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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, November 3, 1859.

## [From Blackwood's Magazine.] COUSIN JOHN'S PROPERTY.

It had been Mrs. Simpson's wish to have accompanied her husband on this pleasant voyage of discovery but that was a step which he himself by no means approved of; and as the Messrs. Grindles gave it also as their opinion that such a visit would be rather premature-in fact, that it would hardly look well -that lady, who was a staunch maintainer of decorum in all its branches, gave way at once. And if her proposal, in any degree, savored of undue haste to step into the dead cousin's shoes, she hastened amply to atone for it, by ordering the deepest and most expensive mourning for the whole Portland Terrace establishment. It would no doubt have gratified the feelings of the late Mr. John in the highest degree, and have almost reconciled him to his fortunate representatives, if he could have overlooked his sorrowing relative giving directions to her milliner to have "every thing of the best, and just as if it was for a brother," and have felt the thickness of the silks, and measured the depth of the crape.

So leaving Mrs. Simpson thus dutifully engaged, her husband went down into Surrey with the innior Mr. Grindle in his dog-cart .-You might have called Mr. Grindle a bad lawyer, and he would have only laughed at you, or even have taken it as a compliment; but to have questioned his driving would have been to make an enemy of him for life. The mare was skittish, and the worthy citizen felt or fancied himself in peril of an overthrow more than once, and inwardly resolved not to include a vehicle of that description in his list of necessaries for a country gentleman's establishment; but having the prudence to confine his fears to himself, and risking no remark upon the subject beyond the unobjectionable observation that the mare was "very fresh," they arrived at Barton End quite safely, and on ex-

"We must stay here two or three days," say how it's to be in the future, you know, of the shooting.

cellent terms with each other.

"Oh! I am sure, I hope—I beg by all sides herself.

'Time enough, my dear sir, to talk about those things; at present, you understand I act for Mr. John Simpson." ne had been very properly anxious; and now he put the question by so quietly and decided ly, that poor Mr. Simpson felt quite rebuked. as if he himself had very indecorously brought

he kindly allowed his companion for repent-

Mr. Simpson might have replied, "Do I look as if I did?" but he contented himself with a smile and a shake of the head.

ing room, with a good fire, which had evident-

had lost his father-was a strict man, and were placed, whether what she had to tell somewhat eccentric in his ways, but very just. would be received quite as she could wish.

qualified to fill. It offered but a very modest and change of manner, than to any positive ncome to marry upon, certainly; but Mary effect which she expected to produce upon her and went to the window that looked out into tales of horses, and taken the coachman into had no grand ideas : and George thought even the Times minimum income for young couples in the matrimonial market, or direct exhortathat the most trifling outward object catches formed him of his prospective ownership of would bear reduction. At any rate, he ran down to Portland Terrace (eager as he was, not a sixpence would be waste in cab-hire), and rushed in very wet and very happy to rejoice and consult with Mary. Mrs. Simpson was was money in the case, and however unreason in her own room, very busy with the dressmak- able the accusation, his pride might take ofer : Augusta, who was a good-natured girl enough, and very fond of her sister, and willing also no doubt to do as she would be done by, found she had something to look after in one more of those little silent sacrifices laid upthe kitchen : though her conscience smote her afterwards for weakly allowing her feelings to the estimation of a prudent public, but some-

interfere with her duty, having fully adopted her mother's views at a conference held the evening before, that it would be a thousand oities now, when Mary might do so well, and form an undeniable connection, "to your advantage, you know my dear, as well," said the a good three-quarters of an hour to themselves move so utterly destructive of your game .now beating near each other (very near indeed it was) in Mrs. Simpson's parlor, though without her sanction, the grand act of life If Mary didn't think it too little to live upon, her seat, and was looking at her with a very eould manage, then Mary was sure they could. there was no symptom of a tear. In a meeting so unanimous, the resolutions do Bot require much discussion. The arguments that of George?" said the lawyer. "I haven't been able to get sides are one. If any unpleasant suggestion but she had meant to say it, and had said it; down here for some time, and there are a good many things to be looked into; and of course I should like, while we are here, to show means freedom of discussion on such subjects out the course is obvious—"tarn him out." What means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such subjects "Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly means freedom of discussion on such you over the estate : besides, I've asked a \_\_indeed on any subject—except freedom to on her arm, "don't say any more. If you nev-

