profitable boarders.

But the two evidently puzzled her. Miss Lucy, who could not have been more than eighteen, and was a lovely, fair girl, with gentle manners and a low, sweet voice, was like a nun in her seclusion. Her devotion to her father did not call for all her time, as she slept heavily for hours together; but instead of walking out or amusing herself in any way, she would sit beside him, with a heavy sadness upon her face, often weeping convulsively, more frequently still praying fervently.

Charlie Danforth would probably have never seen the sweet face of Lulu Smith, for she took all her meals with her father in his room, and all her exercise upon the wide porch leading from her own room, at the back of the house, but for an accident. Mr. Smith, leaning too far forward, fell heavily to the ground, from his chair, and the young artist, hearing Lulu's cry of fear, came to her assistance as quickly as if he had been listening for the call.

It was no time to stand upon ceremony, Lulu being entirely unable to lift the prostrate form, but assisting Mr. Danforth as he did so, quickly and easily.

Mr. Smith was unconscious, and the young artist loosened his necktie and collar, chafed his hands, applied the stimulants Lulu brought, while over his face came a look of sympathy and pain scarcely natural to feel for strangers, even under these circumstances.

He came in during the afternoon to inquire for the invalid, and so there opened an acquaintance, but Mr. Smith seemed glad to see the cheery young face, and hear the frank, fresh voice.

He was very feeble, and his steps were slow and uncertain, so that the strong arm of his young friend was gladly accepted in place of his cane, for slowly walk up and down the piazza. He was fond of chess, and Mr. Danforth was no mean opponent. He was a good talker and a good listener, so a conversation never flagged. But he was reticent about his own affairs, and Lulu brightened but little even during the most lively discussions. She seemed literally to be crushed under the weight of some heavy affliction, and unable for even one hour to forget her sorrow. Often, in the silence of his own room,

Charlie Danforth would hear her sobbing and entreating her father for some boon within his power to grant, and at such times the artist would listen, with white face and set lips, as if every word of the murmured petition was a pain to him.

Upon that first day of his interview with the Smiths he had driven to the station below Easthaven and telegraphed:

Mr. JOHN DUNNING, No. — Wall Street, — I have seen him. It is the man we want beyond a doubt. I will wait here for further proof. He can not escape. C. D. D.

This was in April, and now it was June. Every day in the interval Charlie Danforth had found himself giving more and more of his heart to Lulu Smith. Every day a growing repugnance to the task he had undertaken with half-boyish enthusiasm grew stronger. His letters to John Dunning were briefer and more unsatisfactory until that gentleman sent the curt telegram over which Charlie Danforth pondered painfully upon the June evening already mentioned.

Arrest Christopher Smith! That very morning the old man had had a second stroke of paralysis, and lay helpless and feeble, apparently dying, not a dozen yards from where Charlie Danforth sat. Arrest him! And upon the fair young head bent low in anguish would fall the crushing weight of disgrace when sorrow, too, was inevitable.

And yet, here were the facts. The man who called himself Christopher Smith was a criminal, who, fleeing from justice, had been stricken down in his tracks. His name was Porter, Christopher Porter, and for years he has held an apparently honorable position as cashier in the banking house of John Dunning. Apparently, for he had been systematically falsifying his books and accounts, and hoarding up ill-gotten gains. When he had fifty thousand dollars in portable shape hoarded. He had not intended to take his child with him, but at the last hour she detected his purpose and followed his fortunes, utterly humiliated and grief-stricken, but hoping against hope, to turn him from his purpose.

When he was stricken down, she implored him to send back his ill-gotten money, and trust to his employer's mercy.

It was while the bankers were in their first consternation at the discovery of the villainy of their long-trusted servant, that Charles Danforth Dunning, the nephew of the old gentleman robbed, came from a prolonged European tour, and constituted himself an amateur detective in his uncle's service.

His first clue was given by an old friend who lived at Easthaven, and in the usual death of news, seized upon the excitement caused by Mr. Smith's illness to make the subject of a letter to Charlie.

"You know, Uncle John, that I am so changed that Porter will never know me, but his old phiz has been the same for the last thirty years, I am sure. I should know him anywhere."

And he was right. He recognized the defaulting cashier as he lifted him from the floor, on the first day of their meeting. In boyish exultation he had telegraphed the fact to his uncle, and then—had fallen in love with Lulu.

