

St. Tammany Farmer.

Published Every Saturday.

COVINGTON, - - LOUISIANA.

TRUSTING.

She is an heiress, so they say, I a factory girl, each day Earning bread the self-same way.

"OLD STEADY'S" GAME.

The Trust Imposed in "Old Grizzly" Faithfully Kept.

"Set thar, stranger. Mebbe you'll fight? No? Humph! Life'd be too ornyry flat without my 'lacy, an' it's no gret, anyhow."

"That's as we take it; but this is a lonely place. How did you happen to settle here?"

"None o' yer derned—no matter. Only folks 'round this canyon don't ask too many questions. 'Tain't considered good luck, not ter say healthy."

"Beg your pardon; however, no offense was intended."

"Don't say no more—shake. Polly, bring the victuals."

Polly obeyed, the traveler watching her attentively. She was one of the sights he had come to see; an institution of this West which was so full of interest for him.

"She felt his eyes scanning her, and a flush rose under the tan of her cheek. For the first time in her life she was unpleasantly conscious of her bare foot—brown and shapely though they were—and the feeling gave her head a higher poise."

"I didn't tarry long, nuther; but tumbled inter my bunk an' cussed myself for a blamed fool."

"'Nex' night, sunthin' 't I couldn't help 'fally drug me out o' the cabin agin, an' 'roun' till I bring up ter the same pile o' stuns, an' thar 't sot agin, 'big as life an' twice as natural."

"I started fer him—plumb straight, but fast I knowed, thar was my feet a-laggin' agin 's of they 'l longed ter somebody else. 'Tet time, though, I edged a lecture classer, an' spoke out good and gritty."

"'What's sent ye back, O' Steady? Didn't we do the plantin' job all reg'lar? He wavered, an' twisted, an' squirmed 'roun' consid'able, an' then he warn't thar!"

"'The blamed thing went on fer seven nights; me a-gittin' madder an' it a-gettin' sassier an' stayin' later, till I got so stung I could a' most tech it."

"'The las one, I got a good look over his—his—shoulder, an' blest if ever one o' them spook yards warn't a spades—'sces o' spades! I coulda' help laffin'."

"'Say, pardner! whar 'd yo git that pack, be thar fer above or below?"

"'He didn't take no notice, 'jest kep' on a-shufflin' an' dealin' 'em out on the bowlder, one arter another, sco arter sco. We begun these practed moetin's when the moon was in last quarter, an' now 'twas later 'n later over 'nigh afore he'd come ter time. I thought I'd settle the hash then an' thar."

"'I 'st yo onct, pardner, what sent ye back, an' now I ax agin.' I'd ben doin' consid'able thinkin' 'n cal'ated ben 'd struck a lead at last. 'Wus it 'cause ye didn't git no chance ter tell 'bout yer pile?"

"'That spook stopped shufflin' an' raised its head ter onct. I follered up the trail. 'Ye don't play nothin' but spades. I rockin' thar'll be some diggin' ter do.'"

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"'Hope ter die of he didn't smile. The gladdest, relievedest 't ever ye see. It made him look so pert like 't I clean forgot 't he'd ben dead an' buried, an' I wus so tickled ter think I'd foun' out what he wanted, 't I jest clapped my han' down heavy on his shoulder! Thar, I clapped hearty nuf, but thar warn't nothin' ter hit but the stun whar he'd sot."

"The miner relapsed into reverry, a peculiar smile hovering over his stubby lips. John Barr was smiling, too; the mingled pathos and bathos of the eerie tale amused while it touched him."

"His host suddenly looked up and fixed eyes his piercing gaze upon him. The scrutiny was again sustained in perfect calmness. If it was a madman with whom he had to deal he would be prepared."

"'Thar, stranger! I don't in common ax no questions o' them 't eats my victuals—who they be ner whar they're a-goin'. But I dew now. What's yer name?"

"'Pardon me, I forgot; I should have told you at first. John Willett Barr.' The settler stood up, put his scrawny hands to his mouth, and blew a shrill whistle. At the third repetition an answering salute was heard, and the pink-calico gown came in sight."

"I hed a pardner onct; as squar' a man as ever handled a pick. He hailed from Boston, an' 'twus quite a change, ye'll 'low. He never told—an' I never ast—what was the prime cause 't druv him like the Rockies. Thar's allus sumthin'."

"'We warn't much alike. He—'O' sober as a judge, an' I liked 't what Grizzly an' 'O' Steady—'sot's what the boys called us."

