

# The St. Tammany Farmer

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## John's Daughter.

By Frank H. Sweet.

THERE was the usual morning bustle around the small station at Finley, nondescript teams of horses and mules coming and going, or backed up against the platform with loads of oranges and truck; idle negroes slouching contentedly about, bantering talk with any one who would notice them, and jeering such of their number as had accepted a job and were hurrying through it with an exaggerated show of zeal and activity; grunting razzbacks and many crows disputing favored positions under the platform, or moving listlessly across the hot open sand between the station and the isolated outlying stores; negro children everywhere, and of all sizes, and here and there, relieving the monotony of the sand, great black stumps that the inhabitants had not found time to remove. On the platform itself were long lines of neatly packed crates and orange boxes, and among them the owners with stencils and paintpots, making sure that their markings were all right, and waiting for the railroad official in the jaunty cap to make their entries and give them receipts.

Presently there was a perceptible hastening of movements and the loungers in front of the store came leisurely across the open space and ranged themselves comfortably about the platform. Several men left their work among the crates, and went to the heads of their horses or mules, and began to stroke the animals soothingly. A sharp, quivering whistle was heard in the distance, then a line of pale blue smoke began to rise above the sea of palmettos to the east. The loungers became less apathetic as they watched the line rush tremulously across the dull green, and finally curve indirectly toward them. There was a roar and quiver, and the great, gasping engine rushed by and came to a slow stop as the passenger cars glided opposite the platform.

Among those to alight was a young girl of 17 or 18, plainly but expensively dressed, with a bright, eager air of expectation. A quick glance about the platform brought a shade of disappointment to her face. After a moment's hesitation she approached a man with a broad, low-flapping hat, who was leaning against some orange boxes he had just finished marking.

"Can you direct me to Mr. John Austin's place?" she asked.

"Mr.—John—Austin," he repeated reflectively; "why, no, I don't—oh, yes, of course; Boozey John—." He stopped abruptly, as he noticed the inquiring look on her face. "Yes, I reckon I know. Are you some of his kin?"

"I am his daughter," she replied, wondering a little at the startled whistle which came to his lips, and which she noticed he choked back apologetically. "I have been at a boarding school ever since I was a little girl. This is my first visit to Florida."

"An' does your paw, Mr.—John—Austin, know you're comin'?" He spoke in evident perplexity, and with a look of consideration on his good-natured face.

"No; but I haven't heard from him in almost a year. Father doesn't like to write, but he never allowed my letters to go unanswered so long before. I feared something might be the matter with him or the boys, and he would not write. I just had to come. I am glad you know him."

She hesitated, and then asked in a lower voice, as though she feared her question would be answered in the negative, "Is he well?"

"Yes, fur as sickness goes. Your paw is one of the ruggedest and healthiest men I know. I love him and his boys never had a sickness in all their born days. They're perfectly well, all on 'em. I know, for their place jines mine." He spoke rapidly, as though glad to be able to say that much, but his eyes roved uneasily about the platform, and never by any chance met hers.

"Why, really?" Her face grew radiant. "Their nearest neighbor! And you know the boys and all about them? Dear little fellows! It seems strange that I should never have seen them. You see, when we left town, father sent me to the boarding school and then came south. That was 12 years ago, and I have been at the school ever since. Little Tommy is almost nine, and Fred—let me see—Fred is seven. Is the place far?"

"About half a mile."

"And are you going out soon?"

"Arter the train leaves."

"Well, of course, I can go with you. I'll go and see about my baggage and be back directly. Won't they be surprised?" And, leaving him staring at a knot-hole in the platform, she hurried away to look after her trunk and valise.

for stealin' an' that the boys was in the porch, an' that the place was with the bringin' out of an auctioneer to sell it? For goodness sake, Thompson, tell me what am I to do," appealingly.

"Jest give it to her straight, that's what I'd do. You're too all-fired chicken-hearted, Williams. Folks has to bear such things. It'sht her she comes now!"

At this moment the train began to move away from the station, and the girl watched it until it disappeared in the mass of palmettos and cabbage palms, then she walked eagerly toward her new acquaintance.

"Your landscapes are so quaint and beautiful," she said, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. "I know I shall like to live here. Well, I am all ready. Can you take my trunk and valise in your wagon?"

"Yes," gruffly. He was glad to get away from her, and he made the work of transferring the baggage as long as possible. Somehow, he could not bring himself to tell her the whole truth. If it had not been his horse that had been stolen, and if he had not been the one who had complained of the worthless drunkard, it would have been less difficult. He had been sorry for his justifiable act ever since he had made the complaint, and now—well, he would take the girl home to his wife. She had more tact than he, and would know just what to do.