It was all very well for John Dunning to telegraph to him to "arrest the man at once," but a stronger messenger than the constable was already waiting in Christopher Porter's room, to arrest him in his career of crime. And he wanted, this ardent young lover, to spare Lulu, if possible.

The knowledge of the crime he could not keep from her, but he would have spared her all further pain, if possible. Her white, and face haunted him every hour, waking and sleeping, and he dreaded unutterably, the horror that would come upon it when the blow she dreaded should fall, and by his hand. That was the worst torture of all. If only strangers would come and spare his testimony, he might fill the office of constable, but he knew that it would now be simply impossible to conceal his share in the transaction, the motive for his sojourn at Easthaven.

While he pondered, a sharp rap upon his door aroused him, and he pushed the telegram out of sight under some papers.

"Come in!" he cried then, and was answered by the appearance of John Dunning himself.

"Well!" said that gentleman, "I came to see—"

"Hush!" was the quick interjection, with a nervous glance at the door. "Not here."

"Oh, I understand. Shall we walk out?"

But on the wide country road, in the pleasant summer night, light not really darkened yet, Charlie was apparently as reluctant to speak as in his own room.

After much patient waiting his uncle said:

"What is it? Some unexpected hitch, I see. Has the fellow escaped?"

"He will soon!" was the grave reply.

"You are not going to let him slip through our fingers now?"

"Stronger hands than ours can not hold him. He is dying."

"So bad as that?"

"Mr. Dunning walked on after this last remark, for a long time, in silence. Then he said, almost in a whisper:

"Poor Porter!"

"His crime has been swiftly punished," said Charlie, "and it seems as if we had no right now to interfere with the vengeance of his Maker."

"H'm! Yes. But you see, Don Quixote, there is fifty thousand dollars involved."

"I think you will get the most of that, sir, and if not, I am willing to make it up from my own fortune, no inconsiderable one, as you know."

Mr. Dunning stopped short in the walk, in utter amazement. But it was too dark to scan his nephew's features, so he said:

"You are old enough to know your own mind, my boy, and rich enough to make your own choice. So I will say nothing of possible objections or comments. But I think I will telegraph to your aunt. That poor child will need a home and a mother for a long time before you can protect her."

"Thank you! When did you ever fail to be my best friend!" was the grateful reply.

They entered the house then, and sat by the open window talking of indifferent subjects, almost unconsciously straining their ears to catch every movement in the next room, from which the invalid's choking, labored breath could be distinctly heard.

In the small hours they caught an indistinct murmur, and then a low, clear voice answered:

"Let me be sure I understand you, father. You wish me to send for Mr. Dunning?"

Again the thick, muttered voice, and again the clear one answering:

"Poor—leave me poor? Oh, father, can you think I would ever touch that money? Restore it for my sake, as well as your own."

Again the low murmur and the answer:

"I will send the message at once. Mr. Danforth will take it for me."

Charlie started up at once, but Mr. Dunning whispered:

"It will not be too late, let them think I come in answer to the message. And send for your aunt."

A nod was the only answer, and not five minutes later Charlie was speeding to the Easthaven telegraph station.

The dawn broke soft and clear, and the invalid, for the last time, looked out upon the rising sun.

When, at noon, Mr. Dunning returned from the station with his wife leaning upon his arm, neither Mr. Porter nor Lulu suspected that the lady alone had arrived by the last train.

With a face from which all anger was gone, and only a grave, tender pity remained, Mr. Dunning received the confession of his old cashier, and the restitution of the bulk of the stolen money.

"It leaves Lulu penniless," the sick man said, in his thick, indistinct tones, "and she has not a relative in the world."

"I will not let her suffer," was the quiet reply.

And then, leaving his wife to comfort the sobbing daughter—to support her in the last trying hours—Mr. Dunning again joined his nephew.

"Don't think me very hard-hearted if I send you away," he said. "You may trust her to us, and later she will understand."

It was not easy for Charlie to leave Lulu in her first grief for her father, but he saw the wisdom of his uncle's advice, and accepted it.

And when, in the early fall, he came once more to New York, and met the gentle girl who had been his aunt's guest all summer, he saw the dreadful gloom was gone from her fair, sweet face, only a softened sorrow remaining.

His love suit was not soon granted, for Lulu felt keenly her father's crime, but she loved Charlie, and her love was deepened by the knowledge of what his forbearance had done for her, and for her dead. Mr. Dunning had long before told her why Charlie was at Easthaven, and why her father had never been arrested.

