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MY THREE NEIGHBORS

IN

The Queen City.

BY

A. SYLVAN PENN.

Nor wild Imagination move my pen
To write ideal things deceiving men ;
Nor varnished Fiction to allure the youth—
I love to dwell in the abodes of Truth.—AUTHOR

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PREFACE.

HAD the Author spent the days of his childhood, romping in the Elysian fields; or had he been reared in a cave, with Æolus to accompany him in his destructive flight o'er sea and land, waking up the peaceful slumbers of the ocean, and dashing the mighty ship to atoms; or grasping the stately oak upon the land, to tear it from its bed; or leveling ancient towers with the dust; then might flow celestial songs, or words sublime, from an inspired pen. But no! He lived with living men, and moved in minor spheres, courting nature in her loveliness; enjoying the few real pleasures of life; hoping to receive greater ones beyond mortality: he has seen the affections of the human heart blasted in the bud; he has seen

kindred spirits severed by an unseen hand; has witnessed the human feelings droop at unkindness, as the tender plant that withers by the touch.

And now he writes them, and they are yours to read, in plain, unpolished words.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

The Neighbors. May Day. A country Visit..... 7

CHAPTER II.

A country Dinner. The Woodland. An Apple-cutting..... 15

CHAPTER III.

A Flirtation. Visiting the Watering-places. A Lover in Trouble.. 22

CHAPTER IV.

Country Relatives. A penurious Beau..... 31

CHAPTER V.

A Pauper. New Year's Day. Julia's Party..... 40

CHAPTER VI.

Slander..... 49

CHAPTER VII.

The Trial. Commencement of Troubles..... 58

CHAPTER VIII.

Mysterious Disappearance..... 72

CHAPTER IX.

The Conquest. The Cholera and its Victims. Arrival at Bremen.. 84

CHAPTER X.

A Genteel Spree..... 102

CHAPTER XI.

The Small Tea-Party. Proposals to the Widow..... 111

CHAPTER XII.

The foreign Tourists. "Sad news from Home." Italian Scenery... 120

CHAPTER XIII.	
A rejected Suitor. Attempted revenge.	125
CHAPTER XIV.	
Petty-Frauding. George Lenore's progress.	134
CHAPTER XV.	
A Letter from Home. Unwelcome News.	143
CHAPTER XVI.	
Seminary Life.	148
CHAPTER XVII.	
A Stepmother's Reception.	155
CHAPTER XVIII.	
A Storm on the Sea.	162
CHAPTER XIX.	
Two Unexpected Guests.	171
CHAPTER XX.	
A little Maneuvering.	180
CHAPTER XXI.	
Reconciliation attempted.	187
CHAPTER XXII.	
Off to the new Country.	195
CHAPTER XXIII.	
Reconciliation under Difficulties.	205
CHAPTER XXIV.	
The Will.	225
CHAPTER XXV.	
The Disputed Title.	233
CHAPTER XXVI.	
Many in Haste, Repent at Leisure.	236
CHAPTER XXVII.	
Conclusion.	243

MY THREE NEIGHBORS

IN

THE QUEEN CITY.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEIGHBORS—MAY-DAY—A COUNTRY VISIT.

THE Hon. Mr. Lambert resided on a fashionable street in the Queen City, supporting a style somewhat aristocratic in his own opinion, and truly enviable in the eyes of surrounding citizens.

His mansion, internally, and externally, was provided with every comfort and convenience that his taste and desire could suggest; also many ornaments, displaying the taste of his wife and daughter, could be seen by casting a glance through the curious wrought fence that encircled their grounds from the plebeian tread. Upon either side of the little shell walks were nurtured and trained the greatest profusion of flowers and shrubs, which wafted their fragrance as free to the passer-by as to their two mistresses, who every spring would oversee and assist the progress of their little Eden. The interior of Mr. Lambert's dwelling was furnished *a la mode* with the latest importations.

The association and appearance of a thus elegantly furnished mansion, not only sustained the Hon. Mr. L. and lady in *dignitate superiori*, but created a haughty spirit in their handsome young daughter, Miss Julia, who had never known else than this style of living.

Julia was one of those pretty black-eyed girls whose every step was proud and queenly, yet her eye was full of mischief, and just enough bewitching to captivate the modest schoolboy at a glance, as he passed upon the street.

Julia was passing the sunny hours of youth in the best seminary of the city; yet the beauties of botany and astronomy could not gain her attention like the latest pattern for a miss's dress, or a new piece of music.

Frequently when Julia was bending over her studies, she would find herself in imagination riding along some pretty road; perhaps an accident, and a rescue by some handsome fellows, a general romance passing through her mind, when instantly she would get a glimpse of her lesson, and reprimand herself for wasting time in building air-castles, take a glance at her book, and in a few moments be conjuring up a new style basque. So it were not strange if Julia's education was superficial. Nor was it her fault, for she was the only child of wealthy parents; and although young, her second *septenium* had been variegated with embroidery, piano-forte, shell-work, and cotillion accomplishments, of which she fondly

loved the latter; and now being so much loved and admired, she thought education was a minor affair. Julia was only past fifteen years, yet she was already receiving instructions from her ma, as to the manner of conducting herself, should she be called upon by some of the city gents.

Mr. Lambert's neighbor, upon one side, was Joshua Lane, Esq., a very plain man, who believed in the comforts of life, but not in the superfluities. He owned the neat and comfortable dwelling in which he resided; had formerly been a planter in Alabama, afterward a merchant; was now living comfortably and genteelly on a moderate yearly income. His daughter Lizzie was of a lighter complexion than Julia Lambert: having dark auburn hair, and a full blue eye.

"Blue eyes a steady flame portray,
That lives and burns beyond a day—
Black eyes bespeak a lively heart,
Whose kind emotions soon depart."

Lizzie Lane was neither homely nor beautiful; but what she lacked in beauty was supplied by talent. She was as deep-minded and thoroughly educated as any miss in the city, of seventeen; familiar with all modern branches; at home in the classics; besides well informed in all the topics of the age. And Young America, when enjoying her good society, was careful not to branch out too largely until some

familiar subject presented itself, lest Miss Lizzie might excel even in political news.

Yet Lizzie was far from being one of these self-conceited critics, who would sneer and beg leave to correct her erring fellow-beings whenever an opportunity offered; but, *per contra*, she was a lady, and would rather hide a blunder of an acquaintance, than to injure feelings by repeating it.

Your further acquaintance will be pleasant, and no doubt you will become much attached to Lizzie hereafter.

Adjoining Mr. Lambert's residence, upon the opposite side from Mr. Lane, resided A. J. Winfield, a commission-merchant; who, with his wife and son Charles, also three daughters, constituted the respectable Winfield family. Kate was the eldest of the daughters. Not brilliant at first appearance, yet there was a womanly sedateness in her manners peculiar to a lady of twenty-five, though she was not more than seventeen, possessing a mind well balanced and finely cultivated. As to her brother Charles, it would be unkind to say that he was a vain, selfish young man of twenty; yet we will venture to say that he had sufficient self-esteem and importance to pass well in society, where externals were at par.

Charles was a model form, medium height, and of dark complexion; seemed most attractive at a ball or cotillion; quite popular among young ladies, but much disliked among young gentlemen of the Queen City: the latter of which might have been caused by the envy of the young fellows; or that he did not seek

male associates—being very fond of female society. Charles spent his time entirely to his own amusement, excepting an hour or two each day, in assisting his father, as he was a good accountant, and an excellent penman. When not thus engaged, he might be found at home upon a lounge, skimming over the last novel, collecting pretty sentences and large words, rather than lessons of human nature, that may be culled from the popular works of the day.

* * * * *

The first day of May is at hand with all its attractions. The streets are lined with various processions of happy children, preparing an attack upon the wild-flowers of the nearest wood about the city. Omnibuses loaded down with May parties, are thundering along the bowlderred streets, alive and anxious for the rural scenes, and rustic romp. The little steamer, engaged by other parties, is plying its way up the Ohio; its noisy pipe beating time for the favorite band of music, teaching the hills along the Ohio to echo with some sweet extracts from De Beriot or Rossini. The boat groans beneath the merry host of social dancers, anxious for the green soil upon which to while away the day. Now and then a new impulse was added to the already anxious crew, by the horn-pipe discoursed on the upper deck. On with May-day! it is now nearly past, as you see, by the tired and weary youth. The little boys with strings of fish, and many a lass with flowers and shells, all coming home to rest. But troubled sleep falls on their weary

limbs that night, for oft awakened in their dreams by sudden screams, as was heard that day.

* * * * *

It was a happy May-day that Miss Julia Lambert spent in the country, on a visit to her cousin, Miss Ella Blair. The scenes of rustic life were new to her; and it was not strange that she remained a week. She had romped over the entire farm of her uncle. Now watching the playful lambs sporting on the turf; now in the fields where the boys were dropping corn, to see the blackbird and redhead tracing the furrow, to find the hidden treasures; then down to the barn to get a ride of Fan or Dol, as they went round and round upon the threshing-floor. Perhaps another hour would find her in the dairy, taking a sup of new butter-milk. A day thus spent, would find Julia and Ella preparing for an evening call: as Julia had caught a beau already, who had called every evening, as he was naturally smitten with such a lively piece, and was making every evening count one, as she was not going to stay long. A week thus spent terminates in Julia's returning home, impressed with the delights of a country visit.

Julia and ma were now seated in a little arbor in the side-yard, over which the catawba, cypress, and honeysuckle, were spreading their leaves, to hide them from the afternoon's sun.

"Come, Julia, tell ma all about your visit to the country," said Mrs. Lambert

"Ma, I hardly know where to commence, as every-

thing was novel, and seemed to delight me; but the best thing was, that I had a country beau—he was so much taken with me that he called every evening."

"But, daughter, how do you know that he fell in love with you, or even visited you; perhaps he was Ella's beau, and you should not have staid in the room," said Mrs. Lambert.

"O no, ma; Ella had one, too—they both came together; and George Lenore, for that was his name, always talked to me, while the other gentleman talked to Ella. Just before night, Ella would tell me I must smooth my hair and look as pleasant as possible, as my beau was coming, and that he was a wealthy young farmer, and that I would do well to catch him some day for a husband."

"Yes, I'll see you marry some country fellow!" said Mrs. L., ironically. "How late did they stay each evening?"

"I think it was about twelve o'clock when they left for home."

"Why, my daughter, I am astonished to think you would be guilty of such an impropriety, just because you were not under my supervision. You should have sent them away at half past eight o'clock; besides it is repugnant to my feelings to think you would mix with any person from the country in such familiarity, unless when our relatives come to see us, and then we cannot help it.

"But, ma, he is wealthy and fine-looking, and seemed to have such good sense for a country fellow."

"I don't see what you found to talk about so much, each evening."

"Well, I talked about city affairs, and he entertained me with habits and customs of the country. And when I go out again, he is to learn me how to ride on horseback ('Yes, I will see you go out again'), and then he would ride out with me every evening. And, ma, I must tell you about one little thing that I thought was so strange: the last evening that I was there, he asked me my age, and when I told him that was my birthday, he seemed amused, and said, when a girl told a beau her birthday, then he was entitled to a kiss. I resisted, but he succeeded in his attempt."

"O, dear me, Julia! go and bring me that little bottle of hartshorn and my fan."

Julia walks to the drawing-room, soliloquizing how strange her mother acts about her country visit, when she enjoyed herself so much. She then returns, hands them to her ma, who is actually fretted at her daughter's rudeness in the country; after a little relief from her fan, gives Julia a bit of advice, as to her future conduct, places some new notions in her head, concerning her situation in society, and some high-toned notions of aristocracy; intimating that she wishes her to be the attraction and belle of the Queen City. And if it was ever known that she associated with such a country fellow, it would be a serious impediment to her success in city society.

CHAPTER II.

A DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—THE WOODLAND—AN APPLE-CUTTING.

THE hot summer days are now upon us; May parties and spring pic-nics have passed for this year; the city seems somewhat deserted in the way of amusements; the theater has dropped its curtain for a season; the minstrels have hung their "harps upon the willow;" the entire fields of pleasure have now become a desert. The wealth and fashion of the city, the young and old, are off to the north, enjoying the cool breezes of the lake, or the gay circles of Niagara.

What a source of delight is the first northern or eastern tour to a western student, who has just finished his collegiate course, and previous to a launch in some lifetime occupation, to have an opportunity of visiting the various watering-places of which our land can boast!

Reader, do you remember the first, and perhaps the only time, that you seated yourself in the thundering car, bound for the north, flying past the village or town, as if beneath your notice; new scenery introducing itself on every side for a few hours, and you have reached Lake Erie? Is it not vivid in your memory, how unwilling you set foot upon the large steamer

which seemed anxious to tear you away from the soil? About midnight leave your sleepless berth, sally forth upon the deck, and find no land in sight! and did you not wonder for a moment, if it were not the Atlantic instead of Erie? Did you not fear an explosion, or collision, while so far from land? Did you look around for a loose plank, or tie on a life-preserver, to be ready in case of accident? Were you home-sick, or sea-sick? Did you sleep?

The morning dawns, Buffalo is in sight. Now you reach the land, and in a moment are surrounded, and almost torn in pieces by a hundred hungry coach-drivers. One takes you by the coat collar, another your carpet-bag; and almost before you are satisfied that you are again on terra firma, are pushed by one, jostled by another, until you are glad to escape into the first vehicle at hand, even to be bled double the amount the law allowed for legal fare—you finally reach a hotel, minus fifty cents or so, all for pleasure.

* * * * *

"Good-morning, Miss Lizzie," said George Lenore, as he was shown into the parlor where Lizzie was sitting, one fine morning in September; "are you ready to take that ride out to Ella Blair's, as I proposed when last I saw you?"

"O yes, George, I am ready—I have not forgotten it. Do we take the cars?"

"O no! my rockaway is at the door. I thought it would be more pleasant, as we could enjoy the scenery much better."

Lizzie and Ella were intimate friends, and old acquaintances, yet Julia Lambert did not know it, for she seldom saw her cousin Ella; and although she and Lizzie were very intimate, yet she had not mentioned it to Julia.

George and Lizzie had a pleasant ride to the country, for it was only a few miles, and they reached Blair's in time for dinner. On the way out, George related his new acquaintance with Julia Lambert; while Lizzie was quite amused, and as much astonished, knowing the disgust the family had for country beaux.

After the usual salutations and a hearty welcome to Lizzie and George, the usual summons (from the cook), informed them that dinner was ready; and such a repast as now invited their attention, would tickle the palate of an aged epicurean—a dinner good enough for a king, and sufficient for a dozen congressmen. Instead of napkins and rings, they had roast turkey and domestic bread; instead of finger-glasses and river water, they enjoyed cold milk and hot coffee. Each one was helped to a full variety, and the dinner was dispatched with but little ceremony; at least the performance was not tedious enough to discourage the appetite, as might be the case in a city, where food is expensive.

It was the middle of the afternoon, when George, Ella, and Lizzie went out upon the farm, determined for a regular romp; they finally come to woodland, where they have a fine time swinging upon the grape-

vines that hang from the tops of the beech, rough sport—but such is country pleasure. And could the city miss spend the hot days of summer in the country, there would not be the pallid, sunken-cheeked females of twenty-five, that walk our streets by hundreds. But, no, they had better stay at home, father cannot afford to have his children traveling about, or to pay their board in the country: he is trying to get rich, and we think wealth is better than health, at least we want that first, and then we can enjoy it afterward; and yet when you find the person who says, we have enough, let us enjoy it, then you have found a rare curiosity.

The American people, *en masse*, toil day and night, grasping after the mighty dollar. No holidays, no recreation, but keep several Sundays, and one thanksgiving during the year. Give me a German life in preference to the life of a care-worn, money-seeking, and heaven-forgotten Yankee.

Did you say the Germans were beer-drinking, stupid people? Then visit Sonders-Hausen, or Baden-Baden, and see their fine workmanship, from the minute time-piece, to the mighty tower. Visit Dusseldorf, and enjoy the fine arts; a school for all the world. The German closes his business at three in the afternoon, and retires to the beer-garden for the balance of the day, to eat and drink under the sound of the cornet or string band—besides the hundred holidays during the year.

Do you raise the accusation of my favoring a

foreign nation? Not at all, I only recommend their holidays and pastimes. As for our land, it is the *ne plus ultra*, having no master but God; fearing no other nation; and respected in all the earth.

"Halloo! halloo! supper has been waiting a half hour," said Patrick to George and the ladies, as he just found them roaming through the woodland. "Faith, and it was meself that thought you were lost, and I have been nearly an hour coming up here, and it was down hill all the way, to be sure."

After tea, our young folks prepare themselves for an apple-cutting, at Mr. Jones', about two miles distant. Lizzie was very anxious to attend, as she had never witnessed such a party. Patrick was now ready with coach and two—as this style was supported by the Blairs—and perhaps the only coach that would be at the party that evening.

