

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING.".

She seemed to have been making a hurried

et was a small portmonnaie, with about twen-

ty sovereigns and a handful of small com-

some simple decoction for the nursery; a very

small, well-worn testament, that had lost its

fly-leaf; a large bunch of bright keys, an ivo-

ry pencil case, and a cambric handkerchief, in

the corner of which was embroidered one sin-

which she could be recognized. Was it i.er

name? Her linen and the child's were alike

marked by that letter U. And at the bottom

of the leathern bag were found pieces of the

and made the matter as public as they could,

in the hope of bringing it to the ears of those

CHAPTER II.

sonage room, where the jessamine peeped in at

the window-; and his faithful Kate watched

beside him, and moistened his lips; and Rose

and Une knelt by his bedside with clasped

He died as a Christian-in that sure hope o

of its horror; and light came to Kate's tear-

ful eyes as she stood by that lowly tomb; and

Une pointed her childish finger to the heavens,

The funeral was over, and they went back to

the home they must so soon leave forever .--

Their faces were very sad, for they were go-

ing home for the first time without him. Kate

crept to her own room and cried long and

drearily! poor thing! till now she had never

realized her loss. But that dreadful vacant

room, with the tenantless fresh-made bed, and

She sat and thought. All that her father

and said: "He is there, mother."

break.

a glorious resurrection which robs the grave

anticipated1

## \$1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

## VOLUME XXX, NUMBER 40.]

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1860.

PUSBLIHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING Giffice in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of Spont and Locust streets.

Ter ms of ubscription. e Copy perannum of paidin advance. \$150 of not paid within three months rom commencement of the year, 200

4 Cents a Copy. No subscription sectived for a test time than six stonike fant no paper will be discontinued antif all subscranges tre paid, unless at the option of the pub-2 17 Voney anybe emittedby mail a thepublish-

Rates of Advertising.

 Autors of the source of t stargeridvertisements in proportion A (incred liserous) with a made to quarterly, half riv is rively entreers, who are strictly confined the invertigers

DR. HOFFER. DENTIST .-- OFFICE, Front Street 4th door 

THOMAS WELSH. USTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa. FFAUS, in Wiapper's New Building, below Holel, I'rout street. Prompt attention given to all business entruste his care. November 29, 1857.

H. M. NORTH. TTORNEY ND COUNSEOR IF ALK.

Columbia Pa. Collections, tromptly made, in Lancasterand York Calumbia, May 4, 1850.

dens,

J. W. FISHER, Atterney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, September 6, 1856 u

S. Atlee Bockins, D. D. S. PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechan Dieal Departments of Dentistry, Operes Locusteret, hetween he Franklin House and Post Office. Columbia. Pa

TOMATO PILLS .--- Extract of Tomatocs; a

cathartic and To: nic. For sale at J.S. DELLISTY & COS Golden Mortar Drug Store Dec 3 '59. MPORTED Labin's, nivo, Glenn's Double Extinct-for the handkerchief, at

Feb. 19. '59. Opposite Cola, Bridge, Front St. BROOMS .--- 100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale D or Retail, at Dec 12, 1857 H. PFARLER'S. Locust street.

CINE'S Compound of Syrap of Tar, Wild Collerry and Hoathound, for the cure of Cough Coller, Whooping Cough, Crom, &c. For eale at MeCOIR LE& DISLLETTS Pamily Medicine Store, Odd Ferlows' Hall October 24, 1858.

Patent Steam Wash Bollers.

THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly of I hand ut HENRY PFAILLENS, Locust street, opposite the Franklin House. Columbin. July 18, 1557. Oats for sale by the bushel or larger quan-

Cotambin Dec 25, 1958, B. F. APPOLD, Cotambin Dec 25, 1958, Canal Basia.

COBACCO and Segars of the best brands,

J : 10 JUST int store, it fresh lot of Berning & Frontieur, celet rated Vegeta'sle Cattle Powder, and for sate b R-WILLIAMS. Fept. 17, 1559. Front street. Cour

DORD. 25 Boxes of Duffey Brown Sorp on hand and for August 6, 1959

Suffer no longer with Corns.

T the Golden Mortar Drug Store you can procure an arnele which is warranted to remove Corns in hours, without pain or screness. Fly Paper.

