NUMBER 4.

For the Susquehanna Register. On Receiving a Rose, WHICH BLOOKED LATE IN AUTUMN PLUCKED IN which is the test of anom broken to the test

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Ah! faded rose, thy falling leaves And withered stem tell and ning tales - Of autumn blasts, whose breath bereaves Thy fragile form of life, and pales The glowing hue of thy red cheek-

Why did'st thou ope thy petals now, When winter howling in the North. With icy laurels on his brow, Drives his mad tempests fiercely forth Toward the spnny couth to seek: New mischief there!

Thus oit we suffer love to bloom In our young hearts when all seems fair, But Disappointment builds a tomb And buries fond affection there. Then howls a mournful requiem o'er Its early prey.

Ah I faded rose, dost thou thus speak A warning for my youthful years ! Must cruel fate such vengennce wrenk On my sad heart, though sighs and tears Like tempests rise, or torrents pour Its force to stay!

Kind Heaven, not thus for me ordain That love so soon within my breast Should wither, and the frigid reign Of drear misanthropy invest My aching heart, and turn to ice Each faculty.

Let love in early Spring time grow-In Summer bloom-in Autumn fade-In Winter die; and when laid low, Grant, God, that by its side be laid My own frail form, that both may rise And dwell with thee! Hornellsville, Dec. 3, 1840. EXTINE

For the Register. To---- . C-

I dreamed of thee-that same glad smile Still dwelt upon thy face, And played around thy lips the while With its peculiar grace.

The music of thine own loved voice Fell softly on my ear-The same sweet tones-in years gone by-

That I was wont to hear. It waked an echo in my soul-As erst it still had power. To banish sadness-backwards roll

The wonds which durkest lower. A thousand grateful memories . Upon those accents hung-. All blending with those sunny days, and

When Hope the future sung... On Fancy's pinions, floating back, I was a child again,

And deemed that life was fraught with joy, As free from care as then.

Once more, in childish confidence. I listened to thy prayer; Breathed with such heart-felt eloquence I felt that God was there.

Again I saw the tear-drop start Which mirrored all thy loving heart, Glowing with sympathy.

Twas blissful, yet it might not last; And like a fitful gleam . . . Of sunlight, soon the joy was passed. I sighed that 'twas a dream. Dimock, January, 1851.

Union or Critis.—The project of uniting the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and the village of Williamsburgh under one municipal head, is in a fair way of being accomplished. The committee of the Common Councils of the former, and of the trustees of the latter, at a meeting held on Wednesday last, have agreed with the consent of their pass off respective boards, to apply to the legislature for dinner's leave to submit the question of the union to the "No." respective boards, to apply to the degislature for leave to submit the question of the union to the people of each city and village at the next general eat again; It seems as it these head aches would election, and if a majority of each agrees to it, then a commission to be appointed to settle the terms on equitable principles—said terms also to be subsequently submitted to the people for approval or re
when I am sick. If Betty can't do that, she had

An old acquaintance of ours in the country, in dulges in a very exaggerated style of description and illustration in his ordinary conversation. For instance, when describing the effect of an alteration of his kitchen chimney which he had ordered his mason to make, he said that "before the chimney was altered, it dree the wrong way so powerful that every flock of geess that flew over the town for ten years was sucked down into his fireplace, but since the alteration had been made, the draught was so strong that if he should hook one end of an ox chain in the middle of the kitchen floor, the other end would stand quivering up the chimney. I"

WHICH IS THE TOO!?—A gentleman in the habit of occasionally using ardent spirits, took up an able temperance address, and sat down in his family to peruse it. He read it through without saying a word; when he exclaimed, "This man is a fool or I am." He then read it again, and when again he had finished it, a second time he exclaimed, "This man is a fool, or I am!" A third time he read it with still greater care, and as he finished the last sentence exclaimed, "I am the fool!" and never tasted a drop of ardent spirits afterwards.

An Irishman called at a printing office, the other day, with an advertisement, and, like a prudent man inquired what would be the cost. He was man, inquired what would be not cost. It's was informed that for one insertion, the price would be seventy-five cents, and two subsequent insertions would be iwenty-five cents each. And faith," said he, "I'll only have the two subsequent inser-

From the Boston Traveller. WHAT SENT ONE HUSBAND TO CALIFORNIA.

A TALE OVER TRUE.

