CHTTRABURG, TWENDAK OUTOBER 29, 1889.

IWHOLE NO. 490.

Office of the Star & Banner: Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of the Court-House.

I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is pub fished at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volumo of 52 numbers,) payable half-yearly in advance: or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS,

if not paid until after the expiration of the year. II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a dis- for her to stop. continuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.

for each subsequent insertion—the number of in- Old Peabody asked me if I was coming this way. section to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in Mr. Malverton was expecting from India." the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to

THE GARLAND



With sweetest flowersenrich'd, From various gardens cull'd with care."

The following effusion is from a little volume en titled " My early days," by Walter Ferguson, Esq. A MOTHER'S GIFT.

Remember, love, who gave thee this, When other days shall come; When she, who had the carliest kiss, Sleeps in her narrow home. Remember 'twas a mother gave The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love, The holiest for her son : And from the gifts of God above, She chose a goodly one. She chose, for her beloved boy, The source of light, and life, and joy.

And bade him keep the gift-that when The parting hour would come, They might have hope to meet again, In an eternal home. She said his faith in that would be Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride, Laugh that fond faith to scorn, And bid him cast the pledge aside, That he from youth had borne; She bade him pause, and ask his breast. If he, or she, had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son, Goes with this holy thing; The love that would retain the one ·Must to the other cling. Remember ! 'tis no idle tov. A mother's gift remember, boy !

TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

"When such friends part. *Tis the survivor dies! - Young. "In his deep heart the memory of thy love Shall thence draw strength for all things" Siege of Valencia.

No ! never more! Not in the mighty realms of human thought-Not in the kingdoms of the earth around-Not where the pleasures of the world are sought-Not where the sorrows of the earth are found! Nor on the borders of the great, deep sea-Shalt thou return again from heaven to me-No! never more!

Not while the clouds are wafted by the breeze To deck the azure palace of the sky, Like ships of gold upon cerulean seas, Sailing in sunny multitudes on high, Greening the mountains with refreshing rain-Shalt thou return to this dark world again-No! never more!

Not while the streams adown the mountain's slope, Like silvery screents, through the flowery vales. As joyful us the heart when fu'l of hope, Shall trickle, yielding freshness to the gales From their own murmurings -shall thy spirit come To wast new pleasures to thy native home-No! never more!

Not while the whirlwinds of immensity Shall muster up their glant waves of wrath, And on the floor of the illumined sea Write down their Orphic thunder-hymns of death; Not while Eternity shall roll his years, Shalt thou return to wipe away my tears-No! never more!

Not while the clouds that checker his dark course, Glinting the sunbeams, to the sca are given; Not when the voice of Ocean shall grow hourse With telling of Time's centuries to heaven; Not while the grandeur of that sea shalt roll, Shalt thou return to comfort this sad soul-No! never more!

Not while the children of the Spring shall smile, And strew my path with flowers of every hue, Cooling the fever of my heart the while With brimful goblets of nectarian dew t Not while the younglings of her lap shall shine, Shall thou return to this dark home of mine-No! never more!

Not till the grange bowers that woodd us long, Where Love first haunted me in heavenly dreams; Where Sorrow voiced itself away in song-Shall pass away, with all their heavenly streams; such sad partings on life's barren shore anged for muetings that shall part no more-No, never mare!

n shall our never mores be made so sweet As they are bitter now to this foud heart; and all our sorrows when we there shall meet, Shall turn to pleasures which shall never part; And never more to meet on earth be given For never more to part again in heaven-No-NEVER MORE!

and open subgroups, party is a home to provide the provide party of the provide the contract of the SELECT TALE.

From the Ladies' Book. THE ORPHAN! A TAUB. BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

Concluded.

On the afternoon of that day, Clara left the ouse for a walk; she kept the high road that led to the town for some time, as she was about turn ing off in a direction leading to the river, she saw Edward Merton rapidly advancing and signing

"I am very glad I have overtaken you," he said as he joined her; "you were walking so fast I was III. Adventisements not exceeding a square afraid you would not observe me-by the way. I will be inserted THREE times for \$1, and 25 cents have brought your letters from the post office.and would take charge of them there being one

> "From India!" said Clara, and the colour faded away from her cheek and lip, giving to her features the hue of the grave. A shrewd reader of the human countenance was Ned Merton, and he knew by the face he looked upon, there was sore anguish, in the heart. "It is no welcome letter this," he thought, "yet why?"

