

The St. Tammany Farmer

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
COVINGTON, : : LOUISIANA

Her Favorite Seat

By ELLIOT WALKER

Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.

THE girl's reply wailed out with a despairing, sobbing note, like the cry of one lost in the deep woods; one who has wandered and struggled for escape until the shadows of night fall relentless and chill to extinguish the last ray of the guiding sun, and with it, hope.

"I cannot!" she cried. "Oh, Mr. Mainway, it is impossible. I can never marry you. Never! You have been so good to me—so kind. I wanted you near—I would not let myself think. I did not believe—that is—it has been a dream that I should not have dreamed. Of course you can't understand." Her eyes implored his as a dying spaniel gazes for help in the eyes of a master.

Lawrence Mainway drank in the anguish in her look and voice, and he did not understand. This passionate outburst answering his quiet, matter-of-fact proposal made his heart leap, to presently throbbing with a cold sinking of confidence. There was a finality behind the long glance of adoration, the gathering tear-drops, the parted, quivering lips—all loving signs, which staggered his soul. He felt the uselessness of pleading, of questioning. Was this Corinne, who laughed by his side but a moment ago—chatting brightly, the slender fingers clasping his brown hand as he helped her through the sties? The girl so happy and childlike, smiling in his own joyful face, while his brain formed the words he felt she was waiting to hear?

No, this was a woman, suddenly a woman, broken, pitiful, a new Corinne, but, ah! so sweet and far away.

"Dear," he said, gently, "I think you love me."

"Love you!" Mainway caught the slight figure as it swayed to him. "Kiss me once!" trembled a tenderness that thrilled him like the first mounting of strong wine, "just once, my—oh! only once."

It had been more than once, he remembered, as he stood leaning against the oak tree, trying to think connectedly, wondering. She had left him so quickly after that swift embrace. Why had he let her go? Yet he had, and with no attempt to follow as the swift feet moved down the road. Around the curve, an erect, graceful, white-clad shape, she had disappeared with never a backward glance.

"I will go home," muttered the man, "and think this over. It can't be that!"

For the suspicion of love is an alert quality and it might be there was another man. After all, what did he know of her? Was it for him, too, a hopeless dream?

The lawyer walked slowly back by the highway. No, he would not seek his room in that country hotel. Children were paddling in the brook—their shouts annoyed him. On the piazza stood his landlord, coatless, and holding forth volubly to a group of village loungers. Mainway tramped by in the warm sun, across the bridge and on toward the hills. Green, fragrant and restful, they called him for the calm of Nature's soothing touch and sympathetic whisper.

Hollyview. He had come to forget the office—to fish—to eat—to loaf. A tired young man, a quiet, unobtrusive guest, reserved and no trouble. "Only Mr. Mainway—a lawyer, spending a few weeks, and not very sociable."

In the cool of a ledge he stretched his long legs and lit his pipe.

"Corinne," he said, aloud. "Corinne!" It was all very queer about it. Could that first day have been two weeks ago? A Sunday—yes—nearly a fortnight. Idly rambling through the pastures, he had encountered her sitting upon an old stone wall, hunched, with the sunset on her face, a soft and cheerful light.

It seemed to him that the radiance

with which he first saw her clothed had lingered on her delicate features in rosy illumination until to-day, when she turned so white. Had his coming dissipated it forever? She loved him.

Who spoke first and why? He could not recollect. They had talked a little. She was of his kind. Strange to run across a refined, city-bred girl in this lonely hamlet. Strange, too, that they should have spoken. Stranger yet, his finding her there the next afternoon. Her favorite seat, she had said. She loved it. There was a shade of tiny trees behind with low-lying branches sheltering like an arbor. Choke-berries with red, acid fruit. He had eaten one at her bidding and she had laughed. Was that on Monday or Tuesday?

The man groaned. His picture on the old stone wall! To his grave it would ever be before him. He had gone every day, and every day except that of the storm she was there, smiling a welcome. No one knew. It was after tea in the sunset, at first, then at four o'clock; lately, mornings. Yes, he might call her Corinne.

Little strolls—little talks—and the days ran blindly by until he suddenly knew, and that very morning by the stile under the oak tree the words had been softly uttered, with all his heart behind them. And lo! The end. Was he quite right in his mind? Ah! he would live it all over again. That was left for his comfort, at least. Into his life and out. Corinne, with her eyes and hair, her flower cheeks and grace. What was he living here for? Oh! yes—! To think it over. A second of ecstasy after the shock, then a sort of dizziness as he watched her go. Where? How should he find her? Her last name? She had never told him. What house? He did not know. They had always parted by the stile.