Mr. Warner left his counting room at the hour of one, to go home to dinner. He sauntered leisurely along for he knew by long experience that dinner never waited for him. As he turned the last corner, he ran into the arms of a man who was advancing at a rapid pace. Each stopping to adjust a hit after such a collision, instantly recognised the

other as an old acquaintance.
"Why, Harry, is it you!"
"Pon my word, Charley! where did you drop "From the clouds, as Lalways do," said Charles Morton, "You, Warren are creeping along as usual, It's an age since I met you. How goes the

world with you!"

"After a fashion," said Warren; "sometimes well and sometimes ill I am quite a family man now, you know—wife and four children." "Ah, indeed! No. I did not know that; I have

quite lost track of you since we were in Virginia Come, it is just our dinner hour," said Mr. War-

"With all my heart," said Morton. "I will then see the wife, and children, too. Has the wife the laughing black eyes and silken ringlets you married in imagination long ago, Harry?"

"Not exactly," said Warren, without returning very heartily his friend's smile. "My wife was pretty, once, though; she was very pretty when I married her, but she is a feeble woman; she has seen a great deal of illness since then, and it has changed her somewhat."

By this time at his own door, Mr. Warren, with

by this time at his own door, air, warren, with some secret inisgivings, turned the key, and invited his friend into his small but comfortably furnished house. Glad he was, indeed, to meet him, but if the truth must be teld, he would quite as soon it had been after dinner. He would have felt easier could be have prepared the lady of the house to receive his guest. For his part he would have killed the fatted calf with great rejoicing; but to set wife, children, house and table in a hospitable tune, required more time than he could now com-

"Sit down," said he, ushering Morton into the best parlor. Take the rocking chair, Charley, you have not forgotten your old tricks, of always claiming the rocking chair, have you? Stop—a little dust on it. "Out came his pocket handkerchief and wiped off, not a little but a great deal of dust. "Never mind," said he, 'make yourself quite at home, while I go and hunt up the folks-

Warner thought it prudent to close the parlor doors after him, that all unnecessary com-runnication with the rest of the house might be cut off. His first visit was to the kitchen to ascerthin which way the wind blew there. If Betty, the old family servant and maid of all work, was in good humor, he had little to fear. No one could better meet an exigency, when she had a mind to the work. He opened the door gently. "Well, Eetty," said he in a conciliatory tone, what have

you got nice for us to-day?".

She seemed to understand as if by instinct, her importance, and was just cross enough to make a bad use of it.

Got! why the weal steaks, to be sure, you sent home: I don't see what else we could have." "Have you anything for dessert?" was asked in

the same gentle tone.

"I spose there is a pie somewhere."

"Well, Betty. I wish you would get up a dish of ham and eggs, if you can. We are to have a gentleman to dine with us, and the dinner is rather

Betty looked like a thunder cloud. "You'll hav want a good while, I guess, then, the fire is all

"Put on some charcoal," said Mr. Warren; here. I'll get it while you cut the ham; now do give us one of your nice dishes, Betty: nobody can cook the bed.

to. Where is Mrs. Warren?"
In her chamber, I spose? said Betty, sulkily, adding in an under tone, not exactly, intended to reach her master's ear-" where she always is." He did hear it however, and with a foreboding

heart he went to his wife's chamber.
The room was partially darkened, and on the bed, in loose sick gown, with dishevelled hair, lay Mrs. Warren. Her hand rested on a bottle of camphor, and on the stand at her side was an ominou bowl of water with wet cloths in it. " Juliette, my love, are you ill."

"Ill! What a question to ask. I told you half dozen times this morning. I had one of my head aches; that's just all you mind about me."

"I am sorry, but I thought, Juliette, it would
pass off. Shall not you feel able to come down to

better not try to do anything." "I wish you would make an effort, Julicite, and come down to dinner. I have an old friend to dine

with us. Charles Morton, of whom you have often heard me speak. He has come on purpose to see my wife and children." Dear me! how could you bring company home

to day, when you knew I was sick; I don't be-leve I could hold my head up if I was to try," and closing her eyes she pressed both hands on her temples: Mr. Warren said no more; he would not urge

the matter. He made up his mind to dine without her; and with a sigh, he slowly returned to the Had spoken out his honest feelings he would have said what a misfortune it is for a young man to have an ailing wife; my servants rule, my children are neglected, my house is in disorder, my wife does not like it because I do not make a fuss over her all the time, and something is the matter continually; if it is not one thing it is another, and I am weary of it.

