

St. Tammany Farmer.

COVINGTON, LA., JAN. 25, 1890. W. G. Kuntze, Editor.

WEATHER REPORT.

Table with weather data for the week ending Jan. 22, including temperature, wind, and precipitation.

ALEX. BARD, Observer, Mandeville Station, La.

Wanted to Rent—A place near Covington suitable for poultry raising. See advertisement.

Read the advertisement in another column, and look out for the opening of the Blue Store.

We have had another warm week, with the exception of Wednesday, when it was nearly cold enough for ice.

Many thanks to Miss Ada Bossier, of Abita Springs, for a basket of delicious water cress, received yesterday.

Our town was enveloped in a dense smoke last Thursday afternoon, caused by the burning woods and grass.

District Court will convene next Monday for the hearing of civil cases only, the jury having been discharged for the term.

According to the "goose bone" prophecy, we will have cold weather next week, and Monday will be the coldest day of the season.

Mrs. W. M. Morgan died at the Simon Hotel, Abita Springs, last week, and her remains were taken to Nashville, Tenn., for interment.

There will be a judicial sale at the Courthouse to-day, in the case of Henry Lochte & Co. vs. W. B. Porter. See advertisement on next page.

Our friend Mr. S. R. Patterson will please accept our thanks for a copy of the Times-Democrat received last Thursday noon, seven hours ahead of the mail.

Late arrivals at Simon's Hotel, Abita Springs: Maj. W. M. Morgan, wife and nurse, Shepardsdown, Miss; Mrs. F. C. Dupre, Mr. Marye, of New Orleans.

MARRIED.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. William Taylor, on Saturday, the 18th inst., by Rev. G. R. Ellis, Mr. Joseph Spell and Miss Martha Jane Taylor.

Two checks for \$3000 each were received by the families of Joseph Koppfer, Sr., and R. P. Williams, deceased, from the Supreme Lodge, Knights of Honor. These policies were paid promptly.—Amite City Independent.

STRAWBERRIES.—Mrs. Simon, of Simon's Hotel, Abita Springs, presented us with some fine large ripe strawberries last Saturday, and has had ripe berries since the 6th inst. They are also ripe in the gardens in Covington.

The signs of improvement on all sides speak well for the growth and prosperity of Covington. The sounds of the trowel, saw and hammer have become familiarized to all, and cause a double feeling of repose when the quiet of Sunday comes.

Nearly every town in the State of any consequence is now being visited by first-class theatrical troupes, such as "The Silver King," "Tom Sawyer," etc. Our Town Hall will be finished in a few months, and then we may expect something occasionally in the amusement line.

COVINGTON DAIRY.—Mr. Eugene E. Smith has purchased a number of fine cows and established a dairy in connection with his store in Covington, and is now prepared to deliver fresh milk to customers, morning and evening. We have long felt the need of a good dairy, and Mr. Smith's enterprise in establishing one should be encouraged by a liberal patronage. All orders for milk left at his store will receive prompt attention.

Mr. Herman Schultz, member of the Police Jury for this Ward, has completed the work of repairing the Goodbee bridge, at an expense of \$75, and this important bridge is now as strong and substantial as when it was first built. The present Police Jury is earning an enviable reputation as a "bridge building jury," and deserve the thanks of the citizens of the parish for the energy they have displayed in this line. Let the good work go on.

FACTS TALK.—The great popularity and wide spread demand for REED'S CHILL CURE is a true index of its great merit. For sale at Heintz' Drug Store.

SAD ACCIDENT.

Last Thursday afternoon, at a rail splitting at Mr. Montgomery's place, six miles from Covington, Messrs. John Fauntleroy and Herman Dutsch were chopping down a tree, when it fell in the wrong direction and struck against a small pine, which fell upon Mr. Rudolph Schultz, crushing him about the shoulder and ribs so badly that he died within an hour. Mr. Schultz would have been 31 years old next June. He was a most exemplary young man, of excellent habits, moral and industrious, and well liked by all who knew him. He was married on the 25th of April last to Miss Jennie Dutsch. The sad accident which resulted in his untimely death has cast a gloom over the entire community, and universal sympathy is expressed for his bereaved young widow and the members of his family in the sudden and sad affliction that has befallen them. His funeral will take place at 10 o'clock this morning, from his father's residence, and his remains will be interred in the German Settlement Graveyard.

