

"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, AUGUST 3, 1895.

VOL. XX.—NO. 32.

JUST FOR FUN.

Asleep, our dear old grandpa sat before the fire in his armchair. Dressing gowns were piled up. When he had dreamed both were fast. Of what he dreamed we did not care. So long as he slept did play. For we were planning just for fun, On him a little joke to play.

We raked our brains to think which one Would be the simplest and the best. At least we thought 'twould be such fun If he were in a fool's cap.

Then with a zest we went to work. And soon the cap was made and sewn. Surely by wiser fool, methinks. That pointed cap was never worn.

Full of merriment, impatient, too. Till from his cap he saw a little. So anxious were we, that we thought. A nap so long he never did take.

At last he opened wide his eyes. Seemingly to wonder 'twould be ill. But soon we heard on every side: "O grandpa! you must will!"

"Come look! don't wait, come right along!" The old man was pulled away. To where the best looking man in the parlor, where we could not stay (Except on some high holiday).

He laughed as heavy as the rest. Then with a tear he said to me: "My cap is humbly odd. To those who wear are than I."

We never shall forget that time. We felt like sinking through the floor. For play no more cared we that day. Though full of sport we'd been before.

Old age is sacred, little friends. For found a life that's well-nigh done. A heavenly light, a joyous dawn. Reflection 's of setting sun.

—Somerville Journal

SHADOW OF A THOUGHT.

BY HARRY LANDEK.

Fred Seltton was melancholy, apparently without any just cause. He had spent a very pleasant day in the execution of his duties in the shelving department of the house office, where he had read the morning paper, washed his hands three times, chaffed Bertie Gapes and heard the latest gossip from Tommy Townie. Then Tommy had taken him to the Junior Gathierium to regenerate, and his journey down to Ealing had been most comfortable. It was a pleasant afternoon in the early summer, his little villa looked particularly bright and comfortable, and he still had the honor of being invited to dinner, which was the most cherished aim of his daily life. Yet he sighed as he opened the door and entered his home.

Kate had taken the baby to see her mother, but would be back to dinner. This was not unusual, but upon this occasion it struck him as being very inconsiderate of her. Having performed his toilet he wandered mournfully about the garden, and his journey down to his study, miserably, for he was guiltless of such folly—he lit a cigarette and flung himself into an easy-chair with the air of a man weary of existence. Had his wife been present she would have any other man to what calamity had overtaken them, but the fact was nothing more alarming than that her lord and master was suffering from what is technically termed "the hump."

The other men in his room had been discussing holidays. Gapes was saving himself for a month's salmon fishing in Sunderlandshire. Townie contemplated billiarding himself upon his cousin, who was attached to the club at Victoria. Williamson was engaged for a yachting cruise to Norway, and Elliot had raved of the green golf links at Eastbourne. He had yawned dismally and mentioned Herring with the wife and family, in tones which quite justified Townie in holding him up as an awful example of premature matrimony.

Now, in his heart he called himself a fool for in thirty long years he had not been young for such responsibilities and—well, privations. Of course, he had been quite infatuated with Kitty, as were several better men. The first year of their married life had been the happiest of his life, and he had never enjoyed anything so much as that delightful scamper about the continent they had together. Now, there was the baby, a jolly little fellow, but with responsibility and a great deal of cost. After all, there was sound wisdom in Townie's cynicism. There was two aspects of the marriage question, usually considered before and after. He was just realizing the unpleasant one.

He had never seen the club look more cozy than it did that afternoon. He had been welcomed by a crowd of men, the pleasant associates of a past life, who seemed to have no other man to him again. He had been a very popular man, and some of them still remembered his little evenings in Gray's inn. What pleasant rooms they were, to be sure. At one time he used to think that Kitty had secured a great deal when she married him, but perhaps the remuneration was not so one-sided as there had been. For instance, she was the club. He could no longer afford to go there, and what, but he had renounced all intellectual society. Kitty's people and their neighbors were rich and respectable. Most admirable of their kind, they ate, drank, slept, and made money; withal, most worthy creatures, but particularly unentertaining. Mr. Turner, her father, was a type—a kindly, honorable man, but without the slightest artistic or literary culture; he could talk for hours about business, and knew more about tallies than any other man in England. Fortunately, his pride of this distinction was slightly mitigated by the fact that he was also a connoisseur of wine. His nose was riding high, and he was a very good judge of the "Lemon No. 1" in their bedrooms. His eldest daughter was gifted with sufficient religious enthusiasm for ten such families, while Mrs. Turner was motherly in the extreme.

