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TOWANDA:

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From Blackwood's Magazine.1

COUSIN JOHN'S PROPERTY.

"On the 11th ult., at Point de Galle, Ceylon, on the voyage home, John Simpson, Esq., Her Majesty's Consul at Tranquebar."

"Bless my life, Sally," said Mr. Simpson, almost choking himself with his muffin, "here's cousin John dead !"

Mr. Simpson had the Times for an hour every morning (at six pence per week), and that hour being his breakfast allowance also, he read and ate against time, taking a bite of muffin, a sip of tea, and a glance at the paper alternately; and as he was very short's ghted, and always in a hurry, there seemed imminent risk sometimes of his putting the paper into his mouth instead of his muffin.

You don't mean to say so, Simpson," said the lady on the other side of the little fire-"Cousin John dead! Why, he was to be in town next month—it's impossible !-Where do it say so ?"

And she made an attempt to reach across for the paper; but it was a long stretch, and Mrs. Simpson was stout, and hardly made due allowance for that fact in her instructions to her stay maker; so Mr. Simpson found himself master of the position, and proceeded to read the announcement again, with a proper serse of importance. Miss Augusta Simpson, and her brother, Master Samuel, who occupied the seats at the other side of the family breakfast table, had risen from their places, and with their months and eyes open, and Master Samuel's knife arrested in a threatening position, formed rather a striking tableau.

Then that Surrey property comes to us, Mr. S.," exclaimed the lady, as she left her arm-chair, and made good her hold on one side of the Times, of which her husband still per-

tinaciously retained possession.
"It comes to me, my dear, as next heir, by uncle Sam's will-no doubt of it." It Mr. Simpson intended a little gentle self-assertion in his speech, it was so unusual with him, that Mrs. Simpson was good enough not to notice

"It's worth two or three thousand a year, Simpson, isn't it ?"

"About one thousand, or fourteen hundred at most, my dear, as I have told you before,' replied the husband. "It's a very nice property. Dear me! poor John! only to think! that he should never have come home to enjoy it !" and the good-natured Mr. Simpson gave an honest sigh to the memory of his departed cousin, and for a moment forgot his own ac-

Well, well, life's uncertain with all of us. I never thought you'd outlived him, Simpson; he was ten years younger than you, if he were a day. I did think it might have been our Samuel's in days to come, supposing he died without children, as was always likely from what I heard of him. I often did say I hoped Sammy might be a gentleman."

crisis. He had been eating a second egg sur- when he remembered the days when they had entitionaly and hastily. Only a mother's eyes could have detected the future gentleman under the pinafore at that moment. "There's the 'bus, father," he shouted, jumping up with the view of effecting a diversion from his own seat of operations; "there's the 'bus coming

Mr. Simpson rose mechanically, and dropped the Times. The habits of twenty years were not to be shaken even by the sudden prospect of a thousand a year. But his daughter, with the spirit of a true British maiden in the hours of fortune, showed herself equal to the occa-

Who wants the 'bus?" said she, with an indignant shove to Samuel. " Pa aint going

by 'busses now." Like all truly great speeches, it was short, and to the purpose. As such, it was long remembered in the family. It awoke them at once to the duties and the pleasures of their new position. That useful public vehicle did not take Mr. Simpson to Aldermanbury that morning. The conductor looked at the wellknown door in vain ; the civil driver even let his horses linger a little ere he turned the corner ; and both turned a long and last inquiring gaze in the direction of Portland Terrace, No. 4. What's come o' the Governor this morning,

Bill? Are we arter or afore our time ?" "Not above two minutes arter; he've never

been and gone by the Royal Blue ?" "Don't think he'd be so mean as that ; summat's amiss, however." And with this compliment to Mr. Simpson's business habits, the omnibus lumbered on without him. Great was the surprise, and as the morning wore on, even the anxiety, in the little dark offices in Alder-Such a thing as Mr Simpson's absence, without due cause assigned, was unspectable establishment; and Mr. Styles, the old clerk, who had a sincere, if not a demon strative affection for his principal was scarcely prevented, by a sense of what was due to the lignity of both parties, from taking his pasage down to Notting Hill to inquire.