Work on the Town Hall is progressing. Mr. D. E. Kimble, the brick mason, has completed the foundation piers, and Mr. Wm. Brennan, the architect and builder, is busy laying off the sills and getting them ready to put in position. With favorable weather, the work will be pushed rapidly forward.

We frequently receive letters from a Northern firm, addressed to the "Village Clerk," inquiring how many and what kind of fire engines there are in Covington, how many feet of hose we have, etc., and we are compelled to answer that we have no engines and no hose. It is a fact that Covington has no means of extinguishing a fire, if we should be so unfortunate as to have one. The Council should attend to this matter as soon as our Town Hall is finished and paid for, and buy a "machine." It would tend to lower the rates of insurance, and be an appreciable safeguard to life and property.

CHRIST (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH.—Divine services will be held regularly as follows: 1st, 3d, 4th and 5th Sundays, morning prayer and sermon; Mr. H. L. Fitch, in charge.

2d Sunday, morning prayer and sermon, with the celebration of the Holy Communion, at 11 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Cleburne officiating.

It is requested that all unbaptized children and adults present themselves on the 2d Sunday for baptism.

WHERE THE WEATHER IS SEVERE.

[Times-Democrat.] The severe weather of the present winter has been confined almost wholly to the other side of the Rocky Mountains. While the mildness of the winter throughout the North and West has been unprecedented, the Pacific coast has enjoyed hyperborean weather, such that it has not known since 1852.

The stories from California, of whose climate the native is wont to boast, almost surpass belief. We have been told something of the heavy snowfall which has interrupted travel for nearly two weeks, but not all. The snow is reported sixty feet deep in some places. At Nevada City houses have been crushed to pieces by its weight and bridges torn down by it. As a direct result of the weather, trains have been stopped, mails delayed and business generally suspended; and in many cases towns have been cut off from all communication with the rest of the world for days at a time.

Such has been the condition of affairs for nearly two weeks. The situation has been made worse by a blizzard which has recently swept over the northern portion of the Pacific coast, particularly Washington, and has already cost a number of lives and the destruction of many cattle. Pacific cattlemen, indeed, estimate that they will lose half their herds this year.

The suffering on the Pacific is all the more intense because the Californians have insisted that their climate was so mild and sunny that fireplaces were unnecessary. Some of the houses were without any fireplaces whatever, and nearly all are short of these necessities. When two winters ago the thermometer fell to thirteen degrees in the southern part of California an attempt was made to convince the thousands of tourists who went there to escape the rigors of a northern climate that it was not really cold. This year the natives themselves express some doubt about the "glorious climate of California," as they shake with "la grippe" or shiver with the intense cold. The severe winter promises to kill the reputation the Pacific coast climate has borne.

STATE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Commissioner T. J. Bird is out with his report on the acreage and yield of the principal crops of this State for the year 1889. He reports 176,349 acres under cultivation in sugar cane, and 209,260 hogsheads of sugar produced. He reports the production of over thirteen millions of gallons of molasses.

Notable among the parishes producing molasses are quite a number that have not figured in our markets, but which are producing such large amounts and find the industry so much more satisfactory than most other cultures, that they are sure to increase their output, and will, doubtless, arrange to sell to local central factories for manufacture into sugar, or sell in this market for the same purpose.

Table listing molasses production by parish: Acadia produces 35,000 gallons, Bienville 33,000, Calcasieu 20,000, Caldwell 6,000, Cameron 2,000, Claiborne 25,000, Jackson 3,000, Lafayette 24,000, Lincoln 27,000, Livingston 16,000, Morehouse 16,000, Sabine 21,000, St. Helena 21,000, Tangipahoa 77,000, Vernon 11,000, Washington 19,000, Webster 3,000, Winn 6,000.

St. Tammany produces 36,000 gallons. These parishes, comparatively unknown as cultivators of sugar cane, are thus shown to produce some 400,000 gallons of molasses or syrup worth at least \$125,000. This is but the beginning, and now, thanks to Commissioner Bird and his department, thanks to our sugar experiment station and to Dr. Stubbs, the white light of science is now shining on the Louisiana sugar industry, and there will be an enormous growth of it in every quarter.