Mainway plucked at a fern and crushed it against his mouth. It was like her—wiry and delicate. His head nestled back on a cushion of moss—the head that ached so queerly. That was her lap—yes—and the fern her hand. What mattered it he could never find her? Was she not here? Corinne, with her eyes and hair—her lap and soothing hand. Over and over again. Over and over—again. The silent song sparrows among the encircling bushes looked wise and hopped nearer.

How he had slept! The sun was getting low. What happened? Yes—yes! Now he would go right home, but first, one last look. She would not be there, but he must bid the seat good-bye.



HE HAD ENCOUNTERED HER SITTING UPON AN OLD STONE WALL.

by. Stumbling, the man went down the mountain.

Corinne lifted her head. "I know you would come!" she whispered. "It is dreadful, but I am so happy now. See, can you read it, Lawrence?"

"Dead!" said Mainway, thickly. "Who was he?" peering at the letter. "You are just the same, Corinne. You called me 'Lawrence.' I have been asleep on the mountain. Did—was this morning only a dream? You could not be happy, you know."

"Read it!" sobbed the girl. "I promised my dying father that I would marry him. I couldn't. He was—but he's gone now—killed in his cups. Oh! come to me!"

The dying roses of the west were on her cheeks as she leaned with pleading arms from the beloved perch, feeding on the new thankful light in her lover's eyes.

He dropped the paper and stepped forward. Then his breast shut out the sunset.

MINES IN CALIFORNIA

Appreciable Mineral Wealth Taken From Ground of All Three of the 57 Counties.

There are only three California counties out of the entire array of 57 that will not make a showing in the statistics of mineral output for the year 1902, says the San Francisco Call. Several of the counties that are discovered to have mineral wealth are not represented by large figures of actual production. That is according to expectation. But, considering the area of the state, its length and breadth, there is probably no other country on earth that can be shown to be as uniformly mineralized throughout practically its entire extent.

Among the surprises contained in the statistics to be submitted by the state mining bureau will be the figure of the value of the total output of petroleum in California for 1902. The production was very large, but when the price at the wells ranges from 15 to 25 cents per barrel for fuel oil it does not, comparatively speaking, require large figures to show what it sold for in total in the market. The total gold output of two counties far surpasses the value in the market of all the oil produced in the state during the year 1902. While the price of oil has continued to be low, the value of silver, which is of great interest in Pacific coast camps, has continued to rise. The government followed the market from 49 cents to 55 cents in its purchases for the Philippine colonies. Then it stopped. Millions of dollars' worth of bullion will be required by the government before the Philippine coinage bill provisions are fully carried out. At the present price of silver many silver camps can produce at a profit.

Experiments in Laboratory Show How Nature May Have Produced Lump of Precious Metal.

That gold is formed from solution is generally recognized. The miner receives the theory because it explains the

FORMATION OF GOLD NUGGETS.

On an uptown street, on the east side of the city, says the New York Mail and Express, hundreds of people daily pause at a blacksmith's shop to watch three large Newfoundland dogs, which are employed by the brawny

DOGS BLOW THE BELLOWS.

On an uptown street, on the east side of the city, says the New York Mail and Express, hundreds of people daily pause at a blacksmith's shop to watch three large Newfoundland dogs, which are employed by the brawny

PRESIDENT JOSE MANUEL MARROQUIN.



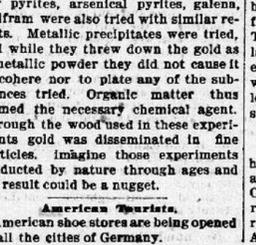
Senior Marroquin, president of the United States of Colombia, whose people, angered by the defeat of the canal treaty and the loss of Panama, threaten to overthrow him by revolution, is said to be one of the most astute politicians of his country. He worked long and industriously to become the head of his people, but failed to conciliate the various factions. His administration, although honest enough, never became popular and in different sections of the federation revolutions occurred from time to time. The secession of Panama is a defection which will probably terminate his career as president.

making of gold to him, but he often wonders how it is done, so here is what has been seen: Daintree once prepared a solution of gold and left in it a small piece of metallic gold. Accidentally a small piece of wood fell into the solution; the solution decomposed, the gold assumed a metallic state and collected and held to the small piece of undissolved gold, which increased in size. Another investigator, says Mines and Minerals, heard of this and made a dilute gold solution, in which he immersed a piece of iron pyrites and left it there a month. He added also organic matter, and at the month's end the pyrites were covered with a film of metallic gold.

