

Terms of Publication.
THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of **ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM**, in advance. It is intended to notify every farmer when the term for which he has paid shall expire, by the figures of the printed label on the margin of each paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.
The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post Office within the county limits, but whose most convenient post office may be an adjoining County.
Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, \$3 per year.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JAS. LOWREY & F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties. (Wellsboro, Pa., Feb. 15, 1885.)

C. N. DARTT, DENTIST,
OFFICE at residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to his line of business done promptly and warranted. (April 22, 1885.)

DICKINSON'S HOUSE
CORNING, N. Y. Proprietor. Maj. A. FIELD, and from the Depot free of charge. Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

J. C. WHITTAKER,
Hydrophobic Physician and Surgeon. ELKAN, TIOGA CO., PENNA. Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or receive them for treatment at his house. (June 14.)

J. EMERY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will devote his time exclusively to the practice of law. Collections made in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania. nov21, 60

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,
Corner of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa. J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.
This popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-arranged throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

IZAIAK WALTON HOUSE,
H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR. Gaines, Tioga County, Pa. THIS is a new hotel, located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pa. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure-seekers and the traveling public. April 12, 1880.

H. O. COLE,
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER. SHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in this line will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for removing dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1879.

THE CORNING JOURNAL.
George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor. Published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in Advance. The Journal is Republican in politics, and has a circulation reaching into every part of Steuben County. Those desiring to extend their business into that and the adjoining counties, will find it an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

FURS; FURS; FURS!
MRS. — The subscriber has just received a large assortment of Furs for ladies wear, consisting of HITCH CAPES & VICTORIES, FRENCH SABLE CAPES & VICTORIES, RIVER MINK CAPES & MUFFS, MOCK MARTIN CAPES & VICTORIES. These comprise a small quantity of the assortment. They have been bought at low prices and will be sold at extremely low prices for cash at the New Hat Store in Corning, N. Y. S. P. QUICK.

CHOICE LOT of the best imported Italian and German VIOLIN STRINGS.
Best Viol strings, Guitar strings, Tuning Forks, Bridge &c., just received and for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,
WELLSBORO, PA. PROPRIETOR. (Formerly of the United States Hotel.) Having leased this well known and popular House, to which the patronage of the public. With attentive and obliging waiters, together with the Proprietor's knowledge of the business, he hopes to make the stay of those who stop with him both pleasant and agreeable. Wellsboro, May 31, 1880.

PICTURE FRAMING.
TOILET GLASSES, Portraits, Pictures, Certificates. Engravings, Needle Works, &c., &c., framed in the most elegant manner in plain and ornamental Gilt. Rose Wood, Black Walnut, Oak, Mahogany, &c. Persons having any article for framing, can receive them next day, finished in any style they wish and hung for them. Specimens at SMITH'S BOOK STORE.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.,
WOULD inform the public that he is permanently located in Elkland, Tioga County, Pa., and has prepared by thirty years' experience to treat all diseases of the eyes and their dependages on scientific principles, and that he can cure without fail, that dreadful disease, called St. Vitus' Dance, (Chorea Sacra) &c., and will attend to any other business in the line of Physic and Surgery. Elkland, Pa., August 8, 1880.

MCMROY & BAILEY,
WOULD inform the public, having purchased the Mill property, known as the "CULVER MILL," and having repaired and supplied it with new bolts and machinery, are now prepared to do CUSTOM WORK to the entire satisfaction of its patrons. With the aid of our experienced miller, Mr. D. M. Mitchell, and the unflinching efforts of the proprietors, they intend to set up an establishment second to none in the county. Best paid for wheat and corn, and the highest market price given. JNO. W. BAILEY. March 15, 1880, ff.

TIOGA REGULATOR.
GEORGE F. HUMPHREY has opened a new Jewelry Store at Tioga Village, Tioga County, Pa. Where he is prepared to do all kinds of Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing, in a workmanlike manner. All work warranted to give entire satisfaction. We do not pretend to do better work than any other man, but we can do as good work as can be done in any of our class here. Also Watches Plated. GEORGE F. HUMPHREY. Tioga, Pa., March 15, 1880. (P.)

