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Naetry.

Envy.
He was the first always; Fortune Shone bright on his face. I fought for years; with no effort

He conquered the place: We ran; my feet were all bleeding, But he won the race. Spite of his many successes.

Men loved him the same; My one pale ray of good fortune Met scoffing and blame: When we erred, they gave him pity, But me ---- only shame My home was still in the shadow,

His lay in the sun.

I long'd in vain: what he asked for It straightway was done.
Once I staked all my heart's treasure,

We played-and he wor Yes; and just now I have seen him, Gold, smiling and blest, Laid in his coffin. God help me!

While he is at rest, I am cursed still to live:-eve.

Dreaming. I wandered through the summer fields
All in the blue and golden morn, And like Christ's followers of old,

I plucked the ears of corn. High up a lark song rapturous hymns ow down, among the rustling stems His brown mate listened, and the dew Set round her nest with gems.

I laid me down and dreamt and dreamt Of summer mornings in the land Where you and I, dear love, went forth

Each morning, hand in band. I thought athwart the tremulous tears The corn-flowers 'mid the wheat! [Household Words

Selections.

Love's Labor Lost.

"He loves me-he loves me not-he loves me!" Very pretty is the scene where Margaret consults the fates by such botanomancy. Leaf after leaf the flower falls. Faust bends over the little head, and watches the eager fingers, and listens wonderingly to the scarce-attered words. Then the last leaf, despised me long ago." and the burst of wild delight, "He loves

thee! He loves thee!"

In this case, however, Faust was not pres- imity. ent. Margaret sat on the smooth lawn of a heat time with a mouse of a foot as each petal fell. No burst of rapture as she plucked the last from the stalk. Perhaps so she threw the stalk away, too. The anunsatisfactory-ambiguous, doubtless, as such answers are wont to be-therefore she took another flower from her lap, and tried pulled to pieces another and another, until sation. the grass round her was covered with the debris. A gust of wind from the hot east came and scattered the flower-fragments far and wide, like Sibyline leaves. Only the stalks remained; and at these the mousefoot nibbled, giving them little petulant kicks and stamps; drawing them nearer, pushing them away, then deserting them wholly and retiring out of sight. Such sort of botanomancy, it was manifest, was of little avail. Our Margaret had a harder question wherewith to pose the fates than, "Does he love me?" She could answer that her- gard for you. I hope we shall always be self, being wiser in her generation than a friends."

dove-sick peasant girl. When a young lady has ascertained, not .only that he loves her, but that a dozen he's plove her, a much more difficult question arises, namely-"Whom shall I love?" or, of billing and cooing or of pecking and clawrather, "Whom shall I marry?" Julia dis- ing-are stupid. Robert Seaton (the Faust cusses the question with her soubrette Lu-.cetta; Portia with her soubrette Nerissa .- | changes as before. Love and anger, jeal-The young lady under the elm tree was more discreet; she confined the services of unted. Now he begged for a definite anther maid to hair-dressing, and revolved such swer to his first question; now he took for matters, in her own little head-a wise and granted that the engagement was a fact; cool head, not much plagued by heart-throbbings. She ceased to pull flowers to pieces, past-he prophesiod of the future. He exand began to slip a tiny ring up and down aggerated the past by reason of his vivid rea tiny finger. (The ring was "a peck too membrances, and the future by reason of his wide.") Dactylomancy might succeed where vivid hopes and fears. Meanwhile, Margabotanomancy failed.

A young man came rapidly across the lawn and stood before her.

said, in the calmest manner. "Will you sit head of forty. She was warm blooded, cold

a bot dav?"

His voice died in his throat, trembled, and other work to do. She was a consummate to her as she passed from the old lover to tained much of her old charms; her eyes whose failing ear begins to play him false; was a little blue mark upon it like a ver. and moist:-a foolish young man.

"Margaret," he cried at length, "for God's sake tell me if what I hear is true! true that you are—that you are—-"

"What?" she interrupted, in innocent surprise. "what have you heard?"

"That-that-it is a lie, I know it is-you She was silent. Her eyelids drooped .-

The foot nearest to him came out, and be-

I to answer it?"