But indeed, even had Mr Simpson made his usual appearance at his place of business that morning, it would have been too much to expect from human nature that he should have devoted himself with his old attention to ledger and invoices. When he did arrive there towards the afternoon, the youngest clerk saw there was something "on the governor's mind." He scarcely staid half an hour; and if his unblemished commercial repute were any longer valuable to him, it would have been undoubtedly better if he had not looked in at all; for e left the impression on the minds of the subordinates, that even the small and cautious nouse of Simpson & Son had not escaped in the last great commercial whirlpool; and the errand-boy, who was well up in that department of newspaper literature, gave it as his private opinion to his mother at home, that it

was a " Paul & Bates" case.

him, "I'll go to to town at once, my dear," he had said to his wife, after their first shock of surprise was over. "I'll go and see Grindles, poor John's agents, and see what they can tell me about it; they'll be able to give me every information of course, and advise me as what to do. I'll go to Grindles' at once; and I'll just look into the counting-house and set Styles' mind at rest before I come back. I can bring my letters down here to answer." (How far Styles' mind was set at rest has been already recorded.)

To Messrs. Grindles' accordingly, at an unsual expence of cab-hire, Mr. Simpson proceeded. If he had any floating doubts in his mind before as to the correctness of the announcement in the Times, the remarkably grave and polite manner in which the junior Mr. Grindle whom he remembered hitherto as a rapid and omewhat supercillious young man) received him on his entrance, would have gone far to remove them. "Have you heard any thing lately of my cousin, Mr. John?" asked Mr. Simpson, with a voice which he felt was nervous and and unsteady-that, however, was

becoming under the supposed circumstances. "Sit down, I beg, my dear sir,-pray sit down; sorry to say we have, very sorry indeed. Have you seen this, my dear sir ?"producing a copy of the Homeward Mail, and pointing to a paragraph containing the same brief but important words as those which had caught the eyes of Mr. Simpson's:

I saw it in the Times this morning, and came to you to hear more about it. He was was coming home, I fancy, this mouth ?"

He was," said Mr. Grindle; "he wrote us last mail to say we might expect him by the Formosa, which brought the mails as I under stand, yesterday; he had taken his passage in her, he says in his letter. We were just going to telegraph down to Plymouth, to know if she has landed her passengers, and whether your poor cousin is among them. I should fear there can be no doubt of the correctness of this sad news-most sad, indeed, and sudden : but we shall have answer to-night, and will at once let you know. You are aware, of course, " continued Mr. Grindle, delicately, that you are your cousin's representative?"

"I am aware of it, sir," said Mr. Simpson, bowing awkwardly, "I assure you--"

"Of course, my dear sir, of course these considerations are premature. I trust, most sincerely trust, that we may have some intelligence of our valued friend by the Formosa.-You may depend upon our making the most particular inquiries, and giving you the earliest information. Expecting him in town we ning of winter? And if the peculiar irritawere this very day, and now! Well, Mr. Simpson, life is-

But Mr. Grindle felt himself hardly equal to the definition, and filled up his unfinished sentence, by lifting up his eyes and hands -But allow me to offer you-

"Nothing in the world, thank you"-and so they parted. It was not natural that Mr. Simpson should either feel or affect much sorrow for the death of a consin whom he had not seen for nearly Samuel wiped his lips in preparation for that fifteen years. Yet sometimes, on his way home, played together as boys, the worthy tr itive elation which he was conscious of since tainly no tault either of Mrs. S., or the col- proceeded to discriminate, not very lucidly, bethe news of the morning. He had never tho't lars. She put the cayenne pepper, to which Simpson, it is true, had been fond at all times of descanting, even before their acquaintances. on her children's future "expectations," not altogether to her husband's satisfaction ; he had no notion, as he said, of teaching the young folks to set themselves up above their father and mother, which the younger daughter, Augusta, was rather inclined to do. And it was not without some little misgiving that he contemplated, during his solitary ride home, some of the possible effects of the change in their position upon the female members of his household. Still, it is very pleasant to feel one's self independent. The Simpsons were by no means rich ;-the son had succeeded the father in a long-established but not very lucrative a fish, with his eyes open. But Simpson was business, and had neither the means nor the the best-tempered man in the world; and he any mystery in the matter, in spite of that energy to extend it He had had his anxieties and losses, and he was fond of ease and quiet. the peculiarities, might have almost been claim-To drop unexpectedly into a thousand a-year was, he confessed to himself, a piece of good fortune almost bewildering. If he and Mrs. Simpson sent the young folks to bed early that | nowledged sovereignty in what she considered | how old Mrs. Mauson is ; we never sent there night (to Miss Augusta's great dudgeon), and sat over the fire themselves somewhat later than usual, discussing their future pros pects, they are not to be set down as more greedy and selfish than their neighbors.

