

## ST. TAMMANY FARMER.

COVINGTON, DECEMBER 23, 1878.

### THE MUSIC TEACHER.

The funeral was over, her father was buried, and Lettie Westinghouse stood in the parlor which was to be her's no longer.

Her trunks were already in the hall, and she only waited for the carriage which was to bear her away.

Lettie was not quite alone.

Walter Webster, her father's former clerk, who had long made this house his home, had stood by her in all her trouble, and it was to Walter she even owed the situation as music teacher which awaited her at Madame De Vrai's select establishment for young ladies, for it had been filled by his own cousin, who was leaving it to be married, and through Walter's intercession had recommended Lettie as her successor.

Gladly would Walter have taken Lettie to a home of his own; but this she had declined, so gently, yet firmly, that he remained as much her faithful friend as ever.

Walter thought, and so did others, that the twice-removed cousin into whose hands, as the heaviest creditor, all of Mr. Westinghouse's property was about to pass, should at least have offered the daughter a home; but he did not, and Lettie was so proud and independent she would hardly have accepted it if he had.

She would depend upon herself, and very gladly accepted the situation at Madame De Vrai's until—ah, Lettie's thoughts flew to one who had promised to care for her, and when he came home, then she would be happy. She had not told Walter of him before, but as he stood beside her now, while she took her last farewell of her old home, and once more ventured an entreaty that at some time, if not now, he might hope to win her, she judged it best to let him know.

"I thank you so much, dear Walter," she said, "but it can never be. If I were free—I don't know—but I am not, Walter; I am engaged to Valentine Severance."

"Then since I can not win you, I am glad there is somebody else," said noble-hearted Walter. "He is traveling abroad now, I believe."

"Yes," said Lettie.

"You have written him since—?"

"Yes—everything," said Lettie, understanding why Walter hesitated.

"Then it is all right, for if he is a true man, he will hasten home at once to take care of you. I congratulate you with all my heart, dear Lettie! You will not stay at madame's very long."

"Thank you; perhaps not," was the reply, with a blush and a smile. And then, as the hack had come, she let Walter lead her out to it.

He did not cease his care then, but went with her to the station and found her a comfortable seat.

"Good-bye," he said, as she gave him her hand; "good-bye, Lettie. If you ever need a friend remember Walter. One kiss, dear sister, for farewell; Mr. Severance will not

care, for I have been like a brother to you for so long."

He stooped and kissed her cheek once, and then was gone, and Lettie was on her way to face the world alone.

Three months later as Lettie was tripping up stairs to her room at madame's, lessons over for the day, a servant handed her a card, saying the gentleman was in the small back parlor.

Lettie glanced at the card.

It bore the name of Valentine Severance.

Her young heart gave the gladdest bound she had known for long months, as she thought:

"Walter was right; he has come back to me. Oh! how glad I am."

And without waiting to go to her room she hastened into the parlor, and in her innocent joy, would have thrown herself into her lover's arms, but his chilling face and manner instantly checked her, and she received his cold kiss with a sinking heart, only saying:

"Oh, Valentine, I am so glad."

"Well, I am not glad," he said impatiently. "What did you do this for, Letty?"

"Do what for?" she asked, in intense surprise.

"Come here—disgraced yourself and me."

"Disgrace—Valentine!"

"Yes; what are you here but a hired servant—a mere nobody—a working girl? Isn't that enough, Letty?"

"But I could not beg, nor starve, nor steal. What could I do?" she asked.

"You could have stayed with your cousin."

"Valentine, he never invited me to stay."

"But no doubt he would if he had known you wanted to. Write to him now, Letty, and ask him to take you. You can make him like you well enough to give you a marriage portion. We can't marry on air, Letty."

"But we have hands to work with," she declared, earnestly, blushing as she spoke.

"Bother work! I don't like work; I must have money—and I tell you, Letty, if I marry against the wishes of my folks, I'll get nothing from them—nothing."

"They oppose it, then?" queried Letty, with a sparkling eye.

"Not yet. They don't know the change in your position; but, Letty, I tell you, if they find out you are here, a mere teacher, I couldn't even get them to call on you, much less receive you into the family as an equal; I couldn't, indeed, Letty."

Lettie rose to her feet and slowly drew off her engagement ring.

She was pale, and her eyes glittered, but her voice was quite firm.

"You need not try, Mr. Severance. They will never be called to receive me into the family, for I will never enter it. Here, I return you this ring. I may be a teacher, but I am honored and respected here, and a thousand times happier than I could ever be as your wife, now that I really know your nature."

"Well, I—I'm very sorry, you know, Letty," stammered Valentine shame-facedly, but taking the ring; "I wish this had not happened, but I

don't see how we can marry if you persist in this."

"I shall persist. I tell you, Mr. Severance, I am honored and happy here, and I shall stay here; that is all. You wanted your release and now you have it, and I am glad I know you before it is too late. Farewell, Mr. Severance, now and forever."

She turned and swept proudly out of the room, leaving him with the ring in his hand, in doubt, whether to call her back or let her go; but selfishness triumphed.

He could not marry a poor girl, and so he left Lettie Westinghouse to fight the world alone, while he went back to finish his travels.

Two years later Mr. Valentine Severance came home again, heavily in debt; and not having forgotten Letty quite as entirely as he could have wished, for he did care as much for her as he could for anyone.

It was too hot to stay in the city, and in three days he went down in the country with a party of friends.

