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We grew to be great friends-likebrother

and sister, I used to say to myself. How

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Poetry.

A Good Time Going!

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Beave singer of the coming time, Sweet minstrel of the joyous present, Crowned with the nublest wreath of rhyme, The holly-leaf of Ayrahite's peasant, 'Good-bye! Good-bye!—Out hearts and hands, Out lips in honest Saxon phrases, Cry, God be with him till he stands His feet among the English daisies!

Tis here we part -- for other eyes The basy deck, the fluttering streamer; The dripping arms that plunge and rise, The waves in foam, the ship in tremor, The kerchiefs waving from the pier, The cloudy pillar gliding o'er him, The deep blue desert lone and drear, With heaven above and home before him!

His home!--- the Western giant smiles. And twiris the spotty globe to find it;-This little speck the British Isles? Tis but a freckle, never mind in!--He laughs, and all his prairies roll, Each gurgling cataract roars and chuckles, And rulges stretched from pole to pole Heave till they crack their iron knuckles!

But Memory blushes at the sacer. And Honor turns with frown defiant, And Freedom leaning on her spear, Laughs louder than the laughing giant; "An islet is a world," she said, "When glory with its dust has blended. And Britam keeps her noble dead Till earth and seas and skies are rended?"

Beneath each awinging forest bough Some arm as stout in death reposes,-From wave-washed foot to Heaven-kissed brow Her valor's life-blood runs in roses; Nay, let our brothers of the West Write smiling in their florid pages, One half her soil has walked the rest In port's, heroes, murtyrs, sages!

Hugged in the clinging billow's clasp, From sea weed fringe to mountain heather. The British oak with rooted grasp Her slender handful holds together;-With cliffs of white and bowers of green. And Ocean narrowing to caress her, And hills and threaded streams between,-Our little mother isle, God bless her!

In earth's broad temple where we stand, Fanned by the eastern gales that brought us We hold the Missal in our hand, Bright with the lines our mother taught us; Where'er its blazoned page betrays The glistening links of gilded fetters, Behold the half turned leaf displays

Her rubric stained in crimson letters! Enough! To speed a parting friend Tis vain alike to speak and listen;-Yet stay,-these feeble accents blend

think, with a kind of wonder, on the child plainly, very plainly, in a kind of gray mawho pushed her way through difficulties at terial, that fell around her in light soft folds. which strong men have quailed, and made herself a name, and a position and a home. She was a writer-at first a drudge for the weekly press, poorly paid, and unappreciated. By-and-by brighter days dawned, and the wolf went away from the door. She was admired, read, sought after, and-above all-paid. Even then she could not use the wisdom she had purchased at so dear a rate.

She held her heart in her hand, and it was wrung and tortured every day. "I may as well stop breathing as stop loving,"she would say, with a happy smile. 'Don't talk to me about my folly. Let me

go on with my toys; and if they break in my hand you cannnot help it, and I shall not come to you for sympathy."

but decidedly plain; her complexion fair, She was not beautiful; but somethingher mouth rather large, frank and smiling; her cycbrows arched, as if they were asking whether it was her bright happy face, or the questions; and her eyes large, and of a soft restless gaiety of her manner-bewitched people, and made them like her. Men did dark gray, very pleasant to look into, very the maddest things imaginable for her sake; puzzling too, as I found afterwards to my cost. Those eyes were the only beauty she and not only young men, in whom folly was possessed, and she unconsciously made the pardonable, but those who should have been too wise to be caught by the sparkle of her most of them. Had she been a Carmelite smile, or the gay ringing of her laugh. She nun, she would have talked with them: she

was little fitted for the bustle of a great sel- this was indeed the Alice Kent of whom I

could not have helped it. When they did not trust them; her early life had taught her better; but I think she liked them for a laughed, it seemed their normal state-the bright beaming glance they gave; but, when while, till some fancy came, and then she they darkened suddenly and grew softer and danced past them, and was gone. It was in the country that I met her first: deeper, and looked up into the face of any unfortunate with an expression peculiar to and there she was more herself than in the