A SUPERIOR article of FIF Paper, for the destrue-A tion of Flies, &c., has just been received at the Drug Store of panion. She was unloosening the child's wrappings, removing the little bonnet from the R WILLIAMS, Front street. small head, smoothing the rings of brown hair

The old gentleman was really growing drowsy, and but once opened his eye ere he fell asleep. Then his companion was leaning The night train was about to start from the press a long, clinging kiss on its soit fore. Iy bade the by-standers to "move off !" King's Cross Station. It was a dark winter's head; afterwards she drew her veil over her night, just hefore Christmas. Snow had been face, and lent back, and be remembered no almost incessantly falling for the last two more.

ittle heap to the bottom.

days, and it was falling still-whitening the He had a long, calm sleep and pleasant tops of the cabs, whitening the hats and umbrellas of passers-by; even whitening the whiskers of the drivers, and settling in long ed in his dreams-reigned with the new dress third finger. Poor thing! who could she be? lines and ridges on their great coats. Such he was bringing as a Christman gift for his and where was her husband? cold looking, blue, punched faces as one met wile, and the parcel of books for his daughter, A murmur of compassion greeted the sleepon every side; such red eyes; such a chorus of nose-blowing and coughing and hoars+ snow-covered, hon-ysuckled porch; a bright appeared. He came out at last; but inquiry And ne was scramping down from the dog-Rose vas n.s only child, and he was looking who, since her mother's death, had crept so at her. She was the child of his old age, and fondly to his side, and refused to leave him. smeil of bad tobacco, that might find en he might be excued for the fond, loving trance from the door where the cabmen were partiality with which he regarded her; for staggering in and out with their heavy bur- she was so good, so gentle, so tender in her

attie attentions. No one folded his newspaper The five minutes' bell rang. The passenas Rose did; no one knew so exactly where to gers bundled into the carriages; the posters find his books of reference, or a missing ser. packed a change of linen in her carpet-bag and stowed in the packages; the newspaper-boy, mon, or the spectac es he always mislaid and set out to join him. "John would want a woheld up their baskets to the windows, and always wanted. And she was Kate's child- man to help bim," she said; "and besides, screamed ; "l'unch-To-day's Times-Eventhe wife who had loved him in her first youth they must see about getting the child to its -given up so much for his sake-waited for own people."

An old gentleman was already comfortably him and loved through long, weary years, ensconced in the corner of a first-class car- when every one else had d-spatred of the liv- done. The dead woman's small luggig- threw riage. His umbrella and stickswere tidily aring that was so long in coming. It had come no light on her destination or name. The few ranged above his head, his hat replaced by a at last, however, and they had married; but articles of her own, and the child's clothing, black velvet skull cap, that nestled very by that tune he was a build-headed man, and were of good, and even rich material; but though she was still beautiful in his eyes, she they were unmarked, save by the letter U .-gray line in her bair. Yet, perhaps, during journey, with small preparation. In her pocktheir fifteen years of married life no couple could have been happier. He might have got into old bachelor habits and she have grown she had not been in want. A little slip of fidgety about trifles; but they were so firm in paper was in one of the cases, whereupon a their mutual love, so assured of each other's sympathy, that they had a constant fund of happiness in their own hands; and when Rose came she seemed to revive youth and love and

The old man slept till a faint hue of day-

his spectacles, and thought how soundly the mother must be sleeping that she did not wake. The child cried louder, and he felt uneasy. It raised itself up with an effort, and, tugging

But it called in vain ; its poor mother could

"Mamma! mamma 1" But she did not rouse. It was the first time her car had been sealed to her child's cry-the first time that "Mamma ! mamma !" had pas-

stranger was lying in a crowded town church-Still louder the child cried, and a strange vaid: and Baby Une, as they had learnt to shudder passed over the old man's form. He waited-she was still motionless ; and at last, call her, was traveling with the old clergyman

with choking breath, he came nearer and and his wife to their northern home. Kate rest. It was cold, chill, clammy, and the child, must think of Rose. But frightened by his approach, pulled harder

bag towards her, and pushed them down in a old man's voice, as he leant forward and told mother restirg comfortably by the blazing who entered, an aged, respectable-looking of the presence of death where it was so little hearth, and Une provided with all that can woman, with a kind face and cordial voice .make childhood happy. There was another Her mistress was not so well this evening, There was a groan of horror: and every one figure too, prominent in the foreground, indefi- she said, and was sorry she could not rece. e gathered round the carriage. A doctor was nite, but to which memory happily supplied Miss Milburne ; -he hoped to do so in an over her baby-crying over it, he thought .- | hastily summoned : the policeman stood with name features, and she gave the reins to her hour's time. Meanwhile, would Miss M

