PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Morning, febrnarn 4, 1838

Selected Doetry.

FIRST GRIEF BY JAMES HEDDERWICK.

They tell me, first and early love Outlives all after-dreams ; But the memory of a first great grief To me more lasting seems.

The grief that marks our dawning youth To memory ever clings; and o'er the path of future years lengthened shadow flings.

Oh! oft my mind recalls the hour When to my father's home Death came, an uninvited guest, From his dwelling in the tomb

I had not seen his face before. shuddered at the sight ; and I shudder yet to think upon The anguish of that night !

A vouthful brow and ruddy cheek Became all cold and wan : an eye grew dim in which the light Of radiant fancy shone.

Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow The eye was fixed and dim; And one there mourned a brother dead, Who would have died for him.

I know not if 'twas summer then, | know not if 'twas spring : But if the birds sang in the tree, I did not hear them sing.

If flowers came forth to deck the earth. Their bloom I did not see : ooked upon one withered flower, And none else bloomed for me

sad and silent time it was All eyes were dim and overcast, And every voice was low. And from each check at intervals

The blood appeared to start. As if recalled in sudden haste To aid the sinking heart ! Softly we trod, as if afraid

To mar the sleeper's sleep

And stole last looks of his sad face For memory to keep. With him the agony was o'er, And now the pain was ours;

As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose. Like odor from dead flowers! and when at last he was borne afar From the world's weary strife;

How oft in thought did we again Live o'er his little life. His every look, his every word, His very voice's tone,

Came back to us like things whose worth That grief has passed with years away,

And joy has been my lot; But the one is long remembered, And the other soon forgot !

The gayest hours trip lightly by, And leave the faintest trace ; But the deep, deep trace that sorrow wears No time can e'er efface !

Selected Cale.

[From Putnam's Monthly.] SNIP-SNAP.

Crathia Sasan Simpson, age eighteen, with pretty talent of pleasing men, was the ac-sledged belle of the little Marrow Squash

Tais little talent of pleasing men is someas given by nature as a compensation for ack of every other accomplishment, of uring any; but this was not the case to Cynthia who had good Yankee sense. by a vein of sprightliness in her composition ich latter, as I take it, requires several othalents for its support, otherwise it soon perates into silliness, whence it sours into gar ill-nature in the country girl-in the of society into sarcasm.

Juthia was pretty, in the freshness of her American beauty comes forth like a t, and is cut down. The loveliness of od rarely ripens in the matron. And his was afraid to risk her loveliness no t; for whilst she encouraged the attenof many "beaux," who, in the language society, "went to see her" evening afening, at the sung farm-house of her fawhenever any of these swains took the tonity to press upon her notice the naof his case, and urge the necessity of its edy cure, she cut the matter short with

Truth must be said, that amongst all her mirers there was not one who was a priori at is, before a reciprocation of his love place -a very desirable match for her.

e richest was Seth Taggart, who paid his visit to her one afternoon, in a bran-new ha was alone, and prepared by previous rience to discern symptoms of an apching assault upon the Malakoff of her ons. She pursed up her pretty little erself what a fool Seth Taggart was, and redered how he would get out of the fix in thich he found himself, and how he could are to think she had given him encourageheat-and looked-very bewitching. Poor Seth sat on the verge of his chair, and gazed tough the window, which was open, into woods, but his was a mind like that of fordsworth's Peter-

A primrose, on the river's brim, A Jallow primrose was to him,

And nothing more." He did not find any inspiration in the woods "Miss Cynthia," said he, at length,

you ever see a crow?"
"Yes, Mr. Seth," said she, folding her gusset, and looking down at it demurely as a

"Black-ain't it ?" said Seth.

" Very."

The little minx knows what I want to say, and she might help me to say it."

What man has not thought this before now. at courting time-and wished to borrow feminine tact, and the larger experience of women, to help him out of the slough of despond he is beginning to sink into? What man would not give the world to know how the last man who offered himself to her, got through with

"Ever see an owl?" said Seth, at length, falling back upon his own resources. "Often, Mr. Seth," lisped pretty Cynthia.