NEW HAT AND CAP STORE.
THE Subscriber has just opened in this place a new Hat and Cap Store, where she intends to manufacture and keep on hand a large and general assortment of Fashionable Silk and Cassimer Hats, of my own manufacture, which will be sold at hard times prices.
SILK HATS made to order on short notice. The Hats sold at this Store are fitted with a French conformable, which makes them soft and easy to the head without the trouble of breaking your head to break the hat. Store in the New Block opposite the Dickinson House. S. P. QUICK.

10,000 lbs. Pork for Sale.
I WILL sell extra HEAVY BRESS PORK at \$10.75 per bb, or retail by the pound at 10 cts., and warranted the best in town. J. M. CONVERSE. March 15, 1880.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. VII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 9, 1861. NO. 23

Rates of Advertising.
Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subject of rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

| Square. | 3 MONTHS. | 6 MONTHS. | 12 MONTHS. |
|---------|-----------|-----------|------------|
| 1 do. | \$3.00 | \$4.50 | \$6.00 |
| 2 do. | 5.00 | 6.50 | 8.00 |
| 3 do. | 7.00 | 9.50 | 12.00 |
| 4 do. | 9.00 | 12.50 | 16.00 |
| 5 do. | 11.00 | 15.00 | 20.00 |
| Column. | 25.00 | 35.00 | 50.00 |

Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.
Posters, Handbills, Bill Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

From the Herald of Progress.
GONE BEFORE!
A merry voice is heard no more,
A little form is inactive;
And Death's cold shadow darkens o'er
The sunny brow, the dreamy eyes,
She sank away to her last rest
As oft before, she sank in sleep,
And they who long have loved her best,
Can only turn aside and weep.
For sorrow ever finds her weak;
The hope, the trust, the cheering tone,
With which of old she spoke
Are powerless to relieve our care.
We sink beneath our heavy cross,
We mourn thro' all the weary hours,
And murmur as we foot our loss,
"Oh God! was ever we like ours?"
What tho' she met the common lot,
And went the way we all must go,
That cannot be a common spot,
Where hearts have loved and suffered so,
For sorrow well has painted these;
O'er hill and valley, stream and coast,
The mourners still may find the best,
The place where they have sorrowed most.
For sorrow has an artist's skill;
Her sombre sketches long remain,
And memory frames her pictures well,
And shows them o'er and o'er again;
But time a little pity takes,
Thank God! that time has such a power,
And past affliction lighter makes
Than the bereavement of the hour.
Then Faith and Hope the colors seize,
They leave the death-bed and the pall,
For sorrow well has painted these;
Yet sunny hues they shed o'er all,
Then in the background dimly seen,
Appears a little shadowy hand,
And lifts the misty veil between
The earth-life and the Spirit Land.
Wellsboro, Pa., VIRGINIA.

MY OWN STORY.
It is my fiftieth birthday, and the existence which I once thought would be so dark, so dreary, so desolate, has within its half century of years had much of joy, and peace, and sunshine. Fifty years ago this day, the lids which veiled two dark strange-looking eyes, were upraised to meet my mother's smile over her first-born. She was young and fair, scarcely two years a wife, and they have told me since, she was proud and happy in the young infant life which Heaven entrusted to her keeping. Perhaps it may have damped her joy a little that I was not a pretty baby. I never cried like other children, though sometimes a low patient wail of sorrow would bring the tender mother to my side. But for the most part, I was perhaps happy and thriving, though visitors used to say: "How came your baby to be so unlike you, Mrs. Emery? I supposed she would have been a beauty."
But this opinion made very little difference to my happiness during the first six years of my life. At the end of that period I went for a ride one day with my parents. My little sister, Helen, a most beautiful child, about a year old; was left at home, and we rode jointly along the mountain road, very happy in the beautiful summer day and in each other. Perhaps I was a precocious child, and understood more than children of my age in general, or it may have been the after effects of that day branded its scenes and conversations on my memory; at all events, I remember every look and word distinctly.
It was a warm, bright summer's day, and my mother wore a light muslin dress, with low neck and low sleeves, while over her arms and shoulders she had thrown a lace scarf. A light straw hat set like a crown upon her golden ringlets, a clear carnation tint glowed upon her cheeks, her lips were parted, and her eyes upraised.
From my birth I have been a passionate admirer of beauty, and sitting in my mother's lap with her arms clasped about me, I fairly feasted my eyes on her loveliness. My father had watched her also for some moments in silence, and then he threw his arm about her waist (for in that unfrequented road there was no one to see us), and guided his fiery horse onward with his right hand.
"Helen," he said, tenderly, "how beautiful you are! Never were you lovelier than now. They say marriage brings changes, but every change only makes you fairer. Our little Helen will grow up like you; she will be very lovely."
"Yes, but I am afraid I love Lucy best," and my mother drew me closer to her. "Perhaps it is because she is my first-born; and then, those dark, thoughtful eyes are her father's own."
My father laughed. "The child is not a beauty, certainly; but if her eyes are mine, you'll admit they are the best part of her."
"Helen, I've been thinking of late what my life was before your love came to brighten it; so dreary, so desolate, so unloved! When I saw you, I knew I could never live any more without you."
She laughed her little, silvery, bird-like laugh, and said, "I know it, Robert, and you wouldn't wait how you hurried me! We were married, you know, in six weeks after you saw me first."
"Yes, but if you had looked into my heart you would not have wondered," he replied. "It was all dark there. I was an orphan, whom nobody cared for or understood; and you were to me in place of all things—home, friends, parents, brothers and sisters. You made a halo, bright as a rainbow, around that dungeon life where my heart was groping."
"And yet, Robert, you are such a great man—an author, a poet—all the world—that is, all the world that is good for anything—knows you and admires you. And I, I am only the great man's little Helen; I sometimes almost wonder you could have loved me at all."
My father turned towards her an expressive look, and said tremulously, "Helen, you are more; you are my life, my sunshine; my inspiration, my ever-patient guardian angel; without you I should be nothing."
Then for a few moments we rode on in silence, but the tears still stood in my father's eyes, and still his rapt gaze rested upon the beautiful face of the true woman who had given the hoarded riches of her love into his keeping; content, if so she might brighten his darkness.