His thoughts wandered to Georgie de Vaux, his old college chum, who had shared those Gray's inn chambers. He was always bright and witty, he could dance all night and work all day, pull good oar, sit a half-race against the best walk fifty miles, ride like a centaur, sing, drink and gamble, with never a headache or a touch of repentance. Then the gay assemblage of actors, artists and literary men, who would there fore-gather to talk of any and everything, more especially of the great things they were going to do. And by so means, the best of those jolly holidays upon the river, the sea, and the continent. Fought! It was awful to contemplate; a whole month at a seaside boarding house. Townie over the newspaper and work the other members of the group who, adorned with

ARP IN FLORIDA.

Corn is Now Growing Where Orange Orchards Were.

Truck Farming is Very Lively—Florida's Preparing for the Exposition—A Grand Exhibit.

I don't see any difference in the weather here at Sanford and at home in North Georgia. It is a delightful spring everywhere down South. The ride from Jacksonville here was pleasant—no heat, no dust and the scenery along the way was lovely. Of course I missed the orange groves, but I never saw greener trees or brighter flowers or more luxuriant grass. The cattle were all fat and the corn was on a boom. It was in the silk and tassle and higher than I ever saw corn in Florida. It was planted on the ground of the old orange grove that had been fertilized and shaded for years and years. The crop, vegetables and watermelons have also been given a place in many of these old groves, and so something will be made out of the great disaster. Most of these groves have been cut down and from many of the stumps new sprouts are growing—growing from the standards and near the budded trees. They are all killed root and branch, and I don't care much. I have an idea that we have been dwarfing our fruit trees too much in the last twenty years. The old standard peach trees in Georgia have gone. We boys used to climb to their tops and gather great big yellow peaches that had a nipple of acid. They were red and yellow and juicy. And there were large, round white ones called English peaches, and there were old-fashioned Indian peaches that you couldn't eat without having a toothache. And there were small, pinkish clearstones that we peeled for cream and sugar. And there were the white October clearstones that were almost as good—that has become of all these standard varieties? The Elberta is fine, I know, but it strains the little trees to bear them at all. They are small, short-lived. An old-time peach tree was good for twenty years, but these budded ones give out in ten. Just so it is with budded orange trees; they are short-lived and they can't stand a freeze. I rode out to see the remains of the old standard peach trees and was surprised to see the trees standing up tall, vigorous shoots from near the roots. The tops are all dead, but in two years these shoots will be bearing fruit. The Speer grove of five acres has given a net income of \$7,000 a year for twenty-five years, and it may do it again. Florida is not doing as well as it used to be very dull here in Sanford, but the people are not backed as bad as they were three months ago. Almost everybody has found something to do. Truck farming is going on and the river is still full of fish. The workshops of the man cannot keep his hands busy and their wheels are turning. There are still many wealthy people here and near here who had other properties besides orange groves, and so trade and traffic go on in a limited way and Sanford is still one of the prettiest towns in Florida. I have not heard a word about politics or about a party since I've been here—and I don't care to introduce the subject. Judge Welborn said I had better not. I was in Texas when the Hogg and Clark excitement was on, and one day a drummer on the train roared up and said: "Gentlemen, rise to make a motion. I move that the first man who gets to Hogg or Clark in this car shall be put off the train. The motion got half a dozen seconds and was carried unanimously. Very soon another drummer asked another for some tobacco and he cut off half of it and put it in his pocket. The drummer said, 'I wouldn't make a hog of myself,' and the other man had to have put him off for that. I wish the newspapers would let us all rest a month or two. It is too soon—there is no election in sight.

But I do hear a good deal of talk about the exposition. Florida will be the great attraction. It will be a wonderful resource. I witnessed the preparations of the Plant system today. They have begun on a magnificent scale. Mr. Plant had an exhibit at Paris, but this will eclipse that and any other that a railroad corporation has ever made. He is having a map made of Florida that will be sixty feet long and twelve feet wide that will be geographical, geological, topographical, tropical and every other "cal," and will be the finest and most artistic piece of map work ever made. It will take his artists two months more to finish it. Of course the phosphates will occupy a large part of the space, but it is not to disclose what the Plant system has designed.

Of course the other railroads will seek to imitate Mr. Plant and will be on hand. And so the great exposition keeps on swelling in its proportions. The great fair will be a grand success. When it was first proposed I thought that it was the most chocky, foody thing I ever heard of, but I know now for sure that it is a grand success. The southland is coming to the front. Even the reunion cause is not only tolerated but patronized by Northerners. General Schofield was there and smiled gallantly and lovingly on Miss Winnie Davis. I love everybody who loves her, for she is the daughter of the Confederacy.

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FLORIDA IN VASES.