themselves, heaven help him! city. We were distant relatives, though we Though I had known her only five minhad never seen each other, and the fates sent me to spend my summer vacation with utes. I felt this, when I chanced to look up and meet a curious glance she had fixed on my mother's aunt, in a country village, me. She had ceased to talk, and was sitting where she was already domesticated. Had I known this. I should have kept my diswith her lips half apart, and a lovely color mantling her cheek, studying my face intance; for it was only a fourteenth or fiftently, when our eyes met. There was an teenth cousinship that lay between us, and electric kind of shock in the gaze. I saw I had a kind of horror of her-I hardly the color deepen and go up to her forchead. knew why. I was a steady-going, quiet and a shiver ran over me from head to foot. sort of lawyer, and hated to have my short It was dangerous for me to watch that blush, holiday of rest and quiet broken in upon by but I did; and I longed to know its cause. a fine lady. I said as much to my aunt, in and wondered what thought had brought it. return for her announcement of "Alice "Fred, bring me my hat," she said to her Kent is here," with which she greeted me. dog, affecting to yawn. "It is time for us She looked over her spectacles in quict wonto go home to supper, I suppose. Are you der, as I gave her a slight sketch of the hungry, cousin Frank?" lady's city life, as I had had it from the lips "Yes-no," I answered, with my thoughts of "Mrs. Grundy" herself. still rushing on that blush. "Well-live and learn, they say. But

She laughed good naturedly, and took the who ever would think it was our Alice you hat from the Newfoundland, who had are talking of, Frank! However, I'll say no brought it in his mouth. more about her! You'll have plenty of time "How fond you are of that great dog," I to get acquainted with her, in the month said, as we rose from our seat beneath the you mean to pass here. And we are glad to

see you, and your bed-room is ready-the tree. "Fond of hi.n?" She stooped down over one you used to like." him with a sudden impetuous movement, I took up my hat, and strolled away to took his head between her two hands, and have a look at the farm. By-and-by, I got kissed the beauty spot on his forehead.-over the orchard wall, and crossed the "Fond of him, cousin Frank? Why, the brook, and the high road, and went out into dog is my idol! He is the only thing on the grove behind the house, whose farthest trees were growing on the side of the hill earth who is or has been true to me, and the only thing-" She stopped short, and which looked so blue and distant from my chamber window. It was an old favorite colored.

"That you have been true to," I said, finplace of mine. A broad wagon-track led

"Oh dear, no!"

CHAPTER II.

through the woods, out to a clearing on the lishing the sentence for her.

fish city; and tears come to my eyes as I had heard so much. She was dressed that liking glided gradually into loving, I could not have told. I met her one day in any other again until she ceased to love me: A knot of plain blue ribbon fastened her linen collar, and a gipsey hat lying beside slowly along, with her dog beside her, and her, was trimmed with the same color .---Her watch chain, like a thread of gold, and her eyes fixed upon the ground, looking graver and more thoughtful than I had ever a diamond ring, were the only ornaments she wore. Yet I had never seen a dress 1 liked so well. She was tall (too tall, I should have said, had she been any one else; with a slight nod and a smile, and took her take up the burden of my life with an aching till I was busy with my papers for the even- Francis?" for, when we were standing, her head was way towards home. Seeing that flash of heart.

almost level with mine) and slender, and light play over her grave face, and feeling They had called Alice fickle-oh, how quick and agile in all her movements. Her brown hair was soft and pretty, but she up to meet it, I knew what we were to each wore it carelessly pushed away from her other. forehead, not arranged with that nicety I It was late when I reached home, after a

should have expected in a city belle. Her features were irregular, full of life and spirit, gone to bed, the children were at a merrymaking at the next house, and a solitary light burned from the parlor window, which was open. The full moon shone fairly in a sky without a cloud. I unfastened the gate and went in; and there in the open door sat Alice, with a light shawl thrown over her shoulders, her head resting on the shaggy coat of the Newfoundlanddog. Hisbeautiful brown eyes watched meas I came un the path, but he did not stir. I sat down near her; but on the lower ster

> so that I could look up in her face. "Alice, you do not look well." "But I am. Quite well. I am going

way to-morrow." "Going away! Where?"

"Home. To London. Well, what ails you, cousin Frank? Did you never hear of any one who went to London before?" "Yes; but why do you go?"