He found his friend still in the arm chair, busily reading a serap book which was on the table; for danced in his eyes and twitched at the corners of his mouth, and as soon as he saught eight of Warren, he burst into a merry peat of laughter. War-ren could not resist it, and he laughed foll five minutes before he knew what; the joke was. It, was only something in the scrap book which brot to remembrance an old scrape they had together, but the laugh worked like a charm with his family troubles seemed to vanish before it, like mists in the morning. A more mally courage was aroused in him; he was a better and a stronger

ays she 'sposes she must."
Morton pretended not to hear this speech. He eaw that something was wrong in his friend's do-mestic life. Had he then married unfortunately! I shall be sorry for him if he has, thought Morton; he deserves a good wife; a better hearted fellow-never breathed.

never breathed. Warren's sunshine was fast vanishing, though his dinner, it is but justice to Betty we should say it, was well cooked; yet the table deeded the lady. it, was well cooked; yet the table decade the lady. No clean hapkins were there; no nice safters and shining spoons graced it; no order of elegance of serving made it attractive. Betty had no eye for the fancy work. But the food was good, and there was an abundance of it, and the gentleman would have enjoyed "it if the children had not been so troublesome.

when dinner was about lialf over Mrs. Watren made her appearance. Walking in languidly, she took her seat at the head of the table. She still wore her loose gown, over which she had thrown a shawl. Her hair was still uncombed—Her eyes were dull and heavy in their expression, and her eyebrows were clevated. She looked as if she felt miscrable. Ah, Juliette," said Mr. Warren, slightly coloring; "I did not know that you would feel able to come down. Let me introdice you to my old friend, Mr. Morton."

Mrs. Warren bowed.

"You have been suffering with a head-ache to-day, my triend tells me," said Mr. Morton.

"Yes, I suffer nearly all the time," was the reply, "if it is not one thing it is another. I am alnost discouraged."
"O no. Juliette, it is some time since you have

had a bad turn," said her husband.

"Only last week," was the short reply.

"Your memory is not very good on this point. I believe you think I can help being sick."

Mr. Warren tried to laugh off this thrust; but there was no heart in it. All sociability vanished with Mrs. Warren's presence, and all peace too; for the children acted worse than ever. Mr. Morfor the children acted worse than ever. Mr. Mor-ton suffered for his friend, and was much relieved when they were again by themselves in the parlor. He could have forgiven the want of glossy ringlets and laughing eyes, but he could not forgive the want of good humor in Harry Warren's wife. He felt as if his friend had been taken in; he pitied him; and firmer then wer wis his determination to run no such hazzards hiniself.

So much of Mr. Warren's day had been occupied with his friend, that it was quite late before he was able to leave his store. He went home weary in body and mind. How much he needed to have things comfortable and cheerful around him there. But much as he leved his family, he found heither rest nor pleasure at home. Work for them he would like a dog, from morning till night; but when the day's toll was over, there were no home structions for him. This night it would have been a comfort to him, could he have just thrown himself down on a sofa and taken his book; but he knew well enough this would not answer. He knew that his wife had been watching to hear his steps, and would feel hurt if he did not go up to her at once. So with a sigh he went up to the dusky chamber. As he expected, his wife was on

home." The air of the sick room, perfumed as it was with camphor and ammonia, appressed the weary man. He said he would go and send the children

This was easier said than done; the children were tired and cross, and full of wants and Betty would not help him in the least. Patience, and perseverence, however, got the last little urchin nto his nest. "Now go to sleep, boys," said he "your mother is sick to-night, and I must not hear

"Seems to me, mother is always sick," said

Henry.
"Then, Master Henry, it is your duty always to keep still, remember that, will you!"

"It was after eight o'clock before Mr. Warren had a chance to cat any suppers. He went to the dining room. His tea had stood until it was quite cold, his toast was cold, and a dim lamp cast a aundiced light over his uninviting repast. He,

however, was used to such things; indeed he hard-ly expected any thing different. The meal over, he drew his evening paper from his pocket and read it, feeling all the time like a culprit. He knew that he was expected in that oppressive counted. After nine, it was the clock was on the point of striking ten when he re-entered it Camphor and animonia were strong as ever, and the head ache, too, to all appearance.

me nean-acne, too, to an appearance.
"Can.I do anything for you, Juliette?"
"Do anything! I might die for all any body would do for me. "What made you come up at

"You know very well, Juliette, I had to put the children to hed to get them out of your way, and tired as I was, I never got a mouthfull of sup-per until almost nine o'clock. I have done the best Trould."