Mr. Jones' residence was a large double frame cottage, with kitchen large enough for a country prayer-meeting, and a fireplace large enough for a full-length stick of cordwood. The kitchen wall was ornamented with tinware, and a few strings of red peppers. The parlor was furnished with a domestic carpet, some Windsor chairs, a high-posted beadstead, completely covered up with white fringe, and curtain calico. In one corner stood one of those old pioneer eight-day clocks, full seven feet high; while upon the wall was a small print of General Washington, and a neatly-framed picture of the old steamboat Alleghany.

But now they were gathering in for a frolic. The

bright-eyed *literati* and *alumni* of the country around were there. Several tubs and barrels of apples were already in the middle of the floor, surrounded by a group of rustics, all paired off, and each gent pareing apples for his *dulcinea*; who sat with knife in hand, to quarter and core them. No one could have been more amused than Lizzie, to see so many hands in motion—a continual shower of quartered apples finding their way into a large box, convenient for all. Now a piece of apple would take a straight line across the room, taking effect upon some one's head, just for fun—the perpetrator keeping his face straight, to avoid exposure.

The scene changes, by all parties assisting in a clearing out of the boxes and peelings, preparatory to a dance:

"No sleep till morn, where youth and pleasure meet."

They danced a few rounds, as they termed it, when recess for refreshments was announced. They now marched into the parlor, while the old lady and one of the boys passed round the goodies, which consisted of a cup of cider for each, and some nice little cakes, about the size of a dollar, and an inch thick, slightly scented with sugar, and baked so hard that a dog couldn't bite them—of course they soon disappeared. Some had nibbled in vain, and finally slipped the cake in their pocket; those who had no pocket, had rolled them under the bed, or poked them through a broken pane of glass, rather than hurt the old lady's

feelings, by an open refusal to eat. But the old fiddler had taken something stronger, to keep in *spirits*, and was ready to proceed.

"Murther! murther!" came shrilly through the window, when they all ran out to see what was the matter, and there was poor Pat bawling: "Faith, an I got badly whipped by that poor divil for cutting the horses loose from my coach, and they are gone, boo, hoo, hoo, hoo; and sure an I would have bate him, when I got him down, but he was on the top of meself all the while, to be sure."

Pat now started in search of the horses, while George, Lizzie, and Ella started home on foot, which destination they reached about midnight.

Pat reached home the next morning, but the horses had arrived before him; he fixed up the harness and went after the coach. The cause of the disaster was, that some country fellow, owing a grudge to George, had taken this mode of revenge.

CHAPTER III.

A FLIRTATION—VISITING THE WATERING-PLACES—A LOVER
IN DIFFICULTY.

"PA, I do think September such a sultry month, and I wish you would take me on an eastern tour previous to cold weather, as I believe it would be congenial with my natural habits," said Julia Lambert to her father, who, having finished his tea, had taken a seat among the flowers, and leaned back against a sundial to enjoy a fine Havana.

"If you are in earnest, daughter, I will accept your company, as I have to start next Monday on business; I am going to Niagara, Saratoga, New York, etc."

A few additions to Julia's wardrobe, and they were off to the north. Upon the cars, Julia received several introductions to gentlemen of her father's acquaintance, which made it very pleasant as they traveled along. By the time they reached the Falls, Julia had become much attached to the humorous and entertaining gentleman, Mr. Carrot. He was fine-looking, and winning in his manners.

Mr. Lambert took his leave of Julia at the Cataract Hotel, under the charge of his and her friends, who he knew would take good care of her, while he was going farther, on business. Mr. Carrot was attentive

to Julia—sometimes assisting at the piano, at other times in a game of chess, or whist, and frequently taking a promenade with her, although it was forbidden in the laws of Moses.

"Why, how do you do, Charles Winfield?" was uttered by Mr. Carrot, as they met on the balcony—both expressing delight, as they had not met for many a long day, and yet were old acquaintances: "Well, Charles, I am glad I have met you, as I was just going away, and now I will introduce you to one of the Cincinnati ladies—a perfect belle, and you will be pleased with her acquaintance and company."

"Who! who!" said Charles.

"To a Miss Julia Lambert—a rich heiress some day, as her father is very wealthy," said Mr. Carrot.

Charles resided next door to Lambert's, in the Queen City; but as he had not lived on that street but a short time, he was not acquainted with his neighbors. Julia was now sitting in the parlor, and quite lonesome, when Mr. Carrot entered, introducing Charles Winfield to her, as a companion, as he was about taking his departure. Charles and Julia were now conversing glibly, as Mr. Carrot bade them farewell, and was leaving the room.

"Stop a moment, Mr. Carrot, I wanted to inquire about your wife and family," said Charles.

"They are all well—good-bye, Charles,"—Carrot was gone.

"That Mr. Carrot is a fine; jovial fellow, I have known him for years," said Charles.

"I believe he is," said Julia, who was now revolving in her mind, the pleasure of wasting her affections on a married gentleman, as was Mr. Carrot: "Mr. Winfield, you will please excuse me, as I wish to retire to my room, for I feel weary from dancing last evening; also some condiments that I masticated at dinner, have not been congenial with my nervous membranes."

Charles thinking she had made a fine play upon words, gave an answer accordingly: "You are excusable, Miss Julia, and I must go down to the pharmacist and procure some of Christopher Columbus' vegetable pain extractor, as I have a severe tic douloureux in my face, from catching a cold last evening; so I bid you good-day," said Charles.

About this time Mr. Lambert returns, and finds Julia sitting in her room, and appearing rather disconsolate; after some quizzing, finds that Julia had taken quite a fancy to Mr. Carrot, not knowing he was a married man; and was now abiding the disappointment and mortification of being duped in that manner.

The old gentleman laughs heartily at the joke; while Julia thinks married men should wear a conubial badge, or stay at home. However, after a night's rest, Julia seems gay as ever, and determines to forward her acquaintance with Charles Winfield, and make him the subject of a flirtation: the beginning of which commenced before they left the Falls, and continued as they visited Cape May. The side-

dishes of this flirtation consisted in cotillion parties, confidential *tete a tetes*, and a few bottles of Old Nick's sparkling catawba at dinner-times.

They have done with Cape May, and are now journeying homeward; have crossed the Cumberland Mountains, and arrived at Wheeling at five o'clock in the morning. Charles, instead of getting on board of the boat which was to start at nine, leaves Julia in care of her father, and seeks a little rest at a hotel—says his prayers, and retires—wakes up about ten o'clock that morning—curses the porter, for not waking him sooner—hastens down to the river just in time to see the wake of the last steamer for Cincinnati—finds he has left his carpet-bag somewhere—walks back to the hotel, but cannot find it—feels like cutting his throat, but supposing his penknife gone, too, he resigns himself to his fate—concludes to purchase a box of Havanas, and smoke away his troubles; but finds he had left his pocketbook in his other pants, in the carpet-bag.

"Man born of a woman is full of trouble. If I don't see Julia pretty soon I'll die." He now writes a letter to his mother, states all about his falling in love with an heiress—his intentions to marry; but most important, to send him some money by the next mail; but, confounded and absent-minded, directs the letter to Miss Julia Lambert, Cincinnati, Ohio; and waits two weeks for the money.

In due time Julia gets the letter, supposing he had put the letter in a wrong envelope, and perhaps his

mother had one for her; but not knowing where the Winfields resided, lays the letter away as a curiosity.

Charles writes again, and waits two weeks longer; but the unfortunate mail-boat was lying aground on Wyandot Bar, without his permission or knowledge. He now picks up a newspaper to look for a situation, not liking the one he already had, as he was not making money enough to pay his hotel bill, or passage home. His eye now caught the following

"Any person knowing the whereabouts of a tall young man with dark complexion, who was traveling under the cognomen of Charles Winfield, who left Cape May for home, some four weeks ago, will confer a favor by sending word to his distressed parents, who are afraid some evil has befallen him."

"Confound the luck! Did any person ever have as much trouble all at once?" said Charles, as he threw down the paper.

The hotel keeper noticed his emotions—ascertained a statement of his difficulty, and loaned him funds to take him home. * * * * *

The yellow leaves trembling upon the fibers of the beech, in obedience to the tyrant Frost, are losing their attachment in countless numbers, and returning to the earth from whence they came—hiding the tender plant from the coming winter. The nimble squirrel jumps from limb to limb, storing away his usual supply of food in some hollow tree. The wild bees dart through the forest, laden with sweetest honey from the last flowers of the season.

The merry sleigh-bells will soon be ringing in our ears.

"My dear Lizzie, how did you spend your time while pa and I were East," said Julia, as she and Lizzie met for the first time since Julia's return, and were now strolling among Julia's flowers and shrubbery.

"I have had a rich time in the country since you left—riding on horseback, visiting the country people, and amusing myself at their manners and expressions. To give you an idea, one day I took dinner at Mr. Jones', in the country; they had a very plain dinner, and by way of apology, he remarked, that it was a pity if I could not eat one meal of what he had to eat all the time."

"Now, Lizzie, that was pretty smart for a country fellow," remarked Julia.

"Some time I must tell you about a strange party that I attended—they called it an apple-cutting. But first you must tell me about your eastern tour."

"Yes, I will, and the first thing I did, was to fall in love with a handsome gentleman; and after a few days pleasure of his company, ascertained he was a married man; and that makes the third time I have made a fool of myself; and now I have resolved to make as many conquests as I can, for I don't care a fig about the fellows any more. But, stop, I became acquainted with a Cincinnati gent at Saratoga, and liked him pretty well, but have not seen him since

my return. I wish I could see him, as he is a first-rate fellow to cut a swell—one of those exquisites, that just suits me."

"I understand you, Julia; but what was his name?"

"Ah, Lizzie, here is his card—Charles Winfield, Cincinnati, Ohio."

"Why, Julia! I knew him long before you and I were acquainted; and don't you know that his parents reside in that house adjoining your father?"

"I wonder if he is at home? I left him at Wheeling four weeks ago, and have not seen him since, although I gave him my residence," said Julia.

"Nor have his parents heard from him since he left Cape May. They have advertised for him, and are nearly distracted at his absence," said Lizzie.

"Why, poor fellow, I am afraid something has befallen him; let us go and see his parents, as I saw him at Wheeling, and perhaps I can give them some information concerning him. Ah, there comes our girl Biddy. Well, Biddy, what do you want?"

"And faith Scarles Windmill is at the dure, and wants to see yourself."

"Come, Julia, and go into my house, for I believe that is he now."

Julia and Lizzie soon had the pleasure of meeting their old friend, Charles Winfield.

"We have just been talking about you, and conjuring up various causes about your absence; now tell us about it, Charles."

He here repeated a full history of everything except

the actual cause of his delay: stating that he stopped at Wheeling on a speculation, and the river became too low to travel, and that he had written home, but they had not received his letters, which was the cause of the uneasiness on the part of his parents.

Julia now arose to go home, and Charles offered his company. But Julia replied, it was but a few steps to her father's gate—she bade them good-night.

"Ah, she is light as a fairy, and graceful as a queen," said Charles, who had been watching her hasty steps.

"Charles, you must be in love? Now take a little advice from your friend Lizzie; don't be offended at me, but I do not want you to fall in love with Julia, and be rejected, with one corner of your heart knocked off; then mope around society with a face as long as Deacon Grimes'."

"Ha, ha, Julia! I am much obliged to you, but I can take care of number one."

"That is a pretty good joke, you called me Julia. Now that speaks a volume, and I know that she has already made a conquest of you; and Julia has so many admirers, that it is a question who will ever be the happy man to receive her hand."

"Lizzie, I will remember what you say, it is getting late, and I bid you farewell for this evening."

Charles is in his room. "I cannot help thinking how kindly interested Lizzie is in my affairs, but I believe she is a little jealous herself; but I must now look over father's books, as I see he has left them

here. Confound his books and business, too; for if I can get Julia, and take a room in one corner of old Lambert's mansion, then father's business may go to Kamschatka, for all of me; for I know the old gentleman could support us without my doing anything for a livelihood."

CHAPTER IV.

COUNTRY RELATIVES—A PENURIOUS BEAU.

CITY people would have as much hospitality and friendship as the farmer, were it not for numberless elements averse to such characteristics. The all absorbing business of the day brings into action the entire mental force of man, leaving neither time nor opportunity for development of the finer feelings:

"Calls man from his couch at early dawn,
Or haunts his soul and body all night long;
With dearest friends he has no time to stay,
Nor to his Maker has he time to pray."

Pushed along by the rapid current of money changers, each one, grasping to hold fast, lest he be crushed to beggary, can eat rich food or sup his wine at home, but cannot exchange affection with his fellow-men.

The soul deluding fashion of the day performs her part in blighting innate loveliness; rearing the happy, affectionate youth to a manhood of cold formalities, each striving to excel the other in their costly robes, or drive a coach more grand or build a finer house, creating envy on every side and pride within themselves.

* * * * *

"Ma, look there, some old farmer is hitching his

horse and market-wagon in front of our house," said Julia Lambert. "I wonder who it can be—there, he is helping a woman out of the wagon—just look what a bonnet! Ma, I do believe it is Uncle Jake Lambert from the country."

"Yes, it is, daughter. Go down and tell Patrick to hitch it in front of Mr. Lane's house, for I would not have Gooseback's nor Blickford's folks to see it in front of our house for a kingdom; and besides, that horse will injure that shade-tree. Yes, there they come in the gate—and that little red-headed young-one—I wish it was in Hindostan. The door-bell rings. Biddy, go and show them around the side way into the dining-room. Tell them we are painting the front door on the inside and it cannot be opened."

An affectionate meeting now—"Glad to see you—hope you have come to stay a week or two." Mrs. Lambert kisses her sister-in-law with her under-lip, and kisses Brother Jake with the side of her face.

"Oh no, we cannot stay a week or two, but I am going a little farther on business, and will leave my wife here while I am absent for a few days. There are some pumpkins and sweet potatoes out in the wagon, that I brought you for a present, and I will bring them in."

"O no, let Pat do that."

Pat drives the wagon around through the back alley, and takes in the vegetables through the back gate.

The next morning Mrs. Betsy Lambert talks of taking a walk to see the city and do some shopping,

asks the Hon. Mrs. Lambert to accompany her, who does not feel well enough to venture out. Mrs. Betsy starts out by herself, having a memorandum of dry goods, groceries and shoes to purchase, as well as a determination to see the sights.

"Now, Julia, you have a little leisure, you must write a letter to your cousin Ella Blair, and I shall dictate some sentiments and language while you perform the penmanship. Now, dear, as you are not accustomed to corresponding, you must commence your letter with 'Affectionate Cousin,' and then state how many engagements you have with young gentlemen to attend the opera, theater and Swiss Bell-ringers, etc., and how many new dresses, and what style you are having them made. You must use some quotations from Byron or Shakespeare, also, pretty words here and there; now, 'oblivion' is a very pretty word; try and use that while I think of something else. You must invite your cousin Ella to come and make us a visit, but I do hope she will come before your holiday parties."

"Now Ma, I am tired of writing and must prepare to go calling after dinner. There comes Betsy Lambert; let us hear what she has to say."

"What an idea, she wanting me to go down town, just as if I would be seen on the street with her. I am almost afraid that folks will see her going in and out our gate; and I am very glad that we have no other company while they are here," said Mrs. Lambert.

"Hush, she is coming up stairs," said Julia.

"Sister Lambert, you did not get lost. Well, what did you see that amused you?"

"I saw so much that I can hardly tell you all; and what was strange, I went to a store and bought me a lustre dress, and then asked for some molasses and saleratus, but they didn't have any like they do out in the country where I live; and then I saw those long cow sheds where they were selling meat, and was down to the river and saw the steamboats.

"The next thing that attracted my attention was a sign of the Greek Slave, and I went up stairs, paid a quarter, and when I got in she was not dressed yet, and I ran like a streak. I suppose I should have gone in the afternoon."

"Why, Betsy, it was not alive! It is made out of marble!" said Mrs. Lambert, biting her lips.

"Oh, dew tell! I never hearn of such a thing before!"

The dinner-bell now rings, when they all march down to dinner. Formalities in this case would have been wasted, ergo, dinner was executed in plain style.

About three o'clock Julia puts on her hat for afternoon calling, receives a few instructions as to her carriage from her ma, previously, and is now enjoying a promenade along Fourth street with a programme of three or four dozen friends upon whom she wishes to call and hopes to get through this afternoon; but alas, she must be bored another day, for she returns in the evening, having made only twelve calls, finding

each one at home, and was obliged to spend nearly half-an-hour at each house, and did not get to use one of those new cards that she had printed in New York.

After tea Julia is amusing herself at the piano as Mr. Charles Winfield presents himself to her company. After the usual salutations Charles insists on a continuation of vocal music, while, of course, Julia insists on her bad cold as an excuse.

"Indeed, Julia, you can sing, for I heard your sweet voice just as I rang the bell."

"Charles, you are making fun of me."

"Indeed, I am not."

"Well, if you are in earnest, I will sing something—but what shall it be?"

"Anything that you choose," said Charles.

Julia, without further ceremony, discoursed in sweet accents, the "Mistletoe Bough."

"Charles, how do you like that?"

"O, that was mellifluous," said Charles.

"Now, Julia, let us have a confab about that tour we enjoyed so much, and conjure up another one for next summer."