"It's got big eyes-ain't it, now?"
"Very big eyes," said she.

glows brightest in reflection. He thought it a "mean shame." she wouldu't "help him out," while she sat there, looking good enough to eat," and laughing at him, as even his blunt perception told him, whilst her attention was apparently bestowed upon the shirt-sleeve. He wished it was his shirt she was stitching so assiduously. He stirred up the ashes on the hearth, and almost made up his mind that "he warn't going to give her another chance at him;" but Cynthia dropped her cotton-ball, and Seth, not rising from his chair, stretched out his long, lank arm, and picked it up. He touched her hand as she took it back, and an electric shock thrilled through his veins, and made him "feel all over -ever so," as he some time afterwards expressed the sensation to me.

"Miss Cynthia, may be you are fond of maple candy :" Very," said she.

"Well, now," said Seth, "the next time I come, I'll try and oring you a great gob."

But as he rode home, behind his old farm

mare, he said to himself, "I reckon I ain't go-ing back to court a gal who sees a feller in a fix, and never helps him." And sure enough hill he never did return. Miss Cynthia lost her richest lover, and many folks, even to this day believe she wished him back again. It is the way of women to want the thing that can't be had. At least, so men say, if not in practice, in theory, and Cynthia's mouth watered, I dare say, for many a week after, for that

gob of maple candy.

THE MORAL.—Let every man, oh! pretty girl, pay court to you in his own way, and not in your way, and help him out at that ; being sure, however, that you are in harmony with his mode of procedure. Never disturb ce-cream when it is going to freeze; nor lift the pot as it begins to boil; nor make a false step and get out of time when your partner is meditating a revers in the deux temps, or the polka. Many a declaration of affection has having his offer. been frightened off by some wrong note sung in the treble of the duet, which put it out of

Cyathia, though so pretty a girl, and so experienced in the art of saying "no," to an offer of marriage, had yet a good deal to learn in her own craft ; and, indeed no experience ever primes a woman for the decisive moment. Each case, must be met on principle, and not on precedent. It is our business to discover, in this story of "Snip-Snap," how far pretty Cyathia profited by the experience she prided herself upon in the rejection of her lovers.

of 'Squire Simpson's homestead. It was Seth of home might be?" Taggart's wedding day. He was to marry that evening, Susie Chase-a smiling little rose-bud of a wife, to whom he found plenty of things to say, as sweet to Susie's cars as to her lips his maple candy. Cynthia, as one of as she wished to shine that night, in all her bravery, and wanted some new ribbons for her head-dress, this want tempted her abroad, a Handy. We will go now, if you please, if you patient suitors. It is true, that the wound little after noon, when the harvest-fields were have finished my garland." quiet and the yoked oxen stood relieved from served for that soft, sunny hour of rest, as men of business used to do the thought of the last letter written by the hand they love, till the burden of the day is laid aside, putting it apart (with all its woman's nonsense, and half unreasonable fancies,) pure from the contact of the pile of yellow letters lying on their desk,

offerings upon the shrine of Mammon. Our pretty Cynthia tripped along her path, as she stepped; and in her silly little pride of beliehood her heart held, though she would

ny grasshoppers.

sence.

and walk with you." the village, for some ribbon for my hair, and estimate what a man owes to the affection of way, holding her hop-wreath in her hand. gentlemen dislike shopping," (knowing perfect a woman? All I have in me that is good with her.)

It well that he would go with her.) well that he would

nament for your hair than any ribbons you the manly character."

could buy in the village."

"And will you get me some ?" "Turn this way into the weeds, and spare me half an hour while I twist it into a wreath. Then came a pause. "Darn it—I wish I am going away from here to-morrow, pershe'd help me out," said Seth in his own tho't. haps. I have been offered a professorship in

a school of agriculture." "Indeed, Mr. Handy !"

There was a pause, and Cynthia resumed, a little hurriedly : " I should think you would like going away from here. There is nothing to tempt a young gentleman to remain among

" I shall like it, in some respects, better to accompany it, does not draw out the best energies of a man. His nature, like his tho'ts, wholly sincere, and the look faded. goes round and round in the routine, like a squirrel in its cage, and makes no progress."