There is a choice in vases. All flowers look better in vases of clear crystal or pressed glass than in those of china, however rare the ware or artistic its decoration. Porcelain vases of graceful form and coloring are really completed ornaments in themselves, and they detract from the beauty of flowers selected. Imagine a dull-colored vase filled with the black-eyed Susans of the roadside, and you have the idea.

There is, too, a choice in placing the flowers. The best persons will give away the flowers all about the house. They are all killed root and branch, and I don't care much. I have an idea that we have been dwarfing our fruit trees too much in the last twenty years. The old standard peach trees in Georgia have gone. We boys used to climb to their tops and gather great big yellow peaches that had a nipple of acid. They were red and yellow and juicy. And there were large, round white ones called English peaches, and there were old-fashioned Indian peaches that you couldn't eat without having a toothache. And there were small, pinkish clearstones that we peeled for cream and sugar. And there were the white October clearstones that were almost as good—that has become of all these standard varieties? The Elberta is fine, I know, but it strains the little trees to bear them at all. They are small, short-lived. An old-time peach tree was good for twenty years, but these budded ones give out in ten. Just so it is with budded orange trees; they are short-lived and they can't stand a freeze. I rode out to see the remains of the old standard peach trees and was surprised to see the trees standing up tall, vigorous shoots from near the roots. The tops are all dead, but in two years these shoots will be bearing fruit. The Speer grove of five acres has given a net income of \$7,000 a year for twenty-five years, and it may do it again. Florida is not doing as well as it used to be very dull here in Sanford, but the people are not backed as bad as they were three months ago. Almost everybody has found something to do. Truck farming is going on and the river is still full of fish. The workshops of the man cannot keep his hands busy and their wheels are turning. There are still many wealthy people here and near here who had other properties besides orange groves, and so trade and traffic go on in a limited way and Sanford is still one of the prettiest towns in Florida. I have not heard a word about politics or about a party since I've been here—and I don't care to introduce the subject. Judge Welborn said I had better not. I was in Texas when the Hogg and Clark excitement was on, and one day a drummer on the train roared up and said: "Gentlemen, rise to make a motion. I move that the first man who gets to Hogg or Clark in this car shall be put off the train. The motion got half a dozen seconds and was carried unanimously. Very soon another drummer asked another for some tobacco and he cut off half of it and put it in his pocket. The drummer said, 'I wouldn't make a hog of myself,' and the other man had to have put him off for that. I wish the newspapers would let us all rest a month or two. It is too soon—there is no election in sight.

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FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There is something expressive of the ugly side of life in almost all popular dialect, something contemptuous and yet delightful in contempt. For example, what we call the dumps, or the "bladder," is a popular speech, till the "rooles," a mode of expressing that inner creaking and crouching of the mind which is sheer wretchedness rather than mere dulness or depression.—London Spectator.

—Cochran says he never willingly slain by Chinamen. They consider them sacred insects and think it portends ill-luck to step on them. If they never make any effort to exterminate them, the Chinese quarters are usually overrun with these pests.

—A buried city like that of Pompeii is being excavated in Central America at the foot of the volcano Agua. Pottery, fine glass ware, jewelry, flint instruments and human skeletons over six feet long have been taken at depths of fourteen to eighteen feet.

—Jane Cakelred made her two hundred and seventy-fifth appearance at North London police court a few days ago. The judge was wearing a purple robe and was the matter of three months in jail, she told the magistrate he "ought to be ashamed of himself."

—The little village of Nonomavala, in an American ceremony has been seen at a funeral. The deceased was a card-playing enthusiast. By the terms of his will a pack of cards had to be placed in the coffin.

—It is not commonly known that the capital of China is leached for five months out of the twelve, or that the staid-looking Chinese could ever be staid-looking. The Chinese are a people of the most extraordinary piquet having been his favorite game. By the terms of his will a pack of cards had to be placed in the coffin.

—We are apt to think of Mexico as a country behind the age, but the city of San Antonio, having been to enormous expense to secure good water, and now it is found that a most salutary measure would be a more rapid flow through the city. Accordingly some 25 windmills are to be built, in different parts of the city, at a cost of \$25,000, which will rotate paddle wheels in the sewers and thus carry off the water.

—Highly important and significant are the figures just issued, with comparisons, showing the wealth of England in spite of 20 years of depression. The taxable property of England was valued in 1874 at \$1,000,000,000, compared to \$1,000,000,000 in 1870. This increase of more than 50 per cent. has taken place when the taxable value of land has decreased \$1,000,000,000, and the value of stocks and bonds has increased \$1,000,000,000. The land formed in 1870 about one-half the taxable property of the country. It is now little more than one-fifth.

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