"It is true, then?" he cried, passionately. with me!" This and much more. Then there was

lull in the storm, and his mood changed. "Oh, forgive me, Margaret, forgive me! Perhaps it is not true. You said it was not? darling, we have known each other so long it threw in her way. -we are such old friends-let me know the vorst, and I will go and never see you

still beat its regular tap close to his. He deringly. The storm of his passion was a could feel the vibration. She neither re- mystery to her. She could comprehend a sented his reproaches, nor compassionated his humility.

same tone.

There was another storm of passion from him; reproaches ungentle and unwisc --- accusations, sarcasms, denunciations. He spoke of Mr. Bowring's age; that he was old enough to be her father; that it was impossible she could love him.

"The excess of age would be on the right moment. "You would not have the wife older than the husband!"

He (the young man now tearing a passion to tatters) was younger than she by two "You never referred to my youth before,"

your purpose."

She smiled faintly. It had not suited her

He descanted, much after the fashion of the soliloquizer in "Locksley-hall," on Mr. Bowring's grossness of intellect: Is it well to wish thee happy?-having known me-

to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine! Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level, day by

"I never pretended to be clever," she replied, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders.

He got up, and stood before her. Standing in the hot sun, he cast a cooler shade "Yes, yes, my love," says Faust, "he loves over the lady. Her foot followed his, and still vibrated on the grass in closest prox-

"You cannot love this man," he said: "it trim garden, under a great elm tree-in the is impossible. Oh, Margaret, you cannot cool shade, while all else quivered in heat mean to sell yourself for money; to sell your and light. Margaret pulled her flower to beauty-your beauty-Oh, it drives me mad! piecos deliberately enough. Her little white to sell your soul; to contaminate your purity; hands were methodical and steady. She to barter your flesh and blood; to put a price upon vour kisses---'

"You forget you are speaking to a lady," she interrupted, in a tone more soothing the conclusion was negative, no affirmative; than angry. "You will think more wisely on these matters when you are older. Love swer of the fates she consulted was clearly in a cottage reads very prettily in your poets, but this world is sadly practical."

Both were silent. Margaret suppressed n yawn, "How is your father?" she asked again. Still an ambiguous answer. She after a time, willing to change the conver-

He had been thinking; recalling all the past-remembering many a love-passage known only to him and her.

"Margaret," he said at last, not noticing her question, "either you have lied to me deliberately for years, or you love me. Either you have not the sense of modest shame. or you love me. You do love me." he broke out more passionately; "you do love me!"

Again she shrugged her shoulders. "I have always had a great regard for you as a friend—I always shall have a great re-

"Friends!" he cried, laughing.

"You had better sit down," she said .-The sun must be very hot." Love conversations-whether in the way

to our Margaret) continued to ring the same ousy and trust, pride and humility alternow that it was not so. He referred to the ret remained calm and impassive.

Sometimes we see young ladies of forty who have the hearts and heads of twenty. "Oh, how you have frightened me!" she Margaret at twenty-two had the heart and down?" She made room beside her. "What bearted. Her cool, clear reason would have that vague sort of regret amounting to little bloom and freshness; she was a little thin- what might be-a dreary prospect! The that he is not married?" had a sinecure if its sole office had been to more than that she could have been satisfied ner; her hair was less luxuriant; there were man of letters, whose failing eyesight warms She drew off a ring, and, turning her she said, in answer to his protestations of

struggicd, and choked. His eyes were wild coquette, and, as with all coquettes, her the new; there was no hesitation of choice. were as fine as ever, her hands and feet as the man of deeds, whose failing strength It was the scar where the bent ring had or t Is it really true-O my God!-is it really to every man, "Come here, that I may from her mind. This was really virtuous of toilette than of old. Art did all that ther beauty was departing from her. triumphant-only for a moment, however, sure, primarily natural, was wisely gov- only virtue can bring. The advantages on are engaged to be married to Mr. Bowring?" | pleasure. She knew how to systematize this | sufficed to mingle just that spice of self-sacnatural instinct into an art, and to make it a means towards advantageous ends. She gan to beat the devil's tattoo close to his had what is called a good temper-a sufoot. One hand glided over the other, and premely good temper; so good, in her case, hid the ring with which she had been play- that it ceased to be temper at all. The iras-Largeradvertisements in proportion.