Every parish in Louisiana can profitably produce syrup from sugar cane and find a market for it in New Orleans. Our local sugar refineries are glad to buy it, to refine it at once into high grade sugar, and there would be a market for hundreds of times the present production.

Commissioner Bird reports seventy seven thousand acres of land in rice culture, and the total crop as sixty-three millions of pounds of clean rice. Presuming that every hundred pounds of clean rice represents one barrel of rough rice, we should have from this data 633,309 barrels of rough rice as the crop of 1889.—Louisiana Sugar Planter.

The Commissioner then proceeds to give the acreage and yield by parishes, but St. Tammany parish is not mentioned in the list, which shows that his figures are not entirely correct, as the rice industry is a steadily growing and important one here, and we ship many hundreds of barrels of rice to the city every year.

IMPURE BLOOD.—Wonderful success in the cure of blood disorders has been accomplished by the use of a few bottles of REED'S BLOOD LIFE, and the work is thoroughly done. Try it. For sale at Heintz' Drug Store.

Congressman Robertson, of this District, has the grippe, in Washington, but he is able to attend to his duties in Congress. Hope he will get a grip on the River and Harbor appropriation bill, and secure a good sum for the navigable streams of this parish.

Adam Forepaugh, the wealthy showman, died of the grippe in Philadelphia last Wednesday.

Miss Nita Shakespeare will be Queen of the Carnival in New Orleans this year.

St. Martinville Messenger, Jan. 11: Rev. Father Lavaquiere, who was assistant priest here for more than a year, has been appointed curate of Mandeville, St. Tammany parish, and left here Monday to enter upon his new field of useful labor. We are pleased to see the reverend father promoted, but we are sorry to part with him. Father Lavaquiere was not liked here by a few, because he was a frank and open man, and freely expressed his views and opinions, and his opposition to the public school and the regulators made him the enemies he had. In this he only obeyed the orders of his superior. Father Lavaquiere is a good man and a good priest, disinterested and always ready to perform his duty.

COULDN'T STAND POLITICS. Great Statesmen (to married daughter)—"My dear, your husband will never amount to anything if you don't spur him on. Why don't you persuade him to go into politics?" Daughter—"But, pa, he has tried, and he can't stand it. The whiskey makes him sick."—N. Y. Weekly.

A GOOD RULE.—Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, at all the times you can, by inducing them to use REED'S CHILL CURE for Chills. For sale at Heintz' Drug Store.

CURE FOR THE BLUES.

No man is so miserable but what he may find some one poorer and more comfortable. "Sometimes, when I am blue and feel deserted, I am pleased to call to mind," said a Lisbon street wholesaler, Saturday, "the day that I learned a practical lesson, and it was not very long ago. I was feeling awful blue and lonesome. I saw no joy in life. I didn't know whether I was worth a dollar or not. All my ventures seemed to me sure to fail. My wife noticed it and she said: 'What's the matter?' I told her. She looked sad and went away.

"Pretty soon she came back to me, and putting her hand on my head as I sat in my chair, she said: 'My dear, our neighbors down under the hill in the little house are poor. I wish you would go down and see them. You better take down some apples and potatoes, and I will find something to add to them by the time you are ready.' Then she looked in my face, and I saw something that made me feel like minding her. Well, I did as she said. I put a bushel of apples and a bushel of potatoes and some other things in the wagon, and my wife added a lot of clothes from the wardrobes of our girl and boy who had outgrown them. Then I started out and soon got to the house. I saw there some one more miserable than I was. As I poured our homely gifts out into a wash-tub set to receive them, I got my first lesson in the relations of wealth. To see a woman weep tears of joy at the sight of apples and potatoes and children's cast-off clothes; see the little ones, half-naked, view them with wonder and alarm, set me to thinking, and I said to myself: You have neglected to appreciate what has been done for you. Why, you are rich, fabulously rich, for you have a home, a business, a loving wife, and all the comforts of life.

"A great change came over me. I grew calm and still, but contented; I have never been downcast since then that I didn't seek some poor fellow more wretched than I, in the hope we both might be made less together by mutual ministrations."—Lewiston, Maine, Journal.

THE LIGHT OF TYPE.