He saw her bend down more than once and his hand on the carriage door, and emphatical- fancy till she had brought it quite near, given burne like to have tea served up in her own it the chief place by her home fireside. The servant brought in the teathings; she Rose thanked and gladly followed her They were carrying the body to the wait. ing-room, and all rushed forward to get a sight started up, with a guilty blush mantling her stairs. Her room was in the new part of the

of the face-so pale, with its long, dark lashes cheek, and, with an effort recalling herself to building, freshly furnished, with a bright, resting on the cheek. More than one noticed the present, drew out her desk, and began to glancing fire, which her companion at once re dreams. Ilis last thought was about his Kate the little, white, lady's hand, and told after- write to a friend, whom she thought would plenished. "We must do our best to give you a warm and the little one at home, and they two reign. wards that there was a wedding ring on the assist her in finding a desirable situation.

But the dream has given us an insight into welcome," she said with a smile ; "but I fear Rose's heart which needs explanation. Rose you will find it a dreary home. Forgive me oved. It was two yearssince the young squire if I am too bold, Miss; but it is a rare pleathat he had bad such difficulty in packing - img child! then every eye turned to watch the of the parish had succeeded to his uncle's es- ure to look on a young face now a days. They were in fancy suffing for him under the closed door through which the docior had dis- tates, and since that time he had been a con- She turned to the door, leaving Rose shyly stant visitor at the parsonage. He was not thinking that she ought to have made some smile of welcome on Nate's comely cheek, and was scarcely needed, for he shook his head popular in the neighborhood. He was cold reply to the kind greeting, yet unuble fto do and taciturn, and, people said, had led a wild [50. life before coming in for the property. But, Presently came a maid with the tea-things,

if so, he was reformed now. He was always and servants carrying her boxes; and she was The train had gone on, but the old man was left behind. He was the only witness, and grave and quiet, mixing with none of the so well occupied, that she felt almost surprised and the serve of man was holding the horse's had to stay for the coroner's inquest; besides, county families, and shunning society. It was when Mrs. Jones appeared, saying the mistrees thought that he found the parson's pretty Rose was in the library, and would be happy to see he could not leave that little clinging child, an attraction to the parsonage, and it may be her. that Rose's silly heart was flattered by the suggestion, for her great interest in the absent, lined with book shelves, and lighted by an So that winter morning Kate and the brightunhappy-looking stranger had unconsciously oriel window of stained glass. faced Rose watched in vain for his home-comng; and when the late post brought his hur. deepened into something warmer, though she would not allow it, even to herself. Certainly chair, over the fire, supported by two pillows, ried excuse, the parsonage at Hoverham was he came very often, and took a great deal of She was a pale, emaciated woman, apparently one scene of confusion and bustle. His wife interest in Rose's flowers and studies, and even aged by suffering rateer than by years .showed a sort of good-natured kindness to the When Rose entered she greeted her kindly. little sister, that he supposed Une to be-for and bade her be seated. There was a low the old parson, in adopting Une, had made her | chair placed temptingly on the hearth-rug and

as another daughter; and though the strange Rose moved towards it ; but a little exclamaparticulars of the case at first caused much tion of terror from Miss Druminoud arrested But this last was more easily spoken of than conversation and surmise, time had worn the her half-way, while the maid hastily touched edge off the romance; and in the quiet country her arm, and pointed to a seat near her misside, "Tiny," as they called her, was merged tress. Rose felt very uncomfortable, without into a member of the parsonage family, was b out able to tell why, and could hardly sumcoupled with Rose Milburne in the villagers' mon courage to answer the few low inquin ra