friend to meet me here for a day's shooting; discuss it as much and as little as you like ?- er meant me to marry him, you should have generally get a couple of good days here in the course of a year; your codsin, Mr. John, you see, always left me that privilege—can't might have "a little something" too. Papa able money had never come between us!" would not let her come to him quite penniless For Mary saw it all now. course," continued Mr. Grindle, with what he meant for a sort of deferential smile, but accompanied with a gentle nudge which might ecompanied with a gentle nudge which might her pure innocence she said—he might—she her pu struck any one but Mr. Simpson as rather fa- was sure he would-do all that he fairly could | Spirit! it was not spirit which poor Mary miliar. But Mr. Grindle knew his man, and had an eye to securing the agency as well as her for having any thing to promise him beis harder to find. If the mother had underthe shorting.

More for her. And George was almost angry with wanted just then. She wanted patience, which son was not likely at present to give him a her for having any thing to promise him beis harder to find. If the mother had undervery warm welcome. But a sudden thought is harder to find. If the mother had underthe shorting. inclined for gossip as usual; her young man anger, but burning indignation, and fixed de- for he would never urge her to give up George. was waiting at the area steps, which account- fiance. Mrs. Simpson was not a wise woman,

sumed the lawyer, after a decent interval, which | So the mischief was done, and George Harri- him!" son half-way home to his humble lodgings, before Mrs. Simpson descended to supper. She side my doors again, that's what I will." was in a benignant mood, for the new gowns fitted admirably, and being what the dress- go to him" maker called "rather jolly"-which only im-"Well, I dare say you can amuse yourself if plies that which in politer language is called they had meant to say. Mary's was one of would pass in the afternoon, which would set him. She rushed forward, and fell on her alarm, rushed in to his bewildered perent, and I am so uncivil as to leave you for a day; well-developed proportions—she was conscious those quiet answers, which rather increase down Mary and her brother soon after dark knees with one loud sob at her father's feet. exclaimed, "Oh! father, father! here's a carthere's the mare and cart, very much at your that she looked well in black. Even the an nonncement which Mary very innocently made Mr. Simpson bowed his acknowledgments, at supper-time, that George had been there, but without the slightest idea of interfering neither spoilt her temper nor her appetite with the mare's retirement. He had been be was gone again, that was a comfort; but wishing there was an omnibus handy for his she would lose no time in having a talk with journey home; and was very glad to descend Mary. So when she had finished her moderfrom his seat and follow Mr. Grindle, who ate glass of rum-and-water, she was not sorry seemed quite at home, into a comfortable look- to see her younger daughter (who had not spent a satisfactory evening on the whole, having sat for what seemed to her an unconscious Dinner will be ready in half an hour, gen able time in the dark with the cross Betsy and stood her, none to whom to open her grief .- other; she wondered whether there was any tlemen," said the old man who had ushered an uneasy conscience) take up her candle-stick But her resolution was taken; and long be happiness anywhere in this world! Samuel "And we shall be quite ready for it," said had something to say. It was with some lit the lawyer; Mr. Simpson not being prepared the misgiving-more certainly than she should cessaries out of her own wardrobe, and taking she had done the same; appetite is very inhave felt a fortnight back that she told her them in her own hand, leaving Betsy in wide fectious, and she was indebted to his example Matters were not nearly so comfortable in mother of George's advancement, and how he astonishment as she glided by her in the pas- for not refusing entirely, as she felt very much Portland Terrace. It so happened that the had now taken courage actually to speak about sage, she had reached the nearest cab-stand, disposed to do, the extempore luncheon which very evening of Mr. Simpon's departure, Geo. their marriage. She did not feel quite sure, and asked to be driven so her aunt's at Brix. Aunt Martha's maid was quite ashamed of, Harrison had run down, in more than his usu- when she recalled certain hints and side speech- ton. ally joyous spirits, with a little good news of es (Mrs. Simpson was great in that line) adhis own for Mary. The long-hoped-for ang dressed during the last few days rather to Aumentation of his salary had come at last. The gusta than herself, about hasty engagements, the actual present. For the future, she meant rather longer ones, not nearly so intelligible, uncle who had taken him into his counting- and imprudent marriages, and the duty of pay house-and who was his guardian, for George ing due regard to the station in which people