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Hid the ring with which she had been play-interest that it ceased to be temper at all. The iras armed at all points, intrenched on all sides. She had promised nothing; she had never cible was undeveloped in her disposition. As she had not the power of love, so neither dreamed of Seaton as anything but a friend. for you to ask?" she said, mildly. "Ought had she that of anger. What rudiments of If he had seen reason to gather more than a heart she possessed were inclined towards that from her conduct she was grieved. Seaton. She took herself to task for ac-You have deceived me! You have played knowledging a vague regret that circumstances prevented her from marrying him. "If Bowring," she thought, "had not fallen in love with me, the other would not have

> Even now, while she listened to the violent, the unmanly reproaches of Seaton, she experienced from them a sort of pleasure. "She did not lift her eyelids. Her foot "Hew much he loves me!" she thought, wonmomentary tumult of the blood when eye met eye or hand pressed hand; but such an-"Do you think it is a proper question for guish of the heart was like a tragic scene you to ask?" she repeated in precisely the spoken before her in an unknown tongue. Her limited imagination tried to realize what it all meant; how such things could be; and she drew what feeble sketch it was tion of which she was not the essence; he possible for her to draw.

been so bad a match." And then, accord-

religion, she chided herself for being un-

Of a surety, in our own eyes is what we see; in our own fancy are the objects which we love and hate. It was not for the man side," she said, raising her eyes to his for a feeble preference; it was not this veritable was the prettiest hand in the world. union as it were an union between a Cali- der," "flower soft,"-what was it not? ban and a Mirandi-something loathsome whole earth with monstrous shapes; whereas he said, with a bitter laugh; "it did not suit Margaret was no Mirandi, nor Bowring a Caliban. Bowring-an honest country gentleman of good blood, great fortune, bad taste, and small wit-deserved a far better to his feet. wife than Margaret. He was a man having than the would-be Ferdinand. How many a comedy, or tragedy, or farce of Errors enacts itself daily!

Robert Seaton was by nature too sensidiscover and to guard against this supersensitiveness. He was jealous-as all senitive men are in love matters long ago have wearied out any temper but a Leontes, and detected "paddling palms and pinching fingers" where none such were. In like manner be over-estimated any trifling love favors granted to himself. Margaret, however, it must be confessed, had her. given him sufficient cause for both jealousy and self-deception. There had never been any engagement between them. Seaton was dependent on his father, and, though an only son, had no great expectations. Margaret had carefully avoided bringing time-she was but twenty-two: he was only ashamed of the defect in its beauty. twenty. She had valued her beauty at a fair price, and knew that it was worth more his escaping her.

The skilful angler plays with his fish with Margaret felt herself perfectly free, Robert felt that they were bound to each other by a tacit engagement. This vew of Robert's Margaret knew; but of course she could not help what he chose to think. Thus while she accepted all his devotion of passionate her very acceptance, by the evident pleasure she had in receiving this devotion, she his eyes an honorable compact between them. which he would as soon have broken him. away. self as have thought that she could break. He was waiting only until his worldly affairs were in a more certain condition to consummate his love in marriage. In a year he would become a partner in a mercantile house which traded to India, in place and he could marry.

dent young person could hesitate between landed estates, worth ten thousand a year, and a probable competency arising from trade with India! The one was immediate totally dependent on his father.

He sat down silent for fully a minute. overrule the heart inclinations. It had had it been otherwise. This regret occurred faint lines upon her forehead. But she re- him to lay aside his books; the musician, hand, narrowly inspected the fuger. There sorrow are sympathy "What cra you find

temperament was ardent. She had a bound- Bowring's superior claims being once ad- pretty, her shape scarcely less symmetrical, forces him to quit the arena-all have re- into her finger twenty years before. Again less appetite for passionate admiration .-- mitted, the possibility of her ever having her manner as fascinating. A critical ob- membrance of worthy success accomplished she smiled as she remembered that last Like Cleopatra in the mood, she said thought of marrying Seaton was discarded server might perceive a greater elaboration Margaret had achieved nothing. She felt scene. It seemed but yesterday. She felt look on thee." This instinctive plea- in her. She felt that self-approbation which could be done for failing nature. A hat and that it had done nothing. She had no then she determined not to give way in erned by reason. She knew how far, to the score of age, of intellect, of personal apwhat extreme limit, she might indulge this pearance, which Seaton had over Bowring, rifice which every virtuous act must pos-