"our young ladies." So week after week, and menth after month, Miss Drummond zaid kindly she hoped she you about her? Go away, go away." would be happy, and that very little would be the usually reserved Mr. Maxwell made his appearance in the parsonage drawing-room, required of her. Rose cheered at the sound of generally choosing the seat near the sofa where Rose sat with her work basket; and during the time of her father's illness he had come to do her best. Looking up eagerly, she saw is Une; we have reason to think it was her woman's hand had traced the proportions of almost every day to bring papers, or make in- that Miss Drummond had turned away her mother's name before her; but who that mothquiries, sharing socially in the daughter's grief face, and was hiding it among the pillows.

and anxiety that that foolish little heart beat There was a long pause, and Rose fancied faster, and insensibly leant on his sympathising she heard her sobbing. Catching a sign from story of her father's Christmas journey, and stronger spirit for rest and encouragement..... Mrs. Jones, she rose and quietly left the room. the untended death-bed. Undeterred by Jones' But it was all over now. He had breathed She wondered what she had done or said to tears and exclamations, she went on to the not one word of love; he had been very kind, gle word --- "Uxg." This was the only clue by but it was a brotherly sort of kuntures. nothupset her, and was relieved when the maid very end. Then she paused and knelt down followed and said her misstress was better .-- by the weeping woman. ing more. Rose said so herself to her mother, She often had these attacks; she would be

Miss Drummond was seated, in an arm

ing more. Rose said so herself to her mother, She often had these attacks; she would be "Jones can you throw any light on this a week later, when Mr. Maxwell had been to more accustomed to Miss Milburne in a few strange history?" she said; "I have told you wish them "good-bye," before leaving home days. on some troublesome business that might de-But Rose did not see her again for more than

torn letter. But they were so small that it tain him beyond the six weeks that they were little morsel showed the words "Dearest the terminal Hoverham. She said that if little morsel showed the words "Drarest she had indulged stilly fancies, it was her own bed-room to read aloud. Those first dreary her mother's; but how she came to die like fault; he had done and said nothing to war- days, she found the stillness and quiet of the that, or be away from her husband, I cannot The authorities of the tewn came forward rant them, she alone was to blame, her mother must not say a word against him. How the woman's heart spoke out in those few words, ger came near the house. The change from condemning useff to ward even a shade of the bright, cheerful parsonage at Hoverham lamb. Ah! you ask me about her mother's concerned: but days passed, and no one made blame from its beloved one! And when she struck Rose with a sad chill. She felt so dull history: I will tell you all I can. ran up to her own room a few minutes after, and lonesome; she wished and pined for the how plainly sgain spoke the heart in the midst familiar faces. of her suffering, dwelling on his words of fare-

well, even to the expression of his eyes as he

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,550.

How could you sit in that chair; She saw you, and thought it was her. Oh, my poor, poor mistress!"

There was no time for inquiries and explanations, Rose ran to call assistance, and dispatch a messenger for the doctor; but when she was back again in her room, and the quiet of night resting over the household, the watchers around the insensible sufferer, she sat and thought painfully over the occurrences of the day.

"What had that chair to do with the mystery? Wnom did Jones mean by her?" Then as she remembered the book, "Was it Une? and if so, could it, might it have anything to do with our Une?"

Miss Drummond recovered consciousness, but one side was completely paralysed, and Jones told Rose, with tears in her eyes, that she would never again be able to leave het bed.

The days passed very slowly to poor Rose's feverish anxiety. She had been again in the library and examined the books. All on the ittle table had the same name "Une," and in one, "Une Drummond: from her affectionate aunt, Portia."

So there had been a niece in this dreary house, though Rose had never heard of her The library was a room on the first floor, Where was she now?

> She resolved to brave all, and ask Jones. The old woman looked into the library while Miss Drummond was sleeping, and seemed astonished to find it tenanted. Rose held up one of the books.

"Whose is this?" she said. "Who, and where is Une?"

"Pat it down, put it down, Miss," Jones said in a choked voice; "don't speak of it; you have done encugh harm already."

"But I must know," said Rose, firmly -"Jones, I have a reason in asking. Will you not tell me where is Une Drummond-Miss Portia's niece?"

"I cannot-I won't-don't ask me. O M.ss about the journey; but it was better when Rose! what are you doing here? what is it to

Rose came nearer and took her hand,

"It is not more curiosity that makes me ask. a kind voice, and said brightly, that she had Jones, it is duty. You have heard mespeak of no doubt she would be happy, and would try Tiny-of the little sister at home. Her name er was we cannot tell. Listen-"

And Rose, with heightening color, told the

of my Une-who was yours?"