This man thinks higher things than I presence; but she rallied her pretensions, remembered her bellehood and her conquests, and the light in which she always had been any man."

looked prop by all her lovers and was almost "I don't know why you should say such disposed to revenge upon Frank Handy the passing feeling of inferiority. Frank stood in silence, twining the hop-wreath for her head He did not speak. His thoughts were busied with the words he would say to her when he broke the silence. He was satisfied to have her waiting at his side, waiting for the hopwreath, with its pale green bells, that he was twining leisurely; and Cynthia grew impatient as she found she did not speak to her. She ed with an air of pre-occupation. She wandered from his side a few yards among the rocks, turning over with her foot some pebbles covered with gray and orange moss, and disturbing all the swarm of busy insect life which made into her heart, and made her answers more soft and natural.

At last Handy broke silence, calling her to him, as she stood watching the stir which the point of her foot had produced in an ant-

"Is it finished?" she said quickly.

Not the garland-but the struggle in my breast is finished. I have been questioning myself whether I would say to you what I am about to say."

Cynthia gathered a leaf, and began slowly to tear apart its delicate veins and fibers. "Miss Cynthia, is it pleasant to you to have

a man say he loves you?"
"I don't know, Mr. Handy. I suppose so.

That is, I think it is very embarrassing some-"Why embarrassing, Miss Cynthia?"

He was taking her on a new tack. It was different from anything she had ever before

"It is embarrassing when I know that my only answer can be No," she said, looking him in the face for a moment, and then cast- fence which led on to the highway. In their

the matter into consideration." "It never wants any consideration with me,

she answered. "What! did you never place before your

been satisfied with the vain triumphs of a belle? It was a mellow autumn morning, and a And did you never look beyond to see what treated him with more courtesy (had Frank herself with pride against the weakness before russet glow had tinged the woods at the back the happy duties of a wife, and the sweet ties

Cynthia langhed, but the laugh was affected and constrained. "What nonsense, Mr. Handy !"

thoughts are fit for maiden meditation-they her best friends, was to be bridesmaid; and are womanly-and womanly, above everything else, I should wish my wife to be.

"I hope she may be all you wish her, Mr.

