St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dews from Heaven, Should Descend Alike upon the Rich and the Poor."

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LADY CONSTANCE'S REVENGE.

"Hasten, Susannah; tell your master to come to me at once. I am very ill."

The maid gave a startled look into her mistress' flushed face. She had been brushing out her luxuriant hair preparatory to arranging it in puffs and braids, and placing amid them the tremulous spray of diamonds which, on occasions like the one for which the Lady Clarice was preparing, were expected to sparkle above the brow of the Lady of Vernon.

She needed no second bidding, but ran in eager haste to Lord Algernon Vernon's apartments, which were immediately across the wide corridor.

"Pierre," said she, in great excitement, which nearly rendered her breathless, "tell the master to come to my lady at once—she may be dying."

"What a pity—just at this time of all others, too!" said the valet, taking the opportunity to squeeze the pretty Susannah's plump hand by way of showing his sympathy.

"Now, Mr. Pierre," she said, indignantly, "I thought you were a gentleman above such trifling."

"The cause must be my excuse," was the answer, and he hastened to his master with such a long face that the words "my lady" were barely out of his mouth before Lord Algernon, with an exclamation of alarm, was out of the room and into his wife's apartment in an incredibly short space of time.

She was subject to these sudden attacks, and some time, her physician had said, one of them might cause her death.

"What is it, dearest? one of your old turns? Let me help you to the sofa. Here, Susan, take away this trumpery."

Susan's face of horror at hearing the valuable ornaments stigmatized as "trumpery" brought a smile to her master's face, in spite of his concern.

He laid his wife in a comfortable position, and going to her medicine chest poured a few drops of some colorless liquid into a wine glass, and weakening it with water, put it to the pale lips; it soon revived her. With a long, low sigh, she opened her eyes, and looked around wonderingly. As she saw the toilette paraphernalia scattered around, memory returned, and she said feebly:

"It is too bad, Algie, but I cannot go to the wedding. It need not keep you home though."

"Do you think I would go and leave my darling like this? No! Susannah, run to my room and ask Pierre for my writing materials. Tell him to have a horse saddled and a servant ready to take a note for me to Melton Church. He'll have to hurry, for it must be there in an hour's time, or it'll be too late."

The note was written, and the messenger sent; but the distance was fifteen miles, and though one of the best horses in the stable was chosen it did not reach Clarendon More in time; for the spirited animal took fright, and swerving to one side threw his rider, and galloped wildly away to the Vernon stables.

Clarendon More was Lord Vernon's only brother, and it was his wedding which was to take place, and which the sudden illness of Lady Clarice would debar herself and husband, his only near relatives, from attending.

It was an unfortunate affair. For the chosen bride was a beautiful girl without family, as the English say, and without fortune. In the eyes of the proud Lady Clarice the latter was more excusable than the former, as want of money could be remedied—want of noble birth could not.

She had been strenuously opposed to the match, and had tried to break it off. Failing in that she had done her best to influence her husband against it; but he and Clarendon had too strong a tie of love between them to be parted, even by his worshiped wife. He was true to his brother, and had promised him to give him God-speed at his wedding.

The eyes were very soft and lustrous that looked up in her newly made husband's face, as the minister said solemnly, "I pronounce you man and wife."

Clarendon had stood defiantly erect, with firmly set lips and frowning brow during the ceremony, but as he met her timid glance his face changed as if by magic, and throwing aside the fleecy bridal veil he kissed the tremulous lips, and drawing her arms within his own, walked proudly down the aisle, looking neither to right or left.

He had no clue to the absence of Lord and Lady Vernon, and drew the inference from it that his sister-in-law had carried her point, and had intentionally put this slight upon them.

The brilliant array of acquaintances and friends, who had come to see him married, made their absence the more noticeable. "I did not think it of Algie," rang regretfully through his mind as he helped his wife into the carriage which was to take them to the train. Their arrangements had been perfected to go at once to Italy, where Clarendon wished to study the best masters. He had a decided talent for art, and knew that he could add to his income by the earnings of his pencil.

