

The St. Tammany Farmer.

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

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TWO FRIENDS.

A Pathetic Story of the Siege of Paris.

One clear morning in January—that terrible January during the siege, when famine was knocking at the very gates of Paris—M. Morisot, a clock-maker by trade, but rendered an idler by force of circumstances, was strolling slowly along the outer boulevards. As with bowed head and hands thrust deep in his pockets he walked on, he suddenly stopped before a man whom he recognized as an old friend. It was M. Sauvage, whose acquaintance he had made on the river bank.

On each Sunday before the war Morisot used to set out at dawn with a bamboo cane in his hand and a tin box strapped on his back. He went by the Argenteuil railroad as far as Colombes, and then walked to the Isle of Marante. Scarcely arrived at that dreamy place he would begin to fish, and would stay there till nightfall.

On each Sunday he used to meet a stout, jovial fellow, M. Sauvage, of the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, who was also an enthusiastic fisherman. They often passed the half day together, sitting side by side, their lines in their hands and their feet dangling over the current, and a friendship soon sprang up between them.

On some days they would not exchange a word with one another, but they grew into that perfect understanding which exists between persons who have similar tastes and whose experience is similar. They were both the two friends shook hands cordially, but both felt a tinge of sadness at meeting under such gloomy circumstances. M. Sauvage sighed and murmured:

"What a condition of things!" Morisot gloomily replied:

"And what fine weather!" They began to walk side by side and Morisot continued:

"And our fishing? How pleasant is it to think of it!" M. Sauvage demanded:

"When shall we ever be able to go again?" They entered a little cafe and drank together an absinthe and then resumed their promenade along the boulevard. Morisot stopped suddenly:

"M. Sauvage greeted:

M. Sauvage replied:

"They are worse than the beasts themselves."

And Morisot, who had just pulled in another fish, declared:

"And to think that this sort of thing will continue as long as there are governments."

M. Sauvage stopped him.

"The republic would not have declared war," but M. Morisot interrupted him, saying:

"With kings you have external war, with republics you have internal wars."

And then they began a tranquil discussion and solution of the great political problems with the limited reason of peaceful, quiet men who agree upon the one point that they will never enjoy true liberty.

Meanwhile the thunder of Mount Valerien continued incessantly, at each discharge demolishing so many of the homes and lives, rudely dispelling so many happy dreams, so many anticipated pleasures, and opening in the hearts of women and mothers in this and other countries wounds which will never heal.

"Such is life," declared M. Sauvage. "Say rather such is death," lightly replied Morisot.

AN OBSTINATE JURYMEN.

He Would Not Vote to Convict, for My Friend Was the Slayer.

The most remarkable case of a jury "standing out" against what seemed irrefutable testimony, and all through the resolution of one man, occurred before Chief-Justice Dyer. He presided at a murder trial at which everything went against the prisoner, who on his part could only say that as his going to work in the morning he found the murdered man dying, and tried to help him, whereby he became covered with blood, but when the man presently died he had come away and said nothing about it, because he was known to have had a quarrel with the deceased and feared he might get into trouble.

The hay fork with which the man had been murdered had the prisoner's name on it. In his pocket he had a guilty appearance. He was convicted, and the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty."

This was Chief Justice Dyer's case, and he put some very searching questions to the high sheriff. The cause of the acquittal, said the official, was undoubtedly the foreman, a farmer of excellent character, esteemed by all his neighbors, and very unwillingly to be obstinate or vexatious.

"The foreman came, and, after extracting from his lordship a promise of secrecy, proved at once that the prisoner had been rightfully acquitted, 'For,' said he, 'it was I myself who killed the man.'"

For the other had attacked him with a pitchfork, and he showed severely injured him, but in the struggle he got possession of the weapon he had the misfortune to give the man a fatal wound. He had no fears as to his being found guilty, but the assizes being just over, his farm and affairs would have been ruined by a confession through lying in jail so long, so he suffered matters to take their course.

"The man's name was," said the foreman, "and at last he confessed to the murder; he supported his wife and children while in jail; managed to be placed on the jury and elected foreman. He added that if he had failed in this he would certainly have confessed to his own share in the business, and the judge believed him."

Every year for fifteen years his lordship made inquiries as to the foreman's existence, and at last he managed to locate him, he considered himself free to tell the story.—London Daily News.

HE WAS DISCOURAGED.

The man's "Continuity" kept him in a "Dissipated State."

CAPERS OF A GEORGIA STORM.