"It is not ready for you yet," said Handy, labor, leisurely chewing the sweet morsel re- passing it over one arm while he took her hand. fering even to you. And if you have the feel- clever fellow is Frank. It'll be a lucky wom-Cynthia, beloved ! you must listen to me." again, and resumed : "You must let me feel its esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. began to cry again. There ! her father spoke the sweet, unw olesome smell of the wedding pulses beating against my hand, while I tell I shall never offer myself again to you." Cyn- well of Frank; but nobody could know him cake which made her head ache violently. you the secret of my life-of my love for I al- this started. Slight and rapid as her move- as well as then knew him. ways loved you. I loved you when you were a ment was, he saw it, and repeated, "I shall would come back. Why hadn't she known blooming little girl, and we both went to never offer myself again; and I leave this the state of her own heart that morning. But sor, s, because they are happy, should want to school to Ezekias Reed, dear Cyuthia. I have place to merrow, never to return to it, till I he took her by surprise, and all her evil feelings, make other folks sick. But there is a great loved you against hope at times against my have subdued this love for you. To night I had got uppermost at the moment. It won'd deal of selfishness in the display of newly-marscattered a cloud of grasshoppers and crickets better reason. I have hesitated to tell you shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to be very cruel of him -very-not to try her ried happiness, as that essay by Elia tells us." this because incumbrances on my farm made my Seth Taggart, and I shall stand up with you. again. position less than that which I thought ought I am going home to consider fully what has not have confessed the thought, that her related be offered to you. I have watched you passed, to convince myself if I can, calmly, advanced in her toilet to put her wreath ou, will say "Snip!" Can I say "Snap!" Oh! not have confessed the thought, that her retail to be onered to you. I have watered you have for you has been an error in Should she wear it? Would it not be continued to be continued by the street of the with other admirers; and, in some moments, whether my love for you has been an error in Should she wear it? Would it not be continued to the continued by the street of the continued by the street of the continued by the contin same proportion as that of one woman to mahave not thought that any other had your my life, for which my judgment is responsible, fessing too much, if he were to see it in her preference, so that other men have taken their or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia hair? She looked for some ribbands in her not have any cake at your wedding Mr. Frank." At a turn in the path she came suddenly on chance before me. This offer of a professor- I have loved is really capable, as I have dream- drawer, but at this moment her father called she said. Everything about that will be the At a turn in the path she came suddenly on chance before ite. This old of a property of these admirers—Frank Handy. Frank's ship, which adds a thousand dollars to my in-ed, of scattering the clouds that dim her beau-her, and said, if 'ne came quick he would drive perfection of good science and reason," face flushed. He had been thinking of her come, makes it possible forme to address you. ty, and shining forth in her sweet queenliness her over to Sesie's before he unharnessed his when she surprised him—thinking of her all Cynthia! there are depths of tenderness which upon the lonely darkness of the man who old mare. So she put on the hop wreath in a as the speech fell from her lips, it sounded so that day and through a sleepless night; and no human eye has ever fathomed, in many a can teach her what is to love. I do not know glossy, fine, black broadcloth. Pretty in those hours the Cynthia of his fancy had strong man's heart—depths which, perhaps, what I shall think. To-day has shaken my its trembling green bells mixed with the light had not said it. Its tone was out of harmony in those hours the Cynthia of his fancy had strong man's heart—depths which, perhaps, confidence in you. As I said before, I shall cur's of her pretty hair. smiled on him and laid her gentle hand in his, are by the shallower nature of your sex, enmake you no further offer; but, if I make up "Where did you get that from?" said her and had been gathered to his heart-it was a tirely reciprocated or understood. It is not make you no further offer; but, if I make up shock to come thus suddenly upon so different alone my heart, it is my very nature—heart my mind to renew the one I have just made father. "It's mighty tasty, I declare. Give He took one of the handles of the tray, and shock to come thus suddenly upon so different alone my heart, it is my tery hat I offer you, I shall say Suip! during the evening; me a kiss, Cinthy. I hope your beaux will the brides-maid took the other. The room a reality. At the moment he encountered and soul, mind and astrength the brides-maid took the other. The room the seeved, with nimble-glancing finbert, on the sleeve of one of the old squire's live scene, in which he was calling her, in plants absorb and assimilate into their own bleached cotton; and thought to be admired by your plants absorb and assimilate into their own bleached cotton; and thought to be admired by your plants absorb and assimilate into their own bleached cotton; and thought to be admired by your plants absorb and assimilate into their own bleached cotton; and thought to be admired by your plants absorb and assimilate into their own bleached cotton; and thought to be admired by your plants absorb and assimilate into their own bleached cotton; and thought to be admired by your plants absorb and assimilate into their own bleached cotton; and thought to be admired by your plants absorb and assimilate into their own bleached cotton; and thought to be admired by your plants absorb and assimilate into their own bleached cotton; and thought to be admired by your plants absorb and assimilate into their own bleached cotton; and thought to be admired by your plants absorb and assimilate into their own bleached cotton; and thought to be admired by your plants absorb and assimilate into their own bleached cotton; and thought to be admired by your plants absorb and assimilate into their own bleached cotton; and thought to be admired by your plants absorb and assimilate into their own bleached cotton; and thought to be admired by your plants of this better, my child, to be admired by your plants of the beauty and the was really and the bleached cotton as a plant of the beauty and heart, "My Cynthia, my love," and at the growth, has occome part of the sudden sight of her all such presumptuous fun- and true affection, Cynthia. It has awaited standing my love for you, I shall think it right ish fellows, half of whom get around a pretty tive to every body. Cynthia's beaux could sudden sight of her all such presumptuous inncies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinkpatiently until the moment came when it might
to say it. I am going into the fields to "medcies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinkpatiently until the moment came when it might
to say it. I am going into the fields to "medcies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinkpatiently until the moment came when it might
to say it. I am going into the fields to "medcies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinkpatiently until the moment came when it might
to say it. I am going into the fields to "medcies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinkpatiently until the moment came when it might
to say it. I am going into the fields to "medcies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinkpatiently until the moment came when it might
to say it. I am going into the fields to "medcies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinkpatiently until the moment came when it might
to say it. I am going into the fields to "medcies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinkpatiently until the moment came when it might
to say it. I am going into the fields to "medcies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinkpatiently until the moment came when it might
to say it. I am going into the fields to "medcies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinkpatiently until the moment came when it might
to say it. I am going into the fields to "medcies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinkpatiently until the moment came when it might
to say it. I am going into the fields to "medcies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinkpatiently until the moment came when it might
to say it. I am going into the fields to "medcies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinkpatiently until the moment came when it might
to say it. I am going into the fields to "medcies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinkpatiently until the moment came when it might
to say it. I am going into the fields to "medcies fled in haste, and h ing like vari-tinted coral polypi when danger be offered to your acceptance. Cynthia, if you itate till eventide" upon my course, and I may

"I was on my way to make you a (as Gods rank woman,) for your union with a matter to your consideration." call. If you will allow me, I will turn round man's stronger, steadler and more single mindd-walk with you."

