

ST. TAMMANY FARMER.

WINGTOW, NOVEMBER 16, 1873.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

fleeting time of Youth and Love,
So quickly passing by,
Whose requiem is a sigh,
Come back again in dreams to-night,
Ye phantoms fair and sweet!
Night lovingly such ghosts as these
My hungry soul shall greet.

I vain would bid Remembrance blot
This present page of Life,
Whose writing is the record stern
Of bitter toil and strife,
That I in fancy's vision bright,
Worth all the world to me,
The blissful scenes of long ago
Yet once again might see.

Then, gentle sleep, for this one night
Lull every thought of pain,
And in my dreams—my sleeping life—
Give back my youth again;
Give back the love, the hope, the trust,
The faith so full and free;
The loved and lost of yore return—
Return again to me!

NANNIE.

I can not set down in so many words just when or how it came to be understood between my partner, John Stillman, and myself, that I was to marry his daughter, Nannie, when she was old enough. Her mother died when she was a little girl, and old Mrs. Stillman took her home to the family at Owl's Corner, one of the prettiest little villages that I ever had the good fortune to see. But Nannie was eighteen when I first met her a woman, and this was the scene of our meeting.

John had sent for me to come to Owl's Corner on a certain July day, promising to drive out to the station and meet me, as my elderly legs covered the ground but slowly. We had retired from business, rich men both, some five years before, and corresponded regularly. But I had been abroad, and this was my first visit to Owl's Corner in ten years. I remembered Nannie as a romping child, fond of swinging on the gates, climbing up grape arbors and imperiling her neck fifty times a day, John always saying, on such occasions:

"She's a little wild, but she'll get over that."

I waited at the station for half an hour, then, seeing no sign of John, I started to walk to the house. It was mid-day, and fearful hot, and when I had accomplished but half the distance I turned off the road and started through a grove that gave me a longer walk, but thick shade. I was resting on a broad stone, completely hidden by the bushes on every side, when I heard John's voice:

"Where have you been?"

There was such dismay and astonishment in the voice that I looked up in surprise, to find that he was not greeting me, but a tall, slender girl coming toward him. Such a sight! She was dark and beautiful, dressed in a thin dress of rose pink, faultless about the waist and throat, but from the waist down clinging to her, one mass of the greenest, blackest, thickest mud and water.

"In the duck pond," she answered, with a voice as clear and musical as a chime of bells. "Don't come near me!"

"You are enough to wear a man into his grave."

"There, don't scold," was the coaxing reply, "little Bob Ryan fell in, face down. It did not make any material difference in his costume, but I was afraid he would smother, so I waded in after him. The water is not over two feet deep, but the mud goes clear through to China, I imagine. It is rather a pity about my new dress, isn't it?"

"A pity!" roared John, "you'll come to an untimely end some day, with your freaks. As if there was nobody to pick an Irish brat out of the duck pond but you!"

"There actually was nobody else about. There, now, don't be angry. I'll go up to the house and put on that bewitching white affair that came from New York last week, and be ready to drive over to the station with you, at what time?"

"About 3. Lawrence is coming on the 2:10."

And I had come on the 12:10. This accounted for the failure to meet me. I kept snug in my retreat until they were both well on their way homeward, wondering a little how many young ladies in my circle of friends would have so recklessly sacrificed a new dress to pick up a beggar's brat out of the mud.

When I, in my turn, reached the house, John was on the porch waiting for Nannie's reappearance. He gave me a most cordial welcome, ordering a luncheon, called Nannie, his mother, and a man to go after my trunk, all in one breath, and seemed really rejoiced to see me.

Presently a slender girl, with a truly "bewitching" white dress trimmed with dashes of scarlet ribbon, and smoothly braided black hair, tied with scarlet bows, came demurely into the room, and was introduced. Never, however, in that first hour, could the wildest imagination have pictured Nannie Stillman wading into a duck pond. But the half shy, half dignified company manner soon wore away, and Nannie and I were fast friends before dinner. She sang for me in a voice as deliciously fresh as a bird's carol; she took me to see her pets, the new horse that was her last birthday gift from "papa," the ugly little Scotch terrier with the beautiful brown eyes, the rabbits, Guinea hen, and the superannated old pony, who had preceded the new horse.

