

ST. TAMMANY FARMER.

COVINGTON, NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

ENCHANTMENT.

The sails we see on the ocean
As white as white can be;
But never one in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
With purple and gold delights,
Tinct to cold gray mist and vapor
Ere ever we reach the height.

Stately and fair is the vessel
That comes not near our beach;
Stately and grand the mountain
Whose height we never may reach.

O distance, thou dear enchanter,
Still hold in thine magic veil
The glory of far-off mountains,
The gleam of the far-off sail.

TAKING HER DOWN.

Two girls, both young, and one very beautiful, sat conversing in a comfortable sitting room in a mansion in one of our largest cities. The handsomer of the two, Maud Pierson, wore a traveling dress of brown merino, and was evidently resting after a journey.

In spite of a certain languor born of fatigue, and her unbecoming dress, the girl was undeniably a beauty of a gorgeous brunette type. Her companion, passing pretty, was of the same dark tint, but smaller in figure, and far from possessing Maud's great beauty.

"Tell me about everybody," said Maud. "I am fairly hungry for gossip, after vegetating nearly two years in that abominable place with my aunt. She has left me an ample fortune, however, so the time was not altogether thrown away."

"Dead?" cried her companion. "You are not in mourning, and why, Maud, you said you were going to Lady Ralston's this evening."

"So I am. Aunt Maria has been dead six months, and requested me not to wear black and to return to town in November. But, Cora, tell me the news. Who has been the belle of our set since I left?"

"You conceited girl!" laughed her friend.

"Bah! What is the use of duplicity. For, between ourselves, I should be an idiot if I did not know I was handsome. How is Mr. Frederick Seymour?"

"One question at a time, though I can answer these two together. The belle has been the object of Mr. Seymour's special devotion since she made her debut last month. Mrs. Hursey introduced her. She is a niece, I believe, of old Mrs. Mortimer, who died three years ago and left her all her money."

"But who is she?"

"Her name is Worthington—Esther Worthington."

"Esther Worthington?" cried Maud sharply. "What is she like?"

"Tall, slender, very fair, with delicate features, and unmistakably a beauty; she sings exquisitely, and having been on the continent with Mrs. Mortimer, speaks two or three modern languages fluently."

"How old?"

"About your age, I judge—twenty-one or two."

Maud broke into a harsh laugh. "Mrs. Mortimer's niece!" she exclaimed. "Well, that is rich! And so young. And Frederick Seymour is in love with her?"

"He is certainly very devoted. Everybody thinks it will be a match!"

"A match!" cried Maud, in another burst of mocking merriment. "Mr. Frederick Seymour and Esther Worthington! Well, well, I tell you," she said, with a touch of sarcasm in the tones, "it will not be a match! I will take her down."

"What do you mean?"

"Will this belle be at Lady Ralston's this evening?"

"Probably. But do tell me, Maud, what you know about her?"

"I know enough to cool Mr. Frederick Seymour's ardor," said Maud, "and he shall learn the truth. To think of that girl's daring to move in our set!"

"Well, as to that," replied Cora, "being handsome, accomplished, refined, and heiress to double your fortune, Maud, I can not see where the audacity comes in, especially as Mrs. Hursey has her for a guest, and we all know how particular she is. The Seymours themselves are not prouder than the Hurses."

"You wait until this evening! I suppose the girl thinks nobody here knows her. I'll humble her. She won't attend any more fashionable parties after I've told my story."

"But what is your story?"

"You'll hear to-night."

"Tell me now," said Cora, coaxingly.

"No. Let me lie down awhile and rest, or I shall look like a ghost this evening."

A very brilliant ghost it would have been to resemble Maud Pierson, as she entered Lady Ralston's saloon a few hours later. An evening dress of garnet velvet, cut to display the beautifully rounded shoulders and arms, and trimmed with rich black lace, ornaments of diamonds, and a cluster of white flowers in the jetty braids of hair, all heightened her queenly beauty.

Looking across the crowded room, she recognized her rival in a tall, slender girl, who wore white lace over peach-colored satin, and ornaments of fretted gold. Mr. Seymour was already in attendance, apparently, for he was leading this lady to the head of a quadrille just forming when Maud entered. The sight stimulated anew all the hatred of Esther Worthington that had been roused by Cora's description.