Margaret had expected a scene with Seaton, and she was prepared for it. She was armed at all points, intrenched on all sides. Seaton, as a friend, had no right to inquire which were impossible to them. I am mad, and do not know what I say, ing to the promptings of her conventional into her present or future intentions. This was her line of defence should she be hard saying as little as possible.

To her impassibility Seaton vainly opposed his passion. Vainly he begged or de. garet had not the power to resist that de- Margaret know? manded a definite answer. Vainly he re- sire of pleasing which was natural to her. ferred to the past, which Margaret had con- Because Bowring was to be her husband, scientiously discarded from her mind. He that was no reason why she should cease believed against belief, and clung to his to be attractive to all other men. The rat- him, rather. He had left England twenty, he was unmarried. Margaret ceased to hope phantom Margaret in desperation. It was tlesnake (it is popularly supposed) gains that is to say, many years ago. And so he With a wise kindness, however, she kept difficult to conceive the fall of an angel. its daily food by the process of charming. had bought Bowring-hall? He must be the after-rumors from her mother's knowl-All his life, past and to come, must be swept Margaret deprived of her faculty of charm- very rich! Was he coming to live there?- edge, and suffered her to enjoy her first beaway with her. There was not a thought, or sensation, or feeling, in which she had engagement was gradually broken through not a part; there was no hope or expectacould not picture to himself a life apart from row, had a vague sense of relief, just as she the fitting up of the house; that Mr. Scaton fancied neglect.

her hand, and burst into a passion of tears ed; Margaret had always plenty of admirwhe stood before her that Margaret felt her over it. She did not take it from him. It Margaret whom Seaton loved. Even apart Shakespere might have lavished all his from his passion, he looked upon this dreaded marvelous epithets upon it;—"white won-

Suddenly he espied the ring, which she and unnatural, which would people the had bitherto concealed. She wore other rings-many of them, (one pitied the small fingers so burdened) but he knew the others by heart-this was new. "Where did you get this ring?" he demanded, starting

She hesitated a moment and then anmuch more self-command and common sense swered quietly, "Mr. Bowring gave it to

He threw the hand from him and went. Poor little hand. It fell heavily on the the back of the garden seat; it was bruised What is the within thee growing coarse to sympathize tive; and he had not lived long enough to and cut with the ring. The blood mounted to her cheeks; she bit her lips, and stiffed a cry; tears filled her eyes. She could feel al sympathy at all events. From her his stern sense of duty, as touching the ce- Her chief sorrow was at her own want of usical pain. She did not resent even this. After a moment she examined the that of Margaret. He saw with the eyes of wounded hand, and saw with concern that it was red and swollen; she examined the ring and found that it was bent. She got up and went towards the house. Before she reached the open window Bowring met

"I have hurt my hand," she said. "Pity

He tried to take it in his. "No," she said; "not that one, the

other." She gave him her other hand, and hid matters to a crisis. There was plenty of the wounded one behind her; she was

Soon after this, Robert Seaton went to than Seaton could give for it. Even suppos- India. He was sick at heart, and longed ing no better suitor offered, he was not yet for change. Margaret was to be married sufficiently settled in the world to marry; to Bowring; the affair was decided. All and there could be no use in binding her- that he had to do was to forget. He applied self to him too soon. She was not afraid of to business with ten-fold ardor; not with the thought of Margaret as his incentive now, but in the endeavor to drive away reno uncertainty of landing it at last. While membrance of her. He sailed full of schemes but a weary repetition of itself from day for the extension and improvement of the to day. Nevertheless, the change in her India branch of the mercantile house into was marvellously small. Her lack of strong which he was to be admitted as a partner. Little as the sameness of the long weary her forchead smooth and her complexion voyage was calculated to make him forget, fresh. She had still her amusements, still he had recovered his heart, or the most a small court of admirers, who whiled away love as mere gallantry, he believed that by part of it, before he reached India. Violent the heavy time. Ninon de L'Enclos, say passions are always the least lasting; they the biography books, was the object of a burn themselves out when the supply of violent attachment at seventy. At forty acknowledged a love in return. It was in fuel ceases, and leave but a few ashes Margaret did not find it dificult to retain which, by and by, a chance wind blows the allegiance of her court, though young