This mental throwing of responsibility from his own shoulders brought back his natural cheerfulness and buoyancy, and he smilingly motioned for the girl to climb into his wagon.

"Ever ride in such a wagon afore?" he asked, as he led the animal's head and climbed up on the seat beside her.

"No." Then her face grew wistful. "Do you suppose father and the boys are at home today?"

His countenance fell, and he twitched the reins irritably. Why could she not ask about something else? He asked himself. His wife would explain all the disagreeable things after they reached home.

"I low they won't be there jest right now," he said evasively. "You see, they didn't know you was comin', so they happened to be off for a spell. But you musn't let it put you out any, with more animation. I'll take you home, an' my wife'll fix you up mighty comfortable till they get back."

"Thank you. But why can't I go right to the house and wait for them? It would be such a surprise."

"No, no," he objected with sudden energy; "by no manner of means. Bachelor livin' ain't apt to keep a house fixed, an' jest now 'tain't no place for you. I know that. You must do jest like I say, an' come to my house for a spell. You ain't used to Floridy ways, an' my wife can give you a heap of p'int's."

"Well, if you think best." She was silent for some time, watching the unfamiliar plants along the roadside, and the curious, bright colored chameleons that flashed from the warm sand in front of the horse, and disappeared with marvelous rapidity among the palmettos and wire grass hummocks.

with the unexpected disclosure of a white spot in a character that was supposed to be utterly black, his feelings underwent a sudden change. The pitiful drunkard who had been too weak to look after himself and his boys, but whose better nature had planned and provided so lavishly for the girl and her future, even while striving to keep from her the knowledge of her father's degradation, suddenly became more of a man to him. He could understand the sacrifices and hardships that Boozey John must have gone through in order to provide for such an education. Even he, with his orange grove and truck farm, had never felt able to do half as much for Cindy.

When they reached the cheery cottage in front of his orange grove he carried to her trunk and valise, and presently called his wife aside and made a whispered explanation. Then he went to the barn to unharness his horse. But he made a much longer job of it than was necessary, and when it was finished he leaned upon his fence and gazed with unobtrusive eyes at his fields of sweet potatoes and pineapples and bananas. His wife came to him there.

"Did you tell her?" he asked.

"Yes," in a low voice. He noticed that her lips trembled.

"Take it hard?"

"She's highstrung, Jim, an' them kind don't make no fuss. She wouldn't believe me at first, an' when she did she jest turned white an' cried at nothin' till I-I burst out staryn' myself. Seemed like I never felt so sorry for anybody in all my life. She didn't cry a bit, only jest asked would I please go out a while and leave her alone."

The two stood there nearly half an hour; then the girl left the house and passed down the road on the opposite side of the fence. Williams could scarcely recognize the white-faced, shrinking figure as the enthusiastic girl who had sat beside him an hour before.

She's goin' over to look at the house now," said Mrs. Williams, in a low voice. "I told her 'twain't fit to live in, but she said they'd live in it an' she could. An' when I told her 'twain't fit to live in it, she jest thanked me an' shook her head."

When the girl came back they were on the piazza. She went directly to Williams.

"When does my father come home?" she asked.

"His time's out—that is, he'll come home in 'bout three months, I reckon."

"And how much does he owe you?"

"Oh, nothin'—nothin' at all," hastily.

"How much does he owe you?" the girl repeated, in a tone that he felt could not be disregarded.

"Wall, say. But you needn't bother 'bout payin' it."

"I cannot just at present; but everything must be straightened out before father comes home. There must not be a single thing to worry him. And now, can I get you to go after my brother's? I shall fix up the house, and we will live there until father comes."

"It's quite a long drive," said Williams, reflectively. "I can go tomorrow."

"That will do." She stood gazing out at the vista of pines and palmettos afforded by an opening in the trees, her face white and stricken, but calm, with a strong, determined purpose.

"What kind of employment is there for girls?"

Williams looked dubious.

"I don't reckon there's any," he answered. "Stores generally git men clerks, an' there's ten applicants to one job. Folks round here don't hire much help."

"No," agreed his wife; "housekeepers mostly do their own work—cookin', an' servin' an' everything. The only work that's plenty an' hard to git help for is washin'; but only negroes do that. Mebbe you'n git a job at school teachin' this fall."

"I must have work now. Father must not find anything against him when he comes home. Do you think I can get washin'?"

