

ST. TAMMANY FARMER.

Covington, April 5, 1879.

JANIE VIVIAN'S TRIAL.

"A model wife, eh?" said Mr. Carlyon, with a sneer on his lip that might have done credit to Mephistopheles. "But, you see, Vivian, she has had all the advantages on her side hitherto. Just see what you have done for her—lifted her out of poverty and obscurity, into a brilliant social position, clothed her with purple and fine linen, hung her with diamonds—and then tell me, if you can, what woman wouldn't be a model wife under such circumstances?"

Judge Vivian's shaggy black brows nearly met. Even from the old friend he had in the world, it galled him to hear such language as this.

"Carlyon," said he, "you are a better judge of law than of human nature."

"Just wait until she is tried and temped, and then let me hear your verdict," said Carlyon, refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff out of the little tortoise-shell box that he always carried in his left-hand waist-coat pocket.

"Nonsense!" said the judge, brusquely.

And he rose and left the Amphytrian Club Rooms, where he had been dining with his old compatriot.

Robert Carlyon was a bachelor. Judge Vivian had, within the year, married a girl of eighteen—just one year of his own age.

Janie Wilde had filled the humble position of a shop-girl behind a book and stationary counter, in a little town out West, whither Judge Vivian's legal business had called him.

Judge Vivian had gone there to purchase some foolscap paper, and lost his heart to the blue-eyed girl who served him.

"I am a fool," said the judge to himself, when he realized the true state of the case; "but what then? I am rich, and unencumbered with relations. I can afford to be called a fool, if it so pleases me."

And thus reasoning, he married Janie Wilde, and took her back to his brown-stone palace in Philadelphia.

Janie, a sunny-tempered little human violet, was a good deal delighted and rather frightened at her own good luck. She admired her stately husband very much, but was a trifle afraid of him; and it was a long while before she got over her first timidity of the well-trained servants, or dared to order the satiated barouche on her own responsibility. But, altogether, she got on very nicely, and the judge thought she was an angel.

But into this human paradise crept the doubting old serpent, Robert Carlyon, and infected the bridegroom with his own doubts and fears, and grim uncertainties.

When Judge Vivian came home at nine o'clock that night, Janie was sitting in the drawing-room, "like a dove, all tears," with an open letter in her lap, a pretty little figure in blue silk, with a rose pinned into her hair, whose yellowish braids were put up after so girlish a fashion, her long eye-lashes shading eyes that were clear and blue as turquoise.

"Oh, Henry," said she, "I am so glad you have come!"

"Were you lonesome without me, little one?" he questioned, fondly.

"Partly that, and partly— Oh, I have had such bad news, Henry! Read that," and she gave him the letter, all stained with her tears.

It was from some one in a distant Nebraska town, acquainting Judge Vivian with the death of her brother-in-law, one Enoc

Waters, and the fact that her deceased sister's two children were left entirely unprovided for.

The neighbor who had undertaken this task wrote:

"We have an excellent orphan asylum, and I have no doubt the children will be well cared for there until they are old enough to be taught suitable trades. The boy is nine years old, and has already evinced considerable taste for drawing and painting. The business of frescoing and house-painting here is very good, and it may be proper to educate him to that trade. The girl—seven years old—is sickly and delicate; but the matron of the asylum is a worthy woman, and she will doubtless receive every care there, if it should not be convenient for Mrs. Vivian to receive her at her Philadelphia home."

And so the epistle closed, with the usual platitudes as to "dispensations of Providence" and "inseparable will of Fate," which generally besprinkle such letters.

Janie Vivian looked pleadingly up into her husband's face, as he slowly refolded the letter.

"Oh, Henry, cannot I have them here?" faltered she. "My only sister's children! The sister who was so good to me when I was only a child myself!"

Judge Vivian's heart softened under the blue, tearful light of those innocent eyes, but it grew hard again as he remembered Robert Carlyon's words.

"This may be a good opportunity to test her," he told himself. "She has had her own way in almost everything; she shall not have it in this."

"I do not like children," he said, frigidly.

"Oh, but they shall not trouble you, Henry. I will see to that myself!"

"You see what this good woman writes," added the judge. "There are excellent public institutions there, ready to assume their charge. I have paid taxes for such all my life, and I do not see why I should not now begin to reap the benefit in some degree."

"But little ones of nine and seven. Henry?" faltered Janie, with a cold chill at her heart.

"Children who have their own way to make in the world, cannot too soon learn the lessons of independence," said the judge, calmly. "And now, my dear, pray do not urge this topic any further. I am tired, and need rest."

Janie was silent, but there was a grieved quiver about her lips, and a look in the blue eyes, as if an arrow had been shot straight into her heart. But she spoke no word of reproach.

"The money is not mine," she said to herself. "Perhaps I ought not to ask him for his. But—but if I were Janie Wilde again, free to earn my own living, I know I could make a home for these poor little lambs, and keep them out of that dreadful asylum."

And the yellow satin and gilding, and golden Aubusson carpet of the drawing-room, had somehow lost their splendors to Janie Vivian's tear-wet eyes.

The next day the judge came home a little earlier than usual.

"Janie," said he, "my aunt Tabitha, up in the Catskills, is very ill with rheumatic fever. She needs some capable and energetic friend to nurse her and superintend her household. Suppose you go up there for a month?"