A cold-hearted calculating woman, devoted to dress, wealth and luxury—selfish to her heart's core, carrying the smile of a belle over a bitter envy of all more fortunate than herself—Maud Pierson had never felt the touch of womanhood until her heart opened to Frederick Seymour.

An orphan, dependent upon an aunt devoted to the frivolities of fashion, Maud's education had been superficial, and an undue value had been given in her thoughts to the advantages of birth, position and fortune.

Miss Pierson was very proud of the blue blood in her own veins, and Maud's success as a belle was as much a triumph to her aunt as to herself.

When the illness set in that drove Miss Pierson to the seclusion and quiet of a country home, her aunt had begun to hope that the attentions of "Fred" were more than those called for by the ordinary requirements of society.

It had been a great blow to her to be suddenly whirled out of the vortex of fashionable gaiety, to be buried alive in the little town where much of her childhood had been passed, under her aunt's care. But she was far too polite to murmur loudly, and when her relative died, it was with the firm conviction that all Maud's tender care and devotion were dictated by the warmest affection. It was singularly characteristic of her that in her will she stipulated that Maud should return to the city six months after her death, and wear no mourning. In one of their last interviews she said to her: "You will soon be twenty-two, Maud, and you shall not bury yourself here next winter. It might ruin your prospects of a good match."

And Maud, secretly exultant, wept copiously as she assured her dear aunt that "society would have no charms for her were she to be

deprived of her life-long companion."

Yet the six months dragged wearily when she thought of Frederick Seymour. Would he love her better for her golden charms? or did he know her fortune, after all, was small compared with his own princely income? Had a fairer face eclipsed her memory?

Carefully during the long summer did the beautiful brunette cherish her own charms, and gloriously did they repay her care when she burst upon her old friends, more superbly handsome than ever, at Lady Ralston's reception.

Esther Worthington, looking at her as she entered the room, turned to her companion, saying, in a low tone: "Is not that Miss Pierson?"

"Yes. Is she not handsome?"

"Magnificently so. I can scarcely imagine a more queenly beauty. She was not a very pretty child, dark and thin. Will she recognize me, I wonder, as easily as I do her?"

"You were children when you last met?"

"About twelve years old; but we lived near each other for six years before that. Will she look down upon me now as scornfully as she did then?"

"Hush, you pain me!" was the reply. "Try to forget those dark days."

"Nay, for they make happy ones all the brighter," was the reply. "Bow to your partner."

The music of the quadrille sounded in the long room, and attention was required to the intricacies through which Miss Worthington and her partner proposed to lead the set.

When it was over, Esther, leaning on her partner's arm, turned to find herself confronted by Maud Pierson. With a sweet smile she extended her hand.

"Have you forgotten me?" she asked.

"I remember you well," was the reply, in a freezing tone, "and I confess my surprise is very great to meet a charity girl here among my friends."

"A charity girl!" cried several voices.

"You may doubt me," said Maud, answering them, "but let Miss Worthington deny, if she can, that she was taken from a charity school to be the nursery maid of Mrs. Thurston, my aunt's cousin and neighbor. Let her deny, if she can, that she did a menial's work for years in their house. She may palm herself off as Mrs. Mortimer's niece among strangers, but I, knowing her, decline the honor of her acquaintance."

The delicate, beautiful Esther Worthington grew very pale during this insulting address, but she drew herself erect as haughtily as Maud Pierson herself, as that young lady ceased to speak.

"All you have said is quite true," she replied, "and my only reason for concealing the facts you now force upon my friends was the request of my dear aunt, Mrs. Mortimer. Mrs. Hursey, Lady Ralston, and several others of those who honor me with their friendship, know well my family history. You will pardon me for obtruding my private affairs upon you, but since Miss Pierson has attacked my veracity, I must defend it. My parents were married against the wishes of my mother's father, who carried his resentment to the grave, and cut my mother out of his will. When I was a babe my father died, and my mother, ill, feeble, penniless, was taken to the workhouse, where she, too, died. Her sister, Mrs. Mortimer, was in Canada at the time, and unaware of my existence. What Miss Pierson has so delicately told you of my childhood is quite true. I was taken from the workhouse to fill a servant's place; but my employers were kind, and I was

allowed to attend school in the winter. I think they will testify that if my duties were menial, they were faithfully performed. When I was thirteen my aunt returned home and found me out. Since then I have been her charge, and the kindest love was lavished upon me until, at her death, I became the guest of my friend, Mrs. Hursey. I hope you will pardon me for taking up so much of your time, and if you desire, with Miss Pierson, to decline the further acquaintance of a workhouse girl, I can only accept your decision with some regret for a deceit that was only in accordance with the wishes of the dead."