Pyrites and galena were next tried, and each was covered with gold. Gold, copper pyrites, arsenical pyrites, galena, wolfram were also tried with similar results. Metallic precipitates were tried, and while they threw down the gold as a metallic powder they did not cause it to cohere nor to plate any of the substances tried. Organic matter thus seemed the necessary chemical agent. Through the wood used in these experiments gold was disseminated in fine particles. Imagine those experiments conducted by nature through ages and the result could be a nugget.

American Tourists. American shoe stores are being opened in all the cities of Germany.

MACEDONIAN BOMB THROWERS.



The Macedonian insurgents, who are now fighting the Turkish troops, use as their most effective weapon hand bombs, filled with chlorate compound, finely powdered, and fitted with a short piece of tape fuse, which is ignited before the weapon is thrown, either by the common cigarette or by the slow match which all the revolutionists carry. A more effective weapon for forest warfare could hardly be devised, and it must have a most demoralizing effect on the troops against whom it is used in the dense bush and forest of Macedonia. And to light the fuse, with the enemy 50 feet away, speaks well for the thrower's nerve.

SEA POST OFFICES

System in Operation on Railway Mail Cars Now Established on Trans-Atlantic Liners.

The United States authorities have undertaken to facilitate the movement of ocean mails by the establishment of sea post offices on certain steamers in which postal clerks sort the letters and make them up in convenient packages as is done on railway mail cars. The British post office never joined in this effort, although the work of the sea post offices frequently means a gain of from six to eight hours, sometimes even more, in the delivery of a letter.

As a further improvement in this direction, the United States officials of the post office have just arranged with the American line to change its sailing day so that hereafter its ships leaving New York on Saturdays instead of Wednesdays. At the same time the White Star line, which has its sailing on Wednesdays, will establish sea post offices on its ships. As a result the Wednesday mails will be handled as expeditiously as formerly while there will be a decided gain in the Saturday mails. Heretofore these have been sent on the Cunard line via Liverpool and the London letters have not been distributed until a week from the following Monday morning as there is no distribution in London on Sundays. Under the new plan the London mail will reach its destination Saturday afternoon and there will be a gain of from 30 to 36 hours in delivering a large part of the mail for all British ports.

THE MAN-EATING CLAM. Voyagers from the South Pacific.

Sailors are proverbially fine romancers. One who returned recently from a voyage in the south Pacific tells this story of a narrow escape from death when caught in a living trap on one of the little islands there:

"The ship," he said, "had stopped at the island for water and I was walking along the beach at low tide, looking for shells and other sea curiosities. I reached a rock which at high tide was under water and started to climb around it, without thought of danger and without paying much attention to the surroundings. As I turned the corner of the rock I felt my foot slip on something soft. There was a snout and the next instant I discovered that I had carelessly walked into one of the great mollusks, or sea clams, which are to be found at low tide along the coasts of those islands.

"These clams are over three feet in diameter and the muscles which hold their great shells together are like steel springs. When I stepped into the open clam the two shells shut with a snap, imprisoning me as in a vise.

"The edges of the shell caught me above the knees, and at first I thought I would faint from the pain. Then I tried to push the shells open. I might as well have tried to pry open the door of a locked iron safe with my bare hands.

"I had a clasp knife, and drawing this out I attempted to cut the muscle which held the shells together. But I couldn't quite reach it, and every time I made a stab the shells would close tighter than ever.

"I called the seas a good many years and been in bad places before, but never one where things looked so hopeless as they did then. There was no use in calling for help, although, of course, I did, for I had wandered up the beach nearly a mile from where the rest were.

"What that at first looked like my greatest peril proved my salvation in the end. The tide was coming in, and unless I could escape from this living trap I would be drowned, I thought. So I redoubled my efforts with the knife. They were useless. The tide kept creeping up. Then it finally reached the part of the giant clam where was the muscle which contracts and expands the two shells. To my surprise and joy, when the water reached this muscle it relaxed, only a little to be sure, but enough so that I could manage to pull out my leg. It was the tightest squeeze I was ever in, you may believe."