In a week I was as much in love as ever John could have desired. Nannie was the most bewitching maiden I had ever met, childlike and yet womanly, frank, bright and full of girlish freaks and boyish mischief, and yet well educated, with really wonderful musical gifts and full of noble thoughts. She was a perfect idol in the village, her friends and neighbors thinking no party complete without her, while the poor fairly worshipped her. John allowed her an almost unlimited supply of pocket money, and she was lavish in all charity, from blankets for old women and tobacco for old men, to candies for children and rides on her horse for urchins. And she had a way of conferring favors that never wounded the pride of the most sensitive.

We rode together every morning, we walked in the cool evening hours, we spent much time at the piano, and discussed our favorite authors, and one day, when I asked Nannie to be my wife, she said coolly:

"Why, of course, I thought that was all understood, long ago!"

I was rather amazed at such matter of fact wooing, but delighted at the result. How could I expect any soft, blushing speeches. I suppose I ranked just where John and Nellie's grandmother did in her affections.

But one morning when Mrs. Stillman was nipping her geraniums in the sitting room, and John was reading the morning newspapers, Nannie burst in, her beautiful face all aglow, her eyes bright with delight, crying:

"Oh, grandma! Walt has come home! I saw him from my window riding up the road."

She was going then, just as John exclaimed:

"Confound Walt!"

"Who is Walt?" I naturally inquired.

"Walter Bruce, the son of one of your neighbors. He has been like a brother to Nannie all her life, but went off to Europe two years ago,

when he became of age. They wanted to correspond, but I forbade that. So he has turned up again."

It was evident that John was terribly vexed, and I very soon shared his annoyance. Walt, a tall, handsome young fellow, improved, not spoiled by travel, just haunted the house.

He was generally off with Nannie as soon as he arrived, and blind to Mrs. Stillman. He concealed coldness, and John's sarcastic speeches about boys and puppies.

As for me, by the time my sleepy eyes were opened in the morning, Nannie had taken a long ride with Walt, and was at the piano when I came into the room, and Walt was waiting beside Nannie when the hour for our usual stroll arrived.

And the very demon of mischief possessed the girl. There was no freak she was not inventing to imperil her life, riding, driving, boating, and I fairly shivered sometimes at the prospect of my nervous terrors when it would be my task to try to control this quicksilver temperament.

But one day when I was in the summer-house, a very rueful little maiden, with a tear-stained face, came to my side.

"Walt is going away," she said.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and he says I'm a wicked flirt!" with a choking sob; "I thought I would ask you about it."

"About what?"

"Our getting married. You know papa told me I was to marry you, ages and ages ago?"

"Yes."

"And I knew it was all right if he said so. But Walt said you must be a muff, if you want a wife who is all the time thinking of somebody else."

"And you know I can't help it. Walt has been my friend ever since we were little, and we were always together. And when he was in Europe papa wouldn't let us write to each other, but I kissed his picture every night and morning, and wore his hair in a locket, and thought of him all the time. And he says you won't like it after we are married."

"Well, not exactly," I said dryly.

"You'll have to stop thinking of him then."

"I don't believe I ever can. And so I thought I'd tell you, and perhaps—"

"Perhaps you will tell papa we don't care about being married, after all. I don't think I could ever be sedate and grave, like an old lady, and of course I ought to be if I am to be an old man's wife."

"Of course."

"And I am so rude and horrid, I know I am not nice like city girls, and I am altogether hateful; but Walt don't care."

I rather agreed with Walt as she stood in shy confusion before me, her eyes still misty, her sweet lips quivering. It was a sore wrench to give her up, but I was not quite an idiot, and I said gravely:

"But your father?"

"Yes, I know; he'll make a real storm. But then his storms don't last long, and maybe you have changed your mind. You have, haven't you?"

"Yes; the last half hour has quite changed my matrimonial views."

I could not help smiling, and the next moment two arms encircled my neck, a warm kiss fell upon my cheek, and Nannie cried:

"You are a perfect darling, and I shall love you dearly all my life."

So when I lost her love I gained it. She flitted away presently, and I gave myself a good mental shaking up, and concluded my fool's paradise would soon have vanished if I had undertaken to make an "old lady" out of Nannie.