manageable. His first quick leap wrenched the reins from my father's hand, and while he strove in vain to recover them, the frightened animal dashed along the narrow road at a fearful pace. On our left was a rocky mountain, just around whose base we were driving; on our right a river, lying at some distance below the road, with no fence between. There was a sudden turn in the road, a faint shriek from my mother, who until that instant had been silent, and then down we went. My father escaped unhurt, but my mother was taken up dead, and Heaven knows there have been years since, when I thought I had a thousand times better have died than live to be what I was.
I was borne home in the arms of strangers. My father rode home in the vehicle which contained my mother, holding her head upon his breast, and looking on her face with the fixed, steady gaze of tearless despair. I was suffering acutely; but, child as I was, I strove to restrain my moans, and bear meekly and in silence lest I should add to his grief.
It was needless care; had all the world shrieked, groaned, or gone mad around him, he would not have known it. He felt nothing, saw nothing, but the dead face lying on his bosom. They bore her into the house; they laid her on the bed where she had slumbered like an innocent child, but a few hours before; where for eight peaceful years she dreamed of raptures and happiness.
Not even then would he be separated from her. He threw himself down beside her, and lifted her head to the place it had filled so many blessed nights; he folded his arms around her, and then, like one unsuspecting of the truth, he murmured, "Sleep on, be thy rest soft, my Helen!"
I was tenderly cared for by one who had been my nurse in infancy. They have told me since that I bore my sufferings with a patience which it was very pitiful to see; and only when Dr. Strong said there was no hope—that I, Lucy Emery, must be a cripple for life—did I even weep. Then, indeed, I turned my face to the wall, and sobbed out the bitterness of a deathly agony; a grief more like a woman's than a child's. But nothing of all this was communicated to my father; he had enough else to bear.
At last they buried my mother. My father took no part in the arrangements, but he opposed nothing. After the funeral came the blessed reign of tears. When it was over the year came forward and took his arm.
"You must not stay here," he said. "Come go with me." And meekly as a child, the stricken man obeyed him.
"I think she was happy; I think I made Helen happy," he said, as they drew near the house. "She never suffered any pain or sorrow from which my love could guard her; and yet, at last, my carelessness killed her."
He then broke from the kind hand that sought to detain him, and rushing into the room from whence she had been borne outward, he looked the room, and no eye saw him again until the morrow. He came forth then, and confronted Dr. Strong, as he was leaving my room, with trouble on his face, and said resolutely, "Doctor, I have been neglecting my poor Lucy, Helen's first-born; I am going to see her now, and you must tell me the worst."
"There was that in his voice and eye which could not be gaisayed, and Dr. Strong faltered forth, "She is not suffering so much to-day, sir; but she will be a cripple for life." My father then rushed hurriedly from the house, and came to me, and sat down by the bedside with his sorrowful face.
"Lucy," he said, "my poor, suffering little Lucy—I burst into tears. 'What is it, little Loo, are you suffering?'"
"Not in my limb, papa; but I feel so here."
And I placed my hand upon my heart, which then, as now, had a habit of fluttering tumultuously with every powerful emotion. "Mother loved me, and she's gone where I can never see her again. All these days I have longed so to have her kiss me just once, and say she pitied her poor, crippled child, and just now you seemed so much like her."
"Then you know it all, darling?" said my father. "They have not spared even you, my poor lamb! But your father's love shall comfort you. I will love you as a mamma would if she were here."
"For a few minutes he looked at me in silence, then he said abruptly, 'You are tired, lying here; I know it. You want to see the sun shine on the green fields, and feel the wind through the trees. I will carry you; I know I can take you up without hurting you, for I will be very careful.'"
With womanly, mother-like tenderness, he adjusted a support for my crushed foot and limb, and taking me up in his arms with his head lying in my mother's old place upon his breast, he carried me out into the sunshine.
That morning was the commencement of a more intimate relationship with my father—during the weeks of my convalescence he was with me constantly, and soon he seemed to forget that I was a child of only six years, and talked to me more like a woman and a companion.
"You must get better," he said one day, in the low, solemnly tender voice that had become habitual to him. "You must get better, so you will not need me so much when I die. Before the last flowers of the summer have faded, or the last leaves of the autumn have fallen, I shall go to Helen."
I fully comprehended him. From that time I grew stronger rapidly, so that at last, with a crutch, I could make my way slowly about the lower part of the house, and this I knew was all to which I could ever look forward. One day I stole into my father's study; the ink was dried up in his inkstand, and rested on his pen. "You do not need me so much now, Lucy," he said, tenderly, "and it is well. My time is almost come." The nurse was in the garden with my baby sister, and he called her to him. "She looks so much like Helen," he said, lifting the child up, and placing her on his knee. "Lucy, you are the eldest."
"I knew that these words meant as well as though he had spoken volumes. I was the eldest. Mine then be the baptism of suffering. I was to shield the little one, as far as in me lay, from care and trouble. In after years I obeyed him faithfully.