A Sort of Kindly Carelessness Characterized All Its Victims.

Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston, the writer of southern plantation sketches, tells some wonderful stories about Georgia weather. He admits that he would not believe them himself were it not for his unbounded faith in everything Georgian in general, and his personal knowledge and unlimited confidence in the veracity of the men who told him the stories in particular.

"I heard them," he said, "while on a visit to my old home in Hancock county, Georgia, some years ago, and I know that they are true. We had a big storm down there about ten years ago; the folks called it a hurricane, the weather men said it was a tornado. But, hurricane or tornado, it cut some queer capers. Col. Humber, over in Putnam county, saw the storm coming up and knew it was going to be a big one. There were a number of ladies at his house, and, of course, his first thought was for them, so he got them all safely in their rooms and went down into the large hall which ran through his house and shut the door. Now, Col. Humber is a big man and weighs about two hundred pounds. When he got down stairs he found the storm was blowing through his hallway, and before he knew what had happened it had picked him up, carried him out on his lawn, and laid him down—not roughly, but gently. At the same time it took a heavy stone and brick chimney off the house and laid it on top of him to keep him in place. It didn't throw the chimney on him, but laid it down with so little force that his only leg was broken. In a moment or two another gust came along, picked up the chimney and carried it off, and Col. Humber crawled back into the house."

"That same storm went a little further on till it came to a barn in which were two horses, two mules, and two cows. These were in separate compartments. With a whirl the storm was taken off as clean as a whistle and carried away, and while the stock was wondering what had happened, a section of the storm went in the top of that barn, lifted those horses and mules and cows high up in the air and set them down again without hurting one of them. But the queer part of the proceeding was that the animals had their positions so changed that when it set them on their feet the mules were where the cows had been, the cows were in the horses' apartments, and the horses were occupying the mules' stalls."

"But that storm hadn't finished cutting up its capers. It struck a house in the same county and made its way into the lady's chamber. A bureau was standing against the wall, having on it a lot of such traps and trinkets as ladies usually have—cosmetics, bottles and so on. A bandbox with a few lace inside was standing by its side. The wind took that bureau, moved it to another part of the room, but didn't disturb the bandbox. It went into another lady's room, picked up a trunk filled with clothing, carried out of a window, and wafted over into the cock country—my own county—and deposited it in a field forty miles away from the house from which it had been taken. It was found there unbroken the next day and returned to the owner, whose initials were stenciled on its end. I am glad, however," remarked the genial colonel, "as he wiped his forehead, that the storm didn't carry that trunk more than forty miles. I couldn't have believed another mile."

"Georgia is a great state," he continued, "but even such storms as that do not occur often. To prove that such queer things do happen, there is a section of a telegraph pole in the museum of the state university. This pole has a light cyprinichthys sticking through it about half of it projecting from each side. That thing was picked up in a storm and blown clear through the telegraph pole and left sticking there."—N. Y. Sun.

PROVING HER POINT.

A certain little girl from whom the listener sometimes hears is evidently going to be a great logician! When she was called upon at the school the other day to carry a verse from more than ten different authors, she responded with "Blessed are the dress-makers, for they shall see God."

"But, my dear girl," exclaimed the teacher, "it is not 'dress-makers'; it is 'peace-makers.'"

"Well," the child answered, stoutly, "my mother has a dress-maker and she makes dresses out of pieces."—Boston Transcript.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The name most whispered as the strongest candidate for pope to succeed Leo XIII. is Monsignor Dominico Jacobini, the papal nuncio in Lisbon.

A wheelbarrow which was presented to the Salvation Army in an English town is used to take the collection in, and the novelty secures quite large contributions.

The mayor of Toronto claims that in the recent vote on Sunday street cars the majority of 1,000 against them would have been 5,000 but for "personations" of the dead and absent and delayed citizens on the polling list.

Bishop Daniel Alexander Payne, who died recently at Alexandria, Va., was the oldest bishop of the Methodist church he ever had, either in age or in length of service. He was born in Charleston, S. C., February 24, 1811.

The new bishop of Massachusetts, Dr. Lawrence, resides on Commonwealth avenue, Boston, and just around the corner is the former home of his predecessor, the late Bishop Brooks, which is occupied by Dr. Donald, the new rector of Trinity.

The average number of students in the reading room of the British Museum is 651 each day. The attendance in the library and sculpture gallery has been less this year than usual, but the number of visitors to the museum shows an increase of 50,000 over last year.