Again, at nine o'clock exactly the followng morning, did the 'bus which Mr. Simpson usually patronized go to town without him; and an aspiring young banker's clerk, who lived close by, usurped from that time forward the well known corner-seat, which had belongknown hitherto in that most punctual and re- ed by a prescriptive right, willingly recognized by other passengers, to the "highly-respectable old city gent" from number four. For Mr. Simpson himself, at that hour, was busy reading to Mrs. S., for the second time, the following important communication from Messrs.

> " DEAR SIR, -On receipt of telegraphic message yesterday evening, informing us that no such passenger as 'Mr. John Simpson' had arrived per steamer Formosa, we dispatched a clerk at once per night mail to make further inquiries. He has just returned, and brings word that Mr. John Simpson had engaged his passage by that vessel, and that some of his luggage is now actually on board. He had himself, as it appeared, left Tranquebar for Point de Galle some weeks previously; and the Ceylon papers, put on the Formosa just before sailing, contained the intelligence of his death. We shall write by this mail to our correspondents in both places, and obtain all particulars. Meantime you may command our best advice and assistance. - Faithfully yours,"

The breakfast at number four that morning was little more than a nominal meal to any of be party except Master Samuel Either bis

business, and still less what people thought of imagination was less lively, or his appetite less money. Mr. Simpson "wasn't above his bus- of affairs, had interposed no sort of objection; money, and means to throw poor George over! liable to be affected by his feelings. Mrs. Simpson and Augusta were in a state of mind abhorent from the coarse but comfortable substantials before them. Mr. Simpson played with his knife and fork, but allowed his rasher to grow cold before him untasted. After Messrs Grindles' letter had been discussed, they had been rather a silent party. The first dreams of sudden affluence were too vague and luxuriant to shape into words. The ladies were in a little fairy-land of their own, in which visflashed before the eyes of their fancy. The husband felt, on the whole, almost as much puzzled as pleased. He had not yet succeeded down every day to dinner, and spend his Sun- and Augusta, looking out of the parlor windays with au old friend or two for company - dow which fully commanded all the approachthis bad long been an object of innocent am- es, announced the early visitor to be their neighdom; and if ever he had been inclined to tres- own of some kind-it appears to be hardly ten as he passed a certain smart new villa on particulars on that point-and occupied his the Harrow Road, belonging to a retired tobac- leisure hours, ut present, in making himself the entrance-gate presented two enormous ci- other people. Not that there was a spice of gars, and which bore the name of Havannah ill-nature either in his curiosity or his gossip, pattern of rual elegance and felicity. "I was going on; and it was wonderful what should like such a little place as Snuffson's trouble he gave himself about his neighbors er of the numerous snug retreats of British in- in the world to oblige his friends the Simp dustry which he and Mrs. Simpson noticed in sons, except let them alone. their summer-evening drives ; but it had been repeated more than once, and was evidently a sented: in fact, he was looked upon as a pet dream of his. Mrs. Simpson's ambition privileged friend of the family; and no one comprehensive in its objects; indeed, it had varied from the possession of Buckingham movements had not escaped his busy precep-Palace. Life Guards included, to the occupation of No. 1 in their own terrace, which had his time in looking out of his window, and in dows. Either sphere, she felt she could adorn; who kept him excellently well informed of all cellent wife, in her present contracted orbit .-