"It was her; you have told me of her very a week, and then it was only for a short time welf. I mind the ivory pencil, and the very each morning, when she was sent for into her clothes, and the child's dark eyes-they are house almost insupportable. Miss Drummond think. O Une! Une! to think that you are lived entirely in her own room, and no stran- dead, whom we loved so dearly in spite of all -that you died in this way. O my lambi my

"Miss Portia had a brother, of whom her father was fond and proud, and for whom 1.e

It was better when she saw more of Mrs. destined this fine old place and his great rici-Jones. The motherly old woman was so anx. et. But, somehow, the young man displeased with choking breath, he came nearer and and its with to their dottain about a straight matter; but the touched the hand that was lying on the aim. had at first objected to her hashand's proposal grieved him to part. Something whispered in warmed to her, and insensibly she told her, old man had a very fierce temper, and he swore her spirit, "IF loves you;" but she put away hitle by little, of her own home and trials; o that if he did not at once submit he would die. her mothers, and her father's death ; of Tiny, inherit him. He refused, and the old man and the dear old parsonage. And Mrs. Jones died shortly after, leaving every farthing he listened with such evident interest and plea- possessed to his daughter, Miss Portia. Now, sure that she was tempted to tell more and my mistress has a fine grand nature, and had more, and to look forward to the old woman's been much grieved by the quarrel between nearly sympathy and words of comfort. Some- her father and brother; and when the fortune times Rose tried to pursuade her to talk about came to her, she thought to make it all herself and mistress, for the lonely life of the straight again by giving it up to Mr. Archirich old lady had excited the young girl's pity bald. But that dreadful pride! Mr. Agehibald and curiosity, but rarely with any effect. Mrs. refused to take it as his sister's gift, and stik Jones was willing enough to relate her strug- smarting under his father's injustice, set out gles in the farm-house at home, when she was to make a fortune in the Indies. They never

dress bespoke him-was beginning a not very light was dawning in the horizon, and then he was awakened by a child's cry. He roused himself, rubbed his eyes, put on with its little might at her cloak, called.

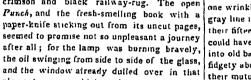
ed unherded.

The old gentleman looked across at his com-

pleasant imprecation that had some connection with his last attack of lumbago, when his eye caught sight of a female figure blocking up the estrance. She had a young child in her arms, and common civility obliged him to offer her the assistance of his hand, and remove some of the lumbering parcels with which he had

covered the seats. ompanion with her; and she had hardly settled in the farther seat opposite, and pulled the thick veil from her face, before the

train started. A long whistle-a few lights shining like stars through the misty nightthen darkness on either side and unbroken stillness.



warmly on his baid crown, and his feet crossed on the opposile seat, and covered with a had lost her iresh bloom and showed more than There were no books or letter with directions. crimson and black railway-rug. The open one wrinkle in her forebead, more than one

after all; for the lamp was burning bravely, the oil swinging from side to side of the glass, and the window already dulled over in that pleasant manner which makes one congratu-

ing Star-Globe-Bell's Life !-----"

Selections.

UNE.

CHAPTER I.

late one's self on being so warm and comfortable inside. Just at the last moment the door was hastily beauty in a new life-they grew young again opened, and a porter thrust in a carpet-bag. in her young love. The old gentleman-clergyman though his

The lady was all alone, neither nurse nor

voices claiming carpet-bags and port-manteaus! Here and there rushed the porters; now a cry of "Make way !" and the passage their darling standing beside her, with the gravely, and already "Heart complaint" was of a luggage-truck, causing the passengers to wind blowing her tart out at the her face. It by word in the crowd. fall to one side, or rush desparately towardthe van, in hopes of discovering some missing cart, carrying the carper bag and its treasures; possession. The gas flickered and blazed and fickered again as the draught penetrated into head and shaking the snow off his great coat. the station; and every now and then one caught the whiff of a cigar, and a suspicious

minin Tale 20

5

14 1 1

## Harrison's Columbian Ink.

Willell is a superior article, permanently black, quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker t Euglish Boot Polish.

