

TEMPTATION.

"The fit is perfect, and the style is exquisitely becoming to your figure," said the saleswoman.

"Yes, I know," replied the customer, rather impatiently, "only the price is objectionable to me."

"The mantle is worth every dollar we ask for it," persisted the other. "There are not three like it in the city; and besides, any garment so carefully made, of such costly material and rich embroidery, can never become unfashionable. Will you take it, madam?"

Mrs. Editha Aldrich gazed longingly and thoughtfully upon the elegant garment that, satin-lined, was of the finest cloth, beautifully wrought with heavy silken embroidery, of which every stem and leaf and flower suggested less the mimicry of artistic needle-work than an embellishment of real foliage and blossoms carbonized by some process upon the lustreless background of the handsome fabric.

"If you will kindly put it aside for me, I think I shall take it," faltered the lady irresolutely, as she toyed with the deep soft fringe that fell in cool, shining masses over her pretty, lingering hand.

"Very well. When will Madame call for it?" inquired the saleswoman obsequiously.

"To-morrow," hesitated Mrs. Aldrich, adding, with a sudden, polite wariness, "if I do not come very early, you will know that I have decided not to take it."

"You will come," was the confident assertion of the other.

Smiling rather doubtfully, Editha Aldrich turned and left the great emporium of fashion, mentally determining, however, to become the envied possessor of the coveted embroidered mantle, if she could.

"I want it so much," she meditated; "and it would harmonize so nicely with my new amethyst silk. But fifty dollars is a great deal of money to James and me just now."

There was something like a pout on her pretty pink lips, as she continued her mental speculation.

"It is just the amount that James has given me to keep for what he calls a 'rainy day,' and that may never come. If I should use it and then replace it by some effort of my own, I am sure he would be pleased, not angry. I suppose I might paint something for the picture stores if I should try, and so earn a neat income. I am sure I can do those little gems on shell or wood quite handsomely; but I shall try a master-piece on canvas first."

Just then the little lady who aspired to be an artist, for monetary recompense alone, reached the big brick structure, the second flat of which was her home.

The rooms were exceedingly pleasant, and furnished not only comfortably, but rather luxuriantly, considering that Editha's young husband commanded but a moderate salary.

In the small, pretty parlor, the

youthful wife laid aside her neat bonnet and light shawl, and sat down in an easy chair by the window to watch for the coming of her adored and indulgent husband, and to think also of the desired and marvelous embroidered mantle.

An appetizing odor came from the dining-room beyond, and across the way some one was playing an old love melody more somnific than exciting, and away down the quiet street the rumble of wheels and roar of steam came to her in a dreamy confusion of sounds.

"James is late," she murmured, and then her thoughts wandered toward the great picture she meant to paint, the subject of which she had already chosen.

She would portray passionate, white-browed "Hero," vague but statuesque, clothed in clouds of starless mist, standing on the coast of stormy Hellespont, watching the death struggles of the fearless but doomed "Leander." The unknown color of the fated "Leander's" locks had become confusedly tangled with the shiny, silky black fringe of the embroidered mantle, when her young husband appeared, sniffing, with the supreme satisfaction of a tired and hungry man, the aroma of Bohea and the odor of palatable viands.

But somehow the meal was oddly unsatisfactory. James was singularly silent, and Editha could think of nothing but that marvelous mantle that she had determined to possess on the coming morrow.

But when once she had exchanged their modest little horde for the wonderful garment, she was not happy. Beautiful as it was, wrapped about her pretty shoulders, it seemed to press against her heart like a burden, filling her soul with unrest and reproaches—a sense of guilt and duplicity, and unpaid debt, than which nothing can be more humiliating when the creditor be the best and most trusting of all the world.

But when her conscience troubled her most, Editha turned to her picture for comfort.

Her work did not progress very encouragingly, however. She was not quite sure whether the waters of the Hellespont were golden or purple, azure or black, nor whether "Hero" should stand on the precipitous cliff or level beach; nor whether a gondola or a cat-boat should break the dreary line between wave and sky.

And there were more grievous perplexities also. The grocer's basket came too often between her fancy and the face of the drowning lover; the butcher's rubicund visage often spoiled her rare moments of inspiration, and broiling chops and brewing soups was not altogether harmonious with the exalted imagination of the studio.