"But I have much to say—I may not only linger," said my father.
It was even as he had said; not all the flowers of the summer had faded, not all the leaves of the summer had fallen, when he went to her.
"You will be very desolate when I am gone, my little daughter," he said tenderly, but Heaven will care for you. Death is very sweet to me, little Lucy, for I shall be once more with Helen; already blue eyes were on me from the distance." He lay in silence for a few moments, and then he drew me towards him, and kissed me. My little sister was also lifted in his arms, and he embraced her tenderly; then, laying his head down, as if weary, he whispered, "Hold my hand in yours, Lucy, till I go to sleep."
For half an hour I sat there, still resolutely keeping back my tears lest I should awaken or disturb him, until at last the rays of the setting sun poured in at the window, and lit up the pale lips, the dark hair, and the massive forehead, looking more giant-like than ever, contrasted with the wan thinness of his face.
"Will you please to draw the curtain?" I said to Dr. Strong, who was also watching beside him.
"There is no need of it, dear child," he said solemnly. "It will not wake him—he is dead!"
Then I wept; I was alone on earth, save the little sister chattering now and laughing, all unconscious of my grief. Nor was this all; I was a cripple, deprived of love of society, of all that makes the coming life a pleasant land of promise. But in that hour I drew near, child as I was, to the Infinite and out of my very sorrow I derived strength.
I was fifteen when Duncan Clavering became my teacher. He was the new vicar of our parish. The gray-haired man who had buried my father and mother, and had been the dearest and truest friend of my childhood, had gone to his long rest, and in his stead had come to us this Duncan Clavering.
He was a man of thirty; calm, self-reliant, earnest; a different type of manhood from any I had ever known. He seemed like one who could stand up alone and battle against all the world. He needed no circling arms of wife or children. Alone he labored in his Master's cause. He had not my father's ardent temperament and his creative imagination, and yet his sermons were full of burning, fervid eloquence, and he was the finest critic I had ever known.
By this time I had grown to understand something of my own nature. I had been brought up in the same house where my father died, for such was his wish. Mrs. Newell, the lady who had charge of our home and ourselves, loved my sister passionately; but she had no attachment for the unsightly little cripple, and she took no pains to assist or understand me. My love of knowledge was intense from my earliest recollection; and for several years my father's study, containing his well-chosen library, had been tacitly abandoned to me. I read many books—works of imagination, poems, and novels. The theme was too often love, and poring over those enchanted pages, I grew rebellious over my own sad destiny. I read of fair ladies, and gallant knights, and anon of peaceful, happy homes; and all this glorious world of poetry, and passion, and sentiment was shut out from me—I was a cripple! I read it in the very glances the children raised to my face as I passed along the street in my little invalid's chair. They looked up kindly, but in their eyes was only pity, never admiration or love.
And yet, even in those early days, I felt that my own heart was capable of intense devotion. I could love, I knew it, with all the passion of which novelists had dreamed, or poets sung. But no one would ever, no one could ever, love the dwarfed, crippled temple which (enshrined this passionate beating heart) I looked in the glass, and saw there a dark, sallow complexion, wild-looking eyes, straight black hair, and a thin, nervous-looking figure; but not one pleasing lineament.
A contrast was ever beside me—my little sister Helen: She was bright, joyous, and beautiful as our mother had ever been, and the loveliness element in my nature was gladdened every time I looked on her; I loved her, too. I cherished with more than a mother's tenderness, this gladsome creature five years younger than myself. I believe I almost worshipped her; I would have died for her at any time; but this was not much, for life had never been dear or precious to me, and I longed to lay the burden down. Helen loved me, too, in her own cheerful, light-hearted fashion, and depended on me to do her tasks and perform her duties.
But at fifteen there came to me the dawning of a great change. Duncan Clavering taught me that I, unloved, unloved as I must ever be, even I had something for which to live. For a week he had been my teacher, and now I handed him my first composition. "How the thorns came on the rose," was its subject. It was a fantastic legend of a lovely flower dwelling among those who cared not for it; it fell forth thorns one by one as defences against feet that would crush it, against hands that would grasp it rudely. Into this legend I had woven the wild plot of my own heart. It was a passionate cry which I thought no one could recognize or understand. Duncan Clavering read it in silence and slowly; then he said, "Lucy, you have suffered much."
"Yes, sir," I replied.
"In this composition, my child, there is morbid feeling, a sort of defiant hopelessness. But I have made another discovery," he continued. "There is something for you in life better and brighter than any of your dreams. Lucy, not in vain have you been baptized with the baptism of suffering. You are destined to be an author—you will win fame—you will do good."
The fame had been his first thought, and in the flush that mounted to his dark cheek I read his besetting sin. Until that hour I had not known that I was ambitious. I had indeed something now for which to live. All my father's soul rose within me. Lonely, unloved, my life might be; but the world should know that Lucy Emery, the little cripple, had dwelt in it.