same garden scat Margaret sat again. It puted their regality in the ballroom, but some was a summer day, as it had been before. men found the quiet gazden-seat a very There was but little change in the garden. pleasant spot, and left the rising beauties Some few young trees had grown mature; to pay homage there. There was the lean of his father, who retired. Only one year, there was a thicker covering of ivy on the doctor, and the fat curate, and a country Such was the state of things when Mr. branches had been carried away by a her long ago, and who kept up their fealty as opposite the glass. With her forefinger Bowring came upon the scene. Margaret storm, so that Margaret's favorite seat was a remembrance of their youth. There was she traced the incipient lines, scarcely per- not come to-day; but, according to her cascould not waver between them. What pru- less shaded than it used to be. The lawn the vicar's son, when at home from college, ceptible, on her forehead. Her face looked tom, she made the best of what could not was coated with soft moss, which had spread who was young enough to be her own dark against the whiteness of her hand .among the grass roots year by year.

(not too juvenile) shaded her face, and she triumphs stored up to hold in remembrance dreams and hopes; to expect nothing; to kept her gloves on scrupulously, even in when triumphs should be no longer possible fear nothing. Time would prove the shade-gloves with gauntlets, which -a dreary prospect! She would not meet made her hands look smaller than they the evil half way; she would enjoy what mother when she came down; he told her were. She was careful to preserve what she could in the present; and then, let the the same story; Robert Scaton the purchayet remained to her of beauty.

To look at her, and to dream of the age of forty, seemed preposterous. And yet Margaret had had her disappointments. pectedly dawned upon her-a hope vague She was unmarried still. A quarrel had arisen between her and Bowring. There promise that Mr. Bowring, her husband ten felt before-half disposed to make a for were censorious tongues in the neighborhood, edged yet more keenly by the know- estates had descended to a spendthrift heir, Had she known that her conduct would ledge that the tones they uttered were less and were now for sale. The fat curate had have been so interpreted, she would have sweet than Margaret's. Mamma's who vasated the half of the garden sent just be- the most brilliant chance. However, the been much more careful; but any mistakes bad plain daughters; and the plain daughters we withdrew the curtain; and the fat will was spared her. Had the lean doctor that had arisen must be imputed to her in- ters themselves, called her flirt, and pro- curate had related the last piece of news walked the lawn with her forever, he would nocence, and to misconception thereof. | nounced those fascinations disgraceful current in the neighborhood. Bowring-hall, never have been more than half-disposed to

past: he demanded more present devotion ing would have died of inanition. So the Was he in England? -worn away by a series of small disagreements. Margaret, in the midst of her sorhad a vague sense of regret in passing He flung himself on his knees, and seized over from Seaton to Bowring. Time passfascinated by her, and feared her.

achieve," somedody has said, "is, that she church restored. should not be talked about." Men did wholly a machine!

Margaret had had her disappointments. and for some time now her life had been

feeling, her lack of the irascible, had kept girls sneered at her, and pronounced that it was time for her to give place. She had Twenty years had passed, and on the cased to rival them openly; she no longer dis-

trunk of the old elm, and one of its huge 'squire or two who had been in love with

worst come.

On this summer afternoon, when we again introduce Margaret, a new hope had unexand uncertain, but still a hope. We must as ever. The lean doctor felt as he had of that was to have been, had lately died; his mal love-declaration! Would she have acwith all the demesnes pertaining thereto, go on his knees. Bowring was a plain man, who, in buy- was sold; the purchaser's name was Seaton. ing a wife, looked to have a warranty with He was some Indian merchant, it was re- rival, the main point of interest about him Tell me-only one word-yes or no. Oh, grateful to Providence for the benefits which pressed, but her chief tactics consisted in her. He inquired unpleasantly about the ported; enormously rich, related, the curate became, unhappily, more uncertain. It surmised, to the old Mr. Seaton whom he was asserted clearly by some that he was than it was possible for her to give. Mar- had buried some five years before. Did married. Servants-already arrived at

"Seaton?" she asked-"Robert Seaton?"