Mrs. Williams looked at her blankly.

"It's negroes' work," she objected.

"It's work that I will do gladly if I can get it," a sudden passionate sob bringing the color back to her cheeks.

"I will scrub floors—anything that will help father a little. He has been working and making sacrifices for years that I might remain at school, and I—I never suspected—I ought to have been here, watching him, and caring for him and the boys."

It was nearly two months later before Williams again encountered Thompson on the station platform.

"Wall, how d'ye make out with Boozey John's fine darter?" Thompson asked.

# Lesson in American History in Puzzle



FIGHTING WITH STONES AT THE SECOND BULL RUN. Find Gen. Stark.

One of the unusual incidents connected with the second battle of Bull Run, which occurred on August 29-30, 1862, occurred in what was known as the "Deep Cut." Gen. Stark's brigade of the confederate force was fighting here, and of the incident Gen. Bradley says: "Before the railroad cut the fighting it was most obstinate. I saw a federal flag hold its position within ten yards of a flag of one of the regiments in the cut, and go down six or eight times. Our men fought until their ammunition was exhausted, and then three stones at the opposing line. After the fight I saw one man with his skull fractured who had been killed with a stone. Dr. Johnson, of Gen. Braxton's staff, was unharmed, but used stones to good advantage throughout the fight at this point."

## PITH AND POINT.

It is no sign of a great heart for a young man to be generous with that which his old father has worked hard to obtain.—United Presbyterian.

A man never knows what a conscience he has until asked to tell a lie to shield some one he never liked very well, anyway.—Acheson Globe.

"To hear that young clerk talk you would think he owned the place."

"How's that?" "Why, he never says a word against his employers."—Kansas City Journal.

A Woman's Fortitude.—She—"This book says that there are 20,000 mules in an elephant's trunk." He—"Then it must have been packed by a woman."

—Detroit Free Press.

He has patented a new fountain pen. "Is that so?" "Yes; call it the 'Independent.'" "Ah, very appropriate; it doesn't care whether it works or not."—Philadelphia Press.

Nell—"Maude has suddenly discovered that she needs exercise, so she goes out for a walk every day."

Belle—"Yes, I heard that she has a lot of new clothes."—Philadelphia Record.

"Patience, gentleness, firmness and meekness, one should mix thoroughly with one-half a pint of common sense, and give to the horse every day."—Anna Sewell, in Black Beauty.

"Johnnie," said his mother, severely, "some one has taken a big piece of gingerbread out of the pantry."

Johnnie blushed guiltily. "I didn't think it was in you." "It ain't all," replied Johnnie. "Part of it's in Elsie."—Boston Herald.

## IT WOULDN'T WORK.

The Foolish Mistake of a Man Who Thought to Put on Alms with His Wife's Servant.

He saw her coming and recognized her instantly. She was the maid of all work his wife had employed a week or so before, writes Elliott Flower, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

"I'll see how her plan works," he said to himself.

Her plan, as he had learned by experience, was one of aggressive independence. She wanted it distinctly understood that she was as good as anybody else, and she feared that if she did a thing cheerfully it would be considered a confession of inferiority. Equality, to her mind, meant that no one should be obliged to do anything for anyone else. She waited on table under protest, and with bad grace; instructions hurt her dignity; a desire to please was a confession of weakness. She wished to be considered a member of the family and treated as one. Her objection to domestic service was that she had to serve another, and she lost no opportunity to let it be known that she felt above it and only consented because she needed the money. Somehow it never occurred to her that practically everyone in this world has to serve others, and that success usually comes to those who do it most thoroughly and most obligingly.

Contrary to his custom, he was aggressively independent when she came to his counter. He brought out the goods that she wished to see, but he did it in a leisurely way, just to emphasize his independence. To try hard to please is to be subservient. He didn't try hard. Instead, he talked with other people and answered carelessly and wearily when she asked a question. His whole manner seemed to say: "You needn't think you're any better than I am just because I have to do this for you." Finally she became impatient.

"Get that down for me," she ordered, pointing to a roll of goods.

"Pardon me," he said, "but in this country we are all free and equal and are entitled to be treated—"

"Equal!" she exclaimed. "Think you're my equal when I'm spending my money and you're hustling to get it? Well, I guess not. There ain't any equality when I'm in a store with my wages in my pocket."

"There is a moral or a lesson or something other anything in this, too, if anyone cares to hunt for it."

Timely Pleasantly.

Mr. Dank Stock—I wonder how Mr. Railroad-Stock got the typhoid fever?