"Why?" she opened her eyes and looked at me. "For many reasons. Firstly, Ionly ame for six weeks, and I have stayed nearly three months; secondly, because I have business which can be put off no longer; and hirdly, because my friends are wondering what on carth keeps me here so long (they vill say soon it is you, Frank.) They vow they cannot do without me any longer, and t is pleasant to be missed, you know."

"And so you are going back to the old life, Alice? And by-and-by I suppose you will marry?"

I would not advise any man, be he old or young, in case he does not think it wise or orudent to marry the woman he loves, to linger with her in the doorway of a silent farm house, and hold her hand, and look out

upon a moonlight night. The touch of the small, slightfingers was playing the mischief with my good resolutions, and my wisdom (if I had any).

"Alice," I said softly; and I almost started as she did, at the sound of my own voice, it was so changed. "Alice, we have been very happy here." "Very."

I took both her hands, and held them close in mine. But she would not look at me, though her face was turned that way. "There is a great difference between us,

dear Alice. I am much older than you, and eyes fixed upon my face, while a happy tenderness seemed to come up before me in again! called The Fairy's Looking-Glass, and a laugh. "But look at him-look at those beautiful view of a lovely coantry, with the beautiful eyes, and tell me if any one could steen green bills bing down in the low of a lovely coantry, with the beautiful eyes, and tell me if any one could at forming the state of the low of a lovely coantry, with the beautiful eyes, and tell me if any one could at forming the state of the low of a lovely coantry, with the beautiful eyes, and tell me if any one could at forming the state of the low of a lovely coantry. much graver. I have never loved any wohelp loving him. My poor old Fred! So and fancies. If you were what the world half pained me, and I said curtly: thinks you, and what you try to make your-"It is had taste, Alice, to look any one in scarcely gone five moments before the fancy self out to be, I should say no more than came to me that I had shown too plainly that way." the power she had over me. For months I this-I love you. But I know you have a She dropped her pen, only too glad of an heart. I know you can love, if you will, excuse to talk to me, and came and leaned had been schooling myself into coldness and can be true, if you will. And so I beand indifference, and at her very first warm ver my chair. seech you to talk to me honestly, and tell "And why? when I love some one." had vexed and thwarted, and annoved me if you can love me, or if you do. I am This was a bad beginning of the lesson. wanted to teach her, and I turned over my me much during these months; it would not not used to asking such questions of ladies, Alice, and I may seem rough and rude; but do to pardon her so fully and entirely before papers in silence. believe, me, when I say you have won my she had even asked my forgiveness. I took "Do I annoy you, Francis?" whole heart, and I cannot be happy witha sudden resolution; and, when she came "Not much." back into the room, was buried in my pa- Charles's, spaniel frisking about her feet .-out vou." Her light hand was playing with my hair, pers once more. Poor child! She had had I had her in my arms at once, but it was "Yes, I believe you," she said. and her breath was warm on my check. I The next moment she was off like the felt my wisdom vanishing, and tried to make one half hour's sunshine, at least. "But do you trust me, and do you love me?" wind, and the dog tearing after her, barking "One moment," she said, taking the per

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the poor creature's last breath was drawn, my chair; and lifting my hand to her lips, It was the first time she had ever given she bent over him with a passionate burst "why do you try me so? Do you really me that name. But she never called me by of grief, kissed the white spot upon his fore- love me?" head, and closed the soft, dark eyes, that

I sat in the study alone, one morning in

the village street. I turned a corner, and and it sounds sweetly in my memory now, came upon her suddenly. She was walking and it will sound sweetly to my dying day. a loving look. She did not come to me for sympathy .---

CHAPTER III. We were married not long after, and for She watched alone, while the gardener dug question. Do you love me, Francis?" six months we dwelt in a "Fool's Paradise." a grave and buried him beneath the study seen her before. At sight of me her whole When I think, that but for, me it might have window. She never mentioned him to me, nothing else. Was she threatening me? face brightened suddenly; yet she passed me lasted to our dying day, I can only sigh, and and never paid her daily visit to his grave ing. So the year, which had begun in love

and happiness, came to its close. the sudden bound with which my heart sprang | wrongly! No human being could be truer to another than she was to me. the spring following, looking over some

"If you will Francis."

