

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1890.

VOL. XV.—NO. 1.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

Why does Nemesis follow me
And seem to camp upon my trail?
For each mistake, though slight, I make
Why do I have such cause to wail?

Two notes I sent on yesterday—
One to the angel of my heart;
The other page to one whose age;
Is sure her most uncertain part.

This morn two notes do I receive,
My angel breaks each loving tie;
Since she's so old she will be bold,
She says, a life apart to try.

The other from the ancient maid,
Who sent a play for me to scan,
Betrays her joy without alloy
At getting any kind of man.

I told her that the theme was old;
And asked my angel me to wail:
The notes got mixed and now I'm freed—
Oh, dear, I wish that I were dead.

—Chicago Times.

INDEPENDENT MYRA.

She Didn't Disgrace the Family After All.

Of all bonds that of sisterly affection ought to be nearest and tenderest, according to all the dictates of nature. Yet, nevertheless, when Myra Dollard came home to live her five sisters eyed her as dubiously as five gun-fowls might eye a speckled partridge who had fluttered unexpectedly into their poultry-yard.

Fifteen years ago, when Aunt Dorcas came from the State of Rhode Island to visit her brother in New York, she had taken the middle daughter home with her to bring up.

"Six girls are too many for any household," said she; "and the old house at home is empty and silent. I'll take one back with me."

"Which one?" said Mrs. Dollard, with rather an alarmed look at her look.

"Oh, we'll draw lots for that," said Aunt Dorcas.

The lot fell on Myra. Consequently Myra, a dimpled dumpling of four years, returned to Rhode Island with Aunt Dorcas, and the home circle knew her no more. Now the old lady was dead, and Myra had come back to her father's house.

"Hasn't she grown tall?" said Eugenia, who was herself inclined to be short and stocky.

"Isn't she pretty?" said Jeannie (who had been christened Jane).

"Not exactly pretty," pronounced fastidious Marian, "but stylish—yes, quite stylish."

"But she doesn't know any thing about the piano," whispered Nell.

"And she thinks our Kensington-stitched lambrequins are hideous—and she was going to help Bridget with the dishes, only mamma stopped her just in time."

"And her gowns are all last season's cut!" said Adelaide, turning up her Greek nose.

Myra, on her side, had ideas also.

"Why," said she, "you girls don't do any thing!"

"Yes, we do," said Jeannie. "Lots of things."

"We practice," said Nell, "and we embroider."

"And we go into society," added Marian, "and we read all the newest literature."

"Oh!" said Myra. "Father is very rich, I suppose?"

"No, he isn't," sighed Eugenia. "How funny you do talk, Myra. His income is horribly small; and it's growing smaller every year since there's so much competition in the manufacture of wall-paper. We're all as poor as church mice."

"Then," said Myra, "why don't you do something? To help him, I mean."

The girls looked blankly at each other.

"It wouldn't do," said Nell. "We should lose our position in society."

"Oh, bother society!" said Myra. "Truly this new-comer was more partridge-like than ever in the family of guinea-fowls!"

"Mother," said Myra, "I'll make the deserts; it costs too much to order them from the confectioner's. You don't know what nice pies and custards I can make!"

"But, my dear, what will Bridget think?"

"What does it matter what she thinks?" said independent Myra. "And look here, mother, the Chinese laundry bill was three dollars last week and five dollars the week before. After this I am going to do up my own frilled towels, and yours, too, and I'll show the girls how to do theirs."

"Oh, my dear, you can't!" said Mrs. Dollard.

"Why can't I?" said Myra. "I used to do Aunt Dorcas' fine things. She wouldn't trust any one else."

"Even if you and father are worked to death?" said Myra, satirically.

"Mrs. Dollard sighed deeply. "I don't see any help for it," said she.

"But I do!" cried Myra, her big gray eyes shining. "I didn't come back home to hang myself like a sixth dead-weight around father's neck; and if you won't let me send Bridget away and take her place—"

"My dear child, you would utterly lose your chances for a good match by any such proceeding!"

"Nonsense," said Myra, laughing. "If, I say, in that case, I'll go to a type-writer or a book-finder or some such business."

Myra Dollard was as good as her word. She entered her name at the nearest employment agency, and set herself diligently to work to find something to do. The five sisters were scandalized past all description.

"And Dollard is such an uncommon name," said Adelaide. "People will be sure to identify her with us."

"I won't own her for a sister," said Marian indignantly.

"I don't think!" cried Eugenia, "that mamma ought to allow it!"