"If you wish it, Henry," said Janie, submissively, although the prospect of nursing a rheumatic old lady, up in the woods, presented no particular attractions to her. "But you—you will be all alone!"

"I have business that takes me out of town for two or three weeks," said the judge dryly. "So you can be gone just as well as me."

"Very well," said Mrs. Vivian, meekly. "I shall be very glad to be of service to your aunt."

So she went.

Aunt Tabitha was a human dragoness, and the Catskill country-seat was a miserable, tumble-down old farm-house; so Janie's month of penance up there appeared interminable. But it came to an end at last. Old aunt Tabitha recovered, kissed her niece-in-law, and dismissed her with a present of a pinchbeck bracelet, set with blue glass.

"She won't know the difference," said Aunt Tabitha.

And Janie journeyed homeward again, still with the old ache in her heart, and her mind haunted with visions of pale, forsaken little ones, without either home or mother.

"I have done my duty," thought the lovely young wife; "but duty is very hard and dull sometimes."

Judge Vivian himself met her at the door of the brown stone palace.

"Back again, my little household treasure," said he, folding her fondly to his arms; "and I do not think I shall let you go again in a hurry. Now come up stairs and see the present I have brought you from the West."

"I did not want any present, Henry," said Janie, gently. "You have loaded me with too many pretty things already."

"But I wanted it!" said the judge, radiantly, as he threw open the door of the blue-and-silver furnished room, that Mrs. Vivian generally occupied as her own boudoir.

There, sound asleep on the sofa, that had been wheeled up in front of the glowing coal fire, lay a child of seven, with long golden hair falling like a veil over the blue satin pillow, while a beautiful boy of nine sat on the hearth-rug, studying an illustrated edition of "The Arabian Nights."

He started up, as the door opened, and flung aside his book.

"Aunt Janie!" he cried out, gleefully.

Mrs. Vivian turned, with pale face and beating heart, to her husband.

"Henry!" gasped she, "is it—"

"Your sister's children, my love," said the judge. "Yours now, and mine as well, by the sacred law of adoption. My present, Janie. How do you like it?"

And Janie burst out crying on her husband's breast; while the judge resolved, within himself, that he would never again put her love and constancy to so cruel a test.

"What can a man do more than that, to prove the woman he loves?" said he.

"It wasn't half enough," said Mr. Carlyon.

"Griselda, herself, couldn't have been sweeter or more patient!" persisted the judge.

"I always believed that patient Griselda was a purely imaginary character," said Mr. Carlyon, taking snuff.

"Carlyon, you're a prejudiced fool!" cried out the judge, losing all patience.

"There are more fools than one in the world," said Mr. Carlyon, drily.

But the judge was too happy to care any more for his friend's croakings.

Commonly men readily give a good opinion away, but hold fast to a bad one.

Josh Billings says: If you undertake to hire a man to be honest, you will have to raise his wages every morning, and watch him dreadful close besides.

Never tell a man that he is a fool. In the first place he will not believe you, and in the next place you may make him your enemy.

DRIPPINGS FROM THE PRESS.

Did you ever see a pie on ear?

The raining sensation—Dampness.

It is safer to bear a hug than to hug a bear.

A sure cure for sleeplessness is to imagine you have got to get up.

"I hope I see you well," as the bucket said when it touched the water.

A woman that successfully hides her age, is educated beyond her years.

A young man with his first goatee may be said to have a tuft time of it.

The pancake is like the orb of day—it rises in the yeast and sets in the vest.

A man in Baltimore is so bow-legged that his pants have to be cut with a circular saw.

The Indians are rapidly retiring to their reservations, which are six feet under the ground.

Lawyers are never more earnest than when they work with a will—that is, if the estate is valuable.

A Whitehall woman calls her husband good resolutions, because he is always broke.

A young milkman served a handsome young rich widow in Boston with good milk every morning for six months, and she married him. Served 'em right.

A man was found dead on a country road in Kentucky, with four bullet holes in him, and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "Death from undue excitement."

The villainous Temperance Journal is responsible for the following: "Owing to the hard times, there is a great deal of suffering in Blue Ribbon, Nebraska. A poor man offered to pawn a dozen of eggs and a half peck of potatoes for a glass of whisky."

It is said that when John Wesley was told that his congregation consisted largely of servant-girls, he replied that he was glad of it, as they had the care of the children, and if the servant-girls were converted they would train the children in the fear of the Lord.

DIAMONDS UNEARTHED.

"One smile for the living is worth a dozen tears for the dead."

A man owes his success in life to the woman who walks beside him.

The sweetest thing on earth is a little child, when it has learned to know and love.

After friendship and love comes benevolence, and that compassion which unites the soul to the unfortunate.

How contagious is the laugh of some people; how jarring is that of others, like playing on a worn-out piano.

It is better to wear out than to rust out. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but strike until it is made hot.

People who can not heartily love and hate, will never command the first or know the clearing influence of the latter.

If the loved ones could come back to earth only long enough to be forgiven, it would relieve many a remorseful heart.

The object of all ambition should be to have a happy home. If we are not happy there we can not be happy elsewhere.

It is a curious fact that on the track of quarry a misplaced switch will be found somewhere, and it is sure to wreck the train.

Tears are the gift which love bestows upon the memory of the absent, and they will avail to keep the heart from suffocation.



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