"I am not going far, Mr. Frank, only into good on me will be incalculable. Who can began to cry, standing alone upon the high-

He paused, and Cynthia stood with her hands hidden in the folds of her mantle.
"No," she said, slowly; "I am sorry Mr. Handy, but I cannot be what you wish

to you." There was an embasrassed silence between them for a few moments, and then Cynthia, gathering courage with her rising pride, con-

tinned: "I am not good enough to answer your ex-pectations, Mr. Handy. You must look else-where for the kind of woman who will satisfy

Handy started and his face flushed eagerly. than my present life," said Handy. "This farmer's life, when there are no higher interests lightning of his eyes; but when they rested

"You are not dealing fairly with me, Miss Cynthia, nor with your own heart," he said, a little bitterly. "You are not convinced of what you said this moment. You think in Seth grew angry. Angry with himself, no doubt; but anger, like Phœbus Apollo at and, for a moment, she felt humbled in his your heart I am a foolish fellow, and that I ask too much. You do not think that Cynthia Simpson falls short of the reasonable ideal of

things," said Cynthia, growing angry and nearit a self-satisfied feeling of triumph; and vet

Well, no matter. " Miss Cyuthia," said Frank, "when a man loves a women, as I have long loved you, he singles her out from the whole world as his that in her before which he bows down, doing this does not imply unconciousness of her faults. He may see where she comes short of her own capability. And that marriage is true union and on whom she should lean, strengthens her harm he could of her. better in its struggle against her worse na-

They were walking towards the homestead, and walking fast. Cynthia was angry, disturbed, and mortified. Was this a time to dwell upon her faults? She admitted that she had ome. Vague confession! by no means implying that Cynthia knew that, at that mowithin her to the worst. If Handy wanted her, she thought, he might woo her with more respect to her pretensions. And he should so woo her. If he loved her as he said he did, she knew her power was great. He should bring his homage not coldly to the womanhood within her, but to herself-to Cynthia of her triumph; and it would be a great one not some selves, to surrender at discretion.

They reached the steps over the stone evil spirits resumed their sway. you were not so sure," he said, "and if you took age to treat rejected suitors thus. It is the true humanity.

He helped her over the steps and paused .but known it) if she had been entirely indiffer ent to his admiration

"Miss Cynthia," said he now in a grave and measured tone, which, in spite of herself, im- the table after tea; " you leave the things, pressed her with a sense of the powerlessness and I'll wash up and put away. It will take "It is not nonsense," he replied; "such of her little arts when brought into conflict you some time to fix yourself, and you ought with his self-possession and sincerity, "I know to be there early, if you are going to stand very well how you have dealt by many men, with Sue." and I am not disposed to fall into the ranks, and take my chance among your many other said her father. which you inflict on me, will leave its scar for life : but I cannot make my self-respect an ofings of true noblenesss, which I always fan- an he stands up with to be married to. She drew her hand away, but he took it cied I discerned in you, you would respect me, Cynthia escaped to her own room, and she ing like vari-tinted coral polypi when danger approaches—each into the recesses of its cell. "I beg your pardon, Miss Cynthia," be said, stammering before he gathered self-possion, and accustomed himself to her present session, and accustomed himself to her present will strengthen you, and elevate you and guide than once. In this uncertainty I leave the matter to your consideration."

I was this remaining up to her." one-stions wrong. A ranfor ran that she was bring back the conviction that for the present rejection of my sait I ought to be much obligion. "Foolish fellows!" they were "foolish fellows!" But Frank Hamiy was not one of declined to dance, on the plea that she must than once. In this uncertainty I leave the matter to your consideration." "What impertinence !" thought Cypthia.