I found Duncan Clavering a hard master. He expected incessant toil. He taxed every nerve and sinew to its utmost tension. And yet he was not unkind; I grew to like his quiet, resolute, governing manner. His silence and terseness were not displeasing to me; and the only sentence of praise he ever uttered—"This is worthy of you, my pupil,"—grew in time to be more to me than all other applause.
I no longer missed love, or sighed for it. Heart and soul were full. At twenty I found myself already a well-known and popular writer. It was at this time that Charles Stanley came to our neighborhood—he was an author; his ostensible object was to find, for a few months, a quiet home wherein to read, wherein to write; his real one, as I afterwards found, to become acquainted with the Lucy Emery of his favorite periodicals. He soon called upon me. He was brought in by my own especial room, the study which had been my father's.
"I am happy to see you," I said, quietly; "but you will excuse me from rising, as I am lame."
He looked at me with an expression of blended amazement and compassion.
"I wished to see Miss Lucy Emery," he said, hesitatingly.
"I am Lucy Emery," was my calm reply.
"Forgive me," said he—"I beg ten thousand pardons—but I had been told that Miss Emery was very young, scarcely twenty."
I glanced at a mirror opposite—his mistake was not strange—I looked at least thirty.—Good as Duncan Clavering's discipline had been for my mind, it had made me sallow and thinner than ever; I had grown very old. There may have been a little bitterness in my smile as I said, "I am indeed, no older than that, sir; but I have suffered much. I have been lame for many years, and I know little about the beauty or brightness of life."
I could see he was touched—that argued well for his disposition. I exerted myself to relieve his embarrassment; soon the conversation flowed into an easy channel, and he left me at length with the impression that I had passed with him one of the most agreeable hours of my life.
For the next few months, he passed a portion of every day in my society. Sometimes he read to me, while I sat in my low chair at the open study window, inhaling the perfume and fragrance from without. He was very gifted, and his tastes and pursuits were so much like my own that I gave myself up to the delight of his society, without asking myself whether all this would tend? Helen, too, was almost always with us. She was now a blooming graceful creature of fifteen. She had never met any man that seemed to her Mr. Stanley's equal. Unlike Duncan Clavering, he was very handsome. His manners possessed that polish which is only imparted by extensive intercourse with good society, and his conversation united the fascinations of playfulness, poetry, and subtle analysis.