And with one accord the five Dollard girls sent their sister to Coventry.

"Father," said Myra, coming home one evening with a radiant face. "I've got such a nice situation! Through Mrs. Hartcomb's office."

"A situation, my dear? What kind of a situation?"

"House-keeper, father."

"I'm afraid, Myra, your sister won't like it."

"That's very likely, father," said the partridge, shrugging her shoulders. "But I'm going to be a house-keeper, all the same, in Dr. Vivian's sanitarium. Mrs. Vivian is an invalid, you see, and lives at the seaside—and I'm to take entire charge of every thing, with six servants under my orders. To receive the lady patients, you know, and take the head of the table and keep the accounts and give out the linen, and all that sort of thing—and I am to receive \$25 a month, and I'm sure, father, I can spare \$20 every month. It will pay Bridget's wages and help with that outrageous laundry bill!"

"My dear," said Mr. Dollard, his spectacles moist with tears, "you are a heroine!"

The five sisters, however, took a different view of affairs. In their eyes Myra had degraded not only herself, but her family. And just as Harper Dale had begun to show some interest in Nell, the family beauty—and Harper Dale's sister was under Dr. Vivian's care for diseased hip joint.

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daughter, who was reclining sleepily on the lounge with a novel, "It is he here?"

"Has who been here, papa?"

"Colonel Dale."

Nelly blushed very prettily. "What should bring Colonel Dale here, papa?" said she, feigning unconsciousness.

"Nothing—only he asked my permission, this afternoon, to come courting here," said Mr. Dollard, jocosely.

"Oh, papa!" cried Nell, her color growing more vivid than ever.

"Nell's fortune is made!" cried the four other Dollard girls in chorus, as they viewed her with envious eyes.

Just then the bell rang, and in walked the hero of the hour.

"Congratulations, Mr. sir," said Colonel Dale, wringing the hand of his father-in-law elect. "She has promised to be my wife."

"Why, man alive," cried Mr. Dollard, "you haven't even spoken to her!"

"Not spoken to her!" Why, she has accepted me!"

"Who has accepted you?" demanded Mr. Dollard.

"The sweetest girl in the world—your daughter Myra!"

So Myra Dollard was the first bride of the family, after all, to the immense amazement and chagrin of the five sisters. Her unvarying sweetness and patience with poor Celestine Dale, her beauty and spirit, had won Harper Dale's heart.

"You didn't expect, did you," said Mr. Dollard, rather roughly, "that the working-girl would get married first?"—Fire-side Companion.

HIS COPSHIP VANQUISHED.

An Unguarded Policeman's Attack on an Unfortunate Scholar.

A man was lying stretched out on one of the benches in the Court House park the other night. It was nearly midnight, the leaves rattled dismally in the autumn wind, the park was long ago deserted and the bench was any thing but a pleasant resting-place, and yet the man lay there until a policeman rudely shook his shoulder and said:

"You can't lay here."

"I'm not laying here, sir," replied the man.

"But you are; what're you givin' me?"

"But I'm not."

"Oh, come off. Get up, or I'll call the wagon. You can't lay here, I say."

"But I say I'm not laying here."

"Well, what are you doing, then, you blame fool?"

"I'm lying here, sir, not laying; I'm not lying."

"Well, lying, then," said the blue-coat, in intense disgust; "you can't lie here, then."

"But I differ with you there. I say, I can lie here."

"And I say you can't."

"But I can."

"Well, I say you can't," and the officer gave a strong tug at his coat-collar, which sent his hat rolling off or to the grass, notwithstanding the explicit orders to keep off.

"My friend," said the weary one, as he arose and prepared to accompany the officer, "you could never follow your calling in Boston. You say I can't lie on that bench, when I have already proven to you my eminent ability in that direction. Had you remarked to me: 'You may not—'"

But the copper was pulling the box by this time, and told his ward to "drop his chin."—Toledo Blade.

FACES IN WATCHES.

Wives and Sweethearts Now Go Round in Chronometers.

DEALT FOR THE BOYS.

How Judge McClure Cured His Son of the Gambling Habit.

Judge John McClure went from Ohio to Little Rock, Ark., during the days of reconstruction, and soon became a political leader. He was elected to the Supreme Bench and drew up the decision that ousted a Governor and brought about the Brooks-Baxter war. During the past few years the judge has been a quiet observer of politics, rather than a participant in the fight; he has devoted himself to his profession, and is now regarded as one of the foremost lawyers of the South. Judge McClure is a quaint humorist. One day, several weeks ago, he met his son in the street.