The morning after their arrival, as he stood with two of his companions, a lady and gentleman passed them, and something made Valentine turn and look after her.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"The greatest catch of the season," said one of his friends. "She came after we did last night. That is Miss Westinghouse, the great heiress."

Westinghouse! I knew a Miss Westinghouse once, but she was not an heiress."

"Was she the daughter of the wholesale merchant who died in London two or three years ago?"

"Yes, she was."

"It is the same lady, then. If you remember, her father's property all went to a second cousin, who did not offer to do anything for the girl until he found out what kind of stuff she was. She went off somewhere teaching, and he let her teach for a year, all the while keeping an eye on her; and then he went to her and told her that he had already settled half her father's property on her, and that he was alone and lonely, and if she would come and live with him and be his daughter, he would make a will giving her all her father's property, and his own added to it. She went, of course; and people say they are much attached to each other. It's a fortune worth having, I tell you!"

"I should think so," said Valentine, wondering what lucky chance had brought him in her path so promptly, and if it were quite too late.

No it could not be.

She had cared for him once; of course she would take him back.

And so he watched for Letty's return from her ramble, and when she came near with her escort, he sprang to meet her, with eager hand.

"Miss Westinghouse! Letty, is it possible? Do you remember me?" She accepted his hand with a smile, saying, easily:

"Mr. Severance! Oh, yes, I remember you well, and am glad to meet you. But I am not Miss Westinghouse any longer—Mrs. Webster since the day before yesterday. This is my husband. Walter, dear, let me introduce an old friend—Mr.

Valentine Severance."

Walter stepped forward and Valentine bowed to Letty's husband, of whom she was so proud, and went his way, sadder and wiser, and wishing he had been a better man, and thus not lost what Walter had won, when it might so easily have been his, had he been true to his early love.

### TRUSTING A BOY.

Bishop Clark.

During a session of the Episcopal Convention in Boston, the Bishop of Louisiana, in crossing the Common, met a boy whose face he fancied, and calling to him, asked if he had anything to do just then, to which he said no. "Are you a good boy?" The little fellow scratched his head and replied: "I am not a very good boy. I cuss a little sometimes." This candid answer inspired the Bishop with confidence, and he then said, after giving his name and address: "I want you to go to a certain place and get a bundle for me, and bring it to my hotel. There will be a charge of eight dollars; here is the money to pay it, and a half dollar which you will keep for doing the errand." On his return to the hotel the Bishop's friends laughed at him for his credulity, telling him that he would never see the boy or the bundle or the money again; but in half an hour the young chap returned, bringing the bundle and a receipted bill for eight dollars and a half, the Bishop having made a slight mistake as to the amount due. "How did you manage to pay the extra half dollar?" he inquired. "I took the money you gave me for the job. I knew you'd make it all right." And "all right" it was made, and no doubt the confidence that was reposed in that boy, because of his truthfulness, will do him good as long as he lives.

### THE HEART.

"Trob, throb, throb. Never sleeping, but often tired, loaded with care, chilled by despair, bleeding with wounds often inflicted by those who do not understand it, or burdened with affliction, it must beat on for a life time. Nothing finds a lodgment in its chambers that does not add to its labors. Every thought that the mind generates steps upon the heart before it wings its way into the outer world. The memories of dead loved ones are mountains of weight upon its sensitiveness; the anxieties of the soul stream to the heart and bank themselves upon it, as the early snowdrifts cover the tender plant; love, if it loves, fires it with feverish warmth and makes it the more sensitive; hate, if it hates, beats it to desperation and fills it with conflicts. Still it works on. When slumber closes the eyelids the heart is beating—beating beneath all its burdens; it works while we sleep; it works while we play; it aches when we laugh. Do not unnecessarily wound it; do not add to its bleeding wounds. Speak a kind word to cheer it; warm it when it is cold; encourage it when it despairs.

The truest end of life is to know the life that never ends.

### GETTING CLOSE FIGURES.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A newsboy with three or four morning papers under his arm called into a Woodward avenue jewelry store yesterday morning and inquired:

"Kin you tell me the price of a woman's gold watch—one o' them kind as winds up by twistin' the knob?"

"You mean a stem winder," answered the clerk; "you can get a pretty good one for about sixty dollars."

"Jist sixty?"

"Yes."

"And how much for a diamond pin—one most as big as a bean."

"Well, about \$300."

"Three hundred'll take it, will they?"

"Yes."

"Thanks," said the boy as he backed out. He sat down with his back to the wall, figured with a pencil on the margin of one of his papers, and presently soliloquized:

"Three hundred for the pin and sixty more for the watch—that's three hundred and sixty. Them's my Santa Claus presents for maw and paw, and I've got eighty-one cents on hand, and two weeks more to work in. Yere's your mornin' papers!"

### SOME USEFUL INFORMATION.

One thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of nails will put them on.

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will build one hundred feet of wall.

Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand and one bushel of hair will make enough good mortar to plaster one hundred square yards.

One thousand shingles, laid four inches to the weather, will cover one hundred feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.

One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered, because of the lap in the siding and matching of the floor.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney; six bricks in a course will make a flue four inches wide and twelve inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

### CROUP.

Croup can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or grater and shave off, in small particles, about a teaspoonful of alum, mix it with twice its quantity of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

The reason why there are so few instances of heroism in modern times is the total decay of political virtue. We are broken up into small parties, and associate only with our families, thus forgetting the public in our regard for private interest. The ancients were taught, rather to live for the benefit of the whole community.