The library of Syracuse university is receiving valuable additions every month. So far during this college year 1,119 volumes and 1,679 pamphlets have been added. Among these is included the small scientific library of the late Dr. J. G. Brown, for many years professor of chemistry and physics in the university.

The annual award of the prizes given by the Engineering News of New York city, for the best theses submitted by students graduating from an engineering school in America has just been announced. The first prize was given to a graduate from Dartmouth college, H. E. Abbott and Edwin J. Morrison, for a thesis on "Cement Testing." The second prize was taken by F. W. Clay, of Richmond, Ky., Cornell man.

Eton college has just celebrated, with much rejoicing, the four hundred and fifty-second anniversary of its foundation. It owes its origin to King Henry VI, who provided from his own purse the funds for the erection of the buildings, and the school, framed a charter for it, and, in order that it should not lack scholars, caused thirty-five of the Winchester boys to be transferred to Eton. The college buildings, which were erected in 1440, are still in a wonderful state of preservation.

The late Bishop Brooks, whose "Sermons Preached in English Churches" is one of the best-known volumes, is to have a memorial in St. Margaret's, Westminster, the official church of the house of commons. The memorial will very likely take the form of a window, worthy to rank beside the Raleigh and Milton windows, both of which have been erected by Americans. Close to the side of the abbey is St. Margaret's church, a little Westminster in itself. Its illustrious are the dead who lie buried within the church's venerable walls. The rector of St. Margaret's is Archbishop Farrar, who was one of the learned bishop's most intimate friends.

The Presbyterian church in Paris has emerged victorious from a protracted legal conflict with the city authorities. The French law gives Christian sects a grant from the state in proportion to their numbers, and, in view of the high cost of living in the capital, an extra sum is allowed to ministers of religion residing in Paris for their lodging expenses. The prefect of the Seine refused to honor the draft of the Presbyterian consistory, on the ground that their balance sheet did not prove its necessity. The church contended that such a condition was never contemplated by the law, and after exhausting every legal process the city has been compelled to pay the sum of 100,000 francs a year, together with arrears.

AGE AND MARRIAGE.

The Girl of To-Day Does Not Wed Until She Is Twenty or Thereabouts.

The old-fashioned moralist must certainly have noticed among other things that the marrying woman of to-day defers her wedding until a much more advanced season in life than did her grandmother, or even the girls of a decade ago. The question arises, what is the cause of this putting off of all women's existences?

Perhaps mothers are more sensible in these days and the young daughter is not thrown upon the world, either in a social or more workaday fashion, until she has had a thorough schooling, which means, in these days of long terms, a communion with books until she is over twenty-one. The girl herself may be wiser in her day and generation and realize that gayeties and the happy-go-lucky existence before marriage must of necessity come to an end when she is led to the altar.

Then, again, this is an age of independent women. They enter the field of labor with men and find in such occupation less time for sentiment than was allowed the lachryal ideal of the past. It is our earnest conviction that many girls have been led into the error of a foolish marriage through a lack of occupation. Busy, active, intelligent women have no time and less inclination for the making of romances. They are absorbed in art, in music or in more humdrum occupations that return an excellent remuneration and which they are too wise to give up until they are certain that the man who asks them is able to compensate for all that they put away for his sake.

Many a woman defers marriage because she feels that her duty lies at home in the care of an aged father or an invalid mother or helpless brothers and sisters who depend upon her alone for support. Perhaps someone argues that all this tends to the establishment of a vast spinsterhood, but let us whisper that after all when the right man comes along, when real love creeps into the heart and wily Cupid makes his presence felt, then it matters not what specious argument may have been advanced heretofore, engagement and marriage appear to be the truest and noblest duty for after all we are but women, and are governed more by the heart than by the brain, independent and self-reliant though we think ourselves.—Philadelphia Times.

SEEKING A DIVORCE.

But the Lawyer Did Not Hold Out Daring Hopes of Success.

He came into the office of one of our leading attorneys and plunged dejectedly down into a chair.

"Why do you begin with a tip-toe lawyer? Never fall in a case?"

"I try to be," was the lawyer's modest reply. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to get a divorce."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Archbishop Satilli has only nine servants in his house. His interpreter is the only one who speaks English. He has but one fan, and that is a fondness for birds. In almost every room of the house there is a cage of birds, and the whole residence seems like a mammoth aviary.

A nominee for congress in one of the New York city districts, to fill a vacancy, is Mr. Lemuel E. Quigr, whose initials, as a staff writer, have appeared under some of the most important matter, political and otherwise, that has been published in the New York Tribune.