"'When we'd got a good pile we'd make a—'er divvy; then I'd saddle my—'er an' take the trail fer 'Frisco, but he'd stay here 'long o' Polly."

"'He 'tended the o' woman when she peered out, an' done more ter comfort the young un 'an I could. 'Twas 'bout the same 's her hev'in' two daddies."

"'I'd allus stow me o' the dust whar Polly'll find it s'more 'n gone, an' then I'd help the boys ter hev a gret time. Whenever I come back—arter six weeks or six months—I'd find 'O' Steady goin' on jest the same. But onct I see in a minute 't he'd struck his last payin' quartz."

"'Dunno what ailed him, an' smart 's he wus, he didn't; but he told me he'd quit diggin', an' afore he hung up his tools fer good he'd show me whar he'd stowed his pile."

"'Twas all for his boy, 't wus ter a college out East, an' I wus ter hand it over on demand."

"'He writ a letter—I ain't never larned ter read, no more has Polly—ter tell about himself an' what he wanted done; but blest of he didn't drop off sudden one night, an' never no chance ter tell nothin'."

"'Some o' the boys helped bury him, an' we fixed him comfortable an' sold, with a sten ter his head an' his feet. Warn't none o' us much fer prayin', so the young un, who knecled down thar an' said the pra'r he'd larned her hisself."

"'Twas orful lonesome arter that, an' the gal cried a lot; but I ain't never ban the same man sence."

"'Twas in my mind allus, whar 'd 'O' Steady planted his gold! An' whar I wus ter be as true ter him an' his 's he'd ben ter me an' Polly?"

"'I couldn't sleep sen' o' none, an' one moonlight night I went outside an' walked all 'roun' the gully. When I come ter that thar heap o' stuns, as sartin as ye're a sinner, thar sot 'O' Steady' on a bowlder playin' eyards all by hisself!"

"'He'd ben a marster hand fer soly-tyr when he wus 'bove groun', an' it 'peared he hedn't lost none o' his grip down below. I turned all kinder cold an' 'streaked, an' then hotter 'n blazes; but no livin' man'd ever downed me, an' I 'loved no dead one shouldn't."

"'Hello, pardner! I hollored. He never let on, but jest kep' a-sortin' an' handlin' his eyards sartin 's he'd allus done. Somehow his legs felt heavy as lead, but I kep' on a-draggin' myself nearer, till all of a sudden he wus gone!"

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not meant again to face this gully—'er had witnessed her poverty, disability, wretchedness, but she'd got the letter safe?"

"'Yes, hoo—'er raised her dark eyes and searched both countenances with grave questioning."

"'What fer ye want ter know?' 'No matter. I want it.' 'For him?'"

"'Thet ain't nothin' ter ye.' 'Yes, pop, it be. I promised ter keep it till his own 'boy' come from the States. I promised agin thar last day. Don't ast me ter g're it up ter nobody else.'"

"'Young un, what wus 'O' Steady's name? He larnt it to ye so 't ye could spell it out like a scholar.' 'I don't see no call—'"

"'Say it, I tell ye. Don't ye dar' go agin me!'"

The impatient words were addressed to the reluctant girl, but 'O' Grizzly's eager gaze was on the stranger's face. With slow distinctness, feeling her way to a sacred memory, she pronounced the words:

"'John—Willett—Barr.'"

The traveler paled from the shock, whose truth was sadder than he dreamed. A moment later he rose and disappeared in the canyon.

"'Daddy, what fer did ye make me? I want ter tell nobody but the 'boy.' 'Yender's kin!'"

"'Him? Oh, Lordy!'"

To both minds returned the same picture—the poor and barren death-chamber of 'O' Steady, his vain efforts for speech, his hopeless longing for the loved presence which had come—too late.

The moon had risen when Barr returned to the cabin. By the light of a kerosene-lamp he saw the girl within watching over a bulky envelope which lay upon the table.

She rose to meet him as he came within a few feet of her and paused. Lifting the lamp, and shading it with her hand so that the rays fell full upon his features, she examined them even more critically than her father had done.

She would have risked life to do for him, or to deliver to his rightful claimant, her sacred trust.

"'Swar' ter me, stranger; be ye you his 'boy? Be ye—John—Willett—Barr?'"

The sorrowful regret in the face confronting her was too genuine for further doubting. With a sigh of intense relief she held out her hand and the letter.

He took them both, and with the deference duo a Quon bent and touched the brown fingers with his lips. Twice that day Polly's eyes had filled with an unaccounted mist, but this time she hid them in her chamber.