"Shall I give it into your charge?" he said, perhaps you would prefer it!" The colour rushed back to the face of Clara-ay, even to the very temples, Merton had aimed a random shot, he saw it told, and with an impertinence very common to men of his class, he ventured yet further-"Can I be of any use to you in the disposal of this letter? perhaps I had better walk on with it, and not trouble you to be the bearer?"

It was with a bitter pang, Clara admitted to herself, that Merton had divined her anxiety to possess the letter: to secure it was her determination at any risk. She extended her hand, of will take charge of this same weighty epistle, on which so

many words have been wasted; give it to me." "So I will," said Merton, "but let me understand you right. Are you going to deliver it to your father? Believe me, I do not ask from curiosity; I might inadvertantly do mischief in conversation with Mr. Malverton."

Clara could have crushed him beneath her foot; and it was only by a strong effort she could master her voice sufficiently to auswer,

"Give me the letter, sir-this is insolent!his hearing agitated news; and if such there be in that letter he will not see it!" Merton was and he knew her conduct would have been haughcion. It was a desperate game; but Ned Merton was a man of desperate fortune.

"Permit me to accompany you home," he said howing it to Mr. Malverton.

Clara saw there was no alternative.

"Give me the letter-keep it a profound secret. and you make me your friend forever."

"Enough, we understand each other,"-and he at once. He walked crets, and he resolved in due time to make her ing to asperity. Isabel knew no reason for this he exclaimed: his wife; or by exposing her character, bring strange alteration of conduct. Oh! how deeply He little knew Clara Malverton, or the towering no eye to see, save The Unresting, tears of an- girl is breaking!" died, ere she would have given herself to poverty murmur, "How very, very desolate Lam!" and Ned Merton.

ments she wears, would sacrifice her integrity of and affectionate as her own.

character for as light a cause." "Mamma! mamma!" exclaimed Clara, "you are unkind! Poor Isabel! Consider how desoanxious to secure his love!"

"These are poor excuses," said Mrs. Malverton, ation in her uncle's family. coldly, I cannot tolerate a woman, who will cringe to abject meanness, for the advancement of her interests.

"No more mamma! no more, I entreat!" Clara saw there had been enough said for the present.-The face of Sydenham was very pale, and his hand trembled slightly as he passed it over his brow .--Had he heard aright? Isabel-so lofty and gencrous in her sentiments—was she accused of connot believe it! From his inmost soul he blessed demand, and the whole transaction has been kept Clara, for raising her voice in behalf of her alisent secret from your uncle, until his health is suffi- deed not the servant, and taken the note address ruption. He found her quite alone; she men- Providence had thrown me in his way, that he cousin, and this feeling imparted a degree of warmth, and earnestness to his manner she had never perceived before. Her heart bounded at the thought-"Ay, I was right; let his love coul yourself is a just one." to Isabel, and he will turn to me," and she felt alroady as though one great object had been gained.

of that night, the defence of Clara pained him, far added to his anxiety by the recital of her own more than the accusations of Mrs. Malverton. It sounded so strangely like the truth! He strove to force back the dull, leaden, and heavy weight that was gathering over his heart; for he felt that fell quietly asleep. She left the room, closing the dow. It was a glorious autumnal morning; the conviction of Isabel's unworthiness must unsettle his peace. His love had received a shock so rude, out, and, fearing no interruption, she sought the to the season of Indian summer. The air was refusal in honied words, it was a most unequive- uncle by seeking the means of support. Word even yet he could scarce comprehend it. No suspicion of treachery ever crossed his mind; and fingers over the keys, the low, soft tones of her like the south wind of early summer. It soothes disappointment, and dreading to face his hungry story. Harry Sydenlam, the agony of that hone through the wakeful hours of that night, he resolved to watch, and judge for himself.

unworthy act! but oh! I have none of his recti- ty to her uncle. ude of character, his honour, or his truth-save ed, and lo! Isabel Everett rose up before her, mistress of that proud home, and wife to its lord .--

Remorse fled, and the rigid and iron-like determi-

till her end was accomplished. Reader-the first dark passion that entered the heart of Clara Malverton, was envy. Of all the passions that exist in the human mind, envy is the most debasing, the most demoralizing in its effects. Let it once acquire a strong hold, it will stir up the evil inherent within, until like a stream that has burst its boundary, the mighty waters of crime will wash away every land mark of honour, virtue and truth! Ay-and wert thou fair, maid- well as the rest of us?" en, fair even as her who passed from under the protect thee from its desolating effects--line after her of that which constitutes her greatest charm Isabel. -gentleness of expression. Believe it for thine own sake, fair reader-the eye grows cold with the heart-so God has willed it; and man will not take to his bosom, in confidence and love, the woman who bears this Cain like mark upon her fore-

Clara Malverton broke the seal, and read the letter. She was alone, save the shadow of the My father's state of health is too frail to admit of plans; and resolved energetically to pursue them. mother.

bead.