"I only wanted to find my master, Francis," deeds that had been long neglected, when I she used to say, when I laughed ather about heard Alice singing in the balcony outside musing walk. The farmer and his wife had it. "I was looking for him through all the window. It was the first time I had the lying words left my lips, and she grew those long years, and I began to think he heard her sing since Fred's death, and I laid so white, and gave me such a look of anwould never come. But, from the first moment when I heard you speak, and met coming through the hall, I took it up again, forgut my anger. your eyes, I felt that he was near me. And and affected to be very busy.

I am glad to wear my master's chains," she It was a warm, bright, beautiful day, and she seemed to bring a burst of sunlight and only jesting." added kissing my hand. happiness with her as she opened the door .--

Aud I am sure she was in earnest. I pleased her best when I treated her most ller own face, too, was radiant, and she looked like the Alice of the old farm-house, like a child. She was no angel - a passionate high-spirited creature. She rebelled a thous as she came on tiptoe and bent over my and times a day, although she delighted in chair. my control. But it was pretty to see her,

when she turned to leave the room, with fire in her eyes, and a deep flush on her cheek tied with blue ribbons, before me. -it was pretty to see her with her hand submissively, and wait when I said--"Stop! Shut the door, and listen to me." Yet it She bent over me asshe spoke, and, leanwas dangerous. I, who had never been

ing her hand lightly on my shoulder kissed | loved before, what could I do but become a tyrant, when a creature so noble as this me twice. She had been chary of her cabent down before me? She loved me. Every chord of her most of her own accord. I wheeled around in my

sensitive heart thrilled and trembled to my chair and looked up at her. "You seem very happy to day, Alice." touch, and gave forth sweetest music; yet I was not satisfied. I tried the minor key .--Through herdeep affection for me I wounded seating herself upon my knee, and looking and it was arranged that Alice should acher cruelly. I can see it now. Some wise idea found its way into my head and whis- many returns:"-her voice faltered a little -"and if there has been any wrong feeling, pered that I was making a child of my wife by my indulgent ways, and that her character Francis, for the last six months, we will

would never develop its strength in so much bury it to-day, now and forever." sunshine. I acted upon that throught, for- She clung to me in silence, and hid her getting how she had already been tried in face upon my breast, I was moved, in spite the fiery furnace of affliction; and, quite of myself, and kissed the brown hair that But had they seen me sitting in my office, at unconscious that while she was getting back was scattered over my shoulder, and said I all the innocent gaiety of her childish years, was quite willing to forget everything, (as the deep lessons of her womanhood were if I had anything to forget!) At which she still lying beneath the sparkling surface of looked up with a bright smile, and I dare say thought me very magnanimous. her playful ways.

If, for a time, she had charmed me out of "And we will make a new begining from my graver self, I resolved to be charmed no this day, Francis." "If you will, my child." more. I devoted myself again to my busi-

She caressed me again, after a queer litness, heart and soul, and sat poring for hours over law papers without speaking to her .-- | the fushion of her own, which always made Yet she did not complain. So long as she me smile, and which consisted of a series was certain that I loved her, she was content, of kisses bestowed systematically on differ-

and took up her pen again, and went on ent parts of my face-four, I believe, being with the work our marriage had interrapted. allotted to my forehead, two to each Her writing desk was in my study, by a cheek, two to my chin, four to my lips and window just opposite mine; and sometimes I four to my eyes. She went through this would cease to hear the rapid movement of ceremony with a pains-taking care, and then her pen, and, looking up, I would find her looked me in the face. All her love and

> ney. As I was taking my last look in the glass, the hotel-waiter came to tell me they had arrived. I followed him, more nervous than I had ever been before in my life Warrener had grasped my hands as I opened the door kiss or smile I was completely routed. She and Mrs. Warrener-bless her kind heart! -burst out crying

> > "If you give it to me, certainly."

should never ask or refuse anything."

-just to make my happy day happier."

"Don't bo a child, Alice."

"Yea."

"Then ask me for it."

Her countenance fell a little.

"Alice," I said, impatiently, "do get up. even in death were turned towards her with You tire me."