Of all the investigations and discoveries made within the period of recorded history, the art of printing stands first in value as a factor and an agent of civilization and enlightenment. No product of art or science of ancient or modern date can be compared to the magic mirror called a "newspaper," which reflects the business and movements of men, and records every day the incidents and conditions all over the whole world.

Steam and electricity are but the servants and messengers of the printing press, and seem to have come with their forces in obedience to the summons of the greater power that demand their services.

The "Power of the Press," is a trite expression, yet few who have used or heard the phrase have ever considered its full meaning, or the fact it involves. Printed matter, in all shapes and forms, and for an infinite variety of purposes, has become so common that we regard it as though it must have always been—like the sun and the stars in the skies; and yet the world was in darkness many centuries without it. Thus it passed thousands of sunless and starless years, and the wonder now is how it blundered through them into the universal light and knowledge cast upon it by thought-illumined type, and disseminated by the printing press.

Common, every-day things are liable to be undervalued, and it is proper, occasionally, to remind people of the richness of the treasures they possess, and point out the sources from which their blessings flow. Let no one who can read forget the great and permanent good conferred upon the world by the light of type; and let those who cannot read speedily acquire this simple accomplishment, and thus fill their lives with increased pleasure, interest and usefulness, a hundred fold.

The sun shines for all, and the next grandest luminary—the printing press—is prolific enough of light to scatter the darkness of ignorance to earth's remotest caverns of barbarism.—Printer's Register.

Another Man Hung his "stocking by the chimney with care," and was tickled almost to death to find that his good wife had anticipated his near at hand wants and filled the stocking with standard seeds, grown and put up by D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich., who, upon application, will mail you free a copy of their Seed Annual for 1890. This is the most useful of all seed catalogues, not only for experienced gardeners, but for the novice as well. Send your name and address for a copy to D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Michigan.

MANDEVILLE ITEMS.

MANDEVILLE, Jan. 25, 1890.

EDITOR ST. TAMMANY FARMER:

Last Friday we were looted, and it has caused great injury to the truck farms. The orange trees were frozen, and we cannot expect a crop for this year. The Irish potatoes, which were a foot high, were killed to the ground. Even to the cauliflower, the leaves have been broken by the freeze. Our enterprising and popular friend, A. Mansard, has suffered more than any one else, for his truck farm, where he had a fine crop of potatoes, having planted six barrels of seed, and over one hundred cauliflower, has been completely destroyed. But he takes matters very coolly, and is going to try it again. At his residence, near the steamboat wharf, his garden has not suffered so much. The other small farmers are in a flurry, but they all say they will try it again.

Our young men are preparing for Mardi Gras. Their yacht has been signaled from Bayou des Mats, and will arrive at Bay Tiger, on the coast of Lake "Punch-her-train," on the 17th prox., and will be at Mandeville at sundown on the 18th. Preparations will be made to receive his Royal Highness in a most gorgeous manner.

The stores are all well supplied. Those alert Depre Bros. have received a full cargo of merchandise by their schooner, which unloaded at the wharf this morning. At the Fig and Whistle the cold wave gave the Fig the influenza, and it has got very lean; in trying to keep warm it got its Whistle too wet.

Rev. Father Lavaquiere, who succeeds Rev. Aveille at the Catholic Church, made a most splendid "debute" last Sunday, being the first time he said mass here. He delivered a very eloquent sermon. We must remind the School Board that as Father Aveille has left the parish, and having had the control of the public school for white boys, taught by our native young friend Marcelin Hestrez, that as he has been teaching there for nearly two years, and has shown his capability, that it is no more than just that he should be appointed to the position vacated by the Rev. Aveille.

You mention in your last issue the forthcoming of the Star of Bethlehem. The people would like to know the date of its appearance.

That witty, interesting and humorous newspaper, the Critic, came to hand last Monday as usual, with most amusing anecdotes and caricatures. It is a very good fire-side periodical, and all should subscribe to it.

Our town is very healthy, except a few cases of influenza, caused by the sudden change of the weather.

The "criers," or cedar birds, have made their appearance, and from sun up till 10 o'clock the boys are bombarding them. Our taxidermists have their hands full, and are working night and day, trying to keep even with the supply they get.

NO DANGER FOR SUGAR.

The Sugar men of Louisiana are wrestling with the tariff smashers of the ways and means committee. As the contest progresses it appears that the sugar champions will prevail.