On Hand. MRS. WINSLOW'S Such On Hand. MES. WINSLOW'S Scothing Syrup, which will little bosom, and carefully hidden by a fat little greatly facilitate the process of techning by re-ducing inflamation, allaying para, sparmolic action, kc., in very short lime. For such by R. WILLIAMS, R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Columbia. The mother was very busy, and as her head

REDDING & CO'S Russia Salve! This ex- came full under the lamp light, the old gentle-U treately popular treated for the cure of externa idments is now for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Co'umbia. sept 24, 1850

CALT by the Sack or Boshel, and Pelatoes with a small oval face of pure, white coloring, D in targe or small quantities, for sale and [Jau 8 '59 RANGIPANNI Extencis and Sonp: on everinating Declare at HARRY GREENS. Feb 19. 59.

Opposite Cola, Bridge, Fro OISTERN PUMPS.

E subscriber has a large stock of Cistern Pumps and Rams to which he calls the miention of the ne. He is prepared to put them up for use in a He is prepared to put i anal and enduring manner H. PFAHLER,

December 12.1857.

FANCY TOILET SOAPS. THE finest associatent f Fancy Poller Sounds, even

HARRY GREEN'S. Feb 19, '59. Opposite Cola. Bridge, Fron St

COLOGNE WATER by the pint, quart or gailon Glena's Extracts for the bandkereblef by the

Feb 19. '59. Opposite Cola. Bridge, Front St Just Received and For Sale.

200 Bills, Ground Pluster; 50 bbls Extra Famil Sou Blour; 25 bbls, No 1 Lard Off of best quality 300 bas, Ground Alam Salt, by

B. F. APPOLD, No 1 and 2 Canal Basin. March 26, 350.

Bilder's Coron and Chocolate, at Corner of Third and Union streets. [Nov. 20.39] half so untidy.

ABAIIAM, Or, Bond's Boslon Crackers, for Despectice, and Arrow Root Crackers, for in-valide and children-new articles in Columbia, at April 16, 1859.

NEW CROP SEEDLE'S RAISINS. THE best for I'ves, Pudding, ic --n. fresh amply at Grocery Store, Corner Prontund Union sis. Nov. 18 1860.

Seedless Raisins! A'LOT of very choice Seedle & Ruining jast receive: A at S.F. EBERLEIN'S Nov.19, '59. Grocery Store, No. 71, Locurt st. SHAKER CORN. JUST received, a first rule lot of Shuker Corn. Grocery Store, corner Front and Union st. Nov. 20, 1259.

eading.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.-The want of such an stricter is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied; for mending farmunet, china ware, ornamental work, toys, &c., there is nothing superior. We have found it uneful in remaining mana oblain it át the

with a delicate white hand-a hand which her cloak and screamed "Mamma !" proclaimed her a lady at first sight. By and by she was looking for something in a leathern bag, and presently the child turned round on her knee, with one biscuit disappearing into

its mouth and another pressed tight to its was dead. She was dead. She had died while he slept

-unknown, uncomforted - with no one nea even to wipe her lips or hold her hand; with the slumbering babe on her lap her spirit had man had ample opportunity to observe her .-passed to rest. The old man thought of that The old clergyman died in his bed, in the par-She did not look more than twenty, possibly last kiss on the child's brow, and large tears

not so much, rather under the ordinary stature; rolled down from his eyes. It was in vain to attempt to attract attenvery pale about the lips, almost faultless in tion in that silent night-train. He let down feature, but with such a sad expression that the window, and, while the wind and snowthe old gentleman felt at once that his fellowflakes swept over his thin, white hair and bald-

traveller was in trouble. He was sorry for head, called loudly for assitance. But no one her, she looked so pretty and interesting; and replied-only the sound of the wheels on the he made a feeble attempt to draw her into line and the whistling of the wind. conversation about the child. But she looked

He drew up the window and tried to quiet up at him with her serious, dark eyes full of the child. It was too late to attempt any thing tears, and answered so sadly and with such low for the mother; he just untied the strings of tones, that he was discouraged, and took refuge her bonnet, and for a few moments chated her behind his newspaper. hands; but they were already beginning to