The old man and his guest sat down outside. Neither was inclined for speech. There would be time for such later—that hour was for silence.

It might have been midnight when the elder's hairy hand reached out and touched the other's sleeve; left it to point silently over the moonlit ward to the pile of rocks bordering the gulch.

The young man's eyes followed the gesture, then came suddenly back and met the triumphant gaze shot to him from beneath old Stinson's beetling brow.

"'He ain't sot thar afore sence I foun' his pile. I cal'ated of he wus hisself he'd be on han' ter-night ter meet his 'boy?'"

With arms extended, and a glad cry as of childhood, Barr ran toward the group of bowlders. Dimly, through her half-drawn slumber, Polly heard that happy "Father!" and smiled upon her pillow. "Grizzly" heard it, and felt a burden lifted from his faithful heart. The echoes of the canyon caught it up and tossed it back to one another in sweet succession till it died upon the night wind. Did it reach to the hungry heart in the lonely grave, and quiet its unrest? Who can tell?

"I differ not, John. We have been so differently trained. You have had a lifetime of learning, I one little year. I am so ignorant! I am not good enough—no, I won't say that! I am as good as you—as good as any of those beautiful women I see; but they are far better fitted to marry you."

A twelvemonth of culture had not detracted from the proud, froe grace of the creature who had grown up in the wilderness, and it was quite the old Polly who tossed back her pretty head, folded her shapely arms, and set her chin firmly to withstand her pleading lover.

He came close to her, but he dared not touch her. Once his lips had caressed her fingers; would they ever reach her perfect mouth?

"'Darling, what has learning to do with you and me? Shall I tell you what I see, always? A fresh-made grave in a lonely place, a group of rough men and a weeping girl, kneeling with folded hands and upturned face. 'O' Steady' knows, as I know, that no other than his Polly can be wife to his boy. Come!'"

He held out his arms. A moment later, with the slow, sweet yielding of the conquered wildling that she was, she dropped to let them fold about her. —Evelyn Hunt Raymond, in Leslie's Newspaper.

A Change of Sentiment. Miss Mabelle Hartless (reading letter)—Why, mamma, this letter is from Cousin Fred, and he says that Uncle David Whyte is dead.

Mrs. Hartless—He is, eh? Well, it's a small loss. The stingiest old skin-fint on earth! I never could endure the man!

GOBELIN TAPESTRIES.

An Ancient Art Which Has Not Many Exponents in Our Day. There is a very interesting exhibit of the famous Gobelin tapestries at the Paris Exhibition this year, interesting as one of the fine arts and textile fabrics.

The Gobelin tapestries have a gallery in the main exhibition building, devoted especially to them, and present to connoisseurs and admirers of this ancient art a varied and attractive display. Here are grand landscapes, historic scenes, portraits and studies from animal and bird life, in such numbers as to constitute a veritable fine arts museum.

An especially noteworthy piece is the "Letters, Science and Art in Antiquity." The herons and storks, too, are remarkably lifelike. There is a certain softness and delicacy about these pictures in tapestry work that the original picture in oil colors lacks; original picture, we say, for all these tapestry representations are copies of oil paintings by celebrated artists.

The fresh tints, the summer and autumnal foliage, the flowers, the lights and shadows, are all remarkably true to nature, and as we gaze, the wonder grows that this can be really woven from a hand-loom, woven from woolen wool.

A visit to the Gobelin factory, near the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, follows very naturally an examination of the display of tapestries at the exposition.

This establishment was brought to Paris early in the Fifteenth Century, and was bought by Louis XIV. in 1662. The first of the name was Jean Gobelin, who died in 1476. He discovered a peculiar kind of scarlet dye, and expended so much money on his establishment that it was named by the common people La Folie Gobelin.

Many of the pieces shown at the present exhibition belong to the time when Jean Gobelin personally wrought or directed the weaving, and they are now rated at fabulous prices.

At present the Gobelin factory is under state patronage and control, exclusively, and receives an annual subsidy of nearly a quarter of a million francs from the French Government.

About one hundred and fifty weavers—who may with propriety be called artists—are at present employed. The work is done entirely by hand. The warp threads are stretched perpendicularly in the loom, and the weaver stands behind the warp with the light in front of it. Each thread of the wool is put in separately and pressed into its place with long, slim needles. The colored filling or wool is wound upon bobbins, also by hand, and we are told that thirteen thousand different colors and shades of color are made use of in weaving the pictured designs.