The committee is told by well informed and reliable witnesses that, although domestic sugar cannot at present supply the home market, with favorable or even neutral legislation the home supply will in the near future adequately satisfy the home demand. As this destroys the flimsy excuses advanced by the Republicans for the reduction of the planters of Louisiana, Kansas and California may quiet whatever apprehensions the hostile attitude of the party may have aroused. Neither is there any indication that for the present protective tariff there will be substituted a deceptive and temporary bounty. The sugar delegation emphatically and absolutely refuse to consider the acceptance of any subsidy, and the committee is not disposed to arbitrarily force it upon the sugar producers.—St. Mary Banner.

We are trying to find an "oldest inhabitant" who can remember a January when the grass was as green as it should be in June, when the stubble has gone "through a case of sprouts" equal to March in ordinary years, when the cotton has come up from the roots of the old stalks and is now large enough for scraping, and when peach and plum trees were in bloom. As yet we have not succeeded, but have run against several old planters who informed us that in 1840 the season had been almost as mild as this one.—Pointe Coupee Banner.

WILKES BOOTH.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF AN EVENTFUL TIME.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—"John Wilkes Booth, broken leg, sick and in torture, was put in my hands to be smuggled across the river, and your \$300,000, yes, or even \$3,000,000, wouldn't have made me turn traitor to the South by giving him up, even if I had known at the time that he killed Lincoln." So said Thomas A. Jones, a recently discharged laborer of the Navy Yard, to Detective Capt. Wm. Williams to-day. Jones' discharge was through the influence of Congressman Wm. Mudd, of Maryland, and by direct order of the Secretary of the Navy, who had learned the part that Jones played in

THE ESCAPE OF BOOTH.

Capt. Williams, at the time of the murder, was in the secret service at Washington, and in the hunt for the assassin at that time suspected Jones and tried unsuccessfully to pump him, and that these men should meet again to-day for the first time since the occurrence was, to say the least, remarkable. Said Williams: "The first stop our search party made was at Surrattville, where Mrs. Surratt had left a field glass and two carbines in Lloyd's tavern for Booth and Herold. From there we went to Bryantown, where I met you, and I can never forget the sanctionious face you wore, and you've got it on to-day. If you had told me where Booth was, you would have been living on Fifth Avenue to-day."

"Yes, and I would have had a soul as black as purgatory," said Jones, "and the hatred of the whole South."

"Who placed him in your hands?" "Samuel Cox, Sunday morning, April 16. He told me that Booth and Herold were hid in a pine thicket a mile and a half from the house, and instructed me how to reach them without being shot, by whistling in a certain way. Herold met me in the thicket, and piloted me to Booth, who, wrapped in two blankets, lay on the ground."

Booth asked what the people said of his deed, and he appeared to be proud of it. I carried him something to eat, papers to read, and tried to keep him in good spirits until a chance would offer to get him across the river. The country was full of soldiers and detectives. On the following Tuesday I went up to Port Tobacco to see how the land lay, and it was there, in the bar of Brawner's Hotel, you said you would give \$300,000 to any man who would tell you where Booth was."

"Yes, and if you had told me you would be Gen. Jones to-day, instead of a discharged Navy Yard laborer."

"That may be true, but honor was worth more to me than all the wealth of the Government. At the end of the sixth day a chance came to help the men, and I went into the thicket with my horse. The night was dark and we lifted Booth up on the horse. I went in advance and Herold walked by the side of Booth. Reaching my place I made the men stay in the orchard while I went in and got them something to eat."

Booth begged pitifully. To be helped off of the horse and into the house, but I refused, because there were too many colored men around. Bringing out some supper, we stopped there long enough to eat it, and then went to the river, where my colored man, Henry Woodland, had a boat in readiness. Helping the crippled man from the horse into the boat, I told Herold how to lay his course so as to get into Machodoc creek, where, on stepping on shore, they would be in Virginia. Booth thanked me over and over again, and gave me a few dollars for my boat. I say a few, because it was all I would take of the big sum he offered me. That was the last I saw of Booth. I heard the next day of Booth's safe arrival on the Virginia shore; and then, do you remember, you posted bills ordering everybody to help search for Booth, and threatening with death anybody who furnished him with bread or water? I was then arrested and sent to Washington in charge of Detective Franklin, of Philadelphia, who tried to get me drunk to tell what I knew. When he found out how badly he failed he took it out in cursing. I remained seven weeks in Carroll Prison, but was not used as a witness, because nobody found out that I knew anything."