The next time he looked up the child was stiffen and the pupils of the eyes were dilated, sleep, with its head against its mother's the whites discolored, and he dropped the veil breast, its round arm tossed over its pelisse, again over the face. She must have been dead and its little fat fingers grasped a half-cater hours-no one could help her now.

biscuit, from which the motion of the train At first the child refused to leave her, and shook down a number of crumbs on the mothbattled and cried as if its heart were breaking; such a lonely look about those cold, new r's dress. The old gentleman made a mental but when she found that she did not answer, washed hangings-she covered her face with eservation to the effect that he should not have liked those crumbs on his new carpet at tention, it gave way, consented to be lifted Hovesham. Katee had never let his child be across the old man's knee, and, laying its

And in the chamber below, with Une on her little head close to him, sobbed itself to sleep. Iap, Rose sat over the fire-sat dreaming

But a little low sigh from the mother at racted him. He looked up, and saw her reading a closely written letter on foreign paper, the mother's things and the leathern bag, to through life, and she was revolving in her un holding the thin sheet us far under the light as see if he could find a direction ticket.

she could, while her other hand supported the But in vain; there was no name, no address; ise in its fullest meaning. She was eighteen and he did not venture to examine farther. He baby's head. Something very like a smothered sob caught his ear, and he fancied he saw held the child to him, and with his other hand small, well-formed head of here, handy fingers, instead of mounting this, they turned off into a tear fall on the open sheet. He was afraid the back of an old letter. that his presence was a restraint to her grief, and endure much when urged by love. and crouching into the corner, pretended to be The train could not be far from --. and

he strained his eyes eagerly into the darkness. had been able to save made a very small in-There was a whistle; the train went slower come-a mere pittance; her mother had never She gave a quick glance up, showing a very

ear-stained, pale face; then apparently rethe outline of some trucks at the side. An must keep herself, and add to their little.

By and by, she seemed to be forming some engine passed with it gleaming lights, and the Une fell asleep with her hand on Rose's fancy work on the table, to tell it was ever ing over her with an agonized face. grave resolutions, for she propped up the black figure of its driver standing out before shoulder, and the fire-light shining on her tearchild's head, released her arm, and deliberate- the fire-again he let down the window, and stained free; and Rose's thoughts and plans

ly tore the letter into minute pieces. She held called. The night wind rushed by-he called in that drowsy twilight were diluted into them irresolutely, crushed in her hand, as if at again : there was an answering voice, the flash dreams.

ve found it useful in repairing many them irresolutely, crushed in her hand, as if at again : there was an answering voice, the has a greature. we been useless for mouths. You a Toss how to dispose of them; the window was of a lantern, the flicker of gas, and they were . She built up a bright castle in the air-some FARILE MEDICINE STORE | fast shut, and at last she drew the leathern inside the station. How strangely sounded the thing about a home of her own, with her door opened at last, it was the lady's maid one?"

the thought, and set about positive work-shi when little Une looked up at her so lovingly could no longer afford to dream.

with her innocent eyes, and learnt to say. Mrs. Milburne found a small lodging in no longer comfort or be comforted. The old "Papa" and "Mamma" in her childish voice. neighboring rown, to which she removed with man raised the veil from her face-it was as her prudence melted away, and she was sure Tiny; and Rose's applications having proved he feared; the eyes were open and glazed, a that Rose was not so unselfish she would be successful, she at once started for her new slight moisture resting on the cold lip. She first to share her little with the orphan. So home. to be companion to an invalid lady, in Une nestled at once to their hearts ; and Rose one of the southern counties. A long day's met her with a kiss, and called her her sister journey brought her to -----, where she was met by a servant and pony-carriage, for it was Four years after there was another death a three-miles' drive to Atherstone, and the and another burial, but a / far different one .--November day was darkening fast.

> The coachman stowed her small luggage an unruly child with a step-mother; but she met sgain. He married, and died; his wife into the back seat, touched the pony with his whip and they started ! Rose leaning back, Mis Drummond's affairs she would say noth- little orphan, and adopted it as her own. That with her crape veil hiding her heavy eyes, and a sad weight on her young heart. She was

still thinking of her mother and Tiny. As a sweep of the road brought the gray turrets of Atherstone into view, her compansadly when Rose approached the subject. ion slightly attracted her attention, and she roused and looked with greater interest on the scene. They had passed the ivy-covered lodge, and were in the private grounds, the pony stepping briskly over the damp, decaying leaves that strewed the drive. A little to the right Atherstone Towers frowned above

them-a buge, vererable pile of buildings, with she took her work and ran down stairs. corner turrets and narrow windows; one wing The library door was ajar. Miss Drummond at the side, that looked incongruous with the had not yet left her own room. It was the rest.