The curate elated at having such acurate what was to come revivified her. She was intelligence, proceeded to relate that he was more than ever critical about Margaret's in England: that orders had been given for dress, and scolded the maid roundly for was expected immediately. It was reported

Margaret joined in his gratulations on talk about Margaret. Time passed on; that subject. The fut curate had a hanker- she had ever known. The painful feeling her sisters were married one after the other, ing after mediævalisms. He dressed in a surprised and alarmed her. It was what and she, the eldest, and by far the most long coat without collar, and affected dis- she had never experienced before. Her beautiful, remained single. Her father jointed attitudes; but his plumpness was a reason had failed her for the first time; she died; she and her mother were left. With thorn in his flesh, and he looked more like had believed against belief, and hoped the father's death much of their income, a person of the old school than of the new. against hope. She sat in her accustomed arising from an entailed estate, passed He practised confession, unknown to his viaway from them. She and her mother, car. Margaret used to enumerate a list of command a view of Seaton's seat, Her who was aged and infirm, were left in little pseudo-sins to him with the most peni- discomfiture did not, even in the first mostraitened circumstances. She nursed her tential air. It was a good thing that she mant show itself outwardly, and it soon mother diligently, paying her all the out- had none of consequence to confess; for the passed away, and left her comparatively at ward observances of a good and affection- curate, poor fool, could not keep his own her ease. She felt humbled. Her step was ate daughter. What degree of real leve counsel, far less other people's. He had less clastic as she walked home, and her she had it would be impossible to discever. more than once given her to understand, in eyes were bent on the ground. She had no They were much alike, and so had a mutu the most delicate manner, that it was only auger against Seaton, no envy of his wife. mother Margaret had inherited her feeble libacy of the priesthood, that presented self-command. She acknowledged her fooland by means of her mother's early him from wishing to enter into more tender ishness, lessons this feeble heart had been crushed relations with her. The curate's news had more and more. From her she had learned a nearer interest for Margaret than its pos- Seaton had been at church. "Yes," she to estimate her beauty as the price where- sible influence on the restoration of the vil- answered, pouring out the medicine with a with to purchase a good settlement in life; lage church, but nevertheless she talked stendy hand; "Mr. Seaton was there, and had learned to preserve this beauty, to en- with him on that favorite topic until he his wife." hance it and adorn it as her most precious left, as if she had nothing else upon her possession. Even now, in their narrow cir- miud. She was glad when he had gone .-cumstances, the most expensive item of She sat thinking over the news, "Robert their household economy was the wages of Seaton coming to settle in the neighbor-Margaret's maid. The pretty daughter bood; Robert Seaton the proprietor of Bowhad always been the mother's favorite, as ring Hall; Robert Seaton still unmarried! against Margaret in the same breath. All being the one who was to marry the first How that man did love me!" she thought. the old reproaches came up again. If Marand to marry the best. All the mother's She smiled at the recollection of the last garet had been but commonly prudent; if hopes had been disappointed: Margaret had scene with him. She was not of a sauguine she had not wilfully thrown away the good often to bear querulous complainings and turn of mind, she was accustomed to look fortune that was at one time in her hands. reproaches. That one impulse of her na- at matters reasonably, leaning neither to the ture, namely, appetite for indiscriminate dark nor to the light side. There seemed admiration, to which Margaret had given some hope. Supposing him to be unmar- again and again from the dead-faults rein, had ruined everything. If she had ried, as rumor went, there was some hope. which one has acknowledged and repented but been content to express all the feelings There was the faintest palpitation about of-follies on account of which one has and sensations born with her—to become her heart; she felt a vague gladness at the undergone due mood of shame years ago. news -a gladness which did not spring so Repentance and shame seem to be fruitless much from the fresh prospect opened to her, the sins are perennial. (that was yet too uncertain) as from an involuntary feeling-the counterpart of the arranging the pillows at her back. A few