He had a large family of his own, and though While George was with her, she had seen or rather more strictly, than any one else in ject, little indeed was she prepared for the me; no one else will, because I love you." and respectable; and perhaps he was even layed her lecture to the elder daughter so her aunt had gone away from home. still more fortunate in having to work his own long; angry with her whole household for way under eyes which were not easily cheated having been accomplices in securing that im- for two or three days, while her niece is away. or evaded, and where no mercy was shown to portant three-quarters of an hour for George Old Mrs. Manson's very bad, I do suppose, any wilful neglect. He did his best; and and Mary's conspiracy against her; angry Miss." Well, she must sit down at least, and express himself as quite satisfied, he found that particular crisis-an hour behind her appoint- once. But what to say? when could sorrow, when a fair opportunity offered of advancing him, he was not forgotten. His cousins would angry beyond measure with George Harrison selves into the letters of any discovered alpha-

father know he was at present much better time by a careful system of cold receptions, tions to make the most of her new position. dent spirit; once let him feel that he was susfence. Then Mary might go into the country, out of his way; and so in time, this unlucky love might go the way of many others, become on the altars of wealth and pride-mites in times to the offerers more costly than "all their living"-and be gradually reduced with hymns and libations from Mrs. Simpson as high priestess, to ashes.

So at first, even now, instead of attacking Mary, she began by opening fire upon George. thoughtful mother, "for her to go and throw It was a mistake, Mrs. Simpson, and as a woherself upon that young Harrison." The coast man you ought to have known it. In a calmbeing clear, however, Mary and her lover had er mood, you would never have made a first efore Mrs. Simpson knew that he was in the Mary might have taken a good amount of scoldouse; and how much may be said and done ing for herself quietly; however cruel and unin three-quarters of an hour judiciously em- warrantable she might have felt her mother's On the stage, a whole petite comedie, conduct to be, a few gentle expostulations and comprehending, at least two pairs of lovers a bitter flood of tears would have been her onand their fortunes, is performed within the ly reply that evening. Mary and her mother time ; in real life, all that is worth remember- might have fewer interests and feelings in coming in the long, dull drama of existence, for mon than was good for either; but there had either man or woman, is often played out in never yet been injustice on one side, or any less; the rest of it—scenes, characters, and lack of dutiful affection on the other. But stroying the interest, if not with advantage to alternation of violent abuse and attempted sarthe lookers on. But for the two young hearts casm against George Harrison as "a low, mercenary creature," having declared her own firm belief that this opportune increase of his salary was nothing but a "move" got up between had been played already, long since; it was himself and his uncle in order to nail the Simponly the winding up of the piece which sons to the point at once, she saw that Mary, they had to settle, and that was soon done .- | though she trembled very much, had risen from why, George didn't. If George thought they calm and composed countenance, on which

" Mother !" said the girl, " you don't mean

are admitted on both sides; or rather, both Mrs. Simpson did not mean it in her heart;

Three-quarters of an hour it was though, neith- not to be mastered by her own daughter, in ulation with him during his flight, whether even stay supper as usual; he would have more and like many other persons, when undeniably send him to bed in preparation for the early me down here."

rather go," and Mary did not ask him to stay. bear it if I can; but don't dare to slander was worth running away for, even if the mas

"There shall be no need, mother : I can

Both had said a good deal more now than But though she never slept that night, she of Binns and Vardy should be modified.

would take her to him, there she was; never in the coach with a sinking heart.