She rose and turned very pale. "I will go, then. But first answer my 1 felt anger and obstinacy in my heart-"Did you love me when you married me,

"I did. But-" "But you do not love me now?" "Since you will have its? I said.

"Gu on!" "I do not love-not as you mean."

There was a dead silence in the room as down my pen to listen. But hearing her guish that I repented of my cruelty, and

"I do not mean that, Alice," I cried.-"You look ill and pale. Believe me, I was

"I can bear it, Francis. There is nothing on this earth that cannot be borne-in one way or other."

She turned and left the room, quietly and sadly. The sunshine faded just then, and "Well, what is it?" I asked, looking up. only a white, pale light came through the She laid a pretty little bouquet of violets, window. I so connected it with her sorrow that to this day I can never see the golden "I have been to the conservatory, and radiance come and go across my path, upon the lock even, drop her proud head have brought you the first flowers of the without the same sharp, knife-like pang season, Francis. And something else, that I felt then, as the door closed behind which, perhaps, you may not like so well." her.

CHAPTER IV.

Alice became weaker, and grew really ill. A tour on the continent was strongly reresses for some time; and, when she did this commended by the doctors as the likeliest means of restoration. It was impossible for me to go; but some friends of ours, one Mr. and Mrs. Warrener. with a young "It is somebody's birthday," she said, daughter, were going to Italy for six months, into my cyes. "And I wish somebody very company them.

They remained abroad nine months in. stead of six. People wondered and joked about my wife's deserting me; but I only laughed, and said, I should soon go after her if she remained away much longer: and they thought we were still a model couple. night, over Alice's letters from abroad, they would have known what a gulf had opened between us two. I read those letters over and over again, with aching throbs going through and through my heart, at every word. They were full of incident and interest, and people called them beautiful, who had not seen the mixture of womanly passion and childlike playfulness in her character that I had seen, and which I was to see no more.

At last she returned. I came home tired enough, one evening, to find a letter lying on my table, informing me that she would cross to Dover on the morrow. I went down to Dover to meet her. Our estrangement had worn deep into my heart. She had loved me once; she should love me

I was worn, haggard, I took a bath and made a careful toilet after my hurrind jour-

With rays of light from eyes that glisten. Good-bye! once more,—and kindly tell In words of peace the young world's story,— And say besides,-we love too well, Our mothers' soil, our father's glory! Atlantic Monthly.

Selections.

Lost Alice. CHAPTER I.

Why did I marry her? I often asked myself the question, in the days that succeeded our honeymoon. By right, I should have married no one. Yet I loved her, as I love her still.

She was, perhaps, the strangest character of her age. In her girlhood, I could not comprehend her; and I often think, as I zaise my eyes to her grave, quiet face, as she sits opposite to me at dinner, that I do not comprehend her yet. There are many thoughts working in her brain, of which I know nothing; and flashes of feeling look out at her eves now and then, and go back growl. again, as captives might steal a glimpse of the outer world through their prison bars, and turn to their brick-walled solitude once more. She is my wife. I have her, and hold heras no other can. She bears my name and sits at the head of my table; she rides be side me in my carriage, or takes my arm as we walk; and yet I know and feel all the time that the darling of my past has fled from me forever, and that it is only the ghost of the gay Alice, whom I won in all the bloom of her bright youth, that lingers near me now.

She was not a child when I marrried her, though she was very young. I mean that life had taught her lessons which are generally given only to the gray-haired, and had laid burdens upon her which belong of right to the old. She had been an unloved child, and at the age of sixteen she was left to herself, and entirely dependent on her own exertions. Friends and family she had none, so she was accustomed, laughingly to say, but I have since found that her sisters

were living, and in happy homes, even at the time when she accepted that awful trust of herself, and went out in the great world to fulfil it. Of this part of her life she never cousins who were then living there, and I lop on her gray pony, Fra Diavolo, and speaks; but one who knew her then has told sat listening, looking now and then at her, leaped him over the garden gate, and shook me much. It was a time of struggle and as she sat with the sunshine falling round her whip saucily in my face, I laid aside my pain, as well it might have been. Fresh her, and the great dog lying at her feet. I book to admire herriding, and neverthought from the life of a large boarding school, she wondered, almost as my aunt had done, if her unwomanly or ungraceful.

steep green hills lying down in the distance, wrapped in a soft fleecy mantle of cloud and honest in this weary world."