He said this in a tone which showed that he was both irritated and hurt. Once Mrs. Warren would have been much grieved, and would have sought carnestly to heal the wound which she made; but, being sick so much, was fast making her selfish. It was only of self she thought. I Wish you would not complain of me." said

she, bursting into tears; "I have as much as I can bear without being found fault with." "I was not finding fault with you Juliette, but a man can't do more than he can do

Juliette continued to sob; her husband was a lent: When at length they slept, it was with chilled affections and heavy bearts, and their alumbers were neither sweet nor refreshing.

Several years passed and Mrs. Warren's health did not improve. She seemed to have made up

said he, "but my write is not able to be about to day, and our cook, I see, is taking her own time. be avoided. Mr. Warren and Beity must see to Excuse me a moment, and I will go and stir her things." Now Betty was no house-keeper, she could do hard work but not head work. She did up by way of remembrance."

In a way sa could do hard work but not head work. She did Much to his delight, the belt rang. He was sa not understand economy. She used up what she was going to the dining room with his friend her builtness to be bothering as to how the two ends a troop of illy-dressed and noisy children pushed a troop of ally-dressed and noisy children pushed should meet. Such management at home, together the state of the state of

> the case, she went to sleep again, and it was quite late before she awoke the second time. Dressing herself at her leisure, she went to the dining room. Some cold breakfast stood waiting for her which I must fill up my house with boarders! What she partook of alone—neither husband or children but were there. At dinner she met her children, but mot her husband, he had not returned. This property which is that he were there. At dinner she met her children, but were there. At dinner she met her children, but while I hat husband, he had not returned. This property while is the senior was atill. She fluor is were there. At dinner she met her children, but not her husband, he had not returned. This provoked her a little. "He stays." thought she, "just on purpose because I am ill. I'll keep out of his way I guess for one while." With this generous resolve, she took to her darkened chamber, her champhor and ammonia; (which she knew to be particularly unpleasant to him.) and her bandages and ice water. Tea time came, but not Mr. Warand ice water. Tea time came, but not Mr. Warren. The children had their cupper and went to bed. Eight—nine—ten clock struck. Mrs. Waren can Mr. Warren bed Here it is ten o'clock and has not come yet."
>
> "I declare, Miss Warren, I don't know what can have become of him. There now I do remember.
>
> "I will support my family myself. I know it is in me. I will fill my house with boarders. I will go home, said she, rousing herself with a sudden energy. 'I believe that I can, and I will support my family myself. I know it is in me. I will fill my house with boarders. I will go home, said she, rousing herself with a sudden energy. 'I believe that I can, and I will support my family myself. I know it is in me. I will fill my house with boarders. I will got a living, and I will set about it before my last the following had been my last the first tears which had fallen for any one but self. They softened her parching heart, and refershed it as summer rain the thirsty earth. I will support my family myself. I know it is in me. I will fill my house with boarders. I will got a living, and I will set about it before my last a living, and I will set about it before my last a living, and I will set about it before my last a living and it will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a living and I will set about it before my last a liv

Theclare, Miss warren, I don't know wat can have become of him. There now I do remember. Twan't but yesterday he paid me up all my wages; and paid a quarter in advance, because he said he had the money by him and might not have it by and by. Then, says he, Betty says he, if I should not be at home one of these nights you need

to hed; he won't be here to night.'

More in anger than soriow, Mrs. Warren consented to this arrangement, and went back to her solitary chamber. Seldom thinking of any one but herself, she settled it in her mind that Mr. W. had chosen this particular time to attend to his business

fore time, and he sat down his basket and run like Betsy as yet knew not a word about the matter shot, and I opened it and what should I see right Would she consent to remain, anxiously thought

" Dearest Juliette :- Don't be frightened now,

"Do you feel any better, Juliette?"

"Better! no! It seems as if I should go crazy.