"I know where a wild hop-vine grows," draw forth-perhaps create-the gentleness, to me. Oh! why should be be so very unsaid he; "it would make a much prettier or-nament for your hair than any ribbons you the manly character." delicacies, and the tendernesses that complete kind? I don't care. It is his loss a great thia?" said he, as she alighted at Sundant deal more than mine, if he is really in love door. with me.

She walked on, thinking, imagining a trisuggestion of the bad angel. "I only want a presuming, exacting, self-conceited fellow."

Have you ever, in the course of your experience," said the good angel, "seen any other man like Frank? Has not the conversation of this very day raised him bigh in your esteem—which is—which must be—that is, he taste, and Cynthia among her girls had a stands before you in a light in which no other reputation for good nature. Her fingers failstands before you in a light in which no other man has ever stood before ?"

"I don't believe he loves me." said her perverse heart, "or else he would have taken a great deal more pains to win me."

" Ah !" said the good angel, " what better love can a man give, than that which sees your ly ready to cry. It was the first time any of- faults and strengthens you against them ?fer had been made which had not left behind True he has set his ideal of womanhood so may come in. high that you do not come up to it; but he here was Frank Handy, as incomparably su- sees in you capabilities for good beyond those perior to any other suitor she had ever had of other women, though to the height of your capabilities you have never attained."

"Oh! I shall be a worse woman and an unhappy woman, if I do not love Frank Handy, and very miserable if Frank Handy addressed him several questions, which answer- representative of womanhood; and there is does not love me," said her heart turning to its homage to the woman nature within her. But little, white, dimity-covered bed in her own eyes, thought what life would be if Frank never said Snip! Frank, who was even then its home there. The influence of the day stole in which the husband, up to whom she looks, walking in the fields, trying to think all the

Here she lay, and cried, and disquieted herent, she was proud, vain, insincere, and pet- to other people as he had to her. Her wound- gave her a new sensation. It was a pride, ulant, and that she was crushing down the ed feeling seized upon the balm she found in such as no woman need be ashamed of, in better feelings of her heart to give the victory such a thought. Frank was not a man to put resting upon manly strength. His arm did not very much in calling him conceited and preright to think about his sincerity; and oh! better of her.

During the burst of tears that followed this Susan Simpson, in spite of the full display of reflection, the great farm tea-bell rang. Cyn- tried to bring her rebel nerves under controlall her faults, and even in opposition to his this sprang from her bed and wiped her eyes. she heard nothing, and saw no one. The minbetter reason. She was not to be defrauded If she looked as if she had been crying, might ister had blessed them both, and kissed the ne sav she was fretted to lose Seth ndeed, if she forced him, by her faults them- Taggart? Seth Taggart, indeed! She wasn't salutations. The kissing was rather indiscrimgoing to cry for losing any man. And the inate. Seth claimed the privelege of kissing

ing her eyes upon the lime leaf she was dis- path lay a disabled grasshopper. Frank set pride and wrath. She had half a mind not to over-ever so" transferred itself to her in a his foot on it and crushed it firmly. "Miss go to the wedding. No, she could not do different way. She would as soon have kissed "It would be more embarrassing, I think if Cynthia," said he, "few women have the courthat. People would certainly say things she a clam. would not like about her and Seth Taggart, if she staid away. It was delicate ground You seem to forget all you have to do," said with her, this matter of Seth Taggar'ts, be- one of the young girls of the party. He took the hop-wreath carefully from his arm and gave it into her hands. She took it with think men treat women shamefully," said Cynmind the subject of marriage? Have you an indifferent air, and, as she took it, crushed this in her thoughts, summing up all her wrongs some of the green blossoms. She would have at once, as she sat at the tea-table, priming which she felt her courage giving way.

" Cynthia, I reckon you'd best go and dress you," said her mother, as she was clearing away

"Who's the groomsman, Miss Bridesmaid ?"

" Frank Handy, sir," said Cynthia, with a toss of her head.

" Ha! Handy ?" said her father, " a right

Oh! if he only

Thus she thought, until she was sufficiently courage of Cynthia. Now, she thought, he harry, giving it the benefit of her doubt, and It was triffing-unworthy. She wished she

It was this very " foolish" flock whose ranks feared the motion. Agonized by her self-conhe scorned to enter. All that her father said sciousness, and with too little spirit left to seemed to justify her nascent feeling. She make head against the reports that were going kissed the old man's ruddy cheek and felt as if about, she could not but perceive that Frank the callow love that flattered at her beart had seemed not to remember her. "I don't know what I had better do. I almost been made welcome by his approba-

"What time shall I come for you, Cyn

" Oh ! not till late, father," she said, hur The evil spirit was coming back, and it whispered, "He will certainly say Suip! men will walk with me; or, if they don't I'll but you had better not say Snap! too read-come with Tommy Chase. He's only eleven, but he's tall of his age."