"Charles, I would be pleased with another tour, but that is too far off. I am now planning my parties for the winter; and expect to have a fine time, and you may have a season ticket. And for amusement, we will have tableaux, and play the Lady of Lyons at one of my parties, and I want you to be Claude Melnotte."

"O, I would rather be lion among the ladies," said Charles.

"Ahem, you are quite a punster this evening."

The conversation is here interrupted. "Well, Kitty, what do you want?"

"Mr. Biscuit is at the door, and wants to see yourself."

"Go and send him in. How I do hate that Mr. Blister; he is always calling on the ladies, and I never knew him to spend a cent for them in his life. He is so penurious, that a shilling before his face would hide the market-house."

Mr. Blister enters—exit Charles—Julia enters into a dry conversation with Blister, at the same time planning some trick, by which she might drop his society, as he was not as liberal as his circumstances would permit, and the ladies generally knew it. Julia had a plan, but wanted company, and proposed introducing him to her companion, Lizzie Lane, who resided next door; at the same time remarking, that she was a pleasant lady, with whom he would be pleased. He consented, and soon they were seated in Lizzie's company.

The conversation was, of course, on general topics, until Julia remarked, with affected surprise: "O, Lizzie! have you seen that beautiful saloon, just opened on Walnut street, for ladies, where you can get oysters and sweetmeats in style?"

"Yes, I saw it, Julia; but I have not had the pleasure of visiting it yet," remarked Lizzie.

Of course Mr. Blister could not do otherwise than ask the ladies if they would go and patronize the new saloon; but hoping, at the same time, that it was too late, or looked too much like rain.

"Lizzie, it is not too late," remarked Julia, at the same time looking at her watch, "it is only half-past nine."

"If you think best, Julia, we will accept the invitation."

With this, the ladies put on their shawls, and Mr. Blister, seeing no way to retrograde, picked up his hat, and they walked out of the door.

"Why, I do believe it sprinkles," said Mr. B.

"Yes, I felt a drop on my hand, but there is a large umbrella in the hall," said Lizzie, who, with the word, reached it, and handed it to Mr. Blister. Julia was pleased, for she determined to have some oysters.

They now promenade along Eighth street to Walnut, when it commences sprinkling pretty fast, and Mr. B. expresses a fear that they will get wet, and catch cold.

"O, no!" says Julia, "it is bad luck to turn back, let us go on now, since we have come this far." So they proceed down Walnut street to the saloon.

Ah, here it is, what a splendid saloon, all lighted up with gas, reflecting on the gilded cornice and marble-top tables. Now they seat themselves around one of the tables.

"Ladies, what will you have?" said a waiter, who was standing ready.

"I will take a half dozen, stewed," said Julia. Ditto, Lizzie, and also Mr. Blister. The servant returned with oysters for three. "Anything else, ladies," said the waiter, as he sat them on the table?

"Of course we want some crackers, and butter, and milk to eat with them," said Julia, without looking to see whether there was not already a sufficient quantity served up with them, however the servant obeyed without a murmur. Mr. Blister now resolved in his mind, at least, that a dollar was gone to its long home; and did not even enjoy the oysters. However, by the time the oysters were dispatched, the servant passed that way. "Anything else, ladies?"

Julia looked around: "O yes, some of that fruit-cake, and those maccaroni, would please me just now." They were accordingly brought and served up in like manner.

"Mr. Blister, I am much obliged to you for this treat; but I believe it is the first time you were ever out with us," said Julia.

"Yes, I think it is the *last* time," said Mr. B.

"Why, what is the matter; are you afraid you will be sick and die, from over-eating?" remarked Julia.

"Let us go, it is getting late," said Lizzie; and they arose to depart.

Mr. Blister now walks up to the desk, and calls for the bill. "Three dollars and forty cents," says the clerk.

"Well, sir, I came out this evening unexpectedly—have no funds, but will call in the morning and settle," said Mr. Blister.

"No, sir, we don't do business in that way. You have eaten your refreshments, now you can pay for them, you pusillanimous, penurious, infernal—"

"Stop! stop!" cried Julia, "don't insult the gentleman; he will settle, and here is my diamond ring and breast-pin, as collateral security. He will settle this in the morning."

The clerk was satisfied, and they walk toward home, where Mr. Blister bade them farewell, and used his last five cent piece in getting over the river: for the fact was, that he never took along funds, more than sufficient to pay ferriage, for fear he would spend it; but the next morning he called and settled the bill, and sent the jewelry home. Mr. Blister has since sworn eternal exclusion from the society of females, and has a particular dislike to oysters. Julia often laughs at how she sold a penurious bean; but Lizzie deeply sympathized with the poor fellow.

CHAPTER V.

THE PAUPER—NEW YEAR'S DAY—JULIA'S PARTY.

How bitter cold; and yet it is a pleasure to those upon whom have been lavished the comforts of life, to sport along the snowy pave with cashmere plaid, or foreign furs, bidding defiance to the northern blast, or gather around the bright fireside with winter amusements; and yet how gloomy to the poor laboring man, who cannot find sufficient means to keep his soul from taking its everlasting flight from the mortal body, for want of physical nourishment.

Now a field is open for benevolence. Is there one who will venture out in the cold, to look for objects of charity? Yes; Miss Lizzie Lane, undaunted by the storm, or northern wind, may be seen wending her way through the suburbs of the city, with a little basket upon her arm, containing food, and in her purse the savings of a summer, to be dispensed among the destitute. No place too unapproachable or uncleanly for her footstep: for there she found the subjects of distress. Perhaps a man of family had just returned, finding no employment or means to buy the staff of life, as this human angel enters: now you may see tears of sympathy, mingled with joy, trickling down her rosy cheek, as she gives them a

small loaf, and a few shillings. These were the happiest moments of her life: for well she knew, that bread scattered upon the waters, would return after many days. But Lizzie had one regular duty to perform: she never failed to visit old man Burner and his wife, who lived in a small cot, in the extreme part of the city: their destitution and infirmities prevented them from having the comforts of life. This family had once seen better days. Mr. Burner had at one time possessed a vacant lot in the heart of the city, but by some technicality of law had lost possession. Misfortune and ill health were now their condition.

Joel Burner came from Ireland with his brother in an early day, and when they had landed here had chosen separate names and parted, and since that time had never heard from each other. Of course Joel could receive no assistance from his brother, even if in better circumstances. There is a history concerning this family, but we leave them under Lizzie's charge until another time.

But where is Julia Lambert? No difference. 'Tis enough to say that all the pleasures of life are within her reach, why not enjoy them? she is young and gay; do not annoy her with tales of poverty. She is grasping for the bubble, bursting into air at her gentle touch. She despairs not, the pursuit of pleasure is her joy, disturb her not, she sees a fountain of a hundred varying streams of tempting sweetness; she tastes them—they are bitter, yet she sips again. She builds a temple of a thousand charms, and ere

she dwells there it has vanished. Is this an imaginary picture? No, 'tis real humanity.

This evening Julia has had quite a task to get her Pa's consent for a splendid party on New Year's eve, and to furnish a rich sideboard on New Year's day. Julia is not the only one at this season of the year, who must have an argument with the old folks to convince them that such things are absolutely necessary; for the old fogies of the present day forget they once were young, and cannot understand why Young America must have such pleasures.

Julia had succeeded, and was now preparing to outdo her neighbors in holiday entertainments.—Now, busy in making out lists of whom to invite, also ordering some new ornaments for parlor and table. Julia was out daily, purchasing fruits, fruit-dishes, wines, etc., while of evenings she entertains her beaux.

"Ah, here comes a letter from my consin Ella Blair; I do wonder what she says:"

DEAR COUSIN:—Your letter was cheerfully received. I now answer it, stating that I will visit you about the holidays, etc., etc.

"Look here, Ma, I have just received a letter from Ella Blair, stating that she will be here to spend the holidays. Now, of all things, I did not want her to come at that time; it will interfere exceedingly with my arrangements, as I wanted my party to be the most select, and if she is awkward it will be unpleasant to introduce her to my fashionable acquaintances. Now

I was obliged to invite Lizzie Lane, because I love her dearly, yet they do not live in style enough to suit me, for that house of Lane's is looking quite shabby, and I don't believe he is wealthy, at all."

"My daughter, we must try to abide these earthly afflictions and make the best of them, for you know these country relations are thorns in the flesh, and if any one wishes them at a distance, you know I do. However, if any little blunders occur you know they will be overlooked because it happened at the Lamberts. But I do wonder if Ella will wear that Alpacca dress that she had on when you was in the country?"

"I don't know, ma, what dress she will wear, but I know that they are able to give her fine clothes if they would," said Julia.

"Come, daughter, don't fret about it, for I have just thought what we can do. You can lend her a new brocade dress and we can fix her up, for you know that she is pretty."

"Ma, I have thought of another plan. Since she is coming, I will write her another letter, giving her a cordial invitation to my party, and I will give her a hint that the party is going to be a grand one, and perhaps she will replenish her wardrobe or postpone her visit until after the party."

* * * * *

"And it is the top of the morning to ye, Miss Ella, and be sure I got a letter for yourself, at the Goshen post-office this morning," said Patrick.

Miss Ella opens the note and reads to her ma as they sit in the parlor,—

CINCINNATI, Dec. —, 18—.

DEAREST COUSIN:—It is with the most profound pleasure that I address you at this time, anticipating the happiness of your company during the holidays. I also give you a welcome to my party on New Year's eve, which will be a grand entertainment of the *recherche* style. You will have an opportunity of seeing the height of the fashion in dress, the rich brocade and brilliant satin. My company will be composed of the aristocracy of the Queen City.

Your cousin,

JULIA LAMBERT.

"That's codfish for you," muttered Pat as he was leaving the hall, for he had heard the contents of the letter from the door ajar. "Yes, an' faith, wont I be there myself to be sure? An' isn't it meself that goes in the same society. I will drive the coach and take Miss Ella there, and while July Lambkin is talking to the fellows in the parlor, I'll be after talking to Kitty Lambkin by the kitchen fire, as I always go in the first circle, since I left Dooblin."

"Now, ma," said Ella, "I understand that letter. She would not have written so soon again if she did not mean something. She describes the party in that manner either to discourage me from coming, or, if I do, to make a fine appearance. I know Julia so well that she cannot deceive me, and the fact is, I am determined to go." * * * *

The day of the party arrived, and Patrick, with his

coach in fine order, took Ella into the city, and left her at Lizzie Lane's, as she thought best to remain with Lizzie until evening and then go with her to the party.

"Ma, it is strange that Ella has not come. I think she must be sick. To-night is my party and she will not be here. I thought that letter would fix the matter," said Julia.

The long looked for New Year's eve had now approached. The last sun of the old year had gone to rest, throwing a dark mantle about the Queen City. To the young and gay there seemed majestic greatness in the approaching night. The daily din had ceased, the mass had closed their doors against the cold and wintry wind. All was hushed save now and then a lively group, wending their way to a private party or public ball. The upper class were reveling in a parlor dance with their selected friends. The poor were gathered around their scanty meal or bright fire-side to spend a homely yet happy evening. The low were reeling in a bar-room dance.

The old town clock was striking nine as Charles Winfield, in company with Lizzie Lane and Ella Blair, was introduced to the company at Julia Lambert's. Who could have been more surprized than Julia to see her cousin, and pleased to see her look so well.

Ella wore a rich satin robe with a neat and careless sash about her waist. Her style of dress exposed as symmetrical a neck and arm as could be seen that

eve. Miss Ella was a merry soul, with laughing eye and more than common sense.

Miss Julia with her diamonds,
And Charles with *foin cravat*,
Miss Lizzie 'mong the beau monde
Attraction gave for "a" that."

The parlor walls now echo with the happy confusion of a hundred voices, all life and gaiety, as if a care or trouble had never entered their tender hearts, just as it should be at such a time. Here a group delighted with some joke, and there a few were planning out charades, while a full circle were on the carpet playing Copenhagen.

Julia now has an opportunity to converse with Ella—ascertains that she has been acquainted with Lizzie a year or two, and also that Charles had frequently taken Lizzie out to visit Ella, etc., all of which were news to her. In the meantime, Charles is seated at the piano, with his large hands spread upon the keys, as if to tear them from their place, while his moustache and underlip meet and separate to the words of "love not." Meantime some gents in the opposite corner, are commenting on his position, and sweet, *angelic* voice; which they said was spoiled by whistling against the wind, when he was young.

Another moment finds Charles entertaining some ladies, by expatiating on an oil painting—"The Coliseum by Moonlight," which scene he supposes is taken somewhere in New England.

We now see Miss Ella in full glee, and cheerfully conversing with several young gentlemen, with whom she was well acquainted long previous to the party. A slight change of programme now takes place, from the entrance of two old cremonas, under the arms of a pair of modern Paganinis, who initiate themselves with the tune of Fisher's Hornpipe, suddenly diminishing the specific gravity of each individual, as if by magic. Life and hilarity join them in the dance—time speeds faster now. The last schottische was changed into a march, that brought them around the festal board. The pyramids of frozen cream, the southern grapes, and oysters *a la mode*, with various kinds of cake and wine, were introduced to Julia's guests, who had earned the food by the sweat of the brow that very evening in the dance. As wine is the mother of wit, you can imagine the puns and toasts that were brought into existence and expired the same evening. The rich repast was soon over, when they returned to the parlor to renew the chase.

It was two o'clock when they adjourned, and ten in the morning when some of them arose with a vile headache. How many friends Miss Lizzie made that evening, or how many admirers Miss Ella had, we cannot say; but that Charles made some advances upon Julia's affections, was established beyond a doubt.

New Year's day had now arrived, with all its pleasures—business was generally suspended. Young

men, by hundreds, were now calling upon their female friends throughout the entire city, as upon this day it is a custom for the ladies to throw open their doors, and receive their gentlemen friends. Ella and Lizzie received about fifty calls, and Julia a hundred more than they.

CHAPTER VI.

SLANDER.

Thou parlor serpent, whose lips do burn
With *slandrous words* most foul,
Deny thy name, in thy duplicity,
And charge them to innocent.

THE holidays have passed. Ella Blair having made a happy visit in the city and returned home, this evening, receives a visit from George Lenore, entertains him with a glowing description of Julia's party and city enjoyments, then learns that George is going to the city to reside and finish his studies preparatory to a legal profession. Ella teases George about going to the city on Lizzie Lane's account, knowing that he admired Lizzie, and that it would be so convenient to spend his evenings at 'Squire Lane's.

Sudden changes of affairs are now in embryo. We introduce Mrs. Pettifroid; she was known in society as a kind-hearted, good-natured and entertaining old lady; fluent in conversation, knowing everybody's pedigree from Alpha to Omega. She was an intimate friend of the Lanes, and they never had cause to doubt her sincerity. She was, therefore, welcome to their house, and frequently staid a week or two at a time, although she lived

but a short distance from the city. Mrs. Pettifroid was slightly acquainted with the Lamberts, but not so intimate as she wished to be, for she was very fond of the best society. This evening, however, she was at Mr. Lane's house. Tea being over, they were conversing about things in general, until the conversation finally turned upon the Lambert family, when Mrs. Pettifroid remarked that she had known the Lamberts for years, and that it was an enigma, to many people, how he had grown so rich and amassed so much property in such a few years, and yet he did not seem to follow any business. Yet Mrs. Pettifroid knew, and, of course, they must not say anything about it, but the fact was that he had been fraudulent in land speculations, and also was a gambler. So stated Mrs. Pettifroid.

"Is it possible?" remarked Lizzie, "I never should have thought of such a thing. I knew he owned a fortune in that homestead, yet I did not know from whence came his income, as that is all the property that he owns to my knowledge."

The conversation is here interrupted by the appearance of George Lenore, at which time also Mrs. P. takes her departure.

A few evenings after this we peep into Mr. Lambert's family circle and find them conversing about Mr. Lane's folks.

"My dear husband, we must be a little more particular about Julia's company. Now she thinks there is no one like Lizzie Lane, and if she associ-

ates with Lizzie she will have to become acquainted with her beaux also, and then, that George Lenore visits her so frequently that I am so afraid our daughter will become attached to him. He may be a very nice young man, but Julia must look up for some one more aristocratic," said Mrs. Lambert.

"That is all true; and that house of Mr. Lane's is looking quite shabby, and I wish it was torn down and that they were out of the neighborhood, although they seem like nice people, yet I must take some plan to get this square to looking genteel if I have to buy that house and build a finer one in its place," said Mr. Lambert.

"Yes, and this morning they turned off that poor Irish Catholic girl and accused her of stealing a dozen silver spoons, and I don't believe that they ever had a dozen; and, besides, I don't believe that Bridget would steal, for she has such a good countenance. I will hire her myself," said Mrs. Lambert.

Just then a rap was heard on Mrs. Lambert's door and Kitty made her appearance.

"And Kitty, what do you want this time of night?"

"An' would you be afther thinking that Mrs. Lane has turned off Bridget, and that she wants a place to sleep, and is looking for a place to work?" said Kitty.

"Tell Bridget that she can stay with you to-night,

and that to-morrow I will speak to her about a place to work."