Mr. Railroad-Stock—I believe he got it from bad water.—Judge

Both Sharp and Blunt.

As a rule sharp business men are rather blunt.—Chicago Daily News.

## BEFORE CHRIST'S BIRTHPLACE

Strange History of a Chain That Hangs over the Grotto in Bethlehem.

Tourists invariably inquire the history and significance of a rough iron chain which hangs over the entrance to the grotto in which the Prince of Peace was born, and hear a remarkable story, says William E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald. It is explained to them that many years ago, through the influence of an Armenian who at that time was grand vizier of Turkey, the Armenian monks obtained permission from the sultan to hang a chain to which lamps could be attached, similar to chains already hung for the same purpose by the Greeks and Roman Catholics. When the governor received the order he notified the Greek bishop, who appeared very cordial, after reading theirman, and expressed his desire to cooperate in anything that the sultan had ordered. Permission was then granted to the Armenians, who appeared with their chain on the following day, and when the governor entered the church he was surprised and delighted to find several Greek monks assisting in the work.

The chain was put up without the slightest difficulty, but when an Armenian started up the ladder with a lamp to hang upon the chain a Greek monk followed and knocked him off the ladder. He fell to the floor senseless and bleeding. The Mohammedan guard immediately arrested the Greek monk. The bishop was sent for, and to the astonishment of the governor, justified the assault and admitted that it had been committed by his order. He explained that the Armenian had permission simply to hang a chain for lamps, but the firman did not include permission to hang lamps upon it. Upon examining the document this was found to be the fact. It read "a chain for lamps" and the Greek bishop contended that the Armenians had no right to do anything further. The governor insisted upon a more liberal construction of the order, but the Greeks would not concede a point, and the question was referred to Constantinople for decision.

The authorities at the sublime porte are in the habit of avoiding the decision of perplexing questions, hence when the report from the governor reached Constantinople it was poked into a pigeon hole, where it has been lying ever since, and the Armenians have never been able to obtain permission to hang lamps upon their chain.

## WOMEN WILL GROW TALLER.

Prediction That the Girl of the Coming Years Will Be of Larger Stature.

The petite woman has had her day and if the prophets are to be believed she will very soon be compelled to give way to her sister who is "divinely tall." According to an eminent eastern physician "the present century will witness striking changes in the comparative physiques of men and women. During the two final decades of the nineteenth century the average stature of the American woman showed a gain of over an inch. While it is absurd to think of an indefinite continuance of this progression, it is probable that within 50 years the six-footer feminine will be a common sight in our city streets, and the average masculine stature will not exceed five feet eight inches.

That the increase of woman's height has been due to her enthusiastic adoption of outdoor sports cannot be doubted, but why man's stature should dwindle, instead of increasing or remaining in statu quo, is not so susceptible of explanation, writes Robert Webster Jones, in the Housekeeper. The suggestion that "with woman's growing predilection for a public life man has become of a shrinking disposition," must be rejected as trifling with a serious subject, for serious it is to man. Equally unworthy of consideration is the theory that "matrimonial expenses keep a man short." Whatever the explanation timely warning should be accorded man that he is shortly to be "looked down upon." Whether high-heeled boots or other artificial aids can be utilized advantageously by the deposed monarch to maintain his dignity remains to be proved. It is the condition of looking up to his wife that confronts man—not the theory. And it is a condition to which many a husband would take a long time to get accustomed.

## Beasts Born in Captivity.

The birth of a litter of lions at Haslemere park, a private menagerie in England, leads one of the English papers to note a fact that has for long puzzled biologists, and that is notorious among those who interest themselves in the study of wild beasts in captivity, this being that nearly all the lion, tiger and leopard cubs born in that country have a cleft palate, which prevents them from being properly suckled, and usually leads to their premature death. But, beyond this, a more astonishing fact still—and one that also greatly puzzles biologists—is that which determines that of all the wild animals born in England those born in Bristol are regarded as the finest and as the most likely to live. So well known is this to professional showmen and menagerie keepers that "Bristol born" is a recognized brand in the wild animal trade.

## Dogs Small Death.

There's an old superstition that a howling dog in front of the house of an ill person portends death. One prominent physician believes absolutely in it. The physician has a wonderfully acute sense of smell. Frequently, he says, he can foretell the coming of death within 48 hours of a patient's demise. Within two days of death, he says, a peculiar earthy odor becomes noticeable about a person about to die. He tells of one case where he became aware of the peculiar odor while talking to an apparently healthy man. That night the man dropped dead of heart disease. The physician is far from attributing the peculiar manifestation to other than physiological reasons. His own sense of smell is abnormally acute.—Chicago Chronicle.