Those children will kill me. Do, pray, Mr. Warren, send them off to bed, or hold my head; or do something. I thought you never would come les enough of your own. The other day when I was looking over my accounts, a friend carae in to ask me if I would sell out. He wanted to buy and offered me a fair price. "But what shall I do?" said I. "Go to California," says he; "there is a splendid chance for you—a ship sails next week." He said so much that I took up with his advice.— I sold ont paid up all my debts, paid your house rent for two years in advance, and Betty one quarter ahead. After this was all done, I had but just enough to fit me out and fifty dollars over, which: I enclose to you. It will nower for the present.
You can by and by letyour house and go home to your mother if you think it best. I have no time to think or plan for you now. I will write as soon as I can. When you read this T shall be far on my

way if we are prospered. I love you, Juliette, and my children, and it is for your sakes mainly that I have taken this step.— You could none of you bear poverty. I go in the ship Emily. I will write you all the particulars by snip Linuy. I win write you an the particulars by the first opportunity. Heep up a good heart now, depend upon it I shall come home a rich man; gold is plenty as blackberries in California, and I am not ashamed to dig. Have a strong arm and a stout heart. Kiss the children for me and tell Betty I. will not forget her if she will do well by you while I am gone. Believe me that I am still yours affec-

tionately Harry Wanten. The reading of this letter, as might be imagined was followed by a fit of hysterics, and shricks, and floods of tears, and wringing of hands. At one time Mrs. Warren would call her husband the greatest savage living. Then again she would soften down into grief, like that of the children, who mourned over him as over one dead. Between them all and her own sorrow, Betty had a hard time of it that day. However, she stood at her post bravely; with coaring and scoulding she managed the children, succeeded in quieting them, and be-fore night Mrs. Warren was more calm. Betty had such wonderful stories laid up in some corner of her brain about the gold in California, how many people she had heard of who had come back rich as Crusus, that Mrs. Warren could not but listen. Then Betty was so sure that Mr. Warren would make his fortune; he was just the man for it; that the hysteries finally had to yield to the golden vis-fors. Still, Mrs Warren passed from this State in

to one of settled melancholy, and continued so for many weeks. She took no interest either in her house or children. She gave money to Betty and let her do as the pleased withit. If they had any thing to eat, it was all very well; and if they had would be twenty five cents each. "And faith." mists in the morning. A more manly courage was said be. "Ill only have the two subsequent insertions."

Go to Boots. A Mrs. Boots of Pesusylvania, the Harry Warren of other days, it does one good to have left by have not going to starre you out, Charley." all with her. She made no exertion which she left. We cannot say that Mrs. We are not going to starre you out, Charley." all with her. She made no exertion which she left. We are not going to starre you out, Charley." all with her. She made no exertion which she left was all very well; and if they had not not say the same. She neither sweet nor refreshing.

Several years passed and Mrs. Warren's health did not improve. She seemed to have made up her mind, that she must suffer, and that people her mind, that she must suffer, and that people her mind that the must suffer, and that people were neither sweet nor refreshing.

Several years passed and Mrs. Warren's health did not improve. She seemed to have made up her mind, that she made up her mind, that the most suffer, and that people her mind, that the most suffer, and that people her mind, that she made up her mind, that the most suffer, and that people were neither sweet nor refreshing.

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Several years passed and Mrs. Warren's health did not improve. She seemed to have made up her mind, that the people were neither sweet nor refreshing.

By George, Charley, said he, something like did not improve. She seemed to have made up her mind. The time was spent out of nothing it was just the same. She neither must were neither sweet nor refreshing.

By George, Charley, said he, something like to have made up her and nothing it was just the same. She neit

much missed; they were accustomed to do without

One day Betty came in as usual for money.-Mrs. Warren went to her purse, and to her utter amazement found that she had but one ten dollar bill left. She handed it to Betty, and with the emp-ty purse in her liand she sank down into a seat. For the first time it flashed over her that there was a troop of illy-dressed and noisy children pushed by them and horried in great disorder to their seats. Mr. Morton spoke to them, but they hung their heads. He was somewhat embrrassed. He was somewhat embrrassed. He was somewhat embrrassed. He felt that he ought to take some noice of them, and it seemed as if it would spare his friends feelings not to notice them. He became completely disheartened. His friends feelings not to notice them. He became completely disheartened. His worse, he became completely disheartened. His wife of them as if obliged to add by way of apology. "I am very sorry that Mrs. Warren cannot come down to day, but she has one of her bad head aches."

