

**ST. TAMMANY FARMER.**

Covington, February 8, 1879.

**FLORENCE'S SACRIFICE.**

"Is the boat ready for the sailing party, my boy? Not many have as handsome a lad to do the honors. She's most pretty enough to turn your head, Allan. Take care!"

"She?" Ah, father, I doubt if her eyes have ever turned in my direction. What am I to Miss Alford, except a necessary portion of the rigging—a power to propel the boat? In her dainty silks and laces she is as some fair, fragrant flower, whose very perfume it seems sacrilege for me to enjoy."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the old man, as the tall, stalwart form of the younger passed out at the open door. "Poor and proud—poor and proud! Perhaps to his pride he has some right. This looks like it," he added, carefully unlocking a private drawer and taking from it a small package, which, opened, disclosed a purse filled with gold-pieces, a ring and a locket.

Upon the purse, embroidered, and on the other articles engraved, was a rich heraldic device, which, to the old eyes studying it, seemed some hieroglyphic design.

Then, opening and reading, with difficulty, a written paper, he muttered:

"Time enough yet—time enough to tell him all. He would only use his wings to fly far away; and so long as I keep these faithfully I do him no wrong."

Meanwhile, the little boat, with its white sails unfurled, gallantly rounds the point, and the young sailor's eyes light with an eager gladness he need not conceal, since there is no one to observe them, as they rest on the slight, girlish figure sauntering up and down the sands.

"Papa and mamma will be here in a few moments," she said, as the boat's keel grated on the shore. "I was afraid you might think we were not coming, and so hurried on ahead. Is it not a perfect day for our sail?"

"Perfect indeed," he answered, looking not on the sky above them, but into her face; and then, overmastered by a sudden impulse, words a moment before he would have died rather than have allowed to escape his lips suddenly burst from them, with quick, impetuous utterance: "They say, Miss Alford, all men in this country are born equal. I know, by too sad an experience, how false this is; yet do you know that I have dared to remember myself a man and you a woman—have dared to look upon your beauty, your grace, and with a desire that was madness, that I might enter the lists with the many who will struggle to obtain it? Nay, do not draw yourself up thus haughtily and turn away! An honest man's love no woman need spurn with scorn. Yet I prefer your scorn to your indifference. At least it awakens you to the knowledge that I do not form a component part of the vessel, although you doubtless can not imagine me

separated from it. I have striven to lead my life as contentedly as I might. I had succeeded partially until I met you; but I have determined now to end it, to enter upon a new arena, to force the hour when you shall listen to my words, not with encouragement, perhaps, but without that curling lip or uplifted brow. But here are your parents."

And for the next hour, save that his face was very pale, and his eyes shone with an unnatural lustre, one would have supposed that his sole thought was his guidance of the boat, although, had Mr. and Mrs. Alford heard his last words they would have imagined themselves under the care of a madman!

Only, as they stepped ashore, he held out his hand, shapely, though brown and rough, and for a moment the delicate fingers were compelled to rest within it, looking like snowflakes by the contrast, while his eyes looked directly into hers as he said:

"Good-bye, Miss Alford, until we meet again."

"Good-bye, Mr. Winston, forever!" was her answer, and they parted, to see which of the two farewells would be realized.

"I can't stand it any longer, father, this life of mine. I must go out into the world, to make or mar my fortune!" broke in young Winston, suddenly raising his head, which for the past hour he had held buried in his hands. "I am sorry to leave you—it is ungrateful, perhaps; but if I did not go I should die!"

"I expected this," said the old man, shaking his head sadly. "It's natural enough. And now, my boy, before you leave me, I must tell you the secret I have kept locked in my heart for twenty-three long years. It has troubled me a great deal of late, and I'm not sorry I'm forced into telling it; but you won't blame me—I did it because I loved you as my own!"

"Your own! What do you mean, father?"

"Only that I have no right to that name from your lips. You have often heard me tell of the fearful storm which ravaged our coast when I was young and strong as you are to-day—how for days the beach was strewn with fragments of wreck and the ghastly dead. It was on the second morning that, going down to see of what service I could be, I heard, in the little cove rounding the beach, a groan of mortal anguish. Hastening to the point, I discovered a gentleman wounded unto death by the sharp, jagged rocks, and holding in his arms a little boy of some two years. He could only point to the child and to his breast pocket, where I found certain papers which I have carefully preserved, together with his watch, and a ring which I took from his finger. 'Allan' was the only word he said, and so I called you. I brought you home. We had no children of our own, and the neighbors, such as we had, soon forgot you were not ours; but ah, all these years it has lain a stone at my heart!"

"Father, do not reproach yourself. Am I not bound to you by closer ties of gratitude, in that I had no claim upon your love, your care? These papers—let me see them!"

It was late into the night when Allan at length refolded the precious writing which had revealed to him, with bewildering force, the fact that across the sea, in fair England, his birthright was awaiting him—the birthright he had been deprived of all these years; but no shadow of blame rested on his brow, only strange exultation written there, as he at last muttered aloud these words:

"Good-bye, until we meet again." Ah, Miss Alford, next time it will be upon equal ground."

"Miss Alford, Mr. Price!" This was some two years later, as 'mid the glitter of an evening party, his hostess leaning upon his arm, the lion par excellence of the season bowed his acknowledgments to its reigning belle.

Strange stories were in circulation of his having suddenly come into possession of enormous estates and wealth, which had been accumulating for years, with the heir sought for but not found.