The system laid down by Clara was pursued did that young girl bear on! But there was a yet evil days pass." heavy trial for that lone orphan: a change had Mrs. Mulverton was confounded at the unexhad given the rich treasure of her with her, striving, by the respectful deference of seemed little to value the gift. So bitter had been in abler hands, she instantly left the room. his manner, and his insidious flattery, to reconcile Sydonham's disappointment, that it imparted to pride of her determined neture-she would have guish would moisten her pillow, and she would

The face of Isabel were that teuching expres-At the door Clara parted with Merton; her sion of mournfulness, peculiar to the very young, solf-confidence testored, and the guilty pangs in when sorely smitten. She uttered no complaint; attempt to answer, but her heart was too deeply family was so very desirable, that Isabel begged claimed, wounded; unable to command herself, she left the her to defer, making any inquiries, until it was "Do not give me up to the cold charity of strongroom. As she went out, Mrs. Malverton said, ascertained what the answer of her young friend ers my dear uncle! I have no friend but you-do "The woman who would sacrifice her independ would be. To this Mrs. Stanley readily consended the desert me!" dence of mind, for the bread she cuts, and the gar- ted, for Isabel had won her way to a heart, open

she had no desire to make known her actual situ-

ly owing to anxiety of mind, about some specula. to go. tion in which he was deeply interested. I grieve to say that speculation has failed. Mr. Sydenciently restored to admit of his hearing it without

closure of her uncle's circumstances. And she When Sydenham had thought over the events rejoiced from her inmost heart, that she had not but she had gone too far to recede. She hoped made, and he ventured yet farther—to woo her denham now listen !! wrongs.

A few day after this conversation, in the eve-

Alone in her chamber was Clara Malverton; mother's sake. Ere she was half through mem pose_the far off mountains are the same, yesterrapidly she paced the room, strong excitement vis- ory of that mother's tender love, contrasting with ible in her flushed countenance. Suddenly she | the cold heartedness that surrounded her, swept | in our Creator there is no change. Full of con- the love of Harry. "Can you bear this expoapproached the table-there lay the scaled letter o'er her spirit, howing it like a frail flower before from her uncle. Her eye rested long open the the tempest. It is sad to see the young so strick. direction-to her father. How did the white en, "growing old before their time!" Her sobs hairs of that old man rise up to reproach her!- | died away, and something like peace stole into Her heart was full of bitterness; "The daughter her heart, for she felt assured that mother's blesof my father she murmured, schould not do this sing was upon the faithful performance of her du-

Decomplerate Bracksons,

Much earlier than they were expected, Mrs. me from myself?" and the big tears chased each Malverton and Clafe returned, accompanied by we will visit our friends the Stanleys, for I am sal; but she struggled with the fear that possessed other down her cheek. She turned away from Sydenham. Every fact detailed by Mrs. Stanley the table, and walked to the window. The moon to Isabel was known to both mother and daughter, was looking forth from her lofty dwelling-place, and the anxiety of Mrs. Malverton to secure Sytouching all things with the spell of her soft and denham for Clara, had grown into a desire so inshadowy beauty. Within view stood the noble tense, that it blinded her judgment. She looked her; there was a total absence of the cordiality secret you possess." mansion of the Sydenhams, and their broad lands very engry at seeing leabel in the drawing room stretched farther than eye could scan. Clara look on their return; it was unusual, as she confined herself, very much to the sick room of her uncle Mrs. Malverton could not avoid noticing the agitation of Sydenham, who rarely saw Isabel of late: nation that steeled the heart of Clara to persevere traces there were of suffering, of recent tears, that made his heart ache to behold. "And yet she will bear all this," he thought, "rather than se-

cure by exertion her own independence!" "I need not ask if your uncle is asleep," said Mrs. Malverton; "your being here, is all sufficient evidence that he has not the use of his eyes, to note your dutiful and affectionate behavior!"