She sighed, and patted his head again, haze. I could think of nothing when I and he stood wagging his tail and looking stood there, on a fine sunshiny day, but the long gaze of Bunyan's Pilgrim through the up into her face with eyes that were, as she had said, beautiful, and, what was better shepherd's glass, at the beautiful city to-

wards which he was journeying. And it far, brimful of love and honesty. "I doubt if you will keep pace with us, seemed sometimes as if 1 could wander she said, after we had walked a few steps: "over the hills and far away," and lose myself in one of the fair valleys at the foot of "and Fred is longing for a race; I always

those hills, and be content never to come out give him one through the woods. Would you mind?" and face the weary world any more. I walked slowly through the woods, with the sunshine falling through the young beeches in chequered radiance on my path, till the woods rang again. I saw her that

drawing in long breaths of the fresh air, and night no more. feeling a tingling in my veins and a glow at my heart, as if the blood were flowing I was, as I have already said a grave, newly there, until I came to the little circular grove of pines and hemlocks that led out upon The Fairy's Looking-Glass .---Something stirred as I pierced my way through the branches, and I heard a low

A girl was half sitting, half-lying in the sunshine beside the little lake, throwing pebbles into the water, and watching the ripples that spread and widened to the other shore. A great black Newfoundland dog was standing between me and her, showing formidable row of strong white teeth, and looking me threateningly in the face.

She started, and looked sharply round and saw me standing in the little grove with the dog between us. She burst out laughing. I felt that it was cutting rather a ridicu-

lous figure, but I put a bold face upon the matter, and asked coolly, "Are you Alice Kent?" "People call me so." "Then I suppose I may call you cousin, for I am Frank Atherton!

"Cousin Frank! We have been expecting you this week. When did you come?" "Just now."

She made room for me beside her. We and feel as if the sun shone brighter for her alked long about our family, our mutual being there. When she raced through the friends, and the old homestend of the Ath- grove or orchard with the great dog at her ertons, which she had seen, though I had heels, I smiled, and patted Fredon the head: not. She told me about the house, and our when she rode past the house at a hand gal-

She might trifle with a trifler, but she was arnest enough with me.

"I trust you, and I love you," she answered, frankly. "Are you wondering why

steady-going lawyer, verging towards a re- I can stand before you and speak so calmly? spectable middle age, with one or two gray | Because, I do not think I shall ever marry you. You do not love me as I have always hairs showing among my black locks. I said my husband should love me. I am wayhad my dreams and fancies, and my hot, ward and exacting, and I should weary your eager, generous youth, like most other men; life out by constant craving for tenderness. and they had passed away. But one thing

I was made to be petted, Frank; and you, I had missed, (save in mydreams,) and that hough a loving, are not an affectionate man. was a woman's love.

You would wish meat the bottom of the Red If I ever gave my visions a body and a name, they were totally unlike all the reali- Sea before we had been married a month; ties I had ever seen. The wife of my fire- and, because you could not get me there, side reveries was a slight, delicate, gentle you would go to work and break my heart, creature, with a pure pale face, sweet lips, by way of amusement. I know it as well

the bluest and clearest of eyes, the softest as if I had seen it all-even now." and finest of golden hair, and a voice low and sweet, like the murmurings of an . Eolian spoke love, and passion, and deep tenderness for she grew thin and pale, and lost her gai harp. And she sat by my chair in silence, -and all for me. Something leaped into loving me always, but loving me silently; life in my heart at that moment which I had plan, and she had learned to doubt my afand her name was Mary. I dare say, if I never felt before-something that made my

had met the original of this placid picture in life. I should have wooed and won her, and have been utterly miscrable. So, as a matter of course, I fellintodanger

now. When Alice Kent went singing and my heart.

"Alice! if ever man loved woman with dancing through the house, leaving every door and window open as she went. I used heart and soul-madly and unreasonably if often to lay down my pen and look after her, you will, but still truly and honestly-I love

rou, my darling." "But will it last? O, Frank, will it last?" I bent down, and our lips met in a long. fond kiss.