"We all know the clam-eating man, but this is the first heard of a man-eating clam."

HISTORY OF COACHING. Its Introduction and Popularity in European Countries and America.

As popular as coaching is in some parts of the country but little reliable information has ever appeared in the public press respecting its history and development. At the town of Kotze in Hungary, in 1467, the first coach was constructed. This was soon afterwards presented to Charles VII, at Paris. The first authentic record of a stage coach in England shows that six of such vehicles were in use there in 1662. So popular did they become in that country that a few years later they were in general use on all the principal roads of the kingdom, writes Morris E. Howlett, in Illustrated Sporting News.

Steam railways have, to a large extent, done away with the use of the coach as a link in the commercial chain, but, as a means of furnishing the highest type of recreation, the coach and four is as popular to-day in the British empire and France as it was when this was practically the only means of locomotion in those countries.

Stage coaching in America was almost coextensive with the settlement of the colonies, and in the early history of the country there were few if any places, of any importance, that did not welcome the sound of the coachman's horn as one of the fascinating incidents of pioneer life. As civilization pushed itself westward, the stage coach was ever in the lead of these agencies which blazed its pathway. These vehicles, as well as their equipments, were comparatively crude in their construction, and unpretentious in their appointments, but they were intended and laid the foundation for the popularity of coaching as a pleasurable pastime, developed in later years.

Coaching parties had been popular in England and France for several generations before they were introduced in this country, yet the sport is so wholesome and enjoyable that it cannot be doubted that in time it will become as popular here as it is across the Atlantic.

THE FROG AND THE FOX.



Find Another Fox.

A Frog came out of his native marsh, and hopping off to the top of a mound of earth, gave out that he was a great physician and could heal all manner of diseases. The Fox demanded why, if he was so clever, he did not mend his own blotched and spotted body, his stare eyes and his lantern jaws.

Moral—We should not set up for doctors in specialties in others while we labor under the same ourselves.

CHANGES IN TYROL TRAVEL.

Old Hotel Books in Post Towns Are Full of Interest for Tourists.

If anyone wishes to get an idea of the changes in Tyrol travel that has taken place in traveling in the Tyrol during the last half century, or since the opening of the Tyrolean railways, let him stop at an old post town, go to an old hotel and ask to see the old hotel books containing the names of travelers. It is a perfect revelation, says the New York Herald.

Such an old post town is Prixen, in the Elskthal, 25 miles north of Bozen. It used to be the chief station between Venice and Innsbruck. In Brixon there are two hotels, each from 400 to 500 years old, the Golden Adler and the Elephant. The Golden Adler has lost its old hotel books, but the Elephant has them, going back as far as 1820. It used to have three books of even earlier periods, but they were stolen by a burglar named Hans, and even his book of 1820 and subsequent ones have been tampered with and some autographs cut out. Examining this book, we find that almost every name from year's end to year's end is English. The majority, too, are titled names.

As one comes down toward the 50s there are a few names of Austrians and Germans among the English, but very few. The railway through this Elskthal was opened in 1867. Immediately thereafter foreigners' names increase and English names diminish. As we approach nearer our own time this change becomes more marked, until we reach the present time, when things are completely reversed, and the book contains page after page of the names of those of continental nations, and hardly the name of one Englishman. In the old post towns only English people, with their "family coaches," traveled across the continent. Now everybody travels.

Here are some of the names of travelers of 1820 and the immediate succeeding years: Lady Alvanley, Sir Robert and Lady Inglis, Ladies Brabazon, Hardy and Elenburgh; Capt. and Mrs. Beauchamp, Lord George Hill, Sir Alexander Hope, Sir Edward and Lady Tucker, Sir J. B. Johnson, Lady Elizabeth Fielding, Cal. Ralphyne, M. P.; Sir John Prescott, the marquess of Abercorn, Sir James Stoptford, Viscountess Keith, Lord Falkland, Sir Henry Seton, the earl and countess of Moray, Lord and Lady Erskine, Lord Clifford and the earl of Edgcomb. Some of these are, of course, now historic names. An interesting autograph is the following: "1836, Sept. 14th, Major J. Moltke."

Brixon is a quaint old place in the junction of two rivers, the Elsak and the Rienz, and the hills on each side afford both good walking and hard climbing. It is a beautiful spot. One who has not infrequently seen a man going about without stockings and boots, with only sandals on his feet and without a cap. They are residents or patients in the Kneipp water cure establishment.