"Dear mamma!" exclaimed Clara, deprecatingly, "mny not Isabel be weary of the sick room as

Mrs. Malverton took no notice of the interruphand of Almighty God, thy beauty would not tion, neither did she notice the flushing eye of Sydenham; but she went on, with even more arm. ine, it draws upon the brow of woman, despoiling than her wouled severity, to wound the feelings of

"You promised to remain with Mr. Malverton, or I should not have left him. Will you allow ne to ask, Miss Everett why you are here!" Isabel was tried too far, she lost all control over

her feelings; almost with a cry of anguish she exclaimed.

"To weep!-yes! to weep the bitter tears of humiliation, wrung from the heart of a motherless Omnipresent-silence. How terrible to the guil- child-am I here! Shame on the heads of those ty is profound stillness! For the first time in her who have so cruelly used me!" and the bitter tears tife, Clara shuddered to look around; the cold streamed over her face as she hurried from the her note to Miss Everett. He gave an exact ac- and cherish there a child whose conduct had been arms of fear were folded over her! with a mighty room. She reached her own chamber, locked effort she broke the spell that chained her spirit; herself in. clasping her hands together, she sank and ere she retired for the night, thought overher down, and in tones of anguish cried unto her

"My mother! you are in heaven, but you will by both mother and daughter, with a success that not desert me! How could such love as yours not to be deceived; he had known Clara for years, delighted them. So skillfully did they manage pass away! Look upon me, mother, I have no their game, that Sydenham became convinced of friend but you!" she was silent for a time, and tier far, if sho had felt herself free from all suspi- Isabel's unworthiness. She rarely attempted to then she murmured, "Before kim to be so scorned, answer the insolent language of Mrs. Malverton; so insulted! Aunt-my aunt!" and Isabel until her uncle was well, she resolved to bear, and shuddered at the dark thoughts rising within her. to bear silently. It would have broken that old Then that low, sweet voice rose up to the orphan's respectfully: "we will then give the letter to man's heart, to have seen the child of his dead sis- Father! in carnest and supplicating prayer. Few Miss Everett-of course, the contents nearly con- ter, go forth among strangers to earn her daily ever prayed as Isabel did, when the shadow of evil cern her; she will be the judge of the propriety of bread! And isabel knew it, Not for any soci- thoughts by heavy upon her soul, and found fice would she have pained the kindly besom, that their prayer manswered! It was an hour that Mrs. Stanley, if my uncle should insist upon been refused, Ned Merton drave up to a small and cherished her so tenderly! Well and nobly tried her faith, but strength was given her still the

come over Harry Sydenham! He, to whom she pected burst of feeling that escaped from Isabel; ra Mulverton has brought shame upon her own for his honesty and integrity of character. When young heart, to cover her own confusion, and leave the matter

Sydenham crossed over to where Clara was sither to him and to herself. Once master of her se- his manner a degree of coldness, almost amount- ling, in tones that betokened the deepest distress

"I cannot be deceived: in her voice there was

Half kindly, half pityingly, Clara's eye dwelt apon Sydenham, and then in the familiar language

of past time she addressed him: "Sit down beside me, Harry Sydenham! I cannot bear you should waste so much feeling upon

her bosom stilled, by the powerful opiates admin- nay, she strove earnestly to cheer the spirits of her one so utterly unworthy-listen, and then judge istered to her vanity. That evening Harry Sy- uncle with some portion of the gentle gaicty that if Isabel Everett be worthy of commiscration .denham came over; he and Isabel were in anima- had once distinguished her. Every day his health This morning in crossing the hall, I met a servant ted conversation when Mrs. Mulverton entered the improved; and Isabel in pursuance of a determi- of Mrs. Stanley's with a note directed to Miss nation long since formed, ventured to hint to a Everett. As I was going to my father's room, I "How can you reconcile it to your sense of du- very estimable friend of her uncle's her desire to offered to take it. Isabel perused it, and without ty, Miss Everett," she asked scornfully, "to de- obtain a situation as governess in some family of a word of comment, gave it into the hands of her sort your dear uncle! for really," she said, turn- her acquaintance. This lady, a Mrs. Stanley, uncle. It was an offer of the situation of governing to Sydenham, "she shames us all by her ex. promised to make the necessary inquiries-men- ess in Mr. Stanley's family. I am certain my cessive devotion to Mr. Malverton. However, I tioning at the same time, her own wish to father would have felt it a relief to much anxiety excuse her over anxiety, knowing the object she procure an instructress in her family, but, having he suffers on Isabel's account, had she closed with has in view." It was long since Isabel had recei- spoken to a young friend of her own, she must an offer in every way so unexceptionable. After ved any marks of affection from her aunt, but she await her answer, before she offered the situation reading the note he remained silent. Isabel saw was quite unprepared for rebuke; she made an to Miss Everett, The situation in Mrs. Stanley's at a glance his feelings, and with tears she ex- half an hour's time, this evening when tea is o.