On the following day Mrs. Lambert engages Bridget as a chambermaid. In the evening when Bridget is setting to rights the sitting-room of Mrs. Lambert, Mrs. L. thinks it a good opportunity to quiz Bridget about family affairs at Lane's. Of course Bridget could not speak well about a family who had just turned her off; thus the conversation resulted in a partial statement not creditable to the Lanes. Bridget stated that she heard the Lanes say that Mr. Lambert was a gambler, and also that he had obtained his property by swindling.

"That will do, Bridget, go down and help Kitty," said Mrs. Lambert. "My Heavens, they shall suffer for this vile talk; I never did like that family, and I shall never be contented until I get them out of this neighborhood," remarked Mrs. Lambert, just as her husband entered.

"What is the matter now, wife, that you seem so irritated?" said Mr. L.

"There is enough the matter; those Lane's keep me in hot water all the time: in the first place, I don't like such plain homespun neighbors, and what is worse, they have been talking awfully about us, and particularly of yourself. This Bridget that is working for us, lived at Lane's before she came here, and to night she told me a great mess of slang that the Lane's said about you, which

amounted to your getting your property by swindling, and that you was a gambler, etc.

"What do you want now, Bridget?" said Mrs. Lambert who was interrupted.

"Mrs. Pettifroggy is down to the door, and wants to know if you are at home," said Bridget.

"Yes, send her up stairs. Now I will find out more, as Mrs. Pettifroid is a visitor of the Lane family, and if any person has ever heard them say anything about our family, she is the one," continued Mrs. L.

Mrs. Pettifroid enters. After cordial salutations and some conversation about things in general, they gradually slide into a confab about their neighbors, furnishing a good opportunity (which was accepted by Mrs. Lambert) to ascertain if Mrs. P. had ever heard anything confirming what Bridget had said.

"Mrs. Pettifroid, I wish to know if ever you heard the Lanes say anything reflecting deleteriously upon my husband's character?"

"You know, sister Lambert, that I would not keep anything from you, and since you have asked me, I feel it my duty to tell you all I heard; now mind, it is confidential, and amounts to this: I was there one evening, and heard Lizzie state that Mr. Lambert was a gambler, and that he had made his property by swindling, and, in fact, the talk was scandalous about your husband. Now, as I said, I hope you will not mention this, as they will try to palm it on to me or some one else," remarked Mrs. Pettifroid.

"'Tis abominable; I will ferret out the whole matter, and I will take them up for slander: not to get money out of them, but to frighten them and other people from talking about the Lamberts; so that even if they know anything, they will not dare to open their mouths about us," said Mrs. Lambert, quite agitated.

"Now, I do hope that you will not mention my name in the affair, as they would think strange for one who had visited their house a thousand times, to mention what had been said in social conversation," said Mrs. Pettifroid, as she bade them good-night.

During this same evening, Miss Lizzie Lane was at home, entertaining her friend, Mr George Lenore, as Mrs. Pettifroid made a short call, and departed; after which Lizzie took occasion to speak of her, remarking, that she thought Mrs. Pettifroid was such a sweet woman—kind-hearted and generous to every one, and she loved her, because in all times of difficulty or sickness that she had been a kind, attentive, and sympathizing friend.

"O yes," said George, "that much may be true, but she has an object in all this; and I am afraid her bump of self-interest is larger than that of benevolence. You know that she lives near our house in the country, when she is at home, and I have a good opportunity to know as much as any one. I venture she was always hinting at you to give her this old silk dress, or that fancy apron, which, of course, you could not refuse; and the fact is, that she never pretends to

buy anything for her children, as she is acquainted in so many families where she can take the same privilege; but that is not all, for I believe self-interest is the sole foundation of her acts of kindness, and that she is deceitful; but I do not expect to convince you of it," said George Lenore.

"No, indeed, George, I could believe anything else easier; for we have been acquainted with her so long, that it would be hard to convince me so contrary to my long established opinion, unless I should see something corroborating your statement; but I beg pardon for differing with you," said Lizzie Lane. Here the conversation terminated concerning Mrs. Pettifroid.

During this evening, Julia Lambert was at home, in company with her choice friend and admirer, Charles Winfield; both of whom seemed delighted in each other's society. His visits were more frequent now than usual, as he wished to enjoy the time as much as possible previous to his departure for Europe, which he contemplated in the coming spring. The evening being far spent in building air-castles, offending and pardoning, a little pouting, etc., Charles bids her good-night, and departs.

"Come, Julia, I wish to talk with you a few minutes," said Mrs. Lambert, who met her at the head of the stairs, and they seated themselves in Julia's room.

"What do you wish to say this time of night, ma?" said Julia.

"My daughter, I have always been trying to make

something more than common of you, but I cannot do it, unless you are more particular about your associates. Now, the Lane family are not wealthy enough for your society, and I am going to put a stop to your visiting them at all; and, besides, if you know how they talked about us, you would shun them entirely. That Lizzie, that you think so much of, has reported that your father is a gambler and swindler, and dear knows what she has not said."

"I do not believe it—I know it is false," said Julia.

"O yes, you will take their part, but that will do no good; for I will not be content until I make them sorry for it, and I will never let them have any peace in this neighborhood," said Mrs. Lambert, as she left Julia alone. Julia slept but little that night, knowing that she could not restrain her mother, and fearing she might lose her friend and companion, Lizzie Lane.

* * * * *

During these winter days and long evenings, the Winfields, especially the better half of the family, were engaged with duplicate labors. They were not only busy in making cloaks and mantillas for a store, but were replenishing Charles' wardrobe for his spring tour. Yes, making mantillas for a store; but that was a private affair, and no one's business but their own: and by that means, Kate and her mother had made enough not only to live comfortably, but could spare enough for Charles to make a visit to Europe. They thought if Charles could make a tour to the old world, that his accomplishments would be complete—

he would not only be respected in society, but he could then marry whom he pleased; and they were very desirous to see their only son do well in that most important event of life; yet it was going to be almost an affliction to have Charles leave them for such a length of time.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRIAL—COMMENCEMENT OF TROUBLES.

Behind the thickest cloud, the sun shines bright;
Then why despair? 'Twill not be always night.

"It is strange that I have not seen Julia Lambert for two weeks," said Lizzie Lane to her ma; "we used to be together every evening until lately; and when I called last evening and did not see her, I knew she was at home, for I saw her pass the window up stairs as I was coming out the gate. I do hope I have done nothing to offend her, as she is my choicest companion."

Just then the door bell rang; presently Bridget handed them a document from the hand of the sheriff. Lizzie opened it and read to her ma:

State of Ohio, Hamilton County.

CASE OF LAMBERT V. LANE.—You will please take notice, that yourself, Mr. Joshua Lane, in behalf of your daughter, Lizzie Lane, will answer in case of slander against the Hon. Mr. Lambert. Case set on the first day of April—damages five thousand dollars.

Had Gabriel with the last trump appeared, they would not have been more astonished than by this event.

"Why, ma, what can this mean? there must be some mistake, and how it will astonish pa. I don't believe he would rest a minute this whole night. Let us not give it to him until morning, and then, perhaps, he can inquire into the matter."

"O no, that will not do, daughter; there he is, coming through the hall."

Mr. Lane enters—they hand him the unfortunate document. The old gentleman perused the document, and in an agitated manner, threw it upon the floor as he exclaimed,

"My daughter, we are ruined! Have you ever said anything against the Lamberts?"

"Indeed, father, I have never uttered a word against them in my life."

"Then there must be some mistake about the matter, at least I hope so, for that amount would turn us out of doors," said the old gentleman.

"Come, father, don't worry yourself about it; perhaps I may see Julia to-morrow and find out what it means. As we are innocent, I don't think any evil will come out of it, although it is an awful thing to be accused of slander."

They parted for the night with heavy hearts. On the following day as Mr. Lane was walking out he met Mr. Lambert on the street.

"Good morning, Mr. Lambert, I wish to speak a few words to you."

"Don't speak to me, sir," said Mr. Lambert, and passed on indignantly.

"Well, that is strange," thought Mr. Lane to himself. "I cannot see through it. There seems to be something wrong, but I am not going to let it trouble me, as I know my family have not been guilty of the charge."

This seemed to be the greatest trouble that had ever befallen the Lanes. They had always lived comfortably within themselves and peaceably with their neighbors; and now to be accused of a vile slander, of which they were innocent, grieved the whole family; and for it to become public, that they were tattlers and mischief-makers, seemed to them a greater slander than that of which they were charged.

"Father, did you see any of the Lamberts to-day, to ascertain what was the meaning of all this?" said Lizzie, as her pa came home to dinner.

"My daughter, I met Mr. Lambert and spoke to him, but he passed me in a most indignant manner, so that I learned nothing from him; but I am convinced that there is something wrong."

"I must try and see Julia this evening or as soon as possible," said Lizzie, "and she will tell me all about it; for I think she is a true friend of mine, and if she is angry she will tell me, for we agreed never to let any one make mischief between us, without divulging everything to each other, and if she has an ill-feeling against any of us, she will tell me the cause."

The evening came along and you may have seen the Hon. Mr. Lambert and lady on their way to

church, for it, was Wednesday evening, and they were seldom absent from the sanctuary on that night. She was a good member of the Universalist Church, and he accompanied her for appearance sake, but had never united with them, although a strong believer that he would nevertheless be saved. Julia was of the same opinion with regard to herself, and did not go at all, but thought it a good time to steal a call on her friend Lizzie, which her parents would oppose were they at home. A few moments found Julia at Lizzie's door. Presently they might have been seen walking the parlor with an arm about each other's waist, as if they had not met for a year.

"Now, Julia, why have you not been in to see me for so long a time? I have really feared you were angry," said Lizzie.

"You know it was not my fault, for I love you as much as any one can, but from some strange notions of my mother, she would not permit me to call. I suppose you have heard of some unpleasant things between our families, have you not, Lizzie?"

"Indeed I have, and cannot understand what it means."

"In the first place, Lizzie, you must not think strangely of what I say, for I must speak candidly, and rest assured that, if possible, I am a more firm friend of yours than ever. You know, Lizzie, that my ma is so proud that there is hardly any one good enough for her or my associates, and she does

not even want me to associate with you; then, with the assistance of some mischief-making persons, she believes that your folks have injured my father's character by saying that he is a gambler," etc.

"But we have never spoken a word against your father."

"No difference, Lizzie; she wants an excuse to break up our intimacy, which she can never do."

"But, Julia, who could have told your mother that we said such things about your father, when there is not a word of truth in it?" said Lizzie.

"Do not weep, Lizzie, I know you were never guilty of slandering any one, and I dare not tell you who are the mischief-makers, at present, for fear of making further trouble: but I will tell you some other time, and, in the mean time, will use my influence in your favor as far as I can without seeming interested, as that would frustrate my efforts. Come, Lizzie, cheer up, and remember that you have a true friend in me. One who will intercede for you, and repair any injury that you may receive from this affair, so far as is in my power. I must hasten home for fear my folks might find me here."

Julia bade Lizzie good-night with a kiss, and they parted. Lizzie was alone with her unpleasant feelings, yet the kind words and promises of Julia gave her some comfort. The next morning Lizzie told her father all that Julia had said, which gave him some relief in the matter, although he was still in suspense as to how the matter would terminate.

Julia sought relief by taking her little basket upon her arm, in which were stored substantials and sweatmeats, and seeking the outskirts of the city, where she could find hungry children and feed them from her basket, which was one of her greatest pleasures. At this time, you might see her enter the humble cot of Joel Burner who seemed to be the most destitute of any among her objects of charity. This morning she finds them with their last stick of wood upon the fire, and both hovering close to it: while the old woman was repairing some clothing, the old man sat smoking his pipe, which seemed to be a great comfort in his old age. When Julia entered he laid down his pipe as if it were sacrilege to smoke in her presence. Julia seated herself upon a wooden chair, and fully learned their condition before taking her leave. When she returned home she sent them a load of wood and some marketing, thinking she would assist them all she could this winter, for it was doubtful whether she could the next from the present state of affairs.

Lizzie seemed to let this Lambert affair trouble her, and, in fact, sundry circumstances made the balance of the winter rather gloomy in many respects, to our Three Neighbors.

There was the Winfield family fretting about Charles' journey to Europe, as if they would never see him again. However, that was natural enough, as he was an only son and doted on more than usual.

But the young folks would have some enjoyment in each other's society, not burdening themselves with cares, as is too much the case with the old folks.

Lizzie Lane's most pleasant hours were those spent in company with her admirer, George Lenore, who had made many calls since his residence in the city; for her attachment had become generally known, as was also the fact that it was reciprocated by him, and that he had proposed to her and been accepted; but they had named a day sufficiently distant to let him establish a business in the Queen City, which would perhaps take a year or two.

Strange to say, that although George had avowed his attachment to Lizzie, yet he stole a call occasionally on the fascinating Miss Julia Lambert. Lizzie knew it, and was jealous—fearing that Julia's winning ways might make a breach in her future happiness. Julia's parents were aware of, and entirely objected to Lenore's visits to their daughter; because he was from the country, and not fashionable.

Old Mr. Lambert was heard to say, in pointed language, "My daughter, that George Lenore visits you too often. I am getting old, and if ever you should marry him, I will haunt you after I am dead."

Julia paid little attention to what her father said, nor did she think so much of George Lenore as her parents supposed, for she had many as worthy admirers, who visited her as often as George. The very gentlemanly scholar and exquisite Mr. Charles Winfield who was the idol of Julia Lambert, and who, in

the agony of his soul, had bowed in humble submission, besought Julia, an angel of mercy, to accept his protection down the stream of life. Julia accepted—the grand nuptial ceremonies to take place after his return from Europe.

* * * * *

Time rolled on, and the first day of April, which was set for the trial of the Lanes for libel, came around; although they were in hopes that it would amount to nothing, they made their appearance in the court room, according to the summons, but it was no ruse, for there they met the Lamberts, in full earnest to carry out what they had commenced.

The case was called, and the first witness on the stand was Bridget O'Finnigan, the girl that Mrs. Lane had turned off for taking things, and who was now at Lambert's: the amount of her testimony was, that she had heard Lizzie Lane say that Mr. Lambert was a gambler, etc

Next witness was the amiable peace-maker, Mrs. Pettifroid, who testified in words corroborating that of the first witness; which was sufficient on the part of the plaintiff. Now Mr. Lane's family, of course, were not permitted to testify in their own favor, as to whether they had ever said anything about the Lamberts, and therefore had no defense to offer. The jury retired, and soon made their appearance with a verdict in Lambert's favor, to the amount of two thousand dollars, for injury done to his family.

This result seemed to bear heavily upon the old

gentleman, Mr. Lane, as he was not in funds sufficient to pay this unjust verdict, and what few dollars he had, were necessary for the demands of his family. The only chance left, seemed to be the selling of their homestead, and that must be done soon, as the law suffered no delay. Mr. Lane now ordered his lawyer to seek a purchaser for his house. In a few days Mr. Lambert concluded to purchase the Lane premises, which was valued at five thousand dollars. The terms agreed upon, Mr. Lambert paid him three thousand dollars, and that settled it.

Now the trial of leaving their beloved home was at hand—the old, familiar walls would soon know them no more. It is hard to bid farewell to old associations. They were not long in suspense as to where they should find a new home, for Mr. Lane was fortunate in purchasing a neat cottage on the opposite side of the street; an humble yet respectable dwelling. They now commenced gathering up their household goods, removing the little ornaments from the mantelpiece, and storing them away; taking down the old corner-clock, that had not been disturbed for years, and bringing down from the gallery little toys and garments, reminding Lizzie of the days of her childhood. Poor Lizzie! she went about the house with tears in her eyes, and could hardly see what she was taking hold of, nor understand why all this trouble had come upon them, and dreading the introduction to a strange dwelling; but the work went on, and we soon find them comfortably established in their new home.

But, O! at first, how dreary. There was the old mansion across the street, staring at them daily, with its familiar face, recalling to mind the many happy and peaceful days that they had spent within its walls. But it was no use to grieve, they determined to bid good-bye to the old homestead, and become reconciled to their new home; yet there was something that seemed to cast a gloom over Lizzie's mind—she could not disclose it to any one, or, at least, expect much sympathy if she did: for if she had brought this trouble upon her parents in their old age, and had the name of a tattler in society, then every one would shun her. Ah! that is what brought the gloom upon her brow.

But, no; Lizzie's old acquaintances did not forget her, nor did they think her guilty of the charge, knowing too well, that they had never heard her speak ill of any one; they visited her as frequently in her new home as before, and sympathized with her, and cheered her up as much as possible. If anything was said about the case, a few words from Lizzie were sufficient to establish her innocence: for it was but reasonable to suppose that an angry servant would seek revenge in that manner. Yet it was an enigma how a professed lady, who had partaken of their hospitality a thousand times; had received many presents at their hands, and had enjoyed their friendship and confidence, could fabricate words, and testify against them, as Mrs. Pettifroid had done, unless to clear herself from the charge, and, by pretended friendship, to

establish herself more firmly with the Lamberts, as they were wealthy, which might be more advantageous to her hereafter.