"You will be me wife, Alice?" She leaned her pretty head against my arm, and her hand stole into mine sgain "Do you mean that for your answer? Am I to keep the band, dear Alice, and call it

mine?'

manner.

go away." "What nonsense, Alice. What time have I to think of kisses now?" She stood up, and looked me in the face

She gave a little sigh-so faint that I could scarcely hear it-and left the room. I had scared her gaiety for that morning. This was the first cloud in our sky. It seems strange, now, when I look back upon it after the lapse of years, how perseveringly I labored to destroy the foundation of peace and happiness on which I

She looked at me, and all her woman's six months of that year were months of heart and nature were in her eyes. They misery to me, and, I doubt not, to Alice,

> want to go on with these papers." fection for her. I felt this by the look in The next moment she threw the toy (a

pretty little bronze inkstand made like a Cupid, with his quiver full of peus) at my my arms within the instant-close-close to his fidelity and love were now her only hope. But I was too proud to own myself in the feet, and turned away, grieved and angry.

In the midst of all this estrangement the ken in two. dog sickened. There was a week of mis-

him with her books, or writing all the time -there was a day when both books and

couch, with her arms around his neck, neither speaking nor stirring. And when I cis!" she added, throwing herself down by down her pen and losked around.

"Oh, my dear Frank! I am so glad to see you. And we have brought you your Alice home so well."

Next moment she entered, a little King not until she kissed me that I knew how cold and pale she was.

"Alice, are you ill?" I asked, holding her out of my hand. "I have a birthday gift away from me, and looking into her face. Her eyes met mine, but their old light

was quite gone. "Not in the least ill, Frank," she said, I said nothing, but took up my pen again.

quietly. "But you must remember I have "Would you like it?" she said, timidly. not seen you for nine mouths, and you "There was a saint in old times," I said, startled me a little."

My household fairy had fled, and I could quietly, going on with my papers, "a namesake of mine, by the way-Saint Francis of only mourn that I should never look upon Sales-who was accustomed to say, that one her sweet, young face again. It was another Alice, this. I had slain my own Al-"Well! But I'm not talking to Saint ice, and nothing could reanimate her.

I was like one in a dream all through Francis; I am talking to you. Will you have my gift? Say yes-just to please me the day, and, when we came home, I could not wake. I had made many changes in the house, and all for her. I took her "It is childish, I know; but indulge me through the rooms on the day after our rethis once. It is such a little thing, and it turn, and showed her the improvements .--She was pleased with the furniture: she ad-"I shall not refuse whatever you choose to mired the pictures and the conservatory; give me. Only don't delay me long, for I and seemed delighted with the little gem of a boudoir which I had pleased myself by designing expressly for her. She thanked me, too. No longer ago than a year, she would have danced through the rooms, uttering a thousand pretty little exclamations of wonder and delight, and I should have been smothered with kisses, and called a "dear old bear," or some such fit name in the end; all of which would have been very "Upon my word, Alice, you are the most silly, but also very delightful.

unreasonable of beings. However, the lit- I think I have it for a month; but one morning, as I sat at my solitary breakfastfor Alice took that meal in her room nowthe bitter sense of wrong and unhappiness and desertion came over me so strongly that I went up to her room.

"It can be mended, but the accident must "Are you busy?" I asked, as she laid leave its trace, like all others. Oh, Fran-

wroug, and the breach widened day by day. I stooped to pick up the figure-it was bro-"Oh, you can condescend to lift it from the ground!" she said, sarcastically. giving on Alice's part, when she sat beside

nanuscript were put away, and she was tle god of love can be easily mended." hending over him, with her tears falling fast, She placed the fragments one upon the as she tried to hush his moans, and looked other and looked at me.

into his fast-glazing eyes—and there was an hour of stillness, when she lay on the low

up for its loss by an increased coldness of for you. Do you want it?" "One kiss," she said. "Just one, and I'll

"Do I tease you Francis?" "Very much."

might have built my life. The remaining

will make me very happy." ety. I had succeeded only too well in my

affection of the last fow hoursseem cold and her eyes now and then, and by the way in dead beside its fervid glow. I had her in which she seemed to cling to her dog. as if