"You know my father-he promised her that protection, that will never fail while he lives .-And if I should be so very fortunate, my dear And now, Mr. Sydenham, after hearing this ac-Mrs. Stanley," said Isabel. in conclusion, "as to count, can you believe that Isabel suffers deeply? enter your family, would you make me the propo- It grieves me to see the dislike my mother exhibiate, how depandant she is! You know how she sition as coming entirely from yourself. My un- its towards her; but I could not ask her to love he had been a narrow observer of her conduct. dreads self-exertion; she has no one to look to but cle might think it so very strange that I should one, whose fondness for the good things of this her uncle; blame her not if she is sometimes over | wish to leave him;" and Isabel coloured deeply, for life gives her strongth to endure ignoming and | feelings that actuated her; yet he strove in vain insult."

Sydenham made no reply: angry as he was at Mrs. Stanley who had long suspected the truth, Isabel, the tones of her voice were over sounding bint, and never in the most distant manner alluconsented to do sor and then she said, "Are you in his ear. Oh! how he wished to take her to ded to the letter, or what she had done with it. aware,my dear Miss Everett, that Mr. Malverton's his inmost heart and shield her from every ill. - Angry creditors were at Merton's door at all hours situation as regards pecuniary matters is a very Clara saw that she had not produced the intended of the day he had far overrun his limited indoubtful one? Clara mentioned to me that she effect, but she thought, and rightly, that his exci- come_he had every thing to gain, nothing to believed her father's late attack, was almost whol- ted feelings blinded his judgment. He soon rose lose." Leave the country he must if unsuccess-

Clars, "to caution you as to keeping this matter to Mr. Stanley's, he called upon Clars, resolving duct so utterly contemptible? Never! he would ham advanced a very considerable sum to meet the secret. You will understand it is a family affair." to invite her to walk out, that he might have an sed to Isabel, had opened it, and saw at once the tioned that her mother had gone that morning to might bring the hand of justice upon the heads of danger. Under these circumstances you cannot ruin it would bring upon her schemes. She told spend some days with a friend. Never had Mer- the guilty. A strange story he told me, Harry but feel your determination to seek support for the servant, who had waited for an answer, that ton exerted himself so much to please, and Clara Sydenham; and hade me come to you as a witness Miss Everett desired her to say, "a communica- listened with a gracious ear to the glittering com- to its truth. "Go to him," he said, the has been Isabel heard with great astonishment, this distion of that kind from Mrs. Stanley required no pliments offered up as an incense to her vanity.— there daily he has seen—he has heard—sek if answer." She felt her situation a perilous one, Merton saw the favorable impression he had these inings are true !' I have come, Harry Sy-Mrs. Stanley would take offence at the message, for his wife. That was quite a different affair.

and never renew the subject. ning, as Isabel watched by her uncle's side, he with a heavy heart. She raised the chamber win- her countenance an expression of haughtiness lite head of Isabel to lower her in his ceteem-and, in door softly behind her, the family were dining sun shone with a huzy and shaded light, peculiar ment to hesitate, and although Clara closed the had borne all patiently, rather than distress her drawing room. Opening the plane, she ran her very mild-soft and balmy it touched her cheeks, cal refusal of his suit. Merton, maddened by the for word, Richard Malverton detailed the whole voice mingled mournfully with the music. An the weaty-hearted to hold communion with na- creditors, threatened her with exposure—that he might have excused a heavier fault than thine!---

day, to-day, and to morrow; they are surety that solation to Isabel was that thought; and then, as sure?" he said, his whole manner changing sudofttimes it had cheered her before, came the con- deally. "No, you cannot. Be my wife, and you sciousness of duty well performed. Peace was in her heart, and its sweet expression was upon her tion of your husband." face. She sought the chamber of her uncle.