"Ayres, I understand that you were seen in a gambling-house the other night."

"I was there," the boy answered.

"Why did you go?"

"To gamble."

"What was your game?"

"Faro."

"Like the game, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why do you like it?"

"Because it is fun."

"Now let me tell you something. It is very bad for a boy as young as you are to visit such places, and yet at the same time I can appreciate your fondness for gaming, for all intellectually sound human beings are natural gamblers. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you are determined to play, I will set you up a room at home. I will get a faro outfit and put it in the back parlor and will deal for you."

"But I can't bring any of the boys with me."

"Yes, you may bring as many you please."

"But we can't have a supper at midnight."

"Yes, I will have supper served at midnight."

"When can you get the layout?"

"Immediately."

"Well, get it and we'll open up to-night."

That night the back parlor of the McClure residence had the appearance of a well-appointed gambling room. The son and several companions soon arrived. The judge, as solemn as a "bookmaker," took his place and began to deal. The boys laughed heartily and recklessly put down their money. At midnight an excellent supper was served.

"How much nicer it is to play here than it is in a regular gambling-house," young McClure remarked.

"How long will you let us play here?"

"The present arrangements shall be permanent, if you are pleased."

"Oh, we are delighted," one of the boys exclaimed. "You are such a good man, judge."

"Don't speak of it," the judge answered.

"Oh, I must," the boy persisted. "You are giving us all the fun we could get anywhere."

After supper the game was resumed. Just before day young McClure remarked that it was about time to go to bed.

"All right," said the judge.

"We'll play again to-morrow night," the boys declared.

"The room is at your disposal."

The next night the boys met again. The judge took his place. Young McClure approached his father, said:

GREENLAND WOMEN.

When an Esquimaux Wants a Bride He Simply Hunts Her.

The men seem to be proud of their wives. The four married men, in the tent we visited, introduced their wives to us. On account of the peculiar way in which these natives gain their bride, viz., by rapine, one might expect to find them melancholy and grave, but the four "missuses" whom we learned to know seemed to enjoy themselves and to take their fate quiet as a matter of course. When an Esquimaux wants a bride he calls at the girl's house with some friends and takes her by force; propriety enjoins the heathen woman reluctantly to marry. Occasionally the suitor is so strenuously resisted that he is compelled to pull his heart's elect out of her paternal home by her hair. Arrived at the bridegroom's dwelling she wears her hair unbound, as a sign of sorrow, and tries repeatedly to run away, but is always overtaken, until after a fortnight she resigns herself to her fate and remains with her husband. Should she not care for her suitor she continues running away, until the man becomes tired of hunting her up and lets her go. But if he is deeply in love he does not give up, but resorts to the cruel remedy of cutting the soles of her feet with a sharp instrument. By the time these wounds have healed she has usually relented. Not wanting the man in question under any circumstances, the girl cuts off her hair and runs. As she in this way renounces marriage forever, the extremity is very seldom resorted to. The men, as a rule, have only one wife, but occasionally they take more. The first wife, though, is generally the most important, and she is sure to retain her position, provided she bears her husband children, and particularly sons.

The only proof that the women here are at times obtrusive we have now. A member of the expedition carries a pearl-embroidered belt, which seems to be the object of their admiration. They swarm around him like bees, with their well-known "Ehough!" They do not content themselves by looking, however, but feel it, too, and to get a good look turn the poor owner completely over. If the women were handsome we would not mind having them around us, even knowing that it is only an object that attracts them; but, with one exception, all the women are far from being comely. This single exception is, though, a woman whose beauty not only contrasts with the others' ugliness, but who would by her beautiful features and half-dreaming eyes demand attention even in places where the standard of feminine beauty would be placed far higher.—N. Y. Times.

THRIFT IN TRIFLES.

The Value of Petty Savings Can Not Be Too Highly Estimated.