himself and his city friends, in social confiden- on his entrance with unusual glee. ces. Did she not insist upon his always wearing worsted hose and flannel waist coats from a given date which was assumed as the beginning of winter? And if the peculiar irrita-bility of Mr. Simpson's skin made this style what's going on eh?" of clothing especially disagreeable to him, could that be laid to her charge? Was he all so glad !" much less, than was admitted; the collars- seized and shook the offender vigorously. being made after an old and approved pattern be-did, as Mr. Simpson averred, cut him under the ears, and double over behind ; but old people, and were bad for a man of his full while. habit. She hid his snuff box, banished his old 'down-at heel" slippers and worked him a smart | course." ight pair instead; and, in short, tried as far as possible to keep him in the way in which he should go. Mrs. Simpson, it must be said, was ungrateful for some of these attentions, and evaded her well meant efforts with a perverse ingenuity. He continually ignored or disputed the date of resuming the flannel and worsted, wore the new slippers down at heel, Mrs. Simpson?" kept snuff in his waist-coat pocket, and had gradually acquired the faculty of sleeping, like and his wife, in spite of these little antagonisants for the flitch at Dunmow. He had a quiet will of his own, too in more important matters, which the lady, content with ackenough seldom to try to interfere with. They things, and its really quite unneighborly. had two daughters-Mary, the eldest, who gusta, who had left home, and might be con-

sidered to have adopted more entirely her mother's tastes and manners. In Master Samuel, the only son, now about twelve, the hopes of both parents were alike centred; and his gocause of the expense, but in fact chiefly betroublesomeness caused sentence of immediate

"You'll give up the business, of course, ing up one of her own trains of thought. No, Sally ; I think not," quietly replied

been put into execution, and be went on pick-

-as the little suburban day school offered.

the husband. Mrs. Simpson had been thinking not, too,

iness," and didn't call it slaving; and as to and it seemed tacitly understood that in two I'll give him a hint, though, of what he's got

ergetic Augusta. father. And that young lady, having also an seen of him it. Portland Terrace for the last ed himself in that labyrinth of muddy fields instinctive suspicion that he meant what he fortnight, which had been naturally accounted and unfinished houses north of Notting Hill, said, relapsed into silence, as the servant en- for by the fact of Mary's being at Brixton .tered to clear the table ; for they had sat long | Aunt Martha was the kindest creature in the ions of smart carriages and unlimited millinery though they had said little. And Mr. Simp- world-none the less kind in such cases, beson went off, an hour later that usual, to Al- cause her own youth had been sad and disap-

The wife and daughter hardly felt inclined country house was named-with the warehous- himself a whole holiday in honor of an event tween the young Pyramus and Thisbe. es in Aldermanbury. A snug place at Wands- which as yet he scarcely comprehended, and worth, or any other favorite locality a few had begun to tease his sister to tell him all miles out of town, where he might have a run about it, when there came a ring at the bell, air when he was in the mood for that kind of good-natured, gossiping old bachelor, who had building, which, to do him justice, was but sel- retired on a competency from a business of his pass on the tenth commandment, it was as of- etiquette in Portland Terrace to inquire into conist of his acquaintance, where the pillars at master, as far as possible, of the business of That was very much Mr. Simpson's but he liked, as he observed, to know what "I was going on; and it was wonderful what very well," had been the nearest approach to affairs-what clever plots and plans he laid enthuastic admiration which he had ever been for other people, and what very little thanks heard to utter with regard to that or any oth- he got for it. He would have done anything

His interference, however, was never rehad always been on a grander scale, and more was surprised or annoyed at his early visit .tions, of course; for he spent a good deal of a second drawing room and plate-glass win- holding conversations with his housekeeper meanwhile she was content to make an ex- the doings in the Terrace. Samuel, who was very fond of the old gentleman (an unrequited An excellent wife, as Simpson often said to attachment as it appeared) danced round him

"Well, my little man, good morning, good morning," said Mr. Burrows in the passage, soothing Master Samuel's antics as one would

"Oh! Papa's cousin John's dead, and we're

to catch cold, and risk his precious life, because he "didn't like the feel" of what was screamed Augusta, always prompt in a difficul-"Sam, come here, you shocking boy ! good for him? All Mr. Simpson's shirts were ty, for Mrs. Simpson was aghast and speech-made at home, either by her own hands or by less at this abrupt statement of the circum those of her daughters. They did not cost stances; and she rushed into the passage, and "What's that for ?" said Samuel rebell

he way to speak of your poor cousin's death?" man's heart reproached for the feelings of pos- Mr. Simpson had a short neck, which was cer- And having duly welcomed her visitor, she sat before him now looking the very picture of because the thought of their new wealth was tween cause and effect. A relative of her much of the possibility of such an event as his Mr. S., was rather addicted, carefully out of husband's was dead-very suddenly : that, of shame and indignation, It was interesting to professed themselves, of living "poked up in own accession to the little Surrey estate. Mrs. reach at dinner time-it was so bad for his course, was very shocking. Some family propdigestion; she woke him up ruthlessly from erty had thereby come to them; which, with the duties of her new position. It was an sons to the contrary), but because these were his after-dinner nap-those things grew upon their rising family, was of course very accept-