"Bless thee, Isabel, my child," he said fondly, morrow! I am better, Isabel, so much better that going to ride out, and you must accompany me."

Isabel joyfully consented. When they reach. ed Mrs. Stanley's, Isabel was struck with someand kindness, with which she had ever before

known I did. Miss Everett, from the communication I made you."

"This is very strange," said Isabel, "I never received any communication from you, whatever." Mrs. Stanley looked for a single instant upon the face of Isabel, and was convinced; she held out her hand.

"I see, my dear, there was a mistake; you will excuse my hastiness."

"You must come with me, Miss Everett, to see time of her youth! Guilt was in her heart, and my little girls; I am sure Mr. Malverton will ex- despair. Beauty was gone from her countenance cuse us for a few moments."

Mr. Malverton shook his head smilingly.

care of me, I should not have been here to-day." Mrs. Stanley as they left the room.

dismissed him, and turning to Isabel said:

assist me in the charge of these little girls !"

expect opposition, but it is due to myself now to the burning lava of envy, and hate ! make an exertion for my own support. But oh ! It was on the evening of the same day he had what can I say ?"

it most." She said no more; and they joined striking features and lofty bearing aroused his cu-Mr. Malverton, and, shortly after, left. Isabel riosity. He questioned the landlord as to who had not in a long time seen her uncle so cheer- he was; the answer seemed greatly to excite him. ful. As the carriage approached their home, they He paced the room for some minutes apparently shame upon her head, she would never endure. and bitterly she felt it! Ofttimes, when there was hopeless misery-Clara, the heart of that young met Ned Merton. Mr. Malverton stopped the in carnest cognitation; then advancing, he addresscarriage to speak to him; but the beau seemed sed the stranger respectfully, and entered into discomposed and out of humor, and passed on conversation with him. It was long and absorbwith a very slight salutation.

inlike Ned, it must be confessed." but she said abruptly to her father, "You are exwould advise your going in immediately."

"So I am," was the reply; but Isabel would into the house; at his door Isabel said.

feel quite rested this afternoon, will you give me ger entered. Sydenham rose from his seat, gaver ?'

"Half a dozen, if you wish, my dear girl; and it was he had the honor of receiving t" Yet, enow I will release you from such close attenuance ven as he speke, he felt regret for his ungracious upon your old uncle." When Isabel turned away from that kindly and happy smile, she felt the lofty and eagle glance-with the ample and her bosom glow with the consciousness that she intellectual forchead, where thought had garnered had been instrumental in causing it.

From the day Clara had been compelled to be.

stow some portion of her confidence upon Merton, And he knew almost as well as herself the secret to win from her own lips a confession of the whole or a part. She turned a deaf ear to every ful; what matter then how much he offended for that father's sake. "It is scarcely necessary, Mr. Sydenham," said Clara ? On the morning of Mr. Malverton's ride the pleased smile upon the lip faded away, and the attempt to embitter the mind of Sydentism a-The morrow came, and Isabel Everett rose up the corners of the mouth curved down; giving to goinst Isabel the foul wrong heaped upon the

he pour out his knowledge of all her secret plans. taunting her with her unavailing efforts to win shall never have cause to complain of the devo-

"I cannot be your wife; I would be willing to be your friend," she answered. Again Merton "you are ever the first to bid your old uncle good lurged her; he painted in colors that chilled the blood in her veins, the consequences of her refuher, and again sho said:

"Do not urge me, you know me not! I will not be your wife; and I know you too well, to thing very like coldness in that lady's reception of think you would make an unworthy use of the

"Ha, ha, ha !" laughed Merton, "you know me, welcomed her. Observing her uncle much enga- do you! my proud madam! then you know a man ged with Mrs. Stanley, she ventured to ask wif as reckless of consequences, and unprincipled as Mrs. Stanley had heard from her young friend ?" yourself;" and so he left her. Clara, equipped Mrs. Stanley regarded Isabel in surprise and for walking, encountered her father; and her displeasure, as she answered, "You must have hardly acquired composure nearly gave way before his recital of the meeting with Ned. The fresh air did not restore her spirits as she hoped it would. All that weary day, her mind was harrassed and agitated. As it drew to a close, she could no longer bear to sit with her father and Isabel, lest her unwonted manner should attract attention. She sought her own room. "If he should tell Harry !" the color left her