They drew up before a side entrance, and ing of her first arrival, and glancing cursously tha was right proud of her. I've seen her est, while the coachman took out the boxes, a and no tugging at her dress attracted her at- her hands, and sobbed as if her heart would venerable-looking butler came forward, and proposed to show Miss Milburne the way to When she seated herself without thought, in the drawing room. the little low chair on the hearth-rug. A

Rose laid down her bag, and followed with a small table was near covered with a green-He sat and watched it, longing impatiently for grave dreams; for her father in dying, had nervous feeling of trepidation, on through a cloth, on which were an ivory inlaid box and the next station; and one by one he looked at bade her take her mother's hand and hold it long, low, carpeted passage; skirted with dark a few books. She stretched out her hand and oak, crimson curtains shading the deep, nartook one up. It was a handsome edition of row windows; thence to a large hall, hung Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," with many selfish young heart how to work out her promwith family portraits, at the farther end of

now, with a fund of common sense in that which was a handsome double staircase; but made notes of the time and circumstances on and a blithe, buoyant spirit that could brave an ante-room, and the butler, going before, her turn to the fly-leaf, to find the name. It drew up the blinds in the drawing-room, and

> asked Miss Milburne to be seated. Rose glanced round the chamber as best she could by the dying daylight. It was cold

from its angle, and a half finished piece of sensible form of Miss Drummond, Jones bendused.

The butler had gone to acquaint the lady's to assist her; "how could you do it? You've maid with her arrival. His lady would be killed her."

lying down, he thought; and Rose waited a full half-bour in dreary solitude. When the more than ever perplexed; "what have I the affection abe had long craved for in vain-

had gone into service at an early age, and of died too; and Miss Portia sent for their ing. Day and night she watched and waited was our child-our Miss Une. She grew up on her, always naming her with almost rever. in this old house, and we all loved her; but 1 ent affection; but the mystery, that Rose was don't think there ever was a right understandconvinced axisted somewhere, was frozen on ing between her and her aunt. Miss Drumher lips, She only sighed and shook her head mond in those days had a haughty temper, and hid her feelings under an appearance of harsh-Three days before Christmas, Rose was sit. ness; and little Une was very loving, and ing in her lonley room, when Mrs. Jones shrank from her fancied coldness, Sometimes brought her an invitation to pass the evening she would put her little arms around me, and with Miss Drummond in the library. Any kiss me, as she never did her aunt; and as she change from the monotony of her present life | grew still older, I think she pined yet more for was agreeable, and hastily arranging her hair, affection and sympathy, for many times I have found her crying and wailing in her own little room, or detected the marks of tears on her cheeks when I looked in to say 'good night' at first time Rose had entered it since the even. bedtime. But, cold as she seemed, Miss Porround, she examined the titles of the books on low chair by the fire reading her books-fir the shelves, and ornaments on the mantlepiece. Une liked reading and was always at it. But the girl didn't know it, and kept fancying she was uncaree for and unloved. It was worse still when she grew up. Miss Partia did not like her to mix with any young people, and this was a lonely place for a bright young thing like her. I can't think how we supposed she could bear it. At one time she cried and rebelled very much when she was not allowed to go here and there; but, by and by, she gave up asking, and grew very thoughtful, and ailent, and took long walks in the grounds. We trusted her quist; we did not think she would deceive us. The blow fell very hearity when she left her home with a young officer, who was we told her of Une's flight. She tore up and down like a mad woman, and sent right and "O, Missi" she cried, as Rose came forward loft to overtake her. It was not until there was a note from Une herself, deted London saying that she was married to one who loved

"What have I done?" inquired poor Rose her, and whom she loved-who would give her Miss Drummond froze back into herself, and

pencil marks on the margin. She read a few of the marked passages, and was there; but not the Portia Drummoud she had exnected, only one little word-Une. She jumped up with an exclamation -an ex-