The conscientious habit of saving every thing that may be turned to any account, fitting the object, however small, into its right place, is a habit in itself enough to insure thrift. There are so many things about the household which are thrown aside which by careful thought may be turned to use. Wise providers buy only goods of genuine value, which may be used to the last shred. This is true of market-buying, of shopping, of every thing that may be purchased. There is a good brand of flour and a makeshift brand; a cloth firm and well made, of wool, and a cloth to take its place, cheap and flimsy, of cotton wool. In all these cases the genuine cloth is the cheapest in the end; the good brand flour will give the best and most nourishing bread. The well-made cloth may be washed or cleaned again and again, and be made over till nothing is left of it. A great deal may be saved even in buttons, threads and pins and needles, little minutiae of which we seldom think. It is in the sedulous care that every article shall be used, that every bit of cloth shall be turned and made over till it has passed usefulness, that consists the chance of the average family for an orderly, well-fed, well-clothed home. Lavishness is the worst of providers. It is the systematic, steady hand, careful of minutiae, that provides a home and table where genuine comfort and good cheer prevail. Simple spending of money can not accomplish the same result that care can. The children of poor men, brought up to habits of thrift, usually enjoy more actual luxury than the children of a spendthrift. There is no poverty so hopeless as that of the spendthrift, who varies from feast to famine, from rage to velvet, with the regularity of a clock pendulum. Extravagance should be looked upon as a sin, a failure of trust to use honestly the goods God has given us, not considered in the light, trivial way it is, as something the individual alone would suffer from. And after all his own affairs Christ continually refers to money. He recognizes its value and limitations, and visits with doubled scorn those who devote themselves purely to money-getting, as the money-changers and buyers who peopled the Temple with their stalls in their eagerness to secure their gains.—N. Y. Tribune.

His Claim Badly Spoiled.

What could make a man feel shabby to have his lost trunk come to light just after he had convinced the railroad officials that it was filled to the brim with valuable goods when he committed it to their care? This was the experience of somebody in Maine the other day. He had presented a bill of \$77 for a lost box when a railroad employe found it in the Bangor depot, and the box contained a peck of peanuts, a monkey wrench and a jack for lifting wagons, only these and nothing more.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Marriage Not a Failure.

"How is your darter Nancy gittin'?"

"Long since she married an' moved out ter California," said the first Indians man. "Is she doing well?"

"Doing well! Why, bless ye, her first gittin' long perfectly lovely. Her first husband died, leavin' her \$5,000 in cold cash, an' 'twas'n't three months fore she tied on ter a consumptive worth \$10,000. O, but she's a rattler, that gal is!"—Time.

TAQT IS SUCCESS.

The Importance of Rubbing Lightly Around Weakness and Projections.

A story is told of a dignitary of the church who somewhat astonished an audience of young clergymen by taking the above words as the text of an address, in which he impressed upon his hearers the importance of tact in dealing with their lay brethren. Speaking generally, it may be said that in every walk of life delicate treatment and gentle handling are often the secret of success in dealing both with persons and things. The great gift of tact so difficult to define, so easy to appreciate and admire, is nothing more than the art which enables its possessors to "rub lightly" in all the relations of life. The instinct which helps us to understand characters widely different, which gives us a quick perception of the susceptibilities of others, is essential to all who aspire to deal successfully with their fellow-men.

Even in the most commonplace duties of every-day life the art of rubbing lightly will often enable us to overcome difficulties and obstacles which have resisted all other methods. The servant who possesses a "light hand" is indeed "a treasure" in the eyes of her mistress, and will succeed in many little domestic duties where clumsy fingers would utterly fail.

Though of most importance, and seen in its highest form in the world at large, there is ample scope for the exercise of tact in the narrower circle of home life and social gatherings. And here it may be observed that this natural instinct and insight into character, connected as it is with the finer feelings of our nature, is seen more commonly and in a higher degree among women than among men. Who does not admire the ready tact which enables a popular hostess to make a mixed party "go off," or, in other words, to harmonize the somewhat discordant elements of a miscellaneous assemblage? "What can equal woman's tact," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "her delicacy, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature, as the warm and cool currents of talk blow by turns?"

If we consider the importance of tact in the wider relations of life, we shall find that those who can rub lightly achieve a large measure of success in dealing with others. Perhaps the value of tact will be more readily and most commonly recognized in the region of diplomacy. And while it may be said to attain its highest development in the successful ambassador who carries on negotiations of the most delicate nature, on which the issues of peace or war may depend, it is of almost equal importance to the great party leader, the popular Bishop, the eminent physician, the successful head-master. One and all of these in their different spheres carry out more or less unconsciously the principle of rubbing lightly in their intercourse with their fellow-men. If it be too much to say that "tact is success" in life, it may at any rate be safely asserted that to those whose work consists mainly in managing or influencing others, the art of rubbing lightly is a most important factor in the attainment of popularity.—Chamber's Journal.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

Sometimes It Expresses Itself in Exaggerated Enthusiasm.