"Yes, Miss, gone to nurse old Mrs. Manson

self now promoted to a vacancy which the trusted more to the hope of disgusting him in bent her aching head upon her hands, and and she had famous company. For Samuel either the old servant was slow, or the new waited for the troubled thoughts to still them-selves. But they would not. Then she rose, miles had sat on the box, and heard wondrous along the passages. Sam was under the ball daughter by any hints of her improved value the road. By what a merciful ordering it is, his confidence as to his running away, and in-George, she knew, had an honest and independent few instants from ourselves! A coach was magnificent style as must have abashed Binns passing towards the great city. It was gen- & Co. forever, could they but have heard him. behind Not so quickly though, but that the and partly because Mary clasped his hand so watchful driver caught sight of him when he reached the ground.

"Hallo, young chap!" he shouted, "fare's a shilling, if you please!"

"All right, coachman, all right!" and the "All right! I'm blest if it is though! think you're going to ride all the way irom Croydon here for nothing, ye young rascal?"

The driver pulled up his horses, and looked after his flying "fare" for a few seconds, as if he had a great mind to get down from his and water for a week, and flogged him twice can tell me—is Mary—is Miss Simpson here after his flying "fare" for a few seconds, as tive and nad a fair start, and time was proba- and there's his bones plain in the well now, bly valuable, he shouted a few good-humored and his ghost comes up every Saturday night rapid survey of his questioner, which appeared hreats after him, and drove on.

Mary had looked atter him too, with such utter astonishment that her own troubles were forgotten. Her eyes had tears in them, to be sure; but there was no mistaking the personal street door, and could just see his figure in the distance. The coach turned the corner in the opposite direction, and then the boy appeared was coming in pursuit. He began slowly to dialogue-might be all cut out without de- when Mrs, Simpson paused for breath after an retrace his steps towards the door where Mary adventure. was standing, and Mary hardly wai'ed for him to be within reasonable distance to wave her handkerchief in the hope of attracting his at- him at a late dinner; rather moped, if the tention. The movement seemed rather a sus picious one to the fugitive, for he halted and reconnoitred afresh. Mary ran towards him, agitation would allow her.

Samuel had run away from school. "I aint going to black Binns' boots, nor

his dog, nor to have nuts cracked on my head with Vardy's diet'snary, nor have my tea He would not have ventured himself to give against his idol, as poor Mary had. He soothstirred with a tallow candle, nor be locked up on a half-holiday, I cut away this morning-

Where was he going to now, Mary asked. to mother. I rode all the way from Croydon here, you see, but I hadn't got a sixpence.— Vardy said he'd skin me if I didn't lend him

Mary could have told him that Mrs. Simp-Samuel was delighted with the proposal ; work to do now, and there was something to be attended to that very night; he "had "Say what you will of me, mother, and I'll ing. And to go down to Barton End!—it ter flogged him (he couldn't think Vardy really meant to skin him) when he was sent back. The old pony might be living in the park still. Barton End.