SOMETHING OF A PROBLEM.

He Had an Intellectual Family, But He Had to Hustle for Them.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gillingsberry, relates Judge; "I guess I've got one of the intellectual families in these parts—always takin' up with something that calls for the exercise of the mental powers to their utmost."

"Is that so?" politely murmured the other man.

"You bet. Now, there's mother. She's upstairs this mornin' with a set of newspaper puzzle-pictures, an' if she solves 'em an' writes a good serial story to go along with 'em she gets at least a dollar; an' my daughter Lizzie is coverin' the dinin'-room floor with sheets o' paper that she's been agurin' on tryin' to find out how old Ann is; an' Henry, he's determined to work the pigs-in-clover puzzle with three shanks an' a wriggle of his hand; an' Jim—that's Jim over by the fence—'s studyin' up a new way to work the 15 puzzle. He's worked on that for ten years an' thinks he's pretty near got it."

"But you—what problem are you devoted to?"

"Who—me? My problem? Oh, I work out the puzzle of keepin' the family together."

The Helpful Eucalyptus. The several varieties of the eucalyptus tree, of which there are about 150, are held by foresters to be unequalled as a forest cover, as windbreakers, as shade trees, as a source of timber, fuel oil and honey, and as improvers of climate. The tree has already served more aesthetic and utilitarian purposes than all other forest trees that have been planted on this continent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. M. R. FISHER, DENTIST.

Office with Dr. Tolson. Every Saturday

DR. G. de MONSABERT

Having permanently established himself in Covington, offers his professional services to the public. He will be at his office daily from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

Office on Boston street near the Courthouse. Phone 103. Residence on Jackson avenue near Lew Glen cottage. Phone 125.

BENJ. M. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

COVINGTON, : : LOUISIANA

LEWIS L. MORGAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND NOTARY PUBLIC

Office—Covington, La.

Will practice in all the courts of the Twenty-sixth Judicial District.

HARVEY E. ELLIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

COVINGTON, : : LOUISIANA

Will practice law, both civil and criminal, in the parishes of St. Tammany and Washington.

GORDON W. GOODBEE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

FRANKLINTON, : : LOUISIANA

Will attend to civil business in connection with his office as District Attorney.

F. B. MARTINDALE, NOTARY PUBLIC AND

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Covington, La.

Office: Room No. 9, Frederick Bldg.

LAW AND NOTARIAL OFFICE.

JOS. B. LANCASTER

Will practice in the courts of the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Judicial Districts and the Supreme Court. Special attention given to examining land titles, buying and selling lands, passing notes and deeds of sale, mortgages, donations, etc.

Room No. 7, Frederick Building.

PRENTISS B. CARTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

FRANKLINTON, : : LOUISIANA

DR. C. Z. WILLIAMS, PRACTICING PHYSICIAN

Residence on the corner of Rutland street, west of the Martindale House. Office over the bank.

Day and night calls promptly attended. Chronic diseases a specialty.

DR. J. F. PIGOTT, Covington, La.

Residence in the Exterstein raised cottage, two blocks west of public school building.

Offers his professional services to the public.

Office at the City Drug Store, on Columbia street.

DR. GEO. R. TOLSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office on Columbia street, near Rutland, next door to G. C. Forsyth's store. Residence at former Schreiber place. Day and night call promptly attended.

DR. F. JULIUS HEINTZ, Corner St. Tammany Parish

Offers his professional services to the people of the parish.

Office and Residence: Abita Springs, next to the postoffice. Phone, 752.

Private diseases a specialty.

Parish Surveyor

Covington, La.

All orders left with H. R. Warren, clerk of court, or addressed to J. W. Yates, Verger Postoffice, La., will receive prompt attention.

W. H. KRONE, Contractor and Builder

COVINGTON, LA.

Office in the Frederick Building, P. O. Box, No. 60.

A. O. PONS, Contractor and Builder

ABITA SPRINGS, LA.

Office at the Jackson Store.

SAM. R. BARNES, Hand Made

Cistern and Tank Maker,

Covington, La.

Orders left at Bickham, Margo & Co.

PRESTON & STAUFFER, IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE

-GROCERS

410 to 430 S. Front Street,

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Represented by

S. M. POOLE