"She is coming," said one of the children; "she says she sposes she must."

Morton pretended not to hear this speech. He down the management at home, togeth them, to management at home, togeth them, and if good income. Mr. Warren's business gays him a comfortable living, but it was not equal to filling to be that been as comfortable living, but it was not equal to filling to be had been so absorbed by her own selfish sor a comfortable living, but it was not equal to filling to be the sub proved the sub provided in the bettom. He became discouraged. He had been so absorbed by her own selfish sor rows, that she really had not been govern the sub proved to the sub converted which hele in the bettom. He became discouraged. He had been so absorbed by her own selfish sor to convert the sub proved to be management at home, togeth a bottom. He had been so absorbed by her own selfish at omitted in bottom. He became discouraged. He had been so absorbed by her own selfish a bottom. He became discouraged. He had been so absorbed by her own selfish a bottom. He was not equal to filling to her that there was no totom. He was not connected. His family was not equal to filling towns to mer thand seath was not connecte

Wild gaped the empty purse still. She flug it down and hersel too, on the carpet, and wept like a child. My children must have bread and I must get it for them." Ah! now, those terrs feel

She had both energy and sweetness of character, when Harry Warren word her. The seed of her future misery, however had been carefully sown be and the money by him and might not have it by and by. Then, says he, Betty says he, if I should not be at home one of these nights you need not be frightened. I have got to go off on some business and may not get buck. You need not keep the doors open after ten for me. I won't tell Miss Warren, says he, shell worry. Them's, the very words he said. Now I'll but, that's where he has gone, and we may as well lock up and go dawned, and the latent energy of Juliette Harward must come forth to Juliette Warren. wood, must come forth to Juliette Warren. That, kind heart and strong arm which had so leng supported her, had been taken away. Now she had no one but herself to depend upon.

"I will take boarders." This she settled, and with promptness went immediately about it. For

chosen this particular time to attend to his business for no other reason than to get rid of one of her head aches. She lay awake until midnight, brooding over, his supposed unkindness. She really haped that he would come, try his door and find it fast, that she might have the satisfaction of hearing him go elsewhere to seek lodgings; for she hard fully determined not to let him in. Twelve o'clock struck in the old church steeple. No, sound, but the heavy tread of the watchman was heard; she then gave him up, and finishing, let writh the keep it warm, at length fell asleep.

It seemed as if, she had but just fallen asleep, when Betty very unceremoniously burst open her door, and slamming back the shutters to let in the grey light of unothing. Miss Warren, said she do for gracious see what this means. Here was the market boy a thimpping me up a full hour before time, and he sat down his basket and run like

Weth out on a week day. She went to her husband's friend, Charles Murton. Mr. Morton could scarrely refrain from expressing his astonishment when he heard her proposal. Sad misgivings he had sto its success; nevertheless, he promised to aid her. Indeed, he knew then of two young men who were looking for just such a place. As they were inear by he offered to go at once and see them. The young men accepted the offer and wished to come the next day. This was pressing the most come the next day. This was pressing the most come the next day. This was pressing the most come the next day. This was pressing the most come the next day. This was pressing the hards to its success. The form of heart is a success to evertheless, he promised to not make the market by a thirm ping in the proposal. As the market boy a thirm ping in the proposal and sto its success; nevertheless, he promised to nid her. Indeed, he knew then of two young men who were looking for just such a place. As they were incar by he offered to go at once and see them. The young men accepted the offer and wished to come the next day.

on top but this letter for you, from Mr. Warren. Would she consent to remain, unxlossy thought, on top but this letter for you, from Mr. Warren. It or remain and work so much harder. Mrs. Warren. to remain and work so much harder. Then she had had her own, way so long, would on it.

"Therest fullette Don't be frightened now her place to be supplied? She had been so long "Dearest Inliette:—Don't be frighteted now into one of your poor turns. Nothing very dread ful has happened or is going to happen that I know of. Read my letter quietly, and take what cannot be helped as easy as you can.