It was ascertained upon inquiry that a coach wrath than turn it away Her mother's in- within a mile of the house. Samuel was in dignation stifled her words. She could only terror lest the coachman should be his old acgasp out something like, "Very well, ma'am quaintance of the morning; but even he wery well!" when Mary rushed up stairs to should be propitiated, Mary assured him, by her room, and sat down in an agony of woud- an extra shilling. The boy's company had al pardonably curious, but he walked straight hand in George's. Nobody thought of Sam; ed feeling, to which even a flood of tears bro't ready done her good. She listened to all his no relief. It was all so sudden, so little de-school troubles, and promised, that if he went served! and all because of a little money!-- back, and was a good boy, the absolute power lay very still and quiet, and never disturbed was strange, Mary thought, that even these her sister. She had no one there who under- boys should begin thus early to torment each with a yawn and proceed to bed. Mary, too, fore the family breakfast-hour she had dressed was ravenously hungry, having run away with hastily, packed up quietly a few absolute ne- out his breakfast, which reminded Mary that but which Master Simpson pronounced to be Aunt Martha, she thought, would give her "prime." Mary wrote a basty note to Ausympathy at all events, and a little counsel for gusta, to say she was gone to her father, and to ask no one's counsel but George's. If he to George and to her-aunt, and took her seat so wretched and miserable as now, to be sure, miserable journey this looked for visit to Barbut never so much needing the love and care | ton End; she dreaded the very sight of it.which he had so often promised. She was not | What would her poor father say? Mary had the business was extensive and lucrative, it no difficulties in the way; but now alone with ashamed of her love for him now; he had never given him one moment's trouble. He had always been well understood that George her mother, all her joy and confidence were been wronged, insulted. She did not consider had been fond of saying to her when they that moment the hall bell went again, as loud- see you all; I've not seen a soul of my own must entertain no expectations of future part gone. But if she spoke hesitatingly, and and it was only the senseless violence of an angry were alone; she was his heart's pride and denership, as that would be the sons' inheritance. ticipating a somewhat colder reception for her woman; she would scarcely have minded rush- light. He would think her right, she was Two of them were clerks in the counting house, confession than the good-humored banter which ing in to him in his uncle's presence, and cry-sure; but must she be the wretched instruand the father kept as strictly to their desks, she had grown accustomed to on this same sub- ing, "George, here I am: pity me and love ment of breaking up all his family happiness? Still, she never hesitated or repented for one the Philistines were upon him-that the whole welcome home !" the establishment. George Harrison might storm of anger which burst upon her. Never She hardly knew how she got into her aunt's justant. She must be true to George. She staff of Lindley House, professors of all branconsider himself fortunate in occupying the had Mrs. Simpson been seen so angry. She pretty sitting-room. She did not understand would never have suffered berself to think of ches, native Parisians and Germans, drawing, position that he did, which was independent was provoked with herself for having so de- the servant, till she had told her twice that him; would have smothered her first feelings writing, fencing and calisthenic masters (most sou's. "Joe," said he—there was no mistaking mother forbidden their intimacy; would give terrible in the prospectus), with Binns and dashed his hand into his cousin's and turned him up even now, if he was-what he had Vardy probably as volunteers, were baying on his head aside for a moment-perhaps to look been called that morning; so she stepped out his track, and that he was to be dragged back at Sam. in the dark evening on the strange road where to increased tortures. the turn to Barton was, with a weak and tot-tering step, but with as strong a heart as when she had said to her mother, "I can go with the boy? don't howl in that way, go to die's', and they told me all about it. Never though his nucle had never done more than with the dressmaker for baving come at that calm berself. She would write to George at the turn to Barton was, with a weak and tot-

selves. But they would not. Then she rose, miles had sat on the box, and heard wondrous the eye at such moments, and delivers us for a Barton End, and, in short, talked in such dle; "are your beds all aired!" Zachary's tle ascent, and at the moment a boy with a But he was very quiet now,-partly from some very small bundle let himself gently down from misgivings as to the meeting with his father, tight, and trembled so, and walked so very fast, and then stopped for breath, that Samuel was rather frightened. He little knew that Zachary. It must have been a great satisfacin the eyes of the world, poor Mary was by tion to him to answer by a counter-question, far the greater culprit of the two. boy ran off as fast as his legs would carry him. gan again at this last moment, as he had done before during the day, to enlist her on his side against the offended powers.

"I say, Polly dear, say a good word for me; don't let 'em send me back again straight, as him box and give chase; but as the boy was ac- every day, and he went and drowned himself. in the bucket."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Sam," said his

sister, though she scarcely heard the words. "Well, but Vardy told me so, and he show ed me something white down in the water, and identity of Master Samuel. She flew to the told me to go and draw the bucket up on a Saturday night, but I dursn't."