Some said a title as well, which he cared not to assume; but the romance connected with him, only partially known, together with his charm of manner, and his wonderful attraction of face and form, made him the cynosure of every drawing-room.

He bore his honors modestly, and was more thoroughly American than English in his mien, and won heart-friends as well as admirers.

"Suppose you allow me to take you into the conservatory—you will find it cooler?" he questioned, his hostess having resigned him.

Miss Alford's gloved hand rested lightly on his arm. That voice—where had she heard it before? That face—how strangely familiar it was! Yet by no possibility had they ever met before; but all that night it fairly haunted her dreams.

Strangely mingled with them came the memory of a day at which her face flushed even in her sleep—the memory of a ship, a sailor, a haughty listener, who wondered that her unspoken scorn did not wither the words he dared utter. Yet how handsome he looked when speaking! how manly his form as he drew it up to its full height! what fire in his eye, which compelled her silence—which, although she would not acknowledge it, even to herself, commanded her admiration and respect.

Was it true that she, Florence Alford, who had passed unscathed through three seasons, had lost her heart at last?

This was the question which forced itself finally upon her, since that night she had looked into a pair of wonderful eyes, darkly gray; when a voice low and musical had sounded in her ear. He had been constantly by her side; not obtrusively, hardly noticeable to others, and scarcely so to herself, until it became a matter of course, and she awakened to the realization that, deprived of it, life would be a void.

She had merely drifted down the current; she had not questioned whither it was leading her—whether finally to dash her against sharp rocks or into smooth waters; and when she realized it, she was helpless, powerless, in the meshes which, all unconsciously, had been woven around her.

One day his card was put into her hand. She wondered why even the name so thrilled her; but a moment later, outwardly calm and composed, she entered the room where he stood awaiting her.

He bowed low over her outstretched hand.

"I have come to bid you good-bye, Miss Alford," he said, at length. "Good-bye?" she faltered questioningly.

"Yes. You know, dearly as I love America, I can not consider it my home. I have grave responsibilities in England, which I fear I have already too long neglected, and I have determined to be false to my duty no longer."

Then nothing, with quick compassion, the sudden pallor of her face, which she could not disguise, he added:

"Good-bye is a sad word, Miss Alford. We will make it *au revoir*!"

"Is not your determination a very sudden one?"

"Not my ultimate determination; but its immediate execution, per-

haps. It is for you to say whether it shall be good-bye for a time, or good-bye forever!"

"Not forever! Anything but that!" she murmured, tears standing in the bright blue eyes.

"Listen, Florence, and you shall determine. Years ago I loved a girl. She was far above me in social rank. She had wealth, position—I had neither. In a moment of madness, fully recognizing the wide gulf between us, I told her of my passion. She received it with withering scorn—with proud contempt—that I should dare aspire so high. No womanly pity, no sorrow for my suffering, moved her. I was as the worm in her path. I swore the time should come when we would stand on equal ground! Fortune was very kind. It came sooner than I had hoped. Shall I seek her, Florence? Shall I tell her still of my unchanged love?"

"Do as you will," she answered, sadly, with no suspicion of the truth. "Yet if, when she held within her hand the diamond, she knew not its worth, will she not now prize it only for the setting? Would such love content you?"

"You think that would be the case, then—the setting would make the jewel's worth? You should know. Are you sure, Florence, you never stood in that girl's place—you never looked with proud disdain on a young sailor's love—who asked nothing save a distant hope, which seemed then as unattainable as the stars above his head, while yet it lay within his grasp? Ah, you start! Light dawns upon you. Yes, Florence, it is Allan Winston, now Allan Price, who stands before you. But, listen! Suppose my name a sham, my life a ruse to gain my end—suppose I tell you I am really only the son of the humble fisherman, with my fairy garments fallen from me, what then? Florence, is it good-bye forever?"

"Nay! it shall not be good-bye, even for a time. Stay, Allan; or where you go, let me go with you. I will be a faithful wife, in whatever rank or station of life. Believe me, darling, love has taught me the jewel needs no setting, save that of truth and honor."

But Florence Alford's willing sacrifice was never needed. The Alford's lamp in this case was reality, and there was no sad good-bye on either side; for, when Allan Price stood on the deck of the gallant steamer as it came within sight of the shores of Old England, by his side stood his young and lovely bride, leaning with foud pride on the arm of him for whom she had given up home and country, yet who counted nothing lost, since all was gained.

**PINE ISLAND GUANO AND AMMONIATED PHOSPHATE.**—These fertilizers are placed before the people of this section for the second season, this year. The manufacturers of these articles have had such satisfactory results from them in the past, that they claim their fertilizers as being the cheapest and best in the market for the money, a claim which is well sustained by first rate testimonials from those who are engaged in the cultivation of such crops as need continuous stimulants, to force a rapid growth. The company, through their agent, Mr. Hugh W. Montgomery, 160 Common street, New Orleans, are offering these fertilizers at the low rate of \$40 per ton, which they claim makes it the cheapest fertilizer in the market. All particulars furnished upon application to him as above.

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**\$30,000.**

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The drawing will positively commence at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Rooms of Company, on the morning of **TUESDAY, Feb. 11, 1879,** at New Orleans, La.

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1 PRIZE of.....	10,000	10,000
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2 PRIZES of.....	\$2,500	5,000
5 PRIZES of.....	1,000	5,000
20 PRIZES of.....	500	10,000
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9 Approximation prizes of \$300 each, for the nine remaining units of the same ten of the number drawing the \$30,000 prize, are.....	\$2,700
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