"Stay a moment," said Frederick Seymour, as the friends of the beautiful girl would have pressed more warmly than ever around her, "let me speak one word. By the request of Miss Worthington, I have refrained from mentioning the honor she has conferred upon me, and which is the crowning pride and happiness of my life. When I asked her to become my wife, to give me the priceless treasure of her love, she told me the story you have just heard, and I, too, joined my entreaties to those of her aunt. Not that I valued my future wife the less, but that I understood that, even in our society, there are some ignoble enough to count her early misfortunes as a shameful fact, and ignore the beauty of character that could keep her noble, pure and true, even in the lowly home to which the misfortunes of her parents condemned her. Miss Worthington, will you take my arm to the conservatory?—you are pale, and need rest."

With an air of tender affection, of fond pride, he led her through the group of friends, who spoke warmest words as she passed. Finding her a seat near the fountain, he said, in a low tone, "I am glad they all know it, Essie, for a secret is a troublesome burden."

"But you—oh, Fred, if it shames you—"

"Hush! I never honored you so highly, or loved you so fondly, as I did when that girl found her insulting taunts answered by your own dignified frankness. We will not speak of it again. Rest here till I bring you an ice, and we will return again to your friends."

"Maud," Cora said, as the girls unbound their hair in their own room before retiring, "I don't think your little scene was altogether a success. From the warmth of her friends, when Esther Worthington returned to the drawing room, and Mr. Seymour's devotion, I really imagine you placed that lady upon a higher pedestal of favor than ever, in your amiable endeavor to take her down."

"A fellow bought a huge banana from the train boy on a railroad the other day. First he tore off the rind and tossed it out of the window, and then tore the fruit to pieces, carefully inspecting the fragments, and tossed them out after the rind, with a look of supreme disgust, muttering: 'That settles it; that's the last prize package I ever buy.'"

"The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and so grows sated with it because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time too heavy on his hands, remains mentally and morally asleep, and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypus, over which the tide flows."

"A female architect recently opened an office in Boston. She is full of beautiful plans and designs."

"Cuba is to have eighteen members of the Spanish Senate."

FAMILY MATTERS.

There is a good wide ditch between saying and doing.

Gratitude, it is said, is a keen sense of favors to come.

Be constant in what is good; but beware of being obstinate in anything that is evil; constancy is a virtue, but obstinacy is a sin.

Men's feelings are always purest and most glowing in the hour of meeting and of farewell, like the glaciers, which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunrise and sunset, but throughout the day gray and cold.

Most precepts of parents and teachers are lost sight of at the very time when it is important to observe them—as the label, "Shut the door," is invisible when the door is open widest and thrown back against the wall.

It is not always the truth which an inquirer disbelieves; but the angles and refractions through which minds differently constituted have come at the truth. Give him time, and do not badger him with hard names, and he will often discover truth through lenses and prisms of his own making.

Any person gifted with ordinary common sense can perceive that life is short, that time flies, that we ought to make good use of the present; but it needs the union of much experience with the most consummate wisdom to know exactly what ought to be done and what ought to be left undone, the latter being frequently by far the more important of the two.

A grain of boldness in everything is an important requisite of prudence. We should moderate our conceptions of others so as not to think so highly of them as to fear them. The imagination should never overmaster the heart. No one overpasses the narrow limits of humanity. All have their imperfections, some in the intellect, some in the disposition.

It seldom happens that any period of human existence, whether extensive or contracted, passes by without some peculiar circumstance occurring calculated to produce painful sensations. To those who lie out of the road of great afflictions are assigned various petty vexations, which answer all the purposes of disturbing their serenity. It is when prosperity is at the highest that our prudence should be awake and vigilant to prevent misfortune.

From the relationship which exists between the superior and inferior, spring and should arise an infinite number of benefits, giving the strong the power of mothering the weak, giving the educated the pleasure of telling the ignorant that they know more than they do, giving men that have beauty the opportunity of exercising their spirit of beneficence. That is the law of God in human society. And so men in different conditions are enabled to help each other. The low need the high, and the high need the low. They interlace, not simply by compulsion, but by natural necessities and affiliations.