> him ap. and rearranged the pillows of her easy self. Please do not scold me." chair. As she did so she said: "Mamma, Mr. Seaton has purchased Bowring-hall."

dead for ages!" "Robert Seaton, mamma," she said .--

'He that went to India years ago."

garet said, simply. missed her maid from thence, and sat down child, and whose honest lunacy reminded "Forty," she was thinking to herself-"forty to talk with him. Twenty years-which make little change her of Seaton. Even officers quartered at and he is two years younger. But he canin an elm tree-are a third of ordinary the neighboring town discovered that she not look younger than I do. Men age and certain; the other was liable to all the human life. Twenty years change the was a pleasant person to flirt with; and sooner than women; and besides, there is accidents of the future and of fortune. The child into the blooming woman, and again clergymen, of opinions high or low, for the climate. Surely, there is not so much rank of the country gentleman was prefera- deprive the woman of her bloom. Time, miles round, found their ambling nage car- difference in me since he left! I know my what she would have answered, had not ble to that of the merchant. Bowring was however, had passed lightly over Margaret. rying them, they scarce knew why, towards face by heart, and I can see but little they been interrupted by Margaret's maid. his own master; while, as yet, Seaton was At a little distance one could detect no her place of audience. She was not likely change. I am glad mamma looks on his There were visitors. "I must go in," she change from the Margaret of twenty-two. to die of inanition yet, though such a pros- purchasing Bowring-hall in that light said. "Are my eyes very red? Come with As we have said, Margaret felt at first She was pretty still. She had lost her first pect was beginning to force itself on her as pshal this is very foolish! How do I know me." They took one more turn down the

The lean doctor was seated beside her ser of Bowring-hall; coming there immediately; and-no wife! She walked with him up and down the lawn before he left, as was her custom. She was as calm and amiable cepted him? I think she would. It was too late to throw awey a suber certainty f x

As the time approached for Seaton's ar-Bowring-hall-had been heard to talk "if "their mistress!" Undoubtedly some of the "Yes, Robert Scaton-that is the name." rooms were being furnished far ladies' use. Oh, yes, Margaret knew him-had known | Still, others persisted in the first story-that lief. Poor old lady! the expectation of

Seaton arrived on the Saturday, and apthat he was unmarried, and that his benifi- peared at church on the Sunday. The mocence was princely. He had endowed a mentous question was rettled at once. There ers, but no declared lover. The men were church at Bundecund; and the curate hoped was a lady with him, young and beautiful, that now, at length, they stood a fair with a rich, dark beauty that spoke of an "The greatest success a woman can chance of getting their own little village Indian climate. Margaret as she caught a glimpse of the girlish face, thought of her own forty years. It was the bitterest pang

Her mother asked eagerly whether Mr.

"Ilia wife!"

The old lady burst into fretful tears: "st her daughter's disappointment," she saidnot at her own. She railed against Seaton for being married; she pitied and railed

There is nothing more wearisome than to have ancient faults and follies called up Margaret kept out of her mother's sight

vague regret she had experienced in giving tears fell from her eyes silently as the old lady became more and more querulous .--She entered the house through the open "Mamma, dear," she said at length, "do window; she gave her mother her medicine not scold me to-day. I am not quite my-She went out into the garden, and passed

over the lawn into a long shaded walk be-"Who?" asked the old lady, querulously, youd it. There she walked up and down, "Mr. Seaton? Why Mr. Seaton has been and cried as she had not cried since she was a little child.

This walk skirted the vicar's garden. from which it was separated by a low wall. "Ah!" cried the old lady, raising herself, Soon a cheery voice shouted, "May I come as her eyes brightened-"ab, my dear, you over." And without waiting for an answer will be mistress of Bowring-hall after all!" the vicar's son vaulted over the wall and "He will change the name of it," Mar-landed by Margaret's side. Margaret liked him: liked his honest, half-bashful admira-She went up stairs to her own room, dis- tign; liked, while she smiled at, his steadfast trust and belief in her. He always reminded her of Seaton. She wished he had be helped, and wiped her eyes, and began

"You-you have been crying!" the boy blurted out in surprise and horror.

Heaven knows what he would have said. in his foolish unreasoning sympathy, and shady walk. "You are very kind to me."