It was not long before I made the discovery that Helen loved him. My only little sister—the one being I had been accustomed to call my own—had cast out my love from the chief place in her heart, and yielded it up in trembling joy to the handsome stranger. This knowledge came to me fraught with deepest anguish. It was revealed to me one morning by a chance expression on her face as he read aloud a legend from Virgil's poems.
Suddenly, though the summer sunshine was never brighter, the day seemed to grow black and dark. I could not bear their presence; I sent them both from me.
"I am tired of you," I said, with a forlorn attempt at playfulness. "That poem always excites me; and I am not strong. Go out both of you, and play like good children; don't let me see you back for an hour."
Laughingly they obeyed me, but Charles came back when he had reached the door, saying—
"You might let me stay, Lucy; I would be quiet."
"No, go along, both of you," I said; "I will have my own way sometimes."
I laughed as I spoke, but I felt ready to burst into tears. They shut the door. I crept across the room and looked it; I would have no interruption. I came back and sat in my writing chair by the table, and all this time not a tear fell. Until that hour I never even fancied I loved Charles Stanley. Now I could see that a feeling had been growing up in my heart which was not perhaps exactly love—a feeling that he belonged to me and no other.
To do him justice he had never striven to win Helen's regard. Of course, with his nature he could not remain invisible to her beauty, but he had never seemed to take much interest in her society; his thoughts and attentions had all been for me. But she loved him; and knowing this, I would not have married him had his heart broken for love of me. But did he love me, a poor, unlovely cripple? With his nature this was not possible. Thank Heaven, I saw the truth plainly; my genius he might admire, but he did not love me, he never could. I remember at the time I wondered why this knowledge did not bring me a deeper thrill of pain. It was not this which gave birth to the wild throbs of agony which rocked my slight frame.
I thought that the thought that Helen's love was mine no longer, grieved me still more than the feeling that I had no power to retain the chief place in Charles Stanley's heart. Worst of all was the old, desolate sense, that I was and must ever be, alone in the world; set apart, isolated from human love, by my misfortune. Helen would go away from me, would brighten her blue eyes and deepen the blush on her cheek. All of the world might find kindred hearts and husbands and children's love, but I must be poor, crippled Lucy Emery all my life. Oh, in that hour, fame seemed how worthless! For one hour to love me, I would have given all the glory of the universe.
Wildly I threw my arms upward, and groaned and sobbed in my despair. And then an angel came down from heaven, and stilled the troubled waters of my soul, and brought the bright waves of healing to my very lips. I prayed. The peace of the Infinite seemed to overshadow me. The cloud and the darkness passed over me.
That evening I went to the vicar's house—I had a question for Duncan Clavering's s[14]