"If I should make art a profession I would be compelled to give up my domestic duties entirely," was her sage mental comment. "But this picture will be my last. I am glad it is finished."

Completed and finely framed, she submitted its fate to a dealer, anticipating a speedy recompense for her

labors.

Loitering unseen in an obscure nook of the place, she heard something that startled and stunned her.

"She is a pretty little woman," the dealer was saying, "but her ignorance and egotism is astonishing. One would no sooner offer for sale that conglomeration of color than the carpenter's sign-board over yonder."

An amused laugh followed, and as the speaker turned away, Editha slipped quietly out into the street.

"I shall never wear that hateful mantle," she gasped, choking down a tearless sob. "I will sell it or pawn it, for until that money is replaced, I can never honestly meet the eyes of my husband again."

But her elegant property proved unsaleable, and the autocrat behind the three golden balls was scarcely less pliable than the censorious critic of her painted "Tragedy of the Hellespont."

Shamed and disconsolate, she went home, wondering if James would blame her so much if she would tell him the whole humiliating truth.

Presently he came, looking sad and white.

"My dearest," he began, mournfully, "our firm has failed. The employees are all without work, and what is worse, without the smallest hope of obtaining their salaries for the past month. Fortunately, you and I have saved something for the rainy day that has come. Without it we should be badly situated, strangers as we are in the city, where we have scarcely a friend."

Heartsick, the young wife could only bow her head and weep, foreseeing all the trouble and want that lay before them.

The misery came speedily—the wearying search for employment never found—the worn, despairing husband, prostrated at last by a fatal illness—the pauper funeral and the burial in a pauper's grave—and then she was left alone.

How she hated that embroidered mantle! How she hated her own self for the foolish vanity that had wrought so much of pain and loss!

The "rainy day" had gone down in utter darkness, and for her there remained nothing but mourning and regret. Never again would she listen for the footstep on the stairs, the cheery, loving voice, or watch for the handsome, happy face of him whose last days had been denied the barest comforts, because of her fault.

The price of that embroidered mantle must be paid in pain and tears!

"Oh, James, my dear," she moaned, "it seemed so small a sin—so small a sum to take and so easy to replace, and yet it was our all. If I could have known, my lost one, how you were to suffer, I would never have been so wickedly and recklessly thoughtless."

The sound of eager footsteps, the sound of a most dear voice aroused her. She opened her eyes and saw the cheerful fire glowing in the grate, and the soft white autumn moonlight gleaming on the great ailanthus trees before the window.

Some one bent over her and drew her caressingly into his arms.

"Editha, my love, are you ill?" asked the beloved voice. "You are shivering, and your cheeks are hot and wet with tears."

"I've been dreaming, I think," she replied, sobbing and panting hysterically; "dreaming of dreadful things that would have killed me if they had been real. And yet it was all about an embroidered mantle I saw to-day and coveted so much that I had almost decided to purchase it with our savings. Oh, James, forgive me."

"You shall have the mantle, dear, and a dozen if you like," he said, laughing, "for our firm has promoted me, and our savings for the future will be something more pretentious. And as a pleasant surprise for my little wife, I have brought the identical article that she coveted to-day—her embroidered mantle."

Happy were the world, if all of us might awake from our sorrowful dreams to such agreeable realities

"If you marry Grace," exclaimed an irate father to his son, "I will cut you off without a cent, and you won't have so much as a piece of pork to boil in the pot." "Well," replied the young man, "Grace before meat," and he immediately went in search of a minister.

PROCEEDINGS
—OF THE—
POLICE JURY.

COVINGTON, LA., Jan. 5, 1880.

The Police Jury of the Parish of St. Tammany met on the above date at the Courthouse.

Present—Wm. Badon, President; Pat. Welch, Jas. W. Smith, George Kepp, N. Fendleson, J. M. Abney, J. L. Dicks.

Absent—A. Cousin, M. H. Tally, J. Y. Crow.

Quorum present.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

A committee of three was then appointed to make an estimate of the probable expenses of the parish for the ensuing year, consisting of the following members: J. M. Abney, N. Fendleson and J. L. Dicks, to be assisted by J. M. Thompson.

The following bills were then approved:

Isaac Evans, Clerk of Police Jury, \$4 16.