And love and gratitude, united with Charlie's pleading, proved irresistible, and Lulu became Charlie's wife, none the less faithful and true, for that cloud that had shadowed her life after her father's crime and illness, while Charlie Dunning and his uncle, and aunt, who loved Lulu like a daughter, never regretted that tender pity that led them to grant mercy when justice might have been exacted in full measure.—Anna Shields, in N. Y. Ledger.

Tragedy of a Water Bag.

A West-side lady had a queer experience the other day, which was laughable in the extreme. She is subject to cold feet, and while riding about in her carriage, doing her marketing, she suffered greatly. Finally it occurred to her that she could keep her feet warm with the family hot-water bag, and upon the morning in question started out with it beneath her feet.

After doing her marketing, she ordered the coachman to drive home, and with her feet resting snugly on the warm rubber bag, enjoyed the ride more than she had any, during the winter. Upon reaching home the maid came to the carriage door, to relieve her of her packages, and hold the door open while the good lady got out of the carriage. Forgetting all about the water bag for the moment she put her full weight on it upon rising, and the pressure inside opened a small hole in the end. The maid was standing precisely in the proper position to catch a half-inch stream of water between the eyes, and before she could change her position, the whole end of the bag split open and the contents completely drenched her. A couple of gentlemen who were passing at the time and saw the whole performance, said that it was the funniest thing they ever beheld.—Peck's Sun.

The Best Time to Bathe.

It is best to bathe just before going to bed, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided, and the complexion is improved by keeping warm for several hours after leaving the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into a tin bag, and then in the bath tub, is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a small quantity of water several hours before being used. The internal aids to a clear complexion are most of them well known, and the present season is the best for a thorough cleansing and purifying of the blood.

The old-fashioned remedy of sulphur and molasses is considered among the best. Charcoal powdered and taken with water is said to be excellent, but it is most difficult to take. A strictly vegetable and fruit diet is followed by many for one or two weeks.—London Lancet.

—Harness that hangs where the amon's of the stable will reach it will be injured.

No sensible man prefers wealth to health. Some few have both; very many have neither. Wealth is a poor choice. Health, which will you take? Health? Very well, what's your ailment? "A little of every thing." What's the cause? "Blood out of order." What's the result? "Weak digestion, loss of appetite, heart's action irregular." Yes, and every disease can be traced to these same sources. Just take a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will remove the cause of disease and restore you to robust health.

It is not enough that we be constantly employed; activity should be directed to worthy ends. There are those who are forever bustling and rushing, and yet never accomplish anything. The bustling, that seems to lead an aimless existence, as well as the bee that stores the hive with honey, fits from flower to flower.—Methodist Protestant.

Mercurial Poison.

Mercury is frequently injudiciously used by quack doctors in cases of malaria and blood poison. It is not necessary to use the original disease. B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) contains no mercury, but will cure all the diseases of the system. Write to Hood's Sarsaparilla Co., Atlanta, Ga., for book of containing proof of its curative virtue.

E. Britton, Jackson, Tenn., writes: "I caught malaria in Louisiana, and when the fever at last broke, my system was saturated with poison, and I had herpes in my mouth and knots on my tongue. I got two bottles of B. B. B., which healed my tongue and mouth and made a new man of me."

Wm. Richmond, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "My wife could hardly see. Doctors called it syphilis. Her eyes were in a most deplorable condition. I tried every remedy recommended by B. B. B., which she used until her health was entirely restored."

K. F. Jones, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I was troubled by a copper-colored eruption, loss of appetite, pain in back, aching joints, debility, emaciation, loss of hair, sore throat, and great nervousness. B. B. B. put my system in fine condition."

ETIOLOGY is a great leveler of pride. It has been discovered that "lady" originally meant the "leader of the loaf," or, in plain language, the "lord" really means the "keeper of the loaf."

PICKETT, LOUISIANA, Nov. 11, 1887. Messrs. J. H. & Co., Rochester, Pa., Gent.—The sample bottle of pills you sent me last April I give to a neighbor lady, and it cured her of a very obstinate case of third day cholera, which every other remedy failed to do. Truly yours, JOHN PICKETT.

Not a single baby has been born in Liberty, Ky., for thirteen years. Liberty has a population of 700.

A Silent Appeal for Help.

When your kidneys and bladder are inactive, they make a silent appeal for help. Don't disregard it, but with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters safely impel them to action. They are a permanent danger, and it is foolhardiness to shut one's eyes to the fact. Lie wise in time, too, if you experience manifestations of dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheumatism, constipation, or nerve trouble. The Bitters before a meal add zest to it.