Mrs. Pettifroid almost made her home at Lambert's, and everything was done to make her comfortable, except on Julia's part: for she despised Mrs. P., which was natural enough, while she sympathized with Lizzie Lane. But Mrs. Pettifroid soon had a chill put on her expectations from the Lamberts: as one day in a jest she remarked to Mrs. Lambert, that she ought to bequeath her that Lane house, as it did not cost them much. Mrs. Lambert made no reply, but thought Mrs. P. was more in earnest than jesting, and from that time never seemed to have so much regard for her, but was rather of the opinion that Mrs. P. expected rewards for her volunteered services.

One evening after Mrs. P. had gone to her home, and Mr. Lambert and his wife were chattering busily in the drawing-room, Julia thought it a good opportunity to make an evening call, and soon we see her and Lizzie Lane spending a few happy moments together, as if no difficulty had occurred between their families. Although Julia was a vain, haughty girl, yet Lizzie's home was a mansion for her.

The vainest coquette must love and cherish at least one friend, in whom to confide her daily misfortunes or pleasures. A single human heart is but a blank mirror, anxious to receive the form of some congenial spirit upon its surface, and willing to reflect back the

beams of love and kindness that it receives. Thus it is, that two hearts beating in unison must fondly love, or, *vice versa*, must vilely hate; while the former, united hearts, send and receive roses of affection without thorns, the latter exchange thorns without a rose.

Julia and Lizzie had let the evening pretty well advance, in general conversation, but Julia wished to converse on the late troubles of the Lane family, yet felt a delicacy in approaching the subject, for fear of arousing unpleasant thoughts in Lizzie's mind. However, an opportunity offered, as Lizzie remarked how natural their old house looked, across the street, and how remindful of former happy days.

"Come, Lizzie, since you mentioned the old homestead, I want you to tell me all about your affairs, and perhaps I can cheer you up on that subject."

Lizzie sat with tears stealing down her cheeks, while she gave Julia a full statement of her affairs. Julia learned that evening, that Mr. Lane only possessed the cottage they now lived in, and that his means, for their subsistence might not last more than two or three years, even with economy; and that their late loss had fallen heavily upon Mr. Lane.

"Never mind, Lizzie, my parents are getting old, and if they leave me any property when they die, I shall refund double your loss; and in the meantime, shall lend you every assistance in my power. I will remember my vows," said Julia, as she bade Lizzie good-night. * * * *

This had been a busy week with the Winfields, for they were all busy in preparing Charles' wardrobe for his European tour. His mother and Kate had prepared many a little article of comfort and convenience, and stored them away in his trunk, to be discovered when he was far away. How many times his good old mother had taken him one side, and given him a lecture against the temptations of the world; and the last thing was to put a Bible in his trunk: taking good care to slip it down to the bottom, for fear he might throw it out before he took his departure: knowing that if it remained until he was away, he would then keep it, out of respect.

The last evening that Charles spent in the city, before his departure, was in sweet communion with Julia Lambert. They were happy hours, because of the mutual affection: to love and be loved, was their greatest joy. Yet there was gloom 'mid all the pleasures, as they conversed upon his departure by to-morrow's sun, the great distance, and long absence about to intervene. The evening is now advanced, and Charles bids Julia an affectionate farewell; at the same time placing in her hand a miniature, neatly encased in a gold necklace, requesting that she should wear it, in remembrance of him, during his absence.

A few moments found Charles at home with his mother and sisters, and they were determined that he should not find much repose, as they were rather jealous that he had spent so much of the evening with some young lady; so the best thing he could do, was

to sit up the balance of the night, and then the cars would not leave him in the morning, which was accordingly done, and in the morning he took his departure for the East.

It was the first day of May when Charles left the Queen City—all life and pleasure; the streets thronged again with May-parties; but it was not so pleasant as last May-day with our neighbors, as Julia had lost her beau, the Winfields missed their son, for the present, and Lizzie Jane missed the good old home, where she resided last May-day, and to it she would never return.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE—ONE TROUBLE FOLLOWS
ANOTHER—EVERY STORM CATCHES SOME ONE OUT.

"MR. LAMBERT, I don't want you to talk to me in that kind of style," said Mrs. L. to her husband, on May-day evening, as they sat in their room, previous to retiring.

"You don't, hey? Well, it is my opinion that you were rather rash in that affair, and pushed the matter along, without knowing the facts of the case; and had I known what I do now, the Lanes would still be living in the old house," said Mr. L.

"Yes, that is the way; you conducted the case yourself, got the money, crammed it in your pocket, and now want to lay the blame on my shoulders. Now, that is the way with these men, they think the women can stand anything, but I will not submit to it," said Mrs. L.

"I am informed, if you please, Mrs. Lambert, that they, the Lanes, never said a word against us; that Mrs. Pettifroid had said it herself, and when she found that it had reached us, she laid it on them, to screen herself.

Then, *if you please*, Mr. Lambert, you had better give them the house back again."

"I never retract," said Mr. L.

"Well, then, what are you tantalizing me for? Why don't you go about your business, you cruel taunt, and not be worrying the life out of me? You are always saying something to hurt my feelings, you old wretch," said Mrs. L.

"Mrs. Lambert, if you please——"

"Don't say please, to me!"

"If you will allow the expression, Mrs. Lambert, I understand you wanted better neighbors than the Lanes, and were determined to get them out of that house at all hazards, if you please, Mrs. Lambert."

"Don't say that to me, you old smooth-tongued hypocrite, trying to tease the life out of a Christian woman."

"Yes, and if you have anything more to do with that Mrs. Pettifroid I'll let you both take care of each other and see how you get along," said Mr. Lambert.

"Yes, and if you don't leave this room, I will," said Mrs. L.

It did not take Mr. L. long to snugly ensconce himself in bed under the nice counterpane, while she flirted out of that room and into another, where she passed the night on a lounge; getting up in the morning with a bad headache and neuralgia, as one would naturally have after a stormy night. This was rather adverse to connubial felicity, and Mr. Lambert thought he could spend his evenings more pleasantly away from home, and acted accordingly.

The evening after this, Mr. Wolf, one of those gen-

tle men who are permitted to run all night, and wear a star upon their breasts, was prowling about the city. He found a nest of sporting characters seated around a table, dividing their funds as the cards dictated. Mr. Wolf disguised himself, went in and played one game himself, in order to ascertain who they were, but did not succeed, as the young foxes had donned old wigs and the old men false moustaches, which entirely prevented their recognition. However, Mr. Wolf sallied forth, and soon returned with two assistants, who now made an attack upon the illegal sportsmen. A general scuffle ensued, some escaping in various directions. The result was that each officer arrested a man. Officer Wolf had captured a large, fine-looking victim by the collar, and with the assistance of a genteel club if needed, was escorting him to the watch-house. As they approached a gas-light he looked his prisoner in the face and recognized him. In his astonishment he exclaimed,

"Is this Mr. L?"

"Don't call me by name in this public place; here is a purse, take that."

Of course, the officer could not hold two things at one time, and only took the latter to the watch-house, which was much easier to take. To mention the name of the individual would make an opening for another libel case, thus, you will permit silence for the present. * * *

Many changes are visible in our neighborhood. Charles Winfield is in our circle no more. Mr.

Lambert has not been home since that connubial storm. Mrs. Pettifroid had donned entire black for the loss of her husband; and to-day Lizzie Lane had accompanied old Mrs. Burner, the pauper, to her last resting-place. Even this brought gloomy thoughts upon Lizzie's mind, as she would miss the old lady in her usual errands of charity to that part of the city—and now what was to become of the old man Burner? Lizzie and Ma were planning what to do with him, and finally concluded to arrange their attic room and let him live there, and they could give him food from their table without incurring any extra expense. No one knows why they take so much interest in the old pauper: but perhaps some good may come out of it, as "bread scattered upon the waters will return after many days." They had just settled their arrangements about the poor old man as Ella Blair made her appearance. Lizzie's countenance brightened up to see her friend Ella, whom she had not met since the holidays. They now stole away, by themselves, leaving Mrs. Lane to prepare tea, as it was almost night, while they held confidential chat.

"Come, Lizzie, tell me all about city affairs, for I have not been to town since I saw you before, and I want to hear the news."

"Ah, Ella, I venture you have seen George Lenore often enough to get the news."

"Indeed, Lizzie, I have not since he came to the city, for you have superseded me entirely in his affections. How I would like to see him; is he the same

mischievous fellow that he was? or has he become affected and precise as is usual with city people?"

"O, not at all, Ella; he is just as easy and free in his manners as ever, but then he has improved so much in appearance that you would not know him. He is the finest looking gentleman of my acquaintance, and if you remain a few days with me, Ella, you may see him; but you must not be too pleasant and winning, for he always did like you pretty well, and besides, you would be spoiling my affairs, as I never will care for any other gentleman."

"Well done, Lizzie; how candid you are. I should think you and George were in full earnest, or else you would not be so positive in making him the sole object of your cares; well, I will not interfere, as I have some one to care for, as you term it," said Ella. The conversation here changed, as Lizzie inquired after Mr. Lambert's family.

"Ella, what has become of your uncle Lambert? as I have not seen him go in or out the gate for several days; is he sick or absent from home?"

"I will tell you all I know about it, Lizzie: you are aware that my aunt, with her troublesome pride, has some very peculiar notions, and they do not correspond with his views exactly. Well, it appears from these, and perhaps other causes, that they do not live together as happily as some folks do; hence, the other night, they had some pretty sarcastic words, and Mr. Lambert has not been seen since; now, whether that is the cause of his absence, or whether some foul

deed has befallen him, I do not know, nor do I think aunt cares, but they make the best of it, and if one should ask about him, they would say he is absent on business. Now, that is all I know about it; but, Lizzie, since we have been talking about our neighbors, I want to tell you something about Mrs. Pettifroid; but first, I wish to know your ma's name before she was married."

"Her name was Irene Bard," said Lizzie.

"Well, what I was going to say is this: Mrs. Pettifroid is our neighbor, and as she is about to move to the city, since she has lost her husband, I thought I would make her a visit, and take tea, which I did just before I came to the city, and on her table, noticed some familiar looking spoons, marked 'I. B.,' and thought they were the same I had seen at your house, and did not know what it meant."

"Can it be possible, Ella? why we turned off that Bridget, because we missed them, supposing she had taken them," said Lizzie.

"Well, I knew you would not part with them, and thought strange, that she should have the same mark that you have," said Ella.

"Now, I hardly know how to believe such a thing but if you are positive about it, Ella, I will take some plan to get them without getting her into any more trouble, as her afflictions are great enough at present—there! ma is calling us to tea; let us go."

Charles Winfield, after waiting a week or two in New York, for a vessel, has now bid farewell to his

native soil, and is just starting out on a fine steamer, bound for the Old World. Manhattan Island, with all its attractions, is fast disappearing. New York City, with its immense buildings and tall spires, has dwindled to a point. Charles, taking a last view, is left alone to contemplation, revolving in his mind the first unpleasant feelings of an introduction to the Atlantic, viewing its surface with sublime feelings, mingled with suspicion, knowing that its calm countenance was not free from frowns, that many a mortal had met a cold embrace in its now peaceful bosom; again, thinking how unpleasant to travel without a companion; no associates but strangers; no entertainment for a "city gent;" no music but the noisy crew, and the dashing, splashing waters around the frail bark. Just at this moment Charles received a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and looking up, was astonished to see his city friend, the Hon. Mr. Lambert, staring him full in the face.

"How does it happen, Charles, that you are just starting? I thought you left some ten days since," said Mr. L.

"I was detained some time in New York looking for a vessel suitable for such a voyage; but I cannot understand how I should meet you here, at this time, as you did not contemplate the journey when I came away," remarked Charles.

"Don't ask me any questions, at this time, Charles; but I will tell you at some other time, as, perhaps, I will accompany you through your whole journey, if

you have no objections. I wish you to feel at ease in my company; although I am much older than yourself, I will join you in your rambles, and can be as young as you are. I am resolved on a regular spree, and hope we will have a gay time," said Mr. Lambert.

"I am happy to have your company, as I should have had a lonesome tour, all by myself," replied Charles.

With this, they went down to their berth, got out a pocket companion, and each took a sup of strong "lemonade," followed by a dessert of cigars, and that by another julep. They soon became fluent in conversation, and the old man gave Charles a full history of his family affairs. Charles learned that there were two causes for the old man's leaving home: one was that he could not get along happily with his wife, and another, to avoid an anticipated law-suit that he thought his absence would prevent, and the prevention of which would be a pecuniary advantage to him, concerning which the reader will know more at another time.

Julia and her ma were now queens of the castle, and sole proprietors of the old Lambert mansion. Julia was very uneasy about her father, and was prepared in her own mind to hear the worst news concerning him. Mrs. Lambert, however, seemed perfectly at ease, and did not trouble herself, except when asked the whereabouts of her husband, which she could only answer by saying he was absent on business; yet she knew

this excuse would not always do, and was afraid that public conjecture might reflect upon the family, as his departure was so mysterious.

Julia and her ma had already begun to contrive some means wherewith to meet their future necessities and extravagance, as the old man left only a few hundred dollars at home, and that would not last them a great while.

A conversation concerning those things, was interrupted by a call from a gentleman from New York, who was an acquaintance of the family, and having heard from some source, that they did not know anything of Mr. Lambert, or of his whereabouts, had come, thinking that what little he knew might give them some relief.

The gentleman stated, that he saw Mr. Lambert in New York City, and had a long conversation with him about affairs of the Queen City: among other things, Mr. Lambert seemed troubled about a lawsuit; and the last he saw of him, was at the foot of Duane St., where he bade him good-night, as he said he was going to take the ferry-boat for Hoboken. He was afraid afterward that Mr. L. had drowned himself, for the New York papers stated that some man had fallen overboard from the ferry-boat that night, although he could not collect information sufficient to decide whether it was his friend Lambert or not, but thought it his duty to tell them the circumstances.

Mrs. Lambert remarked, that she was not uneasy, for he was not fool enough to kill himself.

Julia would have been more uneasy about her father, had it not been for the indifference shown by her mother, which made her think that she knew something of his absence, and perhaps had an idea where he was. However, Julia had determined to assuage her troubles by receiving company, giving encouragement to the young fellows, and enjoying their society as much as possible, during Charles' absence. The evening came round, and so did Mrs. Pettifroid, with whom Mrs. Lambert was renewing her intimacy, since each had lost a husband, and could sympathize with the other, although Mrs. Lambert was not certain whether she was a widow or not. After relating the whole affair to Mrs. P., the latter lady suggested that she could relieve her from her doubts entirely, if she would not mention it to any one. Now Mrs. Pettifroid was a believer in astrology, necromancy, spirit-rappings, and all other doubtful sciences of the day; and belonged to the tribe of mediums, who could disclose the fate of Mr. Lambert, without leaving a doubt upon any one's mind. She could tell past, present, and future events (no doubt the former), but did not wish it to become a public matter, as she did not like the name of fortune-teller; but Mrs. Lambert was willing, and they proceeded. A small table was placed in the center of the floor, with a widow on two of its sides. As they were alone in communion with the spirits, they ask questions, and with their four hands placed upon the table, wait for an answer. After a while, from force

of circumstances, and external bearings, the small table gave a squeak.

Meeting so much encouragement (they were satisfied with the performance, so far as it went), they now tried a pack of cards, by, and through which, they could see the old man, at a great distance: he seemed to be in trouble—but last they retire to the kitchen, and make a cup of tea strong enough to bear an egg on its surface; having drank the precious fluid, they now consult the leaves in the bottom of their cups, which reveal to a demonstration, the whole mystery.

“Yes, I can see him as plain as can be, in the bottom of the cup! Yes, there he is! He is drowned, and that settles the matter!”

Mrs. Pettifroid, after a few words of condolence, takes her departure for the night.

Mrs. P. now resided in the city with her two daughters, who were lately married. Their husbands were a couple of worthless fellows—not having energy enough to earn a livelihood, hence their wives and mother-in-law were compelled to do sewing and millinery to make a living, as this seemed, at that time, the only resort for females: unlike the present day, when they can mount the rostrum, like a Clay or Webster in their eloquence; or like a Kossuth, can unloose the purse-strings of a generous public, then retire and live in elegance, like a lady; or, after a few years study, can take their buggy, and visit

afflicted families, giving pills and consolation; which, by the way, is no discredit to our American woman, but, *per contra*, goes to prove that talents have been distributed equally to male and female, and only lie dormant where they are uncultivated, and, therefore, undeveloped.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONQUEST—ARRIVAL AT BREMEN—THE CHOLERA AND ITS VICTIM, ETC.

ELLA BLAIR had completed her visit at Lizzie Lane's, and returned home to prepare her wardrobe and worldly matters, as she was about to bestow her hand upon a young merchant, with whom she became acquainted at Julia's party. Yes, prepare her worldly affairs: for it seems that dying and getting married are synonymous terms, in our western country; at least so far as society is concerned, for so soon as the happy pair have passed the day of nuptial ceremonies, there follows an entire exclusion from society, a kind of don't-care-for-anybody-but-my-husband, or would'nt-wish-to-see-any-lady-but-my-wife, and a general cutting of old acquaintances and friends; in fact, becoming a self-entertaining duett, with full determination to increase their pecuniary means, and "lay up something for a rainy day," or prepare for *squalls* in the sea of matrimony.