It was undeniable ; Mr. Burrows said " Of

"And I hope," said the kind-hearted old gentleman, after a few little inquiries as to the probable amount of their new fortune, and other circumstances which the lady was almost as glad to communicate as he was to learn-'I hope this will smooth matters a little for than usual. my young friends, you know-eh, my dear Mrs. Simpson looked embarrassed. It was

not because she did not know to what young friends Mr. Burrows alluded, or that there was gentleman's attempt at a wink. But it was the very last subject she wished to converse upon just at this time.

Augusta, my love," said she, " just put on her own departments of government, had sense all day yesterday, my head was so full of other

Miss Augusta having been easily dispos had been to a good school, and was now on a of by this means-the more easily as the sub- all I know is, it I had had a fort'n left me, and father in a few minutes than she and Augusta visit to a maiden aunt at Brixton, and who ject had long lest its novelty for her, and she Miss Mary were my daughter, I'd spend half had arr ved at in all their cross-examination of was tacitly admitted to be rather the father's did not therefore think it worth her while to of it to make her happy, ma'am, that's what him since the news arrived. For Mr. Simpson pet-having a good deal of his quiet good | make resistance-Mrs. Simpson, having gained | I would !" sense, and a very sweet disposition; and Au- also a little time to think, proceeded to reply to her visitor's last question; or rather to lead him off from it so as to avoid, if possible, giving any reply to it at all.

Her daughter Mary-to whom Mr. Burrows little speech alluded-had lately become posng to school had been delayed from time to sessed of that delightful but dangerous playtime-to that young gentleman's disadvan- thing-a lover. There was nothing very rotage, a stranger might have thought-first, mautic about the attachment, which might in upon one pretext, and then another, partly be- part account for the fact that the course of their love, which was very true and honest, cause neither father nor mother could make had hitherto run perfectly smooth, though should speak him fair, and turn out a dark de-park. up their minds to part with him. There were there seemed a good many windings in pros- ceiver. "Beware of her !" had been the omimoments, no doubt, when some unusual fit of pect before it could hope to reach the ocean of nous words, and he had walked in fear and never told us before that there was a park ! matrimony. A very fine young fellow was trembling in the presence of all such enchan- Oh, what a beautiful place it must be !" deportation to be passed; but it had never George Harrison; looking and walking and tresses all the days of his life And now the speaking as much like a gentleman as if he ing up such scraps of learning-good and evil had spent his early years at Eton and Oxford, instead of passing at one from Highgate school into his uncle's counting-house. His uncle and was not tall, but she was fair, and that was Simpson?" said the wife after a pause, follow- Mr. Simpson were old friends; and he was quite close an interpretation as such fulfilments asked Samuel. also distantly related to Mr. Burrows, with admit of. He wished Mrs. Simpson "a very whom he-and consequently Mary-was an good morning," refused to listen to the syren boy," said his father, looking at him rather especial favorite. Not that Mary required voice which she put on to soothe and stay thoughtfully. any thing beyond her own sweet, thoughtful in her own mind, and had not much hope of face and winning manner to make her a favor- own success, for she had no desire to offend tegether so gratifying to Master Samuel; any other answer when she put the question. ite with most of her acquaintances, old and him. And she had very little confidence in her own young. There had been no talk of marriage "Confound her for a covetous old sinner!" powers of persuasion on this point, though she at present; both were young enough to wait, was Mr. Burrows' explosion within his own pressed her emphatic opinion, that it would did follow up the attack by remarking, that and, as yet, found the waiting very pleasant. breast as he stamped energetically along the she saw no reason why he should go on slaving all his life when they couldn't want the

Triends on both sides were propitious; or, at terrace. "So she thinks her daughters may "And Augusta must have a governess to
any rate, though perfectly aware of the state look higher now they've come into this bit of faish her, like Mass Obts," said the mother,

on in the city just as usual.

himself, he would come forward manfully and him jilted by any such rubbish!"