Upon the death of his father, some three years before, his brother Algernon had come into the title and into the possession of a large property.

Like all entailed estates, Clarendon's portion, as the second son, was only what his father had saved from his yearly income; and, as he was just in his prime when cut off by death, it was only a moderate sum.

So the newly-wedded pair went to their strange but pleasant home, and built their family altar. Had it not been for the misunderstanding with his brother, Clarendon would have been truly happy. As it was, he soon ceased to brood upon it and threw himself, heart and soul, into his work.

Lady Clarice was in reality well pleased at the breech between the brothers. Algernon often spoke of writing, and explaining all to Clarendon, but he was one of those cheerful, easy-going, good-natured men, who always put off until to-morrow what should be done to-day. So time passed on, and his loving letter, which was to heal the smart, was never written, for when least expected, the grim visitor came again to the grand old mansion. This time Algernon Vernon and his youngest son and heir were the victims.

The proud young father was taking the son out for a drive in the country, and chanced to pass where some workmen were blasting rocks by the roadside. To all appearance they were at a safe distance from the explosion; but one immense bowlder was thrown into the air with great force and fell upon the unfortunate occupants of the carriage, killing them instantly and painlessly.

So the proud Lady Clarice was made a widow and homeless at one stroke, as her remaining children, Viola and Grace were girls, and could not inherit the Vernon property.

Clarendon was now Lord Vernon, and his gentle wife was mistress of the stately home which had been such a scource of arrogant pride to her sister-in-law.

Did Lady Constance revenge the slight put upon her (as she thought) on her wedding day? Yes; in a most effective manner.

She wrote at once to Lady Clarice to remain until they could reach their new home. Her letter was coldly polite, and did not give the slightest clue to their intentions, so the stricken wife and mother fully expected to be punished for her former haughty indifference.

The meeting soon took place. Clad in sable robes, the widow and her children awaited their arrival. Lady Constance was also dressed in mourning. She came in leaning on her husband's arm. She was tall and to the full as stately as the proud woman who counted her ancestors back to a time before that of the Norman conquerer. But the wide dark eyes, and the tender, smiling lips, showed in her a catholicity of spirit wanting in the other.

"Clarice, my sister," said the low, musical voice, "your sorrow is your own. Let us comfort you and these dear children by mingling our tears together. Stay with us. Take your choice of any suit of apartments in the house. Your girls shall be educated with my little ones, and it only rests with your wishes to make us a loving, united family; and when my boy comes of age we will make an arrangement to break the entail by mutual consent, and your children shall have one-half their grandmother's estate.

Thus did Clarendon and his wife retaliate for those years of neglect. Their words and acts of kindness acted like the mythical coals of fire. They burned away the foolish old-time prejudices, and melted the previously cold heart so that it overflowed in tears which carried healing with them.

In time Lady Clarice grew to love the young heir almost as much as though he had been her own. He was but a babe in arms when his father entered upon his inheritance, and was still to be christened. They gave him the name of Algernon, which had been borne both by his uncle and cousin, and strange to say, he resembled his uncle far more than he did his own father.

In time the plan for breaking the entail was carried out, and Lady Clarice and her children received one-half of the property.

It would be impossible to find nobler boys than those of Clarendon, Lord Vernon, or girls of more patrician beauty than the fatherless daughters of Lady Clarice; and added to their other attractions are the ornaments of a meek and lowly spirit which they have acquired by their love for, and constant companionship with their Aunt Constance.

"This thought I give you all to keep:
Who soweth good seed shall surely reap;
The year grows rich as it groweth old,
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold."

So, as Lady Constance sowed the seeds of forgiveness and forbearance, she is now reaping the fruits of the pure and unalloyed happiness arising from the worshiping affection of husband and children, and of the helpless ones who have been lifted out of dependence by her unselfish influence.

A TEXAS HORSE TRADE.

[Galveston News.]