Possibly the increasing gloom of the lane had its effect on Samuel's nerves, which were to stop, and to be watching whether any one not of the strongest; however, they reached voice, Samuel took courage to emerge from the entrance to the house without difficulty or

Mr. Grindle had returned from a long day's shooting, and found Mr. Simpson awaiting at tea with his family. The lawyer's sporting friend had declined to stay and dine with them and had driven back to town; so the two recognized a friend. He was hurried into the gentlemen again sat down tele-a-tele, Mr. Grinhouse, and questioned as well as his sister's dle doing the honors. Mr. Simpson found his was more really vexed, though he did not say position rather embarrassing; he was neither master nor guest. He was drinking the agent's wine, kept under private lock and key in prespend all my money in buying paunches to feed paration for his periodical visits, eating the on good humored Mr. Simpson. But he was an order in the house for the world. Mr. Grindle, it is true, referred to him continually, most distinctly and pointedly, as "poor Mr. "Well, I was coming here first, to see what a ling old servant would, at a word from that patient; but he ended by wishing with her Aunt Martha'd say, and then I'm going home gentleman, have kicked him out of the front that cousin John's property had gone somewas quite true—so he would; and Mr. Grinder was very comfortable as we was."
dle after him, and Mr. John Simpson, had he "Oh yes, dear father, oh yes

stood her daughter before, she had unlocked had struck her. She would take Samuel with or that they did not find each other's convers stead of flying into his arms for shelter as she Three-quarters of an hour was it? why it some startling secrets now. In the usually her-even he was a sort of protection, and a sation very agreeable, or that, as the lawyer had longed to do a few hours ago! means—if I'm ever in that position I mean, and if you were good enough to do my little the clock had stopped, for the kitchen fire was neither and go down at once to her observed, there was something sleepy in the father at Barton End. She would tell him air; for, after a very languid attempt at conherent that he fell fast asleep in their respective easy-chairs. was in trouble, and that he should find her They were roused by a startling peal from the with her father at Barton End. Had she Mr. Grindle had ed for a low whistle every five minutes, start even in worldly sense; she understood the Mrs Simpson's moods were uncertain with all hall bell (nervous hands always pull hard) asked him to come to her ?—she could not reperfectly satisfied himself on the point on which ling Augusta. Betsy said the cat had a cold.) symptoms, she was frightened, but she was frightened, er more nor less, and George must go ; couldn't her own house. She was undeniably right ; she would kiss and pity him on his arrival, or dle ; "hope none of my clients have followed hand at once, with the old cordial greeting,

> liminary negotiation audible in the passage, his daughter at once to one who was probably and then the sour visaged domestic ushered in more at home, or at least had more modern Miss Simpson." Mr. Grindle looked aston- experience, in such scenes than himself; but ished, as he rose and bowed. Mr. Simpson Mary clung close, and never loked up or jumped up in alarm. "Any thing the matter spoke. possibly. Of course he should like to go to at home, Mary?" said the father, in a trembling Again the hall bell rang; not so loud, this

Perhaps Mr. Grindle could not, strictly riage drove up!" speaking, have been called a gentleman. He was a man, at all events, which is sometimes your mother, Polly ! Never mind, my girl, cheet just as good. He was astonished, he was very up, cheer up." Mary looked up, and put her out of the room. It was a case, as he would but he felt great comfort at the suggestion .have phrased it, quite out of his line of busi- Chains and bolts were withdrawn, amidst ness. He walked straight out, rather in a auditole mutterings from Zachary. It was not hurry, and the passage was rather dark. There a lady's voice ; it was not Mrs. Simpson, for he stumbled over a boy. "Who are you?" Samuel rushed out to see, and came back look-said he, shaking him rather roughly, by way ing more scared than ever. Old Zachary lookgiving vent to his agitated feelings-" who ed into the room, with a hideous smile, and the dence are you ?"

"Don't," said a pleading voice-"don't; I'm Sam."

Sam who ?"

Sam Simpson."

whole family come." "And what on earth are you doing here looked as little alarming as a man of six feet boy, skulking in the passage? If you want with a good deal of hair about him, could well to see your father, why don't you go to him?" do ; but it may be supposed that the company "Oh ! 'cause I've ran away ; and she's gone | were not a little startled. Certainly few gento tell him about Binns."