tion in a new study I had undertaken. I rose up to go, at length, for Charles Stanley had come for me, and was waiting at the door.—Duncan looked at me gravely and kindly.
"You know I predicted good things for your life, Lucy my child," he said, in his calm, low tones, "and they have come. Fame is dawning for you; already I see its dawning in the east; and how this young Stanley loves you—you will have happiness."
Was it my fancy, or did a shadow cross his face as he spoke—a look of intense physical pain? I made no reply. I went to the door, and bade him, as was my wont a respectful goodnight; but I looked back afterwards, and saw him still standing where I had left him, watching me moving slowly onward, with my crutch in my hand, leaning on Charles Stanley's arm, and his face wore an expression I had never seen on it before.
That night, on my way home, Charles Stanley asked my hand in marriage—Charles Stanley, poet and dreamer! A moment I was silent—A little of the morning's pain came back to me—who, needing sympathy and tenderness so painfully, must yet put away the cup of love with my own hand. But I put the feeling resolutely down, and answered, "No, Charles, I must never be your wife. I am not what your nature craves. You need appreciation not rivalry in a woman. You need one like Helen. You shall have her; I will give her to you, and you shall be a brother to me."
"But it is not Helen I want; it is you," he replied, with a bewildered look.
"No, Charles, it is not I; it is Helen. Listen, you will believe me. You are very romantic," he started. "Well, then, enthusiastic, if you like that term better. You had a very pretty theory about souls loving each other. Love was to be very exalted—mind, not matter. You read my writings—they pleased you—you thought you discovered in them a kindred spirit. You resolved to make my acquaintance. You came with the full intention of loving and marrying me. When you saw that I was lame, you were disappointed—I could see that—but your beautiful theory, you thought, must be true. You continued to visit me. Our tastes harmonized. I had seen little of the world, therefore I was original.—You liked to hear me talk, you became pleased with my society, and now you think you want to marry me. But you have not one emotion of passionate love for me in your heart, such love as a man treasures up for the elect woman who is to be his wife. You would do me grievous wrong to wed me. Look into your own heart, Charles Stanley, and answer me as you would answer to Heaven—have I not spoken truly? You need, with all the longings of your nature, a beautiful woman. You need beauty, I say; you must have it in your wife. You have all a poet's waywardness; you need a sunny, cheerful woman. I am old and sad, and withered before my time. You need peace; my life, quiet as it is, must be always restless; I should not stir you." Answer me truly, Charles Stanley, am I not right?
"Thanks!" he faltered, "thanks, Lucy, you have shown me my own heart."
But his eyes did not turn to me; they were fixed on Helen, who was bounding down the path to meet us, for we were almost at home. Oh! how beautiful she looked, her dress of flowing white muslin, bound around her slender waist with an azure girdle, her garden hat upon her arm, her eyes bright, and her cheeks flushed with exercise, her golden curls floeking on the gentle evening breeze. No wonder Charles Stanley watched her—but she was mine no longer.
Remembered with a slight pain that he had accepted my words so readily, that he had not even sought to ascertain if I loved him. I thought I could never have loved him with all the fullness of my nature. Ah! perhaps if I had I could not have given him up so easily.
One more pang came to me—it was a selfish one. I sat down by my study window, and looked forth into the garden; they were to be together, and I could not help thinking what a handsome couple they were. He was helping to tie up a rosebush, and I heard him say that his boy-servants were no brighter and blither than herself. And this is the man who had asked me to be his wife only yesterday—the only lover I ever had. Had I given him up to Helen—they were both forgetting me. "Is this you, Lucy Emery?" I said, with a twinge of contempt for my self-pity, and then I took my pen, and resolutely turning my back upon sorrow, commenced to write a new book. In six weeks Duncan Clavering married them.
I was now twenty-five years old, and I looked ten years older than that. Five years had passed since my sister's marriage, and for the last twelve months she had been in her own home again—Charles Stanley's widow. If a post-husband was dead, and she always sensitive, but transitory in her emotions, then, she grieved for him, had speedily regained her cheerfulness. They had been very happy; she had exactly satisfied the needs of his nature with her brightness and her beauty.
I never had another lover, and Duncan Clavering had been my only friend. I had by this time won the fame he had prophesied, and far more than myself, he gloried in it. Physically, I had not grown much stronger. There were hours when I would have given worlds for human love—to have rested my throbbing heart for one instant on some true heart which was mine own. But knowing this was not for me, I resolutely put the thought away.
Of late Duncan Clavering had often come to see us—far oftener than before Helen's return. She had matured into a very accomplished woman. He would sit for hours and listen to her voice as she sang to the harp or piano, and I, sitting beside him, would listen also, thrilled to hear the melody; and then when he saw the tear stealing silently down my cheeks, he would say, "Come, Helen, put away your music now, it is not good for Lucy any longer," uttering the command in a calm, kindly tone, as if somehow she belonged to him.
He was fifty now, and his dark hair was thickly streaked with silver, and yet Helen, who used to annoy me, by calling my master the ugliest man in the world, insisted now that somehow he had grown his due.
I saw all this with a strange sense of heart-