My business has been running behindhand for a good while. Every year I have found myself deep er and deeper in debt. If wore upon me dreadfulled and the state that I could not the would go, she must make up her mind to it; for here she was, her boarders engaged. More than any thing else, she dreaded breaking the subject to Betty. This was her first trial; it was a severe one, and we must not blame her too much because woman like, she sat down first and had a good cry over it. crying did not help it any, and time passed. So she wound up her resolution once more and called

Marm ? said she. 'I want to see you a few minutes. Betty.'
'I am busy now, I'll come by and by.' I cannot wait, Betty. I want to see you

The very unusual tone of decision in which this was uttered, surprised Betty into instant obedi

"What do you want of me?" said she, rather pet tishly, as she entered the parlor.

Mrs. Warren's heart sank. I want to talk with you, Betty, a little about my plans. Tre got to do something to get a living. My money is all gone. I gave you the last dollar this morn-The land! Well, I've been expecting it this

some time. I spose now you will go home to your 'No, I have decided not to go home. I am go-ing to fill my house up with boarders, and two are coming to morrow,' said she, making a desperate

effort to get the worst out.
Well, if that ain't a pretty piece of work, said Betty, her face turning all manner of colors: and you think I am going to take care of you and the children and a house full of boarders into the bargain do you! I tell you, Miss Warren, I won't slave myself to death so for nobody.

I did not think you would, said Mr. Warren slowly and sadly. I had about made up my mind that you would leave me, and I should have to get another girl. Lwill go to the office now— You will stay, Betty, long enough to teach her the

way round, won't you!'
Befty looked thunder struck; she could not immediately speak.

"And you sick all the time," said slie at last.—
"You can't do nothing. How will you look going down and a sceing to dinner with one of your head aches, I should like to know!"

"I expect it will come hard on me, Betty, but I cannot held it it must be done." I have made.

I cannot help it; it must be done. I have made, up my mind to it. You will stay with me a fortnight, won't you! I don't expect to get any one to fill your place, you have been with us so long rulling down his swarthy checke dropped upon itseen like one of us. Still I must do the best I in California's mines had gathered it by the spads can. Do, for my rake, Betty, try and make it easy full. Yet, not California with all her golden treasto fill your place, you have been with us so long; can. Do, for my rake, Betty, try and make it easy for me to break in a new hand. I will go right out now and see what I can do.

Mrs. Warren began to tie of her bonnet.

"Well, if this aint pretty times," said Betty, her lace becoming redder and redder, while her voice grew lineky; "do you think, Miss Warren, that I am really going off to leave you to such a pickle! I guess I can work as hord as you, any day, and if we can't both of us together got victuals and drink or the children, why, we'll give it up. When I for the children, why, we'll give it up. When I if ever the finds thereoff remained down's a they take to be old Doctof Hare to, and if no

So Batty remained and took hold of her new la-bors couragehously. This was an inexpressible relief to Mrs. Warren. Indeed, it is somewhat doubt-ful whether she could have gone on without her.

Her house filled up rapidly, and unwearied ex-ertions and care were necessary to keep it in order. After some severe struggles with her old habits of indolence and indulgence, she came off conquerts. She found out there was such a thing, as keeping illness confined within its proper sphere—that is, to the body, while the mind might go free. She found out that throbbing temples and disordered nerves could be made to obey as well as rule. At those times when, if left to the distates of her own those times when, it ien to the mutates on her own poor feelings, she would have scarcely dragged one tout after another, she found out that, she could step about her day's work, and briskly, too. Every victory gained made her stronger. Then, in addition to the moral renovation, her beath really addition to this moral renovation, her health really improved. She found out there was no doctor for her like. Have To." Her cheeks, histane, raddy and her ages bright, and her mind awoke to cheer fulness and activity in the pleasant society which was now about her. Juliette Warren, in a faw months, was very much changed, as one would have seen could be have gone with Betty to her chamber, when, for the first time since the boarders came, she carried up a meal to her, and found her on the bed with her mending basket by her, thimble on, work in haad, trying betweet the paravients of rain, to set a few stiches.

oxishts of pain, to set a few stickes.

The land! Miss Warren," said old Betty, "if
I was us sick as to go to bed, I am are I would

not saw."

"O. I must, I cannot afford to be sick."

"Well, now, if I shouldn't give it all up! What
do you think Mr. Warren would say to see you
now! I'll bet he wouldn't believe his own eyes."