Ran away? where from ? and why did you | Mary telt inclined to scieum, but only broke run here? and whose Binns?" But if there had been any hope, in his then enjoy their intense astonishment.

state of agitation, of Samuel's giving intelligible answers to this sharp fire of questions, one else spoke,-" quite a family party, I conhe was at all events spared the trial, for at clude. Come, I'll tell you what-I'm glad to ly as before. Go it," said Mr. Grindle, with a sort of at me because I'm come home."

sneering defiance; "ring louder."

towards him as she might, and either father or of whom he had never seen, but they looked the honest face-" Joe I believe it !" and he

your father, d'ye bear ?- Sorry to keep you mind, Joe ; the old place shall he a home for

table now. The old servant came across the hall, looking sourer than ever.

"More company, Za:hary," said Mr. Grinface might have expressed disgust, but that was its usual expression, and he was too much afraid of the lawyer to reply, or, perhaps, too intensely indignant.

He opened the door, however, and a tall young man inquired for Mr. Joseph Simpson. "Your name, sir, if you please," said for the gentleman was evidently impatient.

"Mr. Harrison." Zachary vouchsafed no verbal answer, but allowed him to walk in.--George caught sight of Mr. Grindle as he was retreating, and addressed his next question to

with her father ?"

"Well," said the lawyer, after taking a satisfactory, for there was something less of irritation in his tone, "I think I may say she is. Has she run away ?"

"Sir !" said George, firing up.

"Oh ! no offence, I beseech you ; but really the family movements are rather puzzling .-You see this young gentleman-eh! what's become of him now?

Reassured by George Harrison's well known under the table.

George looked, if possible, more puzzled than Mr. Grindle. "Well," said the latter, in a tone that implied he gave the thing up altogether-"I think I'll go to bed-give me truth must be told, and longing to be at home a candle, Zachary. You'll find Mr. Simpson

Mary had laid all her griefs before her father. Her mother's violence was not so overwhelming to him as it had been to her. He so, at Mary's imprudent step than at his wife's foolish language; a few hasty words more or less would have made very little impression upsalmon brought down in ice in his dog-cart. | not in love, had not heard blasphemy spoken ed and comforted her as well as he could, though he was sadly at a loss for words ; it would all come right by and by. At all events Mary John's cousin :" but he felt that the sour-look- and George had his consent, and they must be gentleman, have kicked him out of the front that cousin John's property had gone somedoor, and, as he fancied, with pleasure. It where else. "We wasn't rich Mary, but we

"Oh yes, dear father, oh yes !" and Mary with his own personal case and quiet; but to poor Mr. Joseph it seemed that the sour looks again as marble. Why was it, that when George entered the room, she turned from him

"Rather late for a visitor," said Mr. Grin- gan to fear it now. Mr. Simpson held out his "George, my boy !" Indeed, he was delight-The hall door was opened, there was a pre- ed to see him, and would have transferred bis

time; but Harrison had left the dining-room She forgot Mr. Grindle ; perhaps never saw door open, and Sam, once more in a state of

" I'll bet a shilling," suid Mr. Simpson, " it's announced very distinctly. MR. JOHN SIMPSON.
A stout, dark complexioned, but good-hu-

mored-looking man walked full into the middle of the room, and bowed comprehensively to all Curse it," said the lawyer, "here's the the party, with something of foreign grace, at

> into a low, hysterical laugh. He reemed to "Ha! Ha!" he burst out at last, for no name or kin for fifteen years-don't look strange

tlemen were so received in their own house .-

"John!" said his cousin, finding voice at Samuel had not the slightest doubt that last-"John! I'm heartily glad to see you-

> The other looked at him for a momentthey were keener eyes than Mr. Joseph Simp-

"I'm very sorry, Joe ; not sorry I'm alive, ne doubt in time become members of the firm, for having out-generaled her cherished plans but they were young; and George found him- by a little straightforward dealing. She had written, and tore it into fragments. She but a straight road, the coachman had said,