"Law, pa, what ever for?" asked the ener-claim Mary for himself "for better or for By the time, however, that he got a mile worse," without any very formidable discus- from his cwn door-for he was much too in-For a good many reasons," replied her sion about settlements. Nothing had been dignant to go in and sit down-and had coolpointed-and if she could not fairly attribute George Harrison's frequent visits and thought-ful little presents to her own attractions, she was spoiled by a little sudden prosperity, it in combining, to his own satisfaction, the pro-prietorship of Barton End—so uncle Sam's usual after breakfast, and Samuel had given was well content to play the part of wall beto settle themselves to their work-baskets as ful little presents to her own attractions, she

But their " Lion " too, poor souls, was already roaring in the distance, and from a very unexpected quarter. A very gentle beast too it might have been thought. But Uncle Sam's property, which had brought the flutterings of take their own course for the present, and to so much pleasure in anticipation to the rest of smother his knowledge of Mrs. Simpson's bition with him, and a favorable castle-in-the bor, old Mr. Burrows, of No. 6. He was a the Simpson household, had a root of bitter- baseness as he best might, within his own ness in store for poor Mary and her lover .-And there were persons at all events who were likely to be sincere mourners, though, like many of her mourners, they had but selfish reasons, for "poor cousin John."

When Augusta had closed the door, her nother resumed the interrupted conversation. "Oh! you mean that flirtation between haven't heard much about it lately, do you

"Flirtation! my dear ma'am, why, arn't they engaged to be married?" "They never told me so, I assure you, Mr.

Burrows." It was true to the very letter. "No; nor they never told me so either Mrs. Simpson but I suspect they have told each other so over and over again. You don't

" Nothing whatever that I know of Mr. Burrows," rejoined the lady in her coldest and her father's account; she remembered once, driest tone; "Mary's far too young to think when she was but a child, and some little dif-about marrying yet, and me and Mr. Simpson ficulty about money had occurred, as such object to long engagements."

There was something so unusually dignified in Mrs. Simpson's tone, that poor Mr. Burrows, who was no match for any woman in a had refined her philosophy, though without mouthly allowance of half-a-crown, by being improving her grammar. the change which such a prospect could effect in two days in her maternal feelings.

"The fact is, my dear Mr. Burrows," conputting on a confidential air, "there has been, and of herself going to bed with a heavy and as we all know, a little—a little nonsense go- puzzled heart, after a long kiss from him which

belonging to Mrs. Simpson's papa, treasured up as a sort of standard of what a collar sho'd be—did, as Mr. Simpson averred, cut him un
belonging to Mrs. Simpson's papa, treasured I to tell Mr. Burrows tried to mediate, "Aint be many a time at certain snug little suppers which were wont to take place both at than even Mrs. Simpson or Augusta had yet No. 4 and No. 6, Mrs. Simpson herself being asked, it was not because Mary was more present, and laughing heartily; and there she curious or more impatient than the others or cool and unembarrassed innocence, while poor more delightful to her, or because she was as Mr. Burrows felt himself coloring with modest tired as her mother and sister had suddenly see the progress Mrs. Simpson was making in London" (perhaps she had her private reaawkward interview, but she was going through new and pleasant sources of a common interit wonderfully, as she thought herself.

"You know, Mr. Burrows, in this world young people can't marry without money." "They can't marry in the other world even with it, I suppose, ma'am; but I thought now of the rise and fall of markets, or the last the money was come." He was beginning to commercial gossip from the city; and poor suspect the real workings of the mother's Mary had often confessed, rather to the anmind, and was more abrupt and less polite

"Oh, Mary mustn't look to her father for any thing at present; there's no ready money, in Aunt Martha's quiet cottage at Brixton, and a deal to be done on the property ; our daughters wou't be heiresses, indeed, Mr. Burrows;" but Mrs. Simpson could not resist a gratified smile at the notion.