*And now Cynthia found herself in the bride's umph, when suddenly the thought came to her chamber. The pretty little-rose bud, blushing that she was confessing to herself she wanted in her wedding muslin, and going to be happy to say Snap!—and why? It was not possible that the tables of her pride were turned than Susie had to be unhappy in life when one because-well, it takes a good deal more sens upon her; that she was in Frank Handy's is blessed with a sweet temper and a good dipower to refuse or to take; that she loved gestion. A superadded power of suffering is a "I don't care for him at all," was the proof of an advance in organization, and we submit the argument to the skeptic, whether this to teach him for the future to behave. He is a presuming, exacting, self-conceited fellow." truth does not imply the necessity of some power or influence which shall counterbalance and adjust this sensitiveness of suffering in the

highest natures ? Cynthia was waited for to put the finishing touches to the bridal toilet, for Cynthia had ed her as she pinned the wedding wreath, and she trembled more than the bride did when the buggy that was sent for the minister stopped at the end of the brick path which led up to the homestead. She saw Frank Handy in his bridal suit going to receive the minister.

" Cynthia go and tell the gentlemen they Cynthia shrank back. But as the brides-

maid it was her office, and the others rushed her to the door.

" She didn't want to see Seth Taggart, I reckon," said one of the girls in a half whisper " Don't you see how pale she has grown ?"

Cynthia falsified this speech by looking scarlet before the addressed could turn ber head ; better instincts, as she threw herself upon her and she opened the door of the room, where the birdegroom and his men were caged, with chamber, and shutting out the light from her an air in which assumed indifference was strongly marked, and said " Gentlemen, we are ready" with a toss that sent the hop-bells dancing in her head.

Seth, long, lean, and shiny, in his wedding suit as a snake in a new skin, took little Suself in vain. And she thought over all the sie on his awkward arm ; Frank Handy, quite good she had ever heard of Frank Handy, and collected, and self-possessed, offered his to the -strange !-that though it seemed to her he bridesmaid, and they followed the bride and had the good word and good opinion of every bride-groom into the best parlor. Cynthia man who knew him, no one had ever quite and Frank were parted, then took their places seemed to appreciate him to his full value .- for the ceremony. It was only a moment that Perhaps he had never shown his impost heart she leaned upon his arm, but that moment forth his pretensions. She had wronged him tremble, though all her nerves seemed to be twitching like wires stretched, and suddenly suming. He had spoken only what he had a let loose. He seemed so strong, so calm, so self-collected, and so dignified, that she began how she wished be could think a great deal to feel her own unworthiness, and to mistrust

her power. She cast her eyes down during the service all the girls, and, of course, he kissed the So Cynthia went down stairs, towering in brides-maid. His former sensation of "all

"Cynthia, you and Frank bring in the cake

" Frank ! Here ! Your brides-maid is waiting, and I declare. I don't believe you have taken the privilege of the kiss you are entitled to." Frank was called away from the side of a

been brought by some of the guests. had no other acquaintances, and Frank seemed to be attentive to her.
"I beg your pardon, Miss Cynthia," said he, turning from the lady, and taking uo notice of the latter part of the speech that was ad-

lady in blue, a stranger from the city who

dressed to him, " let us do all that is expected of us." They went together into the pantry, and were there alone. Cyuthia thought, "if he intends to say Snip! now is the moment." But Frank was intent on the arranging cake on plates, and disposing them on a large waiter. Cynthia felt ready to cry. She took refage in silence—and the cake. It may have been

"It is a foolish custom," said Frank, as they arranged the cake. "Foolish, that per-Frank sighed, and that sigh revived the

She put, on a little coquetry. " You will

She had not intended to be safcastic, but with what she felt

" Come." said Frank, " let us feed them."

"Who is that lady in blue, Mr. Hardy is so taken up with ?" she said to one of the par-