John's wrath was loud and violent. He exhausted all the vituperative language in the dictionary, and then sat down, panting but furious.

"Come, now," I said, "what is the objection to young Bruce? Is he poor?"

"No, confound him! He inherits his grandfather's property, besides what his father will probably leave him."

"Is he immoral?"

"I never heard so."

"What does ail him, then?"

"Nothing; but I have set my heart on Nannie's marrying you."

"Well, you see, she has set her heart in another direction, and I strongly object to a wife who is in love with somebody else."

"What on earth brought him home?"

"Love for Nannie, I imagine. Come, John, you won't be my father-in-law, for I will not marry Nannie if you are ever so tyrannical; but we can jog along as usual, the best of friends—look!"

I pointed out of the window as I spoke. On the garden walk shaded by a great oak tree, Walter Bruce stood, looking down at Nannie with love-lighted eyes. Her beautiful face, all dimpled with smiles and blushes, was lifted up to meet his gaze, and both her little hands were fast prisoned in his strong ones.

John looked. His face softened, his eyes grew misty, and presently he said:

"How happy she is, Lawrence."

"And we will not cloud her happiness, John," I answered. "This is right and fitting. Nannie is too bright a May flower to be wilted by being tied up to an old December log like me."

So when, half fearful, the lovers came in, they met only words of affection, and Nannie's face lost nothing of its sunshine.

She was the loveliest of brides a few months later, and wore the diamond parure I had ordered for my bride at her wedding. And she is the most charming little matron imaginable, with all her odd freaks merged into a sunshiny cheerfulness, and her husband is a proud, happy man, while I am Uncle Lawrence to the children, and the warm friend to the whole family.

A Girl Blown Three-Quarters of a Mile.

A correspondent writing from Columbus, Neb., says: "A peculiar incident occurred here a few months since, the particulars of which I have just learned. It was on the day the memorable cyclone passed over Lone Tree and Clark's. The sky was streaked in the northwest with vivid flashes of light, and a terrible rumbling sound made known that a dreadful storm was imminent. A massive black cloud was extending a whirling finger toward the earth and sweeping with great fury whatever came before it. Jennie—a girl who was working at a certain hotel here—was busy at the stove preparing for next meal. Hearing a rattle at the side door, Jennie went to the door and opened it. As she did so she was caught from the doorway by the whirling wind and carried over the house, turning round and round and dwellings a distance of three-fourths of a mile, being lowered so that her feet could touch the ground as many as eight times during the trip. Exhausted, but in an erect position, she was at last lowered to the earth as lightly as a feather would fall, having received no material injury, though almost frantic with fright. The storm proceeded on its way, leaving her in sight of the town, and in half an hour she again put in an appearance at the hotel, where anxious friends were bewailing her sudden and mysterious departure.

Democratic majority in St. Tammany parish, 510.

FAMILY MATTERS.

It is ignorance, and not knowledge, that rejects instruction.

He who is slowest in making a promise is generally the most faithful in the performance of it.

In all things have the courage to prefer comfort and prosperity to fashion.

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

He hath riches sufficient, Sir Thomas Brown tells us, who hath enough to be charitable.

The sympathy of one weaker than ourselves, the sympathy even of a little child, will aid the most resolute.

One of the most fatal temptations to the weak is a slight deviation from the truth for the sake of apparent good.

To be truly great, it is necessary to be truly good and benevolent; for all other distinctions the clouds of the valley will cover and the greedy worm destroy.

The blessing of a house is piety. The honor of a house is hospitality. The ornament of a house is cleanliness. The happiness of a house is contentment.

Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung around our neck, yet they are often like the stones used by the pearl-divers, which enables them to reach the prize and to rise enriched.

Life has such hard conditions that every dear and precious gift, every rare virtue, every pleasant faculty, every genial endowment, love, hope, joy, wit, sprightliness and benevolence, must sometimes be put into the crucible to distil the one elixir—patience.

The moment we quit the paths of prudence and become unable to use our judgment, our passions hurry us headlong; human weakness seeks its relief in yielding to their force, and insensibly we find ourselves launched on the wide deep, destitute of rudder and tackle, and to sport of every wave.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with manhood or womanhood, but that, day by day, here a little and there a little, it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late to breakfast and late at school stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think," will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.