Mre: Warren made no reply, but this remark of Betty's went like an arrow to her fleart! In an in-stant a gleam of light shot across the past. As if by a sudden revelation, she saw at a glance all its ty a sudden fevelation, she saw at a glance all its mistakes. Days, months, nay, years were marshalled before her; through all of which she had been the sick, complaining, inefficient wife and mother. She was almost overwhelmed; she had never seen it so before. Seene after scene crowded upon her mind in which she had taxed her husbands, patione to the utmost. And what had she given him its feture for his kindness? Nothing. His home had been uncumfortable and his measure had home had been uncomfortable, and his money had been wasted. Now she could see plainly enough why he left her. Now she felt how deeply she had wronged him. She longed to throw herself at his feet and implore his forgiveness. All her early love for him revived in its intensity. "Omy God," she exclaimed in a hurst of grief, "snare him; O spare him to return, that I tiny make some amen's for the injury I have done him, and that he may know of my patience and love.

he may know of my patience and love.

For many days after this Mrs. Warren carried with her an aching heart. It required a prodigious effort for her to make exertion in this state of feeling; but it had to be done. Even sorrow could not be indulged in selfishly.

She sought some comfort by writing to her husband, stealing time for this from her sleep. These letters, by the way, never reached him, neither did his reach her.

At this time also she formed another plan which was a comfort to her. She determined in fair by every cent which she could possibly spare from her earning, hepping to collect at least a small sum towards, a sisting her, hosband in setting up in business, should be come home as poor as he went. This gave her a new motive for exertion. She

This gave her a new motive for evertion. She gave her whole mind to her business. Her house was popular; her table filled to overflowing; her affairs were well managed. She was as she deserved to be-fur there were not ten ladies in the city who made grea er effort she was suc Her children were put out to the best schools.

They improved rapidly in mind and manners. Henry was a great help to lier: he was a manly little fellow, with his father's kird heart. Betry continued to rule in the kitchen, though a

stout girl was brought in to serve under her. Tho sond gri was spage in the even and a ser. In boarders, always, knew Betty's cooking, no one else made things take quite, so well; so she kept on her way, doing her full share of the work too. She never let her mistress go aliead of her; on her feet she would stand as hug as Miss Watren, she kdow, if she was tired enough to drop.

One morning Mrs. Wafren was presiding as usual at her cheerful breakfast table. She looked the

fication of health and neatness. Her soft nd glossy heir was brushed back under an emblosson on her cheek. A next morning dress, fit-ting her trim figure, was finished off at top by a white collar which encircled her white throat was handing a cup of, coffee, when she heard the front door open. As her table was full, she sat down the cup to listen. Steps were heard on the stairs. Mr. Morton entered the dining room, and a gentleman followed-a stranger, was bet His san-burnt face was almost concealed by immerse monetaches and whiskers. He was stout and short, montaches and winsters. He was stort in anothing and singularly dressed. A stranger, was he ! Eye met eye, and heart leaped to heart; and with a scream of juy she sprang to meet her hisband.—Yes, it was he; there he was safe and sound folls and dangers notwithstanding, safe in his own home—the wife of his early love restored to him; his children, boys of whom any man might be proud, shouting around him; and there in the rear faithful old Betty, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, and crying because "she did not know what on arth else to do."

what on arth else to do.

As we are strangers it would be polite for us to withdraw with the boarders and leave the family to their well-earned joy; but we cannot help from stealing by and by away from the children up stairs with Harry Warren and his wife into the old chamber. No campbor and ammonla are there chamber. We camped and ammona are there now, I promise you. How they sat down in the old arm chair together, and fullette told over her story, showing the purse which, when empty, with gaping mouth, preached to her so loudly and fearfully one day, and what effort and toll it cost her to fill it, and how much good the toil had done her.
Then, with trembling voice and bowed head lingering on that hight of bifterest sorrow, when Betty gave her the key of the past, and she saw how. through excessive selfishness, she had sinned. How her heart had asked for her husband's forgiveness. Then came the plan she had found comfort in-With glistening eyes and trembling fingers how she snapped open the purse before him, and show-ed to him her little treasure of hoarded gold, hoarded for him alone; how she poured it all out into his haid brown hand, while the tears, hig tears ures could have purchased for the grateful tran

what this had given him.

We must not linger over the opening of the old chest; which was so well freighted with native ore enough for all. Betty included, and enough; be presume, to have set Mr. Warren up in that very handsome store, where last we saw him.

Juliette Warren is still in comfortable health an energelic woman, and a first rate housekeeper.

If ever the finds herself transing down as they

superiod to be sant from India to England