The painting of which the tapestry is to be a copy hangs behind the weaver-artist. Its dimensions are accurately outlined in pencil upon the warp. With almost infinite patience and care the work of reproduction then begins, and continues month after month, and even year after year. A single weaver rarely produces more than a square yard of tapestry in a year.

Men only are employed as weavers. The art has descended from father to son, and it seemed to the writer that there was that in the faces of these calm artisans, and in the singularly measured, yet thoughtful movements of their eyes, which betokened a descent of this hereditary French skill.—Youth's Companion.

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sago's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

"Many a 'blebby' I'm ugly now, mum, but in me day I've broken a great many hearts." "Mistress—'Well, Mary, if you handed hearts the way you do my best china, I believe you."

REV. DR. BRILL, Editor of the Mid-Continent, Kansas City, Mo., says in his issue of Oct. 1st, 1897: "It is to be believed that Dr. Shallenberger, of Rochester, Pa., has a sure remedy for 'Fever and Ague' in our country. In our employ suffered greatly from Malaria, and tried many remedies to no purpose; when, seeing this remedy advertised, tried it, and was immediately relieved, and finally cured. This was two years since, and he has had no return of his trouble."

"Never before," says the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph, "has work been so guaranteed, and so well remunerated in the city as during the exhibition season."

The man who is probably employed in generally a happy man. If you are not happy it may be because you have not found your proper work. We can easily argue all such persons to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main street, Richmond, Va., and they can show you a work in which you can be happy and profitably employed.

"In what light," asked the teacher, "did the Emperor Nero regard the Christians at Rome?" "And the smart bad boy thought it was a torch-light."

A Pleasant Remedy. Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when constive or bilious. For sale in 50c and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

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NO STRANGER should visit the city without smoking "Tanal's Punch" Cigar.

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The best way to mend torn leaves of books is pasting them with white tissue paper. The print will show through it.

The largest piece of machinery exhibited at Paris is a large English lathe weighing 330 tons and long enough to swing a piece twenty feet long between centers and ten feet in diameter.

—Many a man has come up from nothing who put a good many big figures in front of zero before he died.—Boston Gazette.

—Maritimity is the only thing that offers man a safe refuge from himself, if he will only allow his wife to properly develop her capabilities.—Milwaukee Journal.

—It 'pears like er mean man ken make er better livin' on er po' place den a good man ken. De weed will grow whar de co' won't hardly sprout.—Arkansas Traveler.

—This is a world of vicissitudes. Today a man is pressing his suit for a wife; to-morrow a tailor is pressing his suit for his wedding, and the next day a lawyer is pressing his suit for a divorce.—Danvers Breeze.

—Men rarely if ever do gret deeds when they deliberately set out to do them. The deeds that become memorable are those which are born of a self-forgotten doing of the present duty.—Christian Intelligencer.

—There is a burden of care in getting rich; fear in keeping them; temptation in using them; guilt in abusing them; sorrow in losing them; and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them.—M. Henry.

—The greatest obstacle of being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool; the truest heroism is to resist the doubt; and the profoundest wisdom to know when it ought to be resisted, and when to be observed.—Hawthorne.

—Moral courage is more worth having than physical; not only because it is a higher virtue, but because the demand for it is more constant. Physical courage is a virtue which is almost always put away in the lumber room. Moral courage is wanted day by day.

Don't Waste Your Time and money experimenting with doubtful remedies, when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is so positively certain in its curative action as to warrant its manufacturers in supplying it to the public, as they are doing through druggists, under a duty exacted by conscience, and which they will accomplish all it is recommended to do, or money paid for it will be promptly returned.

It cures torpid liver, indigestion, indigestion or dyspepsia, all humors, or blood taints, from whatever cause arising, skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous affections, (not excepting consumption, or lung-scrofula), if taken in time and given a fair trial.

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Oregon, the Paradise of Fruit, MID, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

Mr. LABORER says that if the Prince of Wales were to appear in petticoats the streets of London would soon be filled with men in the same garments.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Pilo's Cure for Consumption.

The King of Italy recently visited the tomb of Garibaldi and placed upon it a wreath.

Malaria is believed to be caused by poisonous miasm arising from low, marshy land or from decaying vegetable matter, and which, breathed into the lungs, enter and poison the blood. If a healthy condition of the blood is maintained by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, one is much less liable to malarial, and Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many severe cases of this distressing affection.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists; six for \$1. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

FREE

After eating, persons of a bilious habit will derive great benefit from taking one of these pills. If you have been DRINKING TOO MUCH, they will promptly relieve the stomach, SICK HEADACHE and nervousness