## WORDS OF THE BIBLE COUNTED

Spanish Prisoner Confined for Thirty-Three Years Performed the Remarkable Task.

It is well known that the number of letters, words, verses, etc., contained in the Bible have been counted, but by whom, when, or where, is not generally known. Treat's publication, entitled "Curiosities of the Bible," speaks of the occurrence of the word of Spanish origin, and that the prince of Granada, fearing usurpation, caused the arrest of the supposed would-be usurper, and by order of the Spanish crown he was thrown into an old prison called the place of skulls, situated in Madrid, where he was confined for 33 years, with no other companion than the rats, mice and other vermin that frequented his dismal cell, says the Boston Herald.

During his confinement he counted the letters, etc., contained in the Bible, and scratched the several numbers on the stone walls with a nail. When his work was discovered he was furnished with writing utensils and ordered to make a copy of the results of his long and tedious task, and, on its being completed, he finally received his liberty.

The following is a correct copy of his great work:

The Bible contains 2,566,480 letters, 773,746 words, 31,173 verses, 1,193 chapters and 66 books.

The word Lord occurs 10,684 times, the word Jehovah 6,855 times, and the word reverend but once, which is in the ninth verse of the One Hundred and Nineteenth psalm.

The middle verse is the eighth verse of the One Hundred and Eighteenth psalm. The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter j.

The finest chapter to read is the twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The most beautiful chapter is the Twenty-Third psalm. The nineteenth chapter of II Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The four most inspiring promises are to be found in the sixth chapter of St. John, thirty-seventh verse, and fourth chapter, second verse; also eleventh chapter of St. Matthew, twenty-eighth verse, and the Thirty-Seventh psalm, fourth verse.

The longest verse is the ninth verse, eighth chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the thirty-fifth verse, eleventh chapter of St. John.

There are ten chapters in the book of Esther in which the words Lord and God do not occur. The eighth, thirteenth, twenty-first and thirty-first verses of the One Hundred and Seventh psalm are alike. Each verse of the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth psalm end alike. The One Hundred and Seventeenth psalm contains but two verses, the One Hundred and Nineteenth psalm contains 176 verses. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

It has also been discovered by some person unknown that in Joel, third chapter, third verse, the word girl occurs, and in the eighth chapter of Zachariah, fifth verse, the word girl is mentioned for the only time in the whole Book.

## NEWLY RICH ON PARADE.

People Not Accustomed to Wealth Try to Put on a Great "Front" in Public.

Two men, an elderly one and a dapper-looking young fellow, stood in front of one of the big hotels on Michigan avenue the other afternoon watching the continuous parade of turnouts, the racing automobiles, and the stream of pedestrians, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean.

"I never get tired looking at 'em," the elderly man finally said to his companion. "I've been at it for ten years, and still I am standing here watching the crowd go by. I have become an expert in separating the genuinely prosperous from the seemingly prosperous, and the staid, old, wealthy people from the horde of newly rich."

"Now, just wait a minute. There goes a fellow I've seen 10,000 times. That auto is a new one. He's not the least bit stuck up over it, however, for he has been rich all his life, and the new playthings never turn his head. He's like a child that is given a new toy every day. He is glad to get the machine, but it is only one of a thousand novelties, and he thinks little of it."

"But, look at the man and woman in that carriage. I've seen him a few times of late. I don't know what his name is, nor his business, nor where he lives, but he hasn't been used to money very long. See what a 'front' he is trying to put on. He is sure everybody is watching him. See that? I know the woman would turn and look when she passed those large plate-glass mirrors, and she can see just how sweet the whole outfit looks. They all do it, that is, all the newly rich. I've seen them countless times turn and look at their own images in that very row of windows."

"I sometimes wish I were poor again, so that I could feel my importance after becoming rich. It's a great feeling, and I suppose there was a day when I also craved my neck to peep in at the windows."

## Candidates for Retirement.

The following words have fled application for retirement from active service in the office of the secretary of expression. General debility caused by indiscriminate use is the reason assigned in every case: One, genius; two, gentleman; three, hero; four, strenuous; five, elegant; six, friend; seven, genteel; eight, honorable; nine, statesman; ten, immortal. It is to be hoped that the petitioners' requests will be granted. Information from reliable sources states that many other overworked words are preparing similar applications.

## How the Point.

Dalton—How that English chap did laugh at your joke?

Waller—Yes, he must have heard it before.—Boston Transcript.