A man by the name of Smith living in Galveston, Texas, kept a livery stable. Among other horses in his custody was a fine bay horse belonging to Jones. This horse, in cavorting about the stable-yard, ran against a wagon and broke his leg. Of course Smith was responsible. All he had to do was to send for a policeman, have the animal shot, and pay Jones about $60, the value of the animal. Smith notified the policeman, and started out to see Jones, and inform him officially about the accident. Now Mr. Smith is considerable of a wag. Happening to meet Brown, he asked if Brown did not want to buy a horse. Brown wanted a cheap horse, and one that was safe, so that when Smith put the question to him he replied: "May be so; if you have the right kind of a horse. Is he a steady, quiet horse?"

"He is the quietest horse you ever saw?"

"Won't bite or kick, and is not likely to run away?"

"If he bites, kicks, or runs away I'll give your money back."

"Humph," said Brown, "what are you asking for the wonderful animal?"

"I'll let you have him for $21. Give me $1 down, and your note for $20 more and it is a bargain. I have no more use for the horse, but I want money right off."

Brown thought to himself, "Smith has been tampering with cotton futures, and is strapped," so he planked down the dollar and gave his note for the balance.

If Brown was pleased with the trade, Smith was still more so. He called to several friends, and treated the crowd with the dollar, after which the procession reformed and marched down to the stable to see Brown's new purchase. When they got there the policeman had already shot the poor brute, and he looked like all he really needed was an inquest. Brown looked very much that way himself. He turned pale and then got red behind the ears. Then he smiled, but it was not a particularly healthy smile. Smith tried to help matters; and as soon as the crowd had quit holding their sides, he said: "Now, Brown, I don't want you to tell anybody that I swindled you. I call on these gentleman to witness that I've done the square thing. This is Jones' bay horse, the indentical one I sold you. I guaranteed he would not bite nor kick, and you can't provoke him to run away. I think he fills the bill. I want you to take him off or I'll charge you for keeping him."

"Boys," said Brown, "don't give me away. I know I am not the only fool on Galveston Island. Let's go and hunt for a duplicate and I will set 'em up."

They strolled out and met Robinson.

"Look here, Robinson, don't you want a right good horse at a bargain? I've just bought Jones' fine bay horse. He cost $60 originally, and he is in just the same condition he was when I got him."

"Oh!" said Robinson, "times are hard, and horse feed is awful high. A high stepping horse, like Jones' bay, will eat his head off in no time."

"That's where you are fooling yourself. He eats less than any horse you ever saw. By thunder, no horse can eat less than he can."

"Ain't he a little frisky?"

Brown shook his head and replied: "You are doing that horse injustice. You can tell by looking at him that he is not that kind of an animal. I'll let you have him for just what I gave for him—$20—$1 down, and your note, secured by such men as Heidenheimer, for the balance. I've got to have money."

Robinson thought it was mean to take advantage of Brown's distress, but then it was not his look-out. If he was out of his head, why didn't he have the court appoint him a guardian. So he planked down $1 and gave his note, on the condition that the horse would go in a wagon.

"You bet," remarked Brown, "he'll go in a wagon. Come on, boys, let's spend a dollar."

After they had wiped off their mouths, the procession re-formed, and started to inspect the animal. Sure enough, three niggers were lifting him into a wagon.

"There," said Brown, "I told you he would go into a wagon. Don't say I swindled you. He will eat less than any horse you ever owned. You will save his value of horse feed in two weeks. Just try and see if he is not gentle. Tickle him with a straw."

The spectators applauded. Robinson looked like he ought to go along with his horse to keep him in countenance.

In conclusion, it is whispered on the Strand, among capitalists, that some of the notes have already passed into the hands of innocent holders, and as soon as they mature, protests will be in order.

REMEDY FOR BONE FELONS.—The London *Lancet*, which is authority on such subjects, gives the following unique cure for bone felons: As soon as the disease is felt, put directly over the spot a fly-blister about the size of your thumb-nail, and let it remain for six hours, at the end of which time, directly under the surface of the blister, may be seen the felon, which can be instantly taken out with the point of a needle or lancet.