W. G. Kentzel, bill for advertising registration notice, \$5 00.

The following bills of Commissioners of Election were also approved:

First Ward—John Haas, \$2; F. Snier, \$1; Mathew Morgan, \$2; Paul Duillion, clerk, \$4.

Second Ward—John Stevens, \$2; Vincent Populas, \$4; Louis Willie, \$2; A. J. Core, clerk, \$4.

Third Ward—James Taylor, \$3; St. Ange Bossier, \$3; Jules Maille, \$3; F. A. Guyol, clerk, \$3.

Fourth Ward—M. Sharp, \$2; M. L. LeBlanc, \$4; Frank Ribava, \$4; Theo. Verret, clerk, \$2.

Fifth Ward—Calvin Rayborn, \$4; J. M. Abney, \$4; J. A. Cooper, \$2; H. C. McCall, clerk, \$2.

Sixth Ward—D. Singleterry, \$4; Emile Welch, \$4; Bennet Bowen, \$2; George Wilson, clerk, \$2.

Seventh Ward—A. Todd, \$4; Joe Block, \$4; P. Ducre, \$2; Jas. Ernest, \$2.

Eighth Ward—Wm. Crockett, \$2; Horace Rousseau, \$4; Elijah Lewis, \$4; C. F. McMahon, \$2.

Ninth Ward—Theophile Facione, \$4; Manuel Garcia, Jr., \$2; Ulysses Troullier, \$4; Louis Gallatas, \$2.

Tenth Ward—Victor Mauren, \$6; Jasper Thigpen, \$6; Calvert Mitchell, \$2; R. A. Orr, \$2.

W. C. Morgan, Clerk of Court, was authorized to purchase three books, to record Sheriff's titles, wills and judgments, and present his bill at the next meeting of the Police Jury.

A petition was presented for a public road in Honey Island. On motion of Mr. Welch, it was laid on the table.

A petition for a change in the Pearl River Road was laid over until next meeting.

The following resolutions, for the establishment of ferries at Honey Island, were then read:

Resolved, That there be a public ferry established on West Pearl River, leading to Honey Island, and one on East Pearl River, leading from Honey Island to the Mississippi shore; and that there be a committee of three appointed to locate said ferries.

Resolved further, That as soon as said ferries are located, the right of way be advertised and sold to the highest bidder, for a term of five years, the purchaser to furnish his own floats and flat-boats.

On motion, the resolutions were adopted, the committee to serve free.

The President then appointed the following committee to locate the ferries:

J. M. Cradock, R. A. Orr and J. McKean.

Bill of H. J. Smith, \$2, for serving on Coroner's jury, January 8, 1878, was approved.

It was then moved and adopted, that W. G. Kentzel be allowed the sum of \$125, for publishing the acts of the Police Jury, and to serve as Secretary of the Police Jury, for the year 1880.

EXPENSES FOR 1880.

To the honorable members of the Police Jury of the Parish of St. Tammany.

Gentlemen—We the undersigned committee, appointed by your honorable body to make an estimate of the probable expenses for the year ending December 31, 1880, beg leave to make the following report:

Grand and Petit Juries	\$1000
Witnesses in Criminal cases	300
Clerk of Court, in Criminal cases	150
Sheriff, in Criminal cases	250
Clerk of Police Jury	100
Printing	100
Tax Collector	200
Coroner and Jury	150
Repairs to Courthouse	100
Repairs to Jail	200
Contingent fund	500

Total.....\$3650

Respectfully submitted,

J. L. DICKS, Chairman.

N. FENDELSON,

J. M. ABNEY.

On motion, the report was received and committee discharged.

The following bills were then approved:

J. M. Abney, 1 day and mileage, 28 miles.....\$2 90

N. Fendleson, 1 day and mileage, 28 miles.....2 90

J. L. Dicks, 1 day and mileage, 20 miles.....2 50

J. W. Smith, 1 day and mileage, 80 miles.....5 50

Geo. Kepp, 1 day and mileage, 20 miles.....2 50

P. Welch, 1 day and mileage, 40 miles.....3 50

Wm. Badon, 1 day.....1 50

The Jury then adjourned to meet Monday, February 16, 1880.

A true copy of the minutes.

Wm. Badon, President.
J. C. POOLE, Secretary pro tem.