After Ella had finished her visit and gone home, Lizzie Lane made herself busy for a day or two, in fitting up the attic-room for old Mr. Burner to occupy. She had procured a cozy little bedstead; a small bit of carpeting; an "old arm chair," and such other

articles as she thought of, for his comfort during the rest of his days. Now, that she had him under her charge, it would save her many a long walk during the hot days of summer, as it was now the latter part of June.

Lizzie had just finished her own supper and sent a portion up to the attic, as Julia came skipping into the house, full of glee, and met her with a kiss, and at the same time slipping a few sovereigns in her hand, darted off home in a trice, lest her mother should miss her, and find out where she had gone. Lizzie knew what it meant, and did not consider herself an object of charity, nor dependent upon the Lamberts; but remembered Julia's former vows, and knew she was only getting what belonged to her; yet she thanked Julia, in her own mind, and admired her trait of honesty; and truly this commencement of favors toward Lizzie, was noble in Julia, for they were almost at their wit's end to know how to manage their own affairs, as their means were at a low tide, and they hardly knew where to get sufficient to keep up appearances, after the present purse was empty. They had a valuable residence, to be sure, but selling that, would be like starving, to their dignity. They had the old Lane house, but that did not bring much income, after paying taxes and repairing. So they must put their heads together, and conjure up some plan to replenish their purse. As "necessity is the mother of invention," Julia and her ma soon hit upon a plan that would do for a

while, and that was to have a few genteel acquaintances come and reside with them, from whom a liberal compensation would furnish their table and wardrobe for the present. It was a capital hit—"it took" very well. Now, Mrs. Pettifroid was the first to take a comfortable back room, in the third story, where she could do her sewing, and not be annoyed with her two sons-in-law, as she and they were disposed to wrangle.

After a few days they made arrangements for Mrs. Ella Blair Kelly and her husband (who were moving to the city) to take a large front room, in the second story. Now, that was very pleasant, to have a niece and nephew in the family, and he, being a merchant, could pay fifteen dollars a week, easily enough, especially as they were just married. And beside, they needed a man about the house, as it was unsafe for females to live alone in large cities: as, in case of robbers breaking into the house, they would be frightened out of their wits. So this completed the arrangement, which worked like a charm.

Soon (with the surplus revenue they already had, the little rent coming in, and the profits of the table) they had laid by a small sinking fund. Elated with success, Miss Julia must enjoy herself, and to keep up appearances, must take a tour north and east, to the fashionable watering-places, both to avoid the heat of the city and benefit her health. All she had to do was to suggest a thing to her ma, and then get ready. Julia was now determined to enjoy herself, and make

the best use of her time, during Charles' absence, as after his return, she must terminate her flirtations.

She had already prepared herself, and set a day, for going east; her young mercantile acquaintances were posting themselves as to the time of her departure, each one intending to make it convenient to start about that time, to purchase goods, and have the pleasure of her company. Julia was aware of this, from the repeated questions as to when she was going away, and to make a joke out of it, she made a point of telling each one, and intimating that she would be pleased with his company; but George Lenore (who visited Julia occasionally) had the preference, and had made a positive engagement to accompany her.

Lizzie knew that George visited Julia quite often, but did not know that he was going to accompany her on her eastern tour, or her jealousy would have augmented, for she was already a little jealous, fearing that Julia's charms might entice George away, and weaken the claims she had upon him. Yet, what could she do? she did not blame Julia for taking a fancy to such a fine fellow; nor could she censure George, if he was carried away by her winning ways; therefore, she was left entirely to the fates, and would have to abide the result like a philosopher.

"I do wonder if he will come this evening," said Lizzie to herself, as she sat by the parlor window watching the approaching twilight, "or will he go to see Julia? Now, if he has more regard for her than

for myself, he may go, and I don't care a straw, and neither of them shall ever know how much I loved the fellow. Ah, here he comes now; I will notice his conduct particularly this evening," thought Lizzie. By this time he had entered the door. Lizzie met him, cheerfully as usual, and they passed a pleasant evening; but the conversation was of a general character, not confining itself to affairs of personal interest. George mentioned nothing about his going to accompany Julia on a tour, but when he left, bade her an affectionate farewell, saying that he would not see her again for a month, perhaps, as he was going to New York, in the morning, on law business, which would detain him that length of time.

The next morning, by dawn of day, a coach containing Mr. Lenore called for Julia, who was all ready for once, and soon they measure the distance to the depot, in order to take the first train. They get comfortably seated, when they move slowly through the eastern suburbs of the city. Now a half dozen young fellows individually and separately walk by, bidding Miss Julia good morning. Finding her comfortably entertained by Mr. Lenore, and themselves uncomfortably cut out of the pleasure of her company, they come to the conclusion that they have been sold, and take a seat in another car. Some of the beaux get off at the first stopping place and wait for the next train. Now this was a piece of mischief in Miss Julia, but such as she delighted in. /

They now traveled along pleasantly; making nice

remarks about the passing scenery, viewing the manners and dress of all kinds of folks that you meet on the cars, and making themselves merry at others' expense. So the day passes and night brings them to Cleveland. Here is a general rush and tumble to get aboard the steamer, anxiously awaiting to bear them across the lake. In a few minutes they reach the "bark upon the billow." Julia is seated in the cabin, while George spends a full hour, jamming and pushing at the ticket office to procure a state-room. Finally he gets one for Julia, but finds number two has to sleep on the floor, as the boats are always crowded at this season of the year. The next thing is the enjoyment of a fine supper, after which the "old folks" retire and the young people have their amusements.

George and Julia did not join in the glee of the cabin, but took a seat outside to enjoy the cool breeze and see the moon spreading silver leaves upon the lake. Soon, however, they glide into an affectionate exchange of words and opinions perfectly applicable to young people at this tender age, particularly if one admires and the other reciprocates. If an interval occurred between subjects, Julia would occupy it by singing, in a low tone, a few lines from "Love not," or "Home, Sweet Home." Thus the evening was whiled away, but not without leaving impressions, more durable than words written in the sand. But alas, there is an end to this sweet communion for the present; here comes the chambermaid, who is about

to "close for the distribution of the males," and gives notice accordingly. Julia bids George good-night, and he is left alone to contemplation.

"Ah, she is a gem! Is there any possibility of my succeeding in a suit for that heiress? It won't do to think of it, for what will poor Lizzie do? I almost wish I had never seen but one of them. I must go down and take a mint julep, perhaps I will feel better."

George went down to the bar, took his julep, smoked a cigar, and then reclined on a lounge. He could not sleep, or banish from his mind the idea of pressing a suit for Julia's hand, although he knew there were vows opposed to it on both sides.

The next morning they arrive at Buffalo, where they take the cars for Niagara, and in an hour or two are enjoying the pleasant society at the Falls.

Perhaps this absence from the Queen City was fortunate on their part, for in a few days after their departure that dread disease, the cholera, made its appearance, and soon spread itself through every ward of the city, marking out its victims and placing its fatal seal upon their brow; baffling medical skill, and crushing human beings to the earth, as the car of Juggernaut. Citizens, seeing its boldness and fatality, are gathering up their families and fleeing the "wrath to come." Man, in all his greatness, falls to the earth beneath the tyrant. There is not a time in memory, when dearest friends collect together, and shudder with fear, as when this plague is at the

threshold. The city is wrapped in gloom; business seems suspended on every side; man walks forth in his strength, but may return in weakness to his couch, before the setting sun.

Among its first victims at this time, was the good lady, Mrs. Winfield, who is now no more. The children weep for a mother, the husband—a wife; the once happy home now seems a strange dwelling place, for nothing constitutes a home when the mother is taken away. The father who is absent so much on business, receives a share of affection from the children, but not equal to that of the mother, whose kind words and gentle caresses greet them all day long; the loss of which makes a deeper and more lasting impression upon the family than the loss of a father.

Charles could not share their affliction at this time, for he was beyond the reach of such sad news. It had been two months since he left home; he enjoyed a fine voyage with his elder companion. At this time they had passed through the English Channel in safety, and had completed their voyage, by their arrival at Bremen. They were in Deutschland, enjoying new scenery, queer costumes, and a strange lingo; all was nix-for-stay, except native wine and lager-beer, which they understood pretty well. However, they soon discovered Englishmen enough, to have a few associates, who could point out objects of interest and admiration, in New and Old Bremen, which were divided by the Weser River. During their stay in this place, they viewed with interest, some of the

noted works of architecture, one of which, was St. Peter's Cathedral. They also visited the great museum, and the immense libraries; in the latter of which they did not consume much time in reading.

Their visit here was of short duration. They soon find themselves in Dusseldorf, on the Rhine, which is a great school for artists. Here they could enjoy the fine scenery, which had furnished subjects for many an easel. After taking a survey of the natural scenery, combined with ancient monuments of art, as may be seen on every side in these old countries, where old castles and kingly palaces have crumbled to the dust, save a few pillars here and there, which remain a little longer in their lonely dignity, because time has not ordered a dissolution, they take a second view of the same, by visiting the art-galleries, where the old and new masters had placed upon canvas, *viventes impressiones*.

Dusseldorf is at present an unrivaled school for artists, and receives students from all parts of the world. They here met one or two old acquaintances from the Queen City, who were pursuing the study of the fine arts, and whose fine productions still ornament the walls of the Art Union Gallery.

Anxious, however, to see the country from north to south, they soon depart from Dusseldorf, by taking a boat and traveling up the beautiful Rhine, viewing the classic scenery on either side, until they reach Cologne, which place is familiar to our city belles and beaux, from its sweet scented extracts. Of course Charles

laid in a supply of the same, and a sufficient quantity for all the handkerchiefs flourished at a Queen City opera.

After a few days in Cologne (during which time they were highly fed, and drank copiously of *Rhenum vinum*), they take the cars, bound for Aix-la-Chapelle, which is noted as the birth and burial place of Charlemagne, and for its ancient relics, dating as far back as the *crucifixion*; such as pieces of the cross, and clothes of the Saviour; which are owned and treasured by *Roman Catholics*. Here we leave them seeking every enjoyment the country afforded.

* * * * *

But, to return to the Queen City, we find Mr. Winfield quite at a loss to get along with his broken up family: there were the two younger children, who needed some one to take charge of them, and Kate, the eldest daughter, could not undertake such a task; therefore Mr. Winfield was contemplating engaging a governess, if he could find one of a suitable disposition. He inquired of Mrs. Lambert, if she could refer him to any one, whom she thought capable of filling that place, and that would be kind to the children. After a few moments consideration, she suggested Mrs. Pettifroid; whom she considered would be the very person to supply that place.

The recommendation was sufficient. Mrs. Pettifroid was engaged, and made mistress plenipotentiary of the Winfield family, by consent of all parties. The duty that now devolved upon her, was to look after

the affairs of the house, from the culinary department to the chamber; and to make purchases of marketables and merchandise for the family, as necessity required. She must also win the good graces of Kate, which was soon accomplished, and also of the two young children, which she did by kind treatment.

Mr. Winfield's health seemed impaired by his afflictions, and his physician required him to take a journey, as perhaps a temporary absence from the place of his late afflictions might expel the gloom from his mind, and recruit his care-worn frame. He therefore arranged his business, so that it would permit his absence, and took his departure for the north, leaving funds at home sufficient to provide for them during his absence.

Mrs. Pettifroid was now sole proprietor of family and funds, and with some economy and financiering, she could spare some food and funds for her two daughters, who could not earn enough to live upon; thereby doing an act of charity, and robbing no one, as it would merely be the result of her own economy, as it was hardly fair play for one family to be overfed, and another starve. Such was her philosophy and logic. Thus, frequently, a double supply was purchased on market-day, and dispensed with according to her above-mentioned principles. Sometimes her daughters lacked a sufficient amount of money to pay their rent, which she advanced to them, and replaced by economy. But it is very naughty to be prying into other people's affairs, or finding fault, when folks

are trying to keep up appearances by private financiering, or *petty frauding*.

The Queen City, with all its attractions and enterprise, wealth and hospitality, presents as great a variety of living specimens, as would suffice for a human museum, comedy, or sketch-book. Here and there is a wealthy family, living at ease, respected in society, and *dignus honore* from all mankind; upon the other hand, are specimens of humanity poor and proud, always donning a costume of latest pattern, *à la mode de Parisienne*, at the expense of life's comforts; too proud to work in the prime of life, and compelled to ask assistance in their old age. Another specimen was old Mrs. Driftwood, whose family supported themselves at the expense of their neighbors, but without their consent; in other words, they borrowed clothes, wood, and food, without leave, and forget to return them; who were finally fed and clothed at the expense of the State.

Again, there was old man Chester, who lived at his ease from large donations by a generous public; that is, he kept a kind of bank, or pecuniary post-office, where the good people sent their funds to strangers, and it "ne'er was heard of more."

* * * * *

The approach of autumn, restored the Queen City to its usual health and energy. The fatal epidemic had taken flight; business was again resumed; the mechanic stretched forth his arm to labor; the heavy

dray thundered along the bowldered pave, and the surrounding hills echoed with the din of the living mass.

The citizens who had left the Queen City during the summer, were returning home; among whom were George and Julia. They had enjoyed a fine tour; having gone the same round that Charles Winfield and Julia did, the year previous; but George had no ill luck, nor got left behind at Wheeling some four weeks, without a change of linen, as did Charles, who was Julia's first suitor; but they had met with abundant pleasure and amusement, had made a trip down the beautiful Hudson, visited Saratoga, promenaded in Castle Garden, wrote their names on the Washington Monument, in Baltimore, were baptized at Cape May, and came home rejoicing.

"Ah, Julia, you have had so many calls during your absence; you will find all the cards, and some letters, in your card-basket on the *etagier*," said Julia's ma, after they had a long chat about the trip.

Julia hastens down to the drawing-room, takes a seat, with the card-basket in her lap, to see how many calls she owed, and who had written to her. "Ah, here is a strange looking letter, who can this be from? I will see." She finds it is a letter from Charles Winfield, and reads:

BREMEN, *July*, 18.

MY DEAREST JULIA: The profound sentimentality of my feelings (when contemplating an epistolary communion between two congenial spirits as ours) is almost inexpress-

ible. I can hardly refrain from giving full utterance to my sentiments, at this time. If too flagrant with terms of my devotion, you must attribute the same to a source founded deep in the heart of one who admires you; and a heart sending forth germs of affection, kept alive by the dews of admiration. It seems as if I cannot await the time and distance that intervenes between us at this time. O that I could mount the clouds, and ride on the wings of the wind, that I might see thy smiling face ere the setting sun.

I have enjoyed my travels, so far, very much; but since I sit down to write to you, I have taken the horrors most wofully—a gloomy sadness fills my mind, and a meager hope is the food of my spiritual existence. That I may again see thy cheerful face, and hear thy sweet voice in accents of euphony still familiar to my memory, is my prayer.

Please write to me at Florence, in Italy. Remember thy vows to—

Yours, affectionately,

CHARLES WINFIELD.

Now I am in a dilemma, thought Julia, after perusing this affectionate epistle; the poor fellow: he loves me still; but I don't care a straw about him, and I hardly know whether to answer this letter or not; nor in what manner, if I should. If I write him an affectionate letter, it will give him encouragement, that, perhaps, would not result in his favor. If I write him a cool letter, he will despair of future happiness, and take himself to dissipation, as he vowed I was his only choice, and I know his sanguine tem-

perament will not admit of disappointment, without serious results; yet I am not decided as to what course to pursue; I will go and ask ma; perhaps she can give me some advice.

Julia is now in her ma's presence: after reading the letter to her ma, she awaits her advice.

"My daughter, what does he mean by 'vows,' in the latter part of his letter—have you made any engagement with him?"

"I did make a sort of engagement with him; but I am not going to seclude myself from society on his account; and if I see any one that I like better, I will not wait for his return," said Julia.

"I think, my daughter, that you are too young to marry; but when you do think of such 'a thing, I must know about it, for I want you to marry some wealthy, prominent man; and if I am able, I would like to have you visit Europe, and hope you may be fortunate enough to marry a count or a prince before your return," said Mrs. Lambert.

"O dear, what high notions you have; you must think I could get any person."

"Yes, daughter, and if folks do not carry a high head, they will never accomplish anything; but as to that letter you had better write him a rather indifferent answer for the present; after his return you can treat him rather coolly and by that means break off his visits."

Julia took the advice, wrote Charles an epistle containing more news than sentiment. After slipping it

in the post-office she made a call on her friend Lizzie Lane, relating the minutiae of her travels. Lizzie was much interested, so far as a description of the beautiful scenery and variety of fashions was concerned, but it was news to her that George had been her gallant during the tour; yet she did not intimate such a thing to Julia as being a little jealous; nor did she blame Julia, or have the least ill feeling toward her, although they were now rivals; yet she must censure George, in her own mind, for trifling with her feelings and for his fickleness. Julia now places in Lizzie's hand, a purse, containing the savings during her journey, caused by George's liberality in defraying expenses that Julia expected to meet with her own funds. Having done this favor, she leaves Lizzie alone once more and hastens home.