JOHN CHINAMAN has no reason to complain of the inequalities of the tariff. His sheep are on the free list; his pigs pay a duty of twenty-five per cent.

For throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., SPECTOL relief is found in the use of "Brother's Bronchial Trochee." Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

A country editor closes his financial review with the remark: "Money is close, but not quite closed enough to rob."

Newt can be confounded with common sense or prudence with Carter's Little Liver Pills are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

The California Legislature has evolved a new word. It is "difficultible," meaning a flank attack on a main question by criticizing some minor detail.

The Public Awards the Palm to Hah's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs. Price's Tonic Cure in one minute.

There were only 25 daily newspapers in the country in 1820, only 367 in 1850, but 574 in 1870, 924 in 1880, 1,435 in 1888 and 1,653 January 1, 1893.

As unlike all other pills. No purging or pain. Act specially on the liver and bile. Carter's Little Liver Pills. One pill a dose.

A FEW are being used in San Francisco to found a memorial Geriatric Society. Italian history can be taught to young Italian-Americans.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 2c.

A SOCIETY has been formed for the study of American dialects.

Tutt's Pills

CURE Malaria, Dumb Chills, Fever and Ague, Wind Colic, Bilious Attacks.

They produce regular, natural evacuations, never grip or interfere with the action of the bowels. As a family medicine, they should be in every household.

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Purify Your Blood

When spring approaches, it is very important that the blood should be purified, as at this season the parasites which have been accumulating for months by every year, are liable to manifest themselves and seriously affect the health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is undoubtedly the best blood purifier. It cures every kind of skin and scurfy eruptions, and drives to the blood the quality and tone essential to good health. Now is the time to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"My daughter suffered terribly with eruptions caused by scrofulous humor. We were obliged to keep her out of school for two years. We had medical attendance, but she failed to gain relief. At last, knowing that Hood's Sarsaparilla had cured my mother of rheumatism, and believing it must be good for the blood, I concluded to have my daughter try it, and it has entirely cured her." CORNELIUS YEAGER, 43 East Main Street, Manchester, N.H.

Purifies the Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of all them, which I have had for years. I do think it is an excellent medicine. I am 60 years of age and my skin is just as smooth and fair as a piece of glass." MRS. LILLA CLARK, South Norwalk, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. Price: six for \$1. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Sleepless Nights

"For nearly a month I was not able to sleep, but after using FAYET'S CELERY COMPOUND for two days, I was enabled to get a good night's rest."

"I have taken only a part of a bottle of Fayet's Celery Compound, and it has entirely relieved me of sleeplessness, from which I have suffered greatly." Mrs. A. A. Weaver, Peoria, Ill.

"For a long time I was so nervous and worn out that I could not get to sleep. I tried many things, but none gave me relief until I used Fayet's Celery Compound, which has entirely cured me. I can now sleep as soundly as I wish." HENRY HENNING, Burlington, Vt.

Pain's Celery Compound

quickly cures and strengthens the nerves, when excited or overworked, and relieves all cases of nervousness, dizziness, or shock. It cures rheumatic head aches, dyspepsia, depression, neuralgia, and other diseases of the nervous system.

Tones up the Shattered Nerves

"For two years I was a sufferer from nervous debility, and I thank God and the discoverer of the valuable remedy, that I have now regained my health. Let any one write to me for advice." GEORGE W. DEWEY, Stamford, Conn.

Pain's Celery Compound produces sound and refreshing sleep. A physician's prescription is not needed. It is a guaranteed cure for sleeplessness, if directions are faithfully followed.

Price: 50c per box. Druggists, or Wm. A. Bennett & Co., Burlington, Vt.

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Situated in the most fertile and healthy portions of the Southern States of Texas, they possess a most valuable and desirable location for growing and outdoor work can be carried on the year round, and are in marked contrast with regions of early and late seasons of the country.

Population in that portion of the land, and local government is already established, and the land is well adapted for all purposes.

For further information as to terms and lands in adjoining sections, apply to



A DELIGHTED YOUNG WOMAN.

Look at my face and my hands—not aimple, such as you saw there some time ago. See my fresh cheeks, and I'm getting a dimple. I don't look at all like I used to, I know.

I asked the delighted young woman what she referred to, and she answered, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best beautifier in the world, because it purifies and enriches the blood, and pure rich blood gives good health, and good health—beauty.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed to cure all Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, as Blisters, Eruptions, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

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