George wasn't looking for an heiress when he fixed upon your Mary, Mrs. Simpson; he er or sister, was quite the lady of the family. would scorn to marry any girl for her money ; Mr. Simpson felt it every day, though he could but he's good enough for the biggest heiress not have put it into words; and his own honyour bounet that's a dear and go and ask in England, George is; ay, and many a one est but uncultivated mind warmed and opened would be glad enough to have him, ma'am, with a strange but not unusual attraction to without a farthing, that they would ! But as his elder daughter's influence. His wife comyou say, ma'am, young folks can't marry without something to begin the world with; and

Ah, my good sir, how easy it is for you to talk who have no children, and can't feel as Surrey country house had become in their viv-I do !" And the smile now took the character of triumphant superiority, which could af-

against all bachelors. What can they know long while ago, Sally); but I remember poor about it? Mr. Burrows gave in, foiled, but Uncle Sam was very kind, and it was a very indignant. It had been foretold to him in the days of his youth, by a gypsy fortune-teller, may suppose. I can recollect, as well as if it that he should listen to a tall, fair lady, who were yesterday, galloping the pony about the prophecy seemed in the way of being fulfilled. like all prophectes, in the most unlooked for I believe, but there was nothing very grand manner : to be sure the lady now before him about it in uncle Sam's days." him, and left her rather disconcerted with her

wanting the money, everybody wanted money, or three years' time or so, when some opening to expect, and hang me if he shau't be beforeas far as he saw; he meant everything to go offered to enable George to do something for hand with them in crying off: I wou't have

beyond the knowledge even of cabs and policemen, called by the residents, for some mysterious reason, Kensington Park, he began to think within himself that the term "rubbish " could not apply with any degree of fitness to was no reason the daughter should be.—
"George wouldu't have given her up," he thought, " not if he'd been left a million !"-And why should the girl be less honest than he was? So Mr. Burrows resolved, with a very wise and unusual self-denial, to let things Mary came home from her aunt's the next

day, and heard the news of the unexpected

change in the family fortunes with so little outward emotion as to disappoint very considerably her sister and mother, both of whom tho's to have had the pleasure of overwhelming her by the magnificence of their announcement .--George Harrison and Mary, I suppose. Well, Perhaps one reason for her taking it so quietly, was, that at the moment she did not connect it in the least with her engagement with George Harrison; for engaged they had been for the last six months, as Mrs. Simpson was perfectly well aware-though certainly she had received no formal notification of the fact -and therefore thought herself quite justified in professing ignorance to Mr. Burrows. Perhaps Mary thought of George so much, that mean to say anything has gone wrong between them after all?" so foolish sometimes. She felt very glad on ficulty about money had occurred, as such things will occur in the trading community even to the most prudent, that he had said to her mother in her hearing, "Ah, Sally, if I had a thousand pounds!" and how much she conversation of this nature, for some moments had wished some one would give her a thoucould only look at her with astonishment; but sand pounds to give him, and wondered whethhe concluded at last that her prospective riches er she could ever save so much out of her He was much too more careful in the matter of boot-laces; and onest and simple-minded himself to suspect now he would have a thousand pounds every year! She wished some of it had come then; for she had dim and painful recollections of her mother crying, and her father walking tinued the lady, shrugging her shoulders and about the room instead of eating his supper, amongst young people, but nothing really on either side, I fancy."

A little nonsense I work in the short of the same home. I fame the same home from the same home from the same home. A little nonsense ! nothing serious ! Why ing about Barton End, and whether he had Mr. Burrows himself had joked and poked ever been there, and what sort of a place it est between her father and herself, which she felt after all she could enter into much more heartily than his usual topics of conversation, which had seldom gone beyond the dry details commercial gossip from the city; and poor noyance of her family, that she had not much natural taste for shop craft, and had always found herself much more congenially occupied where there were books, and flowers, and old songs which she was never tired of singing, or her aunt of hearing. In fact, Mary, though almost unconsciously to herself, and certainly not admitted to such distinction by either mothplained on this very evening, not without some truth, that Mary had got more out of her had actually, for a few weeks in his boyhood, been a dweller in this paradise (for such the id imaginitations), and could remember all about it, they were sure, if he chose. " My loves, I don't remember much about

It is a valuable and unanswerable argument it; I was only a boy, you know (and that's a nice place to me after London streets, as you

"There, Pa," screamed Augusta; "you

"It was called a park, my dear, but it was only a field : it had been a larger place once, "And shall I have a pony to ride, Pa?"

" You shall go to school at all events, my

This was a view of his inheritance not although his sister, to whom he had been more than usually troublesome that morning, ex-"do him a deal of good.