The disposition of Americans to exaggerate is especially prominent in what is known as American humor. A story associated with "picket-firing," during the civil war, brings out this feature of National character. One day there was a truce between the two hostile picket lines. "Ho, Yank!" called out a lank Mississippian, who had just been posted. "Can you fellows shoot?"

"Wal, Johnny, I guess we can, some! Can you?"

"Shoot!" shouted back the Confederate. "Why, down in Mississippian we knock a bumblebee off a thistle-blow at three hundred yards!"

"Oh, that's nothin' to the way we shoot up in Varmount! I belonged to a company up ther' of a hundred men, and every week we used to go out to practice. The Cap'n would draw us up in single file, and set a cider barrel rollin' down hill. Each man took a shot at the bung-hole as it turned up."

"The barrel was then examined, and if there was a shot found that didn't go into the bung-hole, the man that fired it was expelled. I belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet."

The exaggeration is often so pronounced as to eclipse the humor. A Californian, hearing a Brazilian tell of the wonderful freeness of his country, so large and luminous that ladies wore them on their person inclosed in gauze, replied:

"That's nothin'. Why, in California the freeness is so large that they use them to cook by. They set the kettles on their hinder legs, which are bent for the purpose like pot-hooks, and their bodies give out heat enough to boil potatoes."—Youth's Companion.

Jack Had Been a Bad Boy.

Young Lady from Boston—I notice that you always personally ship-calls it "she," "her," etc.

Jack Sermalet—Aye, mum.

"Why so?"

"The ship reminds us of our mother, mum."

"Indeed! What is there about a ship so remind you of your mother?"

"The spanker, mum."—N. Y. Sun.

EGYPTIAN WAX PORTRAITS.

Curious Words of Art Found in the Tomb of Buried Cities.

When the moderns read in Pliny of the extreme degree of excellence to which Greek artists had attained in his day, and of the prices which some of their works fetched, equivalent to £10,000 or £12,000 of our money, scholars and other competent authorities dismissed these as travelers' tales. They could not bring themselves to believe that these stories were true, or that Rubens, Holbein, Sir Thomas Lawrence and other later celebrities had been anticipated, if not surpassed, in the centuries before the Christian era. And yet it was so, and Pliny no more than Herodotus deserved to be called the father of liars. The graves have given up their dead, and revealed secrets which it was thought had been forever hidden in the tomb. It is from the land of Egypt that these discoveries come. The explorations on the site of Memphis and Thebes had prepared the way for the discoveries in the province of Faijum. These consist of a number of portraits found in the sand at Rubajjat, which are in the possession of Theodore Graf in Vienna, and are now on view at the Societe d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale, 44 Rue de Penne. According to an ancient Egyptian custom the countenance of the deceased was represented at the head of the mummy or coffin. This custom was adhered to in the Greco-Roman epoch of Egypt, but instead of the plastic head, which up to that time had been alone in use, a painting was substituted representing a real portrait of the deceased. These portraits, which were painted on a thin panel of wood, were laid over the face of the mummies, the outer bandages of the shrouds being then wrapped about them so as to cover the margin of the picture, the latter alone being visible. A mummy of this kind, therefore, presented the appearance of a living body, looking out of an opening in the bandages for the survivors to gaze upon in the coffin, the lids of which were made to be thrown back for that purpose. The only other graves where these curious pictorial works have been found were opened in the winter of 1887-8 by the English engineer, Mr. Petrie, at Harvard, but the pictures in them are said to be not nearly equal to the specimens discovered at Rubajjat. The tombs themselves, built in the rocks, were ransacked ages ago by thieves, who, in their search for gold, destroyed both coffins and mummies. Luckily, the pillagers deemed the pictures to be of no value, so were thrown away—but not to perish—in the dry dust of the desert.

Herr Graf's collection numbers ninety-five specimens of varying interest in point of execution, but all valuable as works of art. They are portraits on express wood, the more ancient being painted in wax colors, laid on the contour or spatula, a lancet-shaped instrument—the later specimens being produced by water colors, to which was added the yolk and white of eggs or other resinous binding substances. The painting with wax was done without the employment of heat, and without using the brush, the ancient being ignorant of the process of dissolving wax in turpentine. On examining these rows of heads gazing calmly out of large, lustrous eyes, shut now for over 2,000 years, one seems to be brought face to face with the last of humanity in a more real way than has hitherto been in our power. One is also struck with the modern look of many of these ancient portraits. There is a face of an old man of wonderful force of character and intellectual power. The painter Menzel, of Berlin, has declared that nothing finer than this has been done in portrait painting. The female faces are nearly all tinged with