"We were reasonably sure," said the captain, "that you were in the secret service."

"I was Chief Signal Agent of the Confederacy north of the Potomac, and I had charge of all rebel mail and the boats along the river, and I seldom failed getting the mails into Richmond on time. I took great chances of being killed, and when Richmond was evacuated I was amounting to \$2500, but I didn't get a cent of it. It's pretty tough on me now, in my old age, to be poor, but I don't regret it."

After Jones left, Capt. Williams said: "I have dealt with and sized up many a man in my time, but that man Jones beats them all. This is the first time I have seen him since we met at Port Tobacco and Bryantown, yet I remember every feature. The night I made that \$300,000 offer in the saloon, he was standing next to me at the bar, and I could not detect the slightest change in his face. Something told me that he knew where Booth was,

but I couldn't work him. He has a face like stone. If he had only told me where Booth was, Boston Corbett would never have had the chance to shoot Booth. We wanted him alive. Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Atzerodt and Herold were hanged. O'Laughlin and Arnold were sentenced for life, Spangler got six years, Corbett is in an insane asylum, and Jones is here to tell more than was ever known before."

THE COUNTRY'S WEALTH.

The World has obtained from the Treasurer of each State the value of property as assessed for taxation. The Census Office for 1886 made a report of its exhaustive and laborious inquiry into the proportions existing in each State between taxed property and actual wealth, which ranges between 25 per cent in Illinois and 68 in Wyoming. The World's report shows an increase in taxable property of \$6,963,000,000, and an increase in actual wealth of \$18,162,000,000 since 1880. The total wealth is \$61,459,000,000, exclusive of the public property, and \$3,093,000,000 abroad. The assessed value of taxed property and our actual wealth at different decades has been:

Table comparing assessed value and actual wealth for 1860, 1870, 1880, and 1889.

The wealth of the United States now exceeds the total wealth of the whole world at any time previous to the eighteenth century, and the amount invested abroad is alone equal to the national wealth of Portugal and Denmark. The total wealth of five nations is only equal to the mere increase of the United States in the past nine years.

AUTOMATIC SEWING MACHINES! Prices reduced. Every family now can have the best Automatic Sewing Machine in the market at reduced prices. Particulars sent for our new Illustrated Circular with samples of stitching. Our Illustrated Circular shows every part of the Machine perfectly, and a worth sending for even if you have a machine. Krass & Murphy Mfg. Co., 43 and 47 West 39th St., N. Y. City.

List of Letters Remaining in the Covington, La. Post-Office Friday, Jan. 24, 1890: Persons calling for the same will please say so.

Clark James D Miller W T Gimsley W F Maples J Y Grimsey W T J McNulty John Hunt John Tisdale John If not called for in thirty days from date, the above letters will be sent to the Dead-Letter Office. A fee of one cent additional postage is required on all returned letters. CHAS. HUNTER, P. M.

New Advertisements.

COVINGTON DAIRY

FRESH MILK delivered every morning and evening. All orders left at EUG. SMITH'S store will receive prompt attention.

WANTED TO RENT.

Near Covington, at moderate rent, a small place with a good solid comfortable house and good water, for the purpose of raising poultry. Address, N. J. R., 147 St. Joseph street, New Orleans.

WAIT FOR THE OPENING DAY OF THE

BLUE STORE,

In Covington, La.,

If you want to secure bargains in

GROCERIES, DRY

GOODS, SHOES,

HATS, NOTIONS,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

Due notice of the opening day will be given.

Lead Office, New Orleans, La., Jan. 20, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the judge, or in his absence the clerk of the district court, at Covington, La., on Monday, March 10, 1890, viz:

WILLIAM H. GALLOWAY, who made Homestead Entry No. 5109, for the east half of the northeast quarter of section 29, and west half of the north-east quarter of section 31, township 5, north range 12 east, St. Helena meridian.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Robert Roberts, Robert E. Williams, Rex T. Fauntleroy and Willie N. Fauntleroy, all of St. Tammany parish, La. Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reasons under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses or to add claims and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant. 25 St. Louis J. Butler Register.