cheek and brow, and her dark eyes actually dila-Isabel warmly returned the pressure, while she ted with the agony of the thought. "Oh! God. waited with impatience to hear more. Smiling if he should tell Harry " she clasped her hands upon her, Mrs. Stanley drew her hand within her tightly together, while her lips closed like a vice ; and thus she sat, that fair girl, in the summer -peace from her bosom-for her there was no solitude! The void around was peopled with the "I cannot excuse a long absence of my gentle world of her imagination; and when conscience nurse; in very truth, but for her tenderness and has filled that world with forms that make the blood to creep, and grow icy in the veins, then is I can well believe your praise of Isabel's nurs- a mental hell begun on earth. Dark thoughts, ing, having witnessed some of it myself," replied undefined and shadowy, cramped the heart of Clara. Exposure, shame, alienation from her fa-When they reached the nursery, Mrs. Stanley ther, stared her in the face. Well did she know rang for the acreant who had been the bearer of that father—that he would never take to his heart count of all that had occurred. Mrs. Stanley then so dishonorable and base. And yet, upon the head of that father there was condemnation : his "I do not understand the motive that has indu- child had been given him "to train up in the way ced Miss Malverton to be guilty of such dishone- she should go." The right principles of action rable conduct; she would alienate your best were not instilled into her mind. She was told friends from you, and the sooner you are from un- not to lie; but the strong hand of parental authoder her roof, the sooner your happiness will be rity had not broken a vice which spems inherent secured. Will you, then, my dear Miss Everett, in the minds of the very young. Full scope had been given to the indulgence of her vanity, by a "I shall be most happy to do so !" exclaimed frivolous and worldly mother. Could it be ex-Isabel. "Oh! you know not what a sacrifice I pected when the test came, she could bear it?would make to secure an honorable indepen- No! Principles such as she possessed, like the dence. I will ask my uncle's permission-I must flowers upon Altna's side, are soon buried beneath

knowing my true reason for teaving his house __ | country inn, about three miles from the place of Clara's residence. It was kept by one of the old-"The truth !" said Mrs. Stanley, sternly ; "Cla- est inhabitants of the country ; a man respected Merton entered, he found him in conversation "Ah!" thought Isabel, "but my uncle will feel with a man, quite a stranger to him, but whose ing; when over, the stranger rose, and inquired if "Very odd !" said Mr. Malverton, "and vory his horse was ready, (it being in consequence of an accident to the animal he had stopped.) He When the carriage drove to the door, Clara drew a cloak around him, although the evening was upon the steps equipped for walking. Her was unusually mild, mounted and rode off. Half futher asked her what ailed Merton, as it was the an hour's time brought him to Sydenham's. Ho first time he had ever seen a frown upon his dismounted, fastening the horse himself, and with smooth forehead; and then he laughingly related the step of one to whom the scene was familiar, their encounter. Clara was evidently agitated, left the house. Lamps were lighted, the fire burned brightly upon the hearth, books were upposing yourself in a most needless manner; I on the table, and materials for writing; but the young master of that mansion, half sitting, half reclining upon the sols, bore not the countenance have told me far more tenderly !" They walked of a happy or occupied mind. He was in the mood that likes not to be disturbed, and he turn-"This morning's ride will fatigue you; if you cd half angrily as the door opened, and the stranzing in surprise at the immovable form before. him; and he asked coldly and haughtily, "Whobehaviour. Who was he? That stranger with the rich stores of a life-time-the thin pale lips that looked like carving upon marble-but around which hovered an expression like woman's when her youth is crowned with beauty! In low, clear, silver tones, slightly tremulous from emotion, the stranger said : "Your father would not have welcomed thus his earliest and oldest friend. Boy-

I am Richard Malverton!" Harry clasped the hand held out to him between his own, while his countenance testified strong cmotion, as he bade him welcome again to his na.

".Thou art very like thy father," was the answer; "and I will love thee, Harry Sydenham,

"But I came here to-night upon business. The old landlord at the inn recognized me : upon hearing my name, a man accosted me, saying that he-Well might she caution him! She had in opportunity of conversing with her without inter- was about to leave the country, and he believed

Merton had told all; the secretion of the letter, old and simple song it was, that she loved for her ture, to jook upon her silent and everlasting re- would betray her to Sydenham. And then did Aye—he saw it all now-old why had he not