It is said that Harriet Hosmer, the famous American sculptress, can wear as many medals as a hereditary Genoa duke. She has lived in Europe almost continuously for twenty years, and has been a tremendous worker. She says if she could live her life over again she would stay more in her own country and keep in touch with her own countrymen.

Mrs. Emily E. Ford, who died very recently in Brooklyn, was the widow of Gordon L. Ford, a former publisher of the Tribune; the mother of Washington Ford, the statistician; the granddaughter of Noah Webster, of dictionary fame, and last, though by no means least in these athletic days, the mother of Malcolm W. Ford, at some time the champion amateur athlete of America.

King Oscar of Sweden, on his way to Christiania the other day, passed through a small Norwegian town, which had been elaborately decorated in his honor. Over the door of one rather gloomy-looking building there was a glaring inscription with the words: "Welcome to his majesty." The king asked what building it was, and received the reply: "Our town prison, your majesty."

Twenty-three countries and sixteen languages are represented in the seven thousand volumes comprised in the Women's Library at Chicago. This will form a nucleus for the collection of the literary work of women in the future, as it will be placed in the permanent Women's Memorial building to be erected in Chicago. Along with the library catalogue, some to be issued, will be published a complete bibliography of women's writings up to the present time.—Harper's Bazar.

Very rare books, now in a double sense, are Prof. Tyndall's "Glaciers of the Alps" (1860) and his "Hours of Exercise in the Alps" (1871). For several years the author was unable to obtain a copy of the former. "I am told by a friend," he wrote to a certain bookseller, "that you have two copies of my book. The price is high, and this is in a way very gratifying to me. And as, unfortunately, I have no copy myself, I shall be glad if you will send the books to me at the price named."— Outlook.

HORACE GREELY had a high opinion of the merits of poetry, to judge from the following extract of a letter he wrote to his friend, Mr. Ransom: "As to prose, it is not worth writing, except for bread. To live it must be poetry, only unmarred by rhyme. I have written acres of it in my treadmill way, and sometimes a good paragraph, but it can never live a year; and a good prose work can hardly survive a century. Where are the American prose writers before Irving? Where are the British novelists before Scott? Yet Shakespeare and Milton live on forever."

HUMOROUS.

"What a weary look that young woman has?" "Yes; she married the man she wanted."—N. Y. Journal.

"Boarder"—"Is this genuine vegetable soup?" "Water." "Yes, she's fourteen carrots fac."—Rochester Democrat.

"Customer"—"Why do you call this the after Christmas'?" "Flourish." "Because it hasn't a scent?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Agnes"—"Well, I want a husband who is easily pleased." "Maud"—"Don't worry dear; that's the kind you'll get."—Elmira Gazette.

"He"—"Why do you regard marriage as a failure?" "She"—"So many make use of it to get money belonging to others."—N. Y. Herald.

"A servant girl, writing home to her parents, said: 'I am sorry I have no money to buy a pump for this winter; I will put two on the mark.'—Tit-Bits.

"It is not his winking look." "Nor yet his smile so broad." "That helped to keep him in the swim."—It was his winking look.

Anta's Constitution.

"But how do you know that Fenderson is a fool?" "Why, they selected him as a jurymen in a murder trial without challenge on either side."—Boston Transcript.

"Do you believe that story of Fanti running off with his cook?" "Yes; he'd do anything to please his wife." "Please his wife! What do you mean?" "You see the cook was breaking up her valuable china terribly."—Inter-Ocean.

Ballet girl (to admirer)—"Only think of it; the society for the prevention of cruelty to children was here today to inquire about me." Rival—"What a shame; I can testify that you are very good to your grandchildren."—Kate Field's Washington.

"Can you let me have five dollars?" "I left all my money at home, and I haven't a cent with me," said Johanna Fenderson to his friend Hostetter Mc-Ginnis. "Sorry I can't lend you five dollars. But here is a nickel car-fare. You can ride home and get your money," replied Hostetter.—Texas Siftings.

When He Was.—The Transp entered the rear yard of a house on Picher street last Saturday, and met at the kitchen door a lady wearing glasses. "Can I," he inquired, "do some work here to earn a pair of old shoes?" "I don't know whether you can or not," she replied; "but you may." He rubbed his eyes a moment in bewilderment. "I beg your pardon, madam," he said, "I am not in Boston, am I?"—Detroit Free Press.