Tea was set aside at Lane's, and Lizzie was helping her ma by arranging things for the night, as George Lenore announced his presence by a gentle tap on the door, which was standing open. Lizzie was glad to see George, for he had been absent so long and she almost worshiped the fellow, although George was halting between two opinions; yet he was equally pleased to see Lizzie. They happily conversed upon spontaneous subjects during the evening. Finally, George gave a programme, verbatim, of his pleasure-trip with Julia, at the same time intimating that her company was more acci-

dental than intentional, as if she happened to be going east at the same time. However, Lizzie knew; yet she did not blame George for making some excuse. George had mentioned this to see if Lizzie was jealous, but she assumed such an air of perfect indifference, that he could discover nothing like jealousy. His object was to find out by observation, whether there would be any blighted prospects or disappointed hopes if he should break the engagement with Lizzie. George loved Lizzie, yet he had permitted himself to be blinded by the pursuit of wealth and attracted by fine appearances; he thought he had better marry wealth, and let love and happiness come afterward, than to marry one whom he loved, and struggle through the world to make a livelihood, fearing the latter would quench the last spark of happiness; that living in an humble cot, would chill the young germs of affection ere they had time to bloom.

Erring youth, look around among the wealthy families of our city; see the old man, gouty, rheumatic and bloated with high seasoned food and foreign wine; see the wife and daughter reclining on their velvet couch, with pallid face and sunken cheeks lined with foreign ivory.

Or would you rather look upon the old couple who have fought side by side with the adversities of life, who have earned their bread by the

sweat of the brow, eating the sweet morsel they have earned together, smiling with a dimple upon their rose-colored cheek, and a brow unfurrowed with care.

CHAPTER X.

A GENTLE SPREE—THE SMALL TEA PARTY.

MR. LAMBERT and Charles, in the meantime, had left Aix-la-Chapelle and returned to the Rhine. A short tour up the river brought them to Wiesbaden, which is a beautiful city, and as great a resort for the native aristocrats as our Niagara or Cape May. It is noted for its hot springs, containing the medicinal virtue of curing all diseases arising from high living; ergo, the epicure and gourmand find the disease and cure in the same place.

Charles and his companion find Wiesbaden a fine place to draw on their purse; but being rather fortunate in replenishing the same at the roulette and card-table, they conclude to remain and enjoy their high living for a time. Their success at gaming might be attributed to their being strangers to each other in the gaming room, yet playing as partners; thereby helping each other to win, and divide the spoils at some other time.

When tired of this place, they take the cars and in an hour or two find themselves looking about Frankfurt, which is an old town under republican government, having two presidents and a hundred congressmen to support, which they thought was sufficient.

They continued up the Rhine to Baden-Baden, which being a place of some note, they took pains to look around. After getting a glimpse of the Grand Duke, they were shown the old prison, and entertained with some of the ancient modes of torture and punishment, but were somewhat relieved when informed that they were not used at the present day.

A few evenings after this, our two Americans were seated by a roulette table, in an obscure back room of a strange house, in company with half a dozen gentlemen with mustachios. It was quite late, and Mr. L. had been more successful than any one this evening; and, in fact, had almost stripped his companions in the game: he now spoke of its being late, took another glass of wine, and was about taking his leave, when they objected; having no notion of letting him depart with all their funds. They were determined to play as long as they had a guilder left, hoping their luck might change, and they could win back some of their money.

Finally, Mr. L. and Charles arose to depart, which caused angry feelings—stimulated by wine, they were easily aroused. Mr. L. approached the door, when a general fuss began. Mr. L. was finally knocked down, the lamp was broken to pieces, leaving them in total darkness; Charles fired a revolver in the air, which caused the crowd to disperse. Mr. Lambert was not so much injured, but that he and Charles could make short the distance to the Hotel Del Eu-

rope, and as soon as possible retire to their private room.

"My goodness, Charles, that was an awful escape; they had determined to rob us, but each one left it for the other to do, and they all fled in different directions. I suppose they intend to meet and divide the spoil. Well, it is no joke; I believe you saved my life, and if ever I have an opportunity, I will reward you for it; but let us see what we have made this evening;" so Mr. L. empties his pockets on a small table, and counts out half to Charles, who had not made anything.

In order to drown their excitement, and being bent on a spree, they consult a pocket companion as to its contents, and are soon able to consult themselves on the same subject. The wee drop of Bourbon did not mix very well with wine, having a tendency to make them rather eloquent; while the old man tries to convince his audience that Ben. Franklin discovered America. Charles is trying to retire by stretching himself out upon his trunk, which being one of those round tops, finally let him down behind it; there he lay betwixt the trunk and the wall, with his feet sticking out past one end and his head visible at the other. While the old man had taken a lamp, and was navigating the room in search of Charles, calling him at every step, Charles, half asleep, was answering in a smothered tone.

The old man concluding that he was in the room some place, gave up the chase. Next the old gent

concludes to wash himself and retire, gathers up the wash-bowl, which is full of soiled water, raises the window, sets the bowl upon the sill, and tips it in, instead of out, which causes the discovery of Charles, who lies beneath. This sudden shower seemed to arouse Charles enough, to find the proper place to retire; and soon they are in the arms of Morpheus.

The next morning they arose pretty late, with a vile headache; but feeling somewhat better after they had accomplished breakfast, concluded to take a little ride about the city and country, hoping that the fresh air and scenery might revive their spirits, as the re-action from the previous stimulants had left them as much below par, as they had been elevated the night previous. They had chartered a small diligence, and were now driving out of the city; being entertained with new landscapes, as they rode along, and entertaining themselves, by conversing on various subjects. Among other things, Mr. L. spoke of his daughter Julia; and when he found that Charles had visited her quite often, before his leaving home, he felt quite interested, and free to converse about her.

"Ah, Charles, I must tell you a joke that Julia and I had a hearty laugh about: When she and I were taking an eastern tour, she became acquainted with a young fellow, who proposed to accompany her home; this gent was left behind at Wheeling."

"Is it possible?" said Charles, looking the old gent in the face, to see if he could discover anything.

"Well," continued the old man, "this fellow was

robbed at Wheeling; and had no means to get home with—writes a letter home for money, and, by mistake, directs the letter to my daughter.”

“Is that a fact?” said Charles.

“Yes; and signs the letter ‘Charles Winfield,’” said Mr. L., bursting into a loud laugh at Charles’ expense.

“That is a pretty good joke; we had better stop at that house on the hill, and take something on the strength of that, as it is my turn to *treat*.” After halting, and taking something for the inner man, they turned about to return home. They were cozily seated in their carriage, when Charles proposed, that if he would never mention that joke again, he would make him a valuable present, before they left the carriage. The old man agreed; when Charles handed him a gold locket, containing the ambrotype of Julia Lambert.

Mr. L. was pleased, and astonished beyond measure; he looked upon the little portrait with most intense pleasure—finally made a duplicate offer to Charles.

“Now, Charles, if you will let me keep this little treasure, I will never mention that joke again; and I will also make you a present of the original, herself.”

“Agreed!” said Charles; when they shook hands, and bound the bargain.

Charles thought his happiness complete, from what he had accomplished at this time; for Julia was his idol, and he now had the consent of daughter and father.

They returned safely to Baden-Baden, where we leave them for the present.

Autumn had now thrown its hazy mantle over the Queen City; a misty dimness covered hill and dale, permitting the sun’s rays to fall tenderly upon the fair earth; the cool breezes of each night, wafted sweet repose to the wearied frame of mortals; and each day, with its bracing atmosphere, added new impulse to man, tired of the summer’s heat; the swallow had sung a farewell note, and taken its departure for a southern clime; the song of the melon-boy, through the streets, was now exchanged for the *melodious* notes of the charcoal vender, in every alley and avenue.

A. J. Winfield had just returned from his recruiting journey, and was much restored in mind and body; this evening met his family around the cheerful fireside, to relate his adventures, and hear what had transpired during his absence. He was pleased to hear that the children had been treated kindly, and that they loved their new mistress; all of which, he learned from the children. It was now time to retire, as Mrs. Pettifroid came into the room. Kate took her two younger sisters and retired, leaving the old people to converse about domestic affairs.

“I suppose, Mr. Winfield, that you are somewhat fatigued, after your ride in the cars; is there anything that I can do for you? Will you have a cup of tea and a sandwich, before you retire?”

“O, no! I do not feel hungry, I only need rest; but

how did you get along during my absence? Did you have any trouble with my two little girls?"

"None at all; they seemed to love me so much, that it was a pleasure to take care of the darling creatures."

"Did your funds hold out during my absence, sufficient to supply your family necessities?" said Mr. W.

"By economical management, I succeeded in getting everything we needed; but yesterday I borrowed five dollars from my daughter, whom I met in market; and in the morning I will need the amount to return to her, and as much more, to replenish our sideboard a little."

"You have done very well; as I stayed longer than I intended," said Mr. W., at the same time handing her the specified amount, "and you must not be backward in asking me for funds whenever needed."

Here the conversation ended; Mrs. Pettifroid went about her night's work, and he retired.

On the next morning, after breakfast had been set aside, and the mistress had gone to market, Mr. W. was conversing with Kate, to ascertain the details of affairs during his absence; finding that Kate's opinion was favorable, he felt free to remark that they had been fortunate in getting such a good housekeeper. After suggesting to Kate the propriety of keeping on pleasant terms, and treating her with respect, as was now the case, he went to see about his business.

"Good-morning, daughters, how have you been since I saw you which is nearly a week?" said Mrs.

Pettifroid, as she met her two great, lazy, grown-up daughters in the market

"Why, mother, we have been well enough; but we have been waiting here on the corner a full half hour. Why did you not come sooner? you know we have not had our breakfast, and nothing to buy it with."

"Hush, don't talk so loud. You know Mr. Winfield came home tired last night, and slept late this morning, and I could not leave until breakfast was over."

"And another thing, mother, our rent was due on last Saturday; and the landlord says, if we do not pay to-day, he will turn us out of the house."

"Here daughter, is eight dollars, that will pay your rent; come, let us go on through the market, and not be standing here; but where are those lazy husbands of yours this morning?"

"We left them both asleep; and they will not get up until we return and get them some breakfast."

"What is the price of these steaks, Mr. Butcher?"

"Fifteen cents apiece, ma'am."

"Well, I'll take three of them," said Mrs. P., as she picked them up. They were as large as a cradle blanket, and tough as sole-leather. Having purchased and distributed some vegetables, they separate for home.

"Look here, Kate, what a nice basket of marketing I have this morning; and although marketables are very high, yet your father believes in living well, and

"we must have things to suit him," said Mrs. P., as she was taking them out of the basket, preparing for dinner."

"Yes, I see," said Kate, "you have eggs, turnips, and potatoes; and, O! what a nice steak."

"This is a fine steak; but it cost forty-five cents; which is pretty high, I think."

Kate made no reply, for she cared nothing about these matters, but went about some needle-work; while the mistress went to preparing for dinner: which consisted in laying out the beef-steak on a board, and giving it the heavy end of a flat-iron for three quarters of an hour, until it assumed the consistency of a jelly, and then frying it an equal length of time; which, with the vegetables, was served up for dinner; being a kind of pot-luck repast in a private family.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SMALL TEA PARTY—PROPOSALS TO THE WIDOW— THE DREAM.

Mrs. LAMBERT was now a widow. Yes, and it was given up by every one that her husband had committed suicide, and she had now taken the second degree in her afflictions, which was to put on half-mourning and commence receiving company; or, in fact, was setting her cap for a husband already. At least that was what the world said; but, for once, the worldly talkers were a little behind, for she had been receiving attentions for some time, and this evening has her two beaux and some others invited to take tea with her in her own mansion.

The day was passed in preparation for their evening party. The time arrived and brought the expected company who were invited to attend at six o'clock, but arrived about nine. Among the distinguished guests were Mr. Blatters, the Englishman, and Mr. O'Boozle, from swate Ireland. The repast was soon ready, consisting of tea, deviled oysters and fricasseed chicken. The tea-bell brought them around the board in fine spirits. One could hardly tell who was the belle of the evening Julia or her mother;

and the beaux could not ascertain who would win the fair hands of the heiress and mother.

"Mr. Blatters, will you have some of the fowl or oysters?" said Biddy.

"I will take some of each; and let the hoysters hair a little, while I heat some of the fowl."

"But what part of the fowl will you take?"

"Hany part; I am not particular."

Biddy helped him to some of the white meat, for she could not tell which the *henny* part was, to save her life.

"Mr. O'Boozle, what will you have?"

"I will take some oysters raw, and some stewed, both together on separate dishes."

Biddy hastened to the side-table, took some of each kind, mixed them together and then divided them on separate dishes.

"And what part of the chicken do you wish, Mr. O'Boozle?"

"And it is meself that will take the head, and if small, bring me two."

"We did not cook the head."

"Then bring me one of the spare-ribs," said Mr. O'Boozle, who was not used to the chicken tribe or their anatomy.

Tea being over, they march to the parlor, and pass the evening in confab, music and whist; after which they adjourn, *sine nocte*.

"Ma, I am so tired of fretting about society; it is

nothing but a bother. Now we have to buy some winter clothing and some new furniture, then will come the holidays, when we will have to prepare for another entertainment. It is too bad. We are not able to do it; yet we must keep up appearances."

"Why, Julia, you astonish me, after all my trouble in bringing you up as a lady, to think you would talk in that manner! Why, how do you want to live?"

"I don't know, mother, but it seems to me that poor folks do not have half the troubles that we wealthy people do. They don't care what folks say about them, or whether they have calls, or go calling. In fact, nothing seems to trouble them; they don't seem to care one day what will happen the next."

"How you do talk; I suppose you would like to live in some attic like old Joel Burner across the street."

"No, mother, but I would like to live just as the Lanes do, and not be tormented to death with company; yet they are respected in society."

"Daughter I will not have you talk so; you are really wicked; you must go and read your Bible, for that will teach you dignity and elegance: for there you will read of purple robes and fine linen, and Solomon's splendid temple; you will also find that Paul says, 'let everything be done decently and in order;'" here the old lady threw back her head with an air of dignity. This burst of eloquence caused Julia to yield, and the argument was postponed.

"Ma, why did you not invite cousin Ella Kelly down to tea this evening?"

"My daughter, Biddy prepared tea for them at half-past five, and do you think I want my company to imagine that we keep *boarders*?"

"O, I did not think of that."

Julia and her ma were now sitting by a November fire, in the drawing-room, financiering and planning to meet their future expenses, such as holiday entertainments, and paying taxes, etc. They now thought of selling the old Lane house: 'twas done as quick as said, for Julia put on her hat, and was soon in a real-estate office, on Third street. The price and description of the property was left with the agent, who said he would soon find a customer.

Julia, after making a few calls, returned home rejoicing in the prospects of selling the old house.

"Come, daughter, tell me, what are the prospects of a sale?"

"I found an agent who says he has ready purchasers for city property, and will sell it this week for three thousand dollars, and that will keep us comfortable for a year or two. There! ma, I came near forgetting to tell you that I called on Miss Pinebud, as I was coming home, and don't you think she was *en dishabille* rubbing the furniture and scouring the mantelpiece, and had no fire in the parlor? The fact is, I do not believe they are so wealthy as people think they are, and I will not call there any more."

"Be careful, daughter, we have no fire in the parlor this afternoon."

"Yes, but I told Bridget if any one called, to tell them that we are not at home."

Tea had been set aside; mother and daughter were taking a conversational feast in the saloon parlor. Julia, who was entertained by three beaux, was as far from her ma as the length of the parlor would permit. Julia was enjoying a trio of young gents, who must have consulted a lexicon, previous to their call, as they were launching out words large enough to choke a Quaker; while Mrs. Lambert, who appeared as youthful as her daughter, was being entertained by a pair of suitors, both striving a conquest of the widow's affections. One of her beaux was a Mr. Goldleaf, a small dried up specimen of humanity, rather on the old bachelor's list; yet, making amends for his appearance by being quite wealthy; or, as they call it in Kentucky, had a "good moral character." The rival beau was a young man, of fine appearance, very proposessing in his manners; could not boast of wealth, but was from one of the "first families in Virginia." He was only about twenty-two years of age; while Mr. Goldleaf had passed thirty-nine summers. Mrs. L. was in a dilemma, halting between two opinions. Had she been so wealthy as they supposed, she would have chosen the young man at sight; for widows always choose a young man as a second-mate: but here was wealth against appearance, and she could not decide as yet,

for fear of regretting it afterward, therefore was trying to encourage both, until she could come to some conclusion.

However, the evening was passed in general conversation until ten, when Messrs. Goldleaf and Co. took their departure. Mrs. L. retired fully resolved to come to some decision, before they should call again, for fear of receiving a proposal and not being able to answer. Julia's beaux had come and gone during the evening, excepting George Lenore, who remained until about *media nocte*, on account of not having a good opportunity to chat when there were so many fellows to assist. Julia had no difficulty in making choice, as George was decidedly the favorite.

The next morning at the breakfast table, Mrs. Lambert just remembered the dream she had that night. It came to her mind clear as crystal; it must mean something.

"Daughter, I had a strange dream last night."

"There it is again; another dream."

"Yes, and I must tell you this one, for I know it means something."

"Don't bother me about your dreams; they are always a mess of nonsense."

"I dreamed about two dogs—"

"O, mother, do hush. There is Mrs. Pettifroid, next door; go and tell her."

"So I will."

Tying a pocket-handkerchief over her head, Mrs.

L. runs in next door, through the back way. Finding Mrs. Pettifroid by herself, she begins,

"Now, Mrs. Pettifroid, you must not laugh at me, for I am in a stew about a dream I had last night, and I want you to interpret it for me."

"Certainly I will not laugh at you, for I think it's a serious matter. Dreams always foretell something, and I can interpret it for you. Proceed."

"Well, in my dream I was standing at my front door, and two of the canine species—"

"You mean two dogs?"

"Well, then, two dogs, came in the front gate and looked at me as if they were hungry."

"Go on."

"Well, I went back to my cupboard and took some pieces of food and returned to the front door."

"Proceed."

"I threw the crumbs down at my feet, and one of the dogs came up and ate them, but the other was frightened and ran off."

"What kind of dogs were they?"

"O yes, I forgot to tell you. One of them was a large Newfoundland, the other was one of these little rat-terriers, and had a nice gold band about his neck."

"Well, which one came up to eat the food?"

"The little dog came and ate the crumbs, and played around me and seemed perfectly delighted."

"I can interpret that for you easily enough: you

may have, or have already, two beaux; one will be a large, fine-looking gentleman and the other, a small man. They both visit you with intentions to marry. This dream signifies that you will choose the small man, and the gold band—that signifies that he is wealthy.”

“I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Pettifroid, you have relieved my mind of a great deal of trouble, I will do you a favor some time, for your kindness. I feel much relieved,” said Mrs. Lambert, as she departed.

One evening, the following week, Mr. Goldleaf called at the Lambert mansion and found Mrs. L. alone, for once. Meeting with some encouragement, he conducted the conversation with a little familiarity; conversing about the difficulties of widows, such as providing for a family, and settling bills, paying taxes, *collecting rents*, etc.

“Yes, it is a great deal of trouble for me to attend to out-door business; and if I should hire some one to do it they would cheat me, perhaps, and I should not know it, for I know so little about business. But I will have some one to do these things, for I cannot bother about them.”

Here was an opportunity for Mr. Goldleaf; he made use of it.

“Mrs. Lambert, if it be not adverse to your refined judgment, or does not conflict with your future intentions; if it be not a reflection upon the high

standing of your family, nor repugnant to your sentiments, I would offer my unworthy self as a protector for you and yours.”

This appeal was, of course, irresistible.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FOREIGN TOURISTS — "SAD NEWS FROM HOME" —
ITALIAN SCENERY, ETC.

CHARLES and his chum finding Baden-Baden getting too cold to be pleasant, took their departure for the South. They take the cars and travel along the Rhine to Basle, where they take a diligence and journey across the uncultivated soil of Switzerland to Lucerne; thence making a journey over the snow-clad Lepontine Alps to Como, they take the cars *en route* across the Appennines, to the noted Genoa, having passed through beautiful Milan.

They remain a few days at Genoa, after which they take a boat across the gulf to Leghorn; taking a bird's-eye view of the latter, they push for Florence, the place of their destination, and their headquarters for the winter; as they had decided to make this place the center of a circle, from which they would radiate, to enjoy Italian scenery.

Charles was responsible for the flying trip they had just accomplished, in reaching Florence; but no one could blame him; for, according to expectations, there was a letter here for him from the Queen City and from his Julia. He has obtained it—he reads:

Cincinnati, September 1, 18—.

MY DEAREST FRIEND—It is a painful duty to relate sad news, but you must know the worst: your affectionate mother is no more. The cholera has raged in this city since you left, and your mother was one of the first victims. Could I console you, I would do it; but one consolation you have is, that she was a Christian, and is now enjoying perfect happiness.

Your folks, by this time, have become somewhat reconciled to their loss. However, with your father, it is a loss that can never be repaired: he will never banish her image from his heart sufficient to have another in her place. Your sisters seem to enjoy health and good spirits; not having the household cares upon their mind, as your father has engaged a governess, Mrs. Pettifroid, who is a kind, suitable woman, and has the charge of domestic affairs.

But you are not alone in your afflictions; as, about the time of your departure, occurred the mysterious disappearance of my father. This is a deep grief, mingled with suspense, as we know not whether he is dead or alive, but have little hope of the latter.

Your friends, George Lenore and Lizzie Lane, seem as cheerful and happy as ever; although I do not think that George's attachment to Lizzie is as firm as formerly: perhaps because she has become somewhat reduced. As for myself, I have fine times—seeking society and amusements, to drive dull care away.

Holidays will soon be here again, when I must give and attend some annual entertainments. Your epistle was received with pleasure; write again to your friend,

JULIA LAMBERT.

Charles had stolen away from his companion, and spent the evening alone in his grief; he retired earlier than usual, and besought sweet sleep to calm his troubles. The next morning, Mr. L. inquired of Charles the cause of his unusual docility, which Charles answered by giving him the letter. The old gent soon acquainted himself with the contents—he deeply sympathized with Charles; yet was pleased to see his daughter's autograph at the bottom of the epistle.

"Charles, how does it happen that Julia has written to you? Come now, I wish to know all about it."

"That is rather a delicate subject for me to converse about," said Charles.

"Pshaw, you can put your modesty in your eye, but that is not to the point. Did my daughter encourage your visits, and do you care anything for her?"

"That is all true, which you say."

"But I did not say anything: I ask you those questions."

"O—ah—yes—I understand."

"Well, go on."

"I remember making propositions to a young lady by that name; I suppose it was your Julia," said Charles, in a taunting manner.

"Did she consent?"

"She did."

"If that is true, give me your hand;" which was accordingly done, and they went down to the saloon, and took a glass of wine, and then a cigar apiece.

"Now, Father Lambert, I want you to relate the cause of your sudden departure from the Queen City," said Charles, mischievously.

"Well, sonny, I can do that in a few words. Mrs. Lambert and I never enjoyed that peaceful, connubial state, that some people are permitted to enjoy, and a few evenings before I came away, she gave me such a 'candle lecture,' that I determined to let her care for herself for awhile, and see if they would miss me; I also had another reason, which was a lawsuit, that I wanted to avoid, and which would not be undertaken if I were absent; and my absence of two or three years would nullify it altogether."

"Do you think Julia is a chip of the old block?"

"Come, sonny, let us take a walk, and enjoy a little of the pure Italian air, and ambulate about Florence."

They here met a couple of old acquaintances from the Queen City, a Mr. Kellogg, a well known knight of the easel, and Mr. Powers, renowned master of the Greek Slave, who tendered their services in showing our tourists about Florence, and particularly among the fine arts.

The next morning they prepare to extend their pleasure-trip to *formosa Italia*, by taking a coach and bending their journey southward. We next see them entering the city of seven hills, mighty Rome, the eternal city! Classic and modern Rome, in all its glory! Rome, with its hundred spires, showing the pilgrims toward heaven, was now viewed, for the first time, by our weary travelers.

Charles here is pointed to the ruins of the Coliseum, which he recognized, from having seen it on canvas. They took a long, last view of the old amphitheater, that had seated a hundred and fifty thousand people at a single performance. They consume several weeks in scanning the master-pieces of architecture, the vatican, the triumphal arches, and the countless pieces of sculpture and painting.

After feeling fully satisfied, and mentally compensated, they depart for Naples. When they arrive at Naples, "it is evening, and scarcely a breeze ruffles the bosom of the beautiful bay, which resembles a mirror, reflecting on its glassy surface the bright sky, and the thousand glittering stars with which it is studded. Naples, with its white collonades, seen amidst the dark foliage of its terraced gardens, rises like an amphitheater; lights stream from the windows, and fall upon the sea beneath like columns of gold. The Castle of St. Elmo, crowning the center; Vesuvius like a sleeping giant, in grim repose upon the left, and to the right are the vine-crowned heights of beautiful Varmero, with their palaces and villas peeping forth from the groves that surround them; while rising above it, the Convent of Camadoli lifts its head to the skies."

CHAPTER XIII.

A REJECTED SUITOR—ATTEMPTED REVENGE.

"I CANNOT stay in this city: the fates have turned against me in every undertaking," said Lizzie Lane to her ma, as they sat by a December fire. "There is our old house across the street, day by day reminding me of the beginning of our troubles; and many of the pleasant associations of my former days are broken up, leaving me the dregs of my former happiness. Could I but tear myself away from this unhallowed spot, and seek some lonely dwelling place or hermitage, it would be bliss to unwind the thread of life alone, nor hear the hollow words of deceitful friends, nor see the unmeaning smile play upon perjured lips."

"My daughter, you astonish me; I never saw you so discouraged before; if you despair in the full enjoyment of life and health, what will become of your good old father and mother?"

"I do not know what will become of you and pa; but if you could spare me, I would take myself away before a week."

"Come Lizzie, tell me what is the matter: I must know all; perhaps I can sympathize with you or give you some consolation."

"I know you cannot, but I will tell you. It is the natural disposition of the human heart to seek an object upon which to lavish its affections, and having found that being of whom you make an idol, and a shrine of your first affections, do find yourself an heir of disappointment, your hopes blighted in the bud, and your vows crushed upon his adamant heart like empty shells upon the sea-bound rock——"

"Lizzie! that is enough! I understand all: but you shall not worry yourself about him in that manner."

"But how can I help it? my pride is mortified: my feelings trifled with;—I can but wish that I had never seen him, and hope I never shall again."

"Never mind, daughter; it will come right yet, and if not, you remember the old proverb, which says that 'there are as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught.'"

"Yes, I remember; but that is poor consolation. You must think that a person can love any one they choose; but I think a lady who is ready to love every new face, and lavish affection on every new object, is not capable of loving any one, nor will ever be a happy companion, or a contented wife."

"You say a lady; well, what do you think about the men?"

"Pshaw! the men!—I do not believe they ever love anything or anybody."

"Take care, daughter; if you believe that, what makes you jealous of George Lenore?"

"Jealous of George Lenore? because I don't want Julia to love him."

"Well done, Lizzie, you turned that off pretty nice; but now let me tell you what is the matter: I think you have the blues, and will be over it by to-morrow."

"Indeed I will not, nor will I ever be contented in this city, and with your consent, in the spring I will go and assist my uncle in his seminary, as he has so often requested."

"Surely, daughter, you can have my consent, although it would be an affliction to have you absent, yet I wish to see you happy. Perhaps the cause of your trouble is only imaginary: it may be that George only calls on Julia as a pastime, without any serious intentions."

"No, indeed, ma: for last evening I saw Julia, who tells me everything; and she said that George had proposed to her, and that she postponed an answer until she could see me, knowing that George and I were engaged, and to see if I had any objections: of course I had none, since he has acted in that manner, for if he wants Julia, I don't want him: so I told her I would not object: for if I should it would do no good. Although Julia is a true friend of mine, she could not let any one interfere in a matter of that kind; and I do not blame her for taking a fancy to George, for he a prepossessing fellow, if he is fickle-minded."

* * * * *

Julia seemed to be making sad havoc on every side: her wealth, her reputation as a belle, her handsome face and winning smiles brought many admirers, creating rivalry in every quarter.

During the last two months, Julia had been receiving visits from a Dr. H., who managed a visit alternately with George Lenore. The doctor had met with the utmost success, so far as welcome smiles and loving looks were concerned, and thought himself the chosen one, if he only had the courage to propose. Mischievous Julia deserves a reprimand for playing smash with tender hearts; yet it was a game she fondly loved. In former days she had many a moral lecture and kind advice, with regard to conquests and coquetry; yet she heeded not; nor did she remember the words of Lizzie, that they "would come home some day."

Julia had actually given the greatest possible encouragement to Dr. H., and the result is, to-day she receives a little *billet doux* containing important propositions, stipulating for the future, and that he would call on a certain evening for a verbal answer.

Here Julia was making inroads upon Kate Winfield's private affairs, for the doctor had been visiting Kate for more than a year. Although Kate was only admired by the doctor, he had visited her regularly for that length of time, and could give himself no better reason than that he had commenced and never knew any good reason to break off his visits, as Kate was good company, at least. Upon the other

hand, he had won Kate's entire affection, for he was her first beau, and she, in her innocent confidence, had supposed his visits a mark of love toward her, and himself worthy of being loved. At this time, the doctor was entirely smitten with Julia, and was awaiting his doom with the utmost suspense. The appointed evening came, and the doctor was fortunate in finding Julia at home and alone. So far as Julia cared, she would as leave been absent, were she not determined to have some fun at his expense.

Dr. H. was a man of good common-sense, and a mind well balanced; but like many other young fellows, seemed perfectly blind, when required to read the actions of a female; thus permitting himself to be carried to an extreme, that would only result in his own mortification.

Julia was in high glee, this evening, conversing at random, and particularly avoiding any words that might lead to the expected subject. The evening was pretty well advanced, and the doctor determined to approach the desired subject.

"Julia, did you get a note from me, this week?" he inquired.

"Yes, I believe I did— O! I forgot to ask you, doctor, if you had heard the last new song?"

"I believe not," replied the doctor, in a sage tone.

Julia seated herself at the piano and sung the "Mistletoe-Bough."

"That is is very pretty, but you did not say anything about that note I sent you."

"Keep still, Dr. H., I will sing you one more," said Julia, previous to the song, "O I should like to marry," etc.

"Very fine," said the doctor; "are those your sentiments, Julia?"

"No, not by three years, at least."

"Let us lay all jesting aside, and then tell me if you have no regard for the proposals contained in that epistle?"

To tell you the truth, doctor, your letter contained such a mess of hyperboles and hypotheses, that I could not tell what you meant."

"Well, then, I can tell you now; my visits here for this length of time, have been evidence of my attachment for you, and your encouragement has led me to suppose that I was the accepted suitor for your hand, and all that was necessary, was for me to propose and get a minister to consummate the matter."

"Well done, Doctor H., I do believe you are in earnest; why I never thought of such a thing. I have no idea of getting married for three or four years; and if I did, I do not think our dispositions would suit each other at all. I had no idea of——."

"Well, that will do for you; don't say another word to me, Julia;" and the doctor took his departure very abruptly.

He was one of those sanguine temperaments, which was now aroused to the highest point; wounded pride, disappointment, and revenge now lurked in every vein; every moment increased a hatred, caused by unreci-

procated love. He sought dissipation for relief, which only crazed his troubled mind, and more inflamed his spirit of revenge. Day after day went by, but yet his desperation increased. Night after night, he watched the house, and yet accomplished nothing, but to aggravate his soul. He often heard her merry laugh and happy words; and that increased his jealous hatred yet the more.

"She has destroyed my future happiness—my life, by her deceitful lips, and can I live to see her fair hand bestowed upon another? I cannot; I will seek revenge most foul, and thus complete my misery."

It was a dark, rainy night; few people could be seen upon the street. Dr. H., groped his way through a dark alley to the rear of the Lambert mansion; he entered the back gate, and left it open, while he moved forward to a place where he could see into the kitchen, as the door stood ajar. A few burning embers in the dining-room, starting into a bright blaze, assisted his vision faintly to that department. He stationed himself in a place where he could look into the kitchen and see if any one approached. There he stood, half-crazed by his augmented ills, and raving mad with his vile imaginations, with a deadly weapon in his hand.

"There comes a form; I know that shawl and silken robe: I shall stain it now." A report followed—she fell. He threw the revolver into the kitchen, and made his escape.

Julia and George, who were conversing in the parlor, now hastened back to whence the sound proceeded; but poor Bridget was no more—she had killed herself—there lay the pistol.

"Yes, she has had more trouble than she could endure, and has taken this mode to terminate her misery," said George.

"She must have been crazy; there is my shawl and dress upon her uncouth form," said Julia.

The coroner and priest were sent for, and the body disposed of.

The next morning found Dr. H. on the cars, bound for the lakes. The deed was done; remorse of conscience now completed his misery. A thousand evil spirits haunted him all day long, and yet he journeyed on in haste, "as the wicked flee when no man pursueth." He passed a restless night at Cleveland; in the morning picked up a Cincinnati paper, to see what was said; when his eyes caught the following:

"SUICIDE—On last evening, one of the domestics at the residence of Mrs. Lambert, committed suicide. She had acted strangely for several days previous; and in a crazy spell, had put on the clothes of the young lady of the house, and then committed the deed."

"Pshaw—suicide; well if that is the way it has turned out, I will return to the city; for I don't care anything about it—what business had she to steal Julia's wardrobe. I could dissect a half dozen such girls for stealing; but I am satisfied now—

I am glad it is no worse. Yes, I will return—I don't care a straw—I believe providence wanted her killed for stealing, and appointed me the instrument."

CHAPTER XIV.

PETTY-FRAUDING—GEORGE LENORE'S PROGRESS.

It is a bitter cold day. The very atmosphere seems blue; silver beads glisten on every tree along the pave; the icy-plated bowlders repel the oblique rays of the morning sun; the mercury even crouched within the tube, rather than face the northern blast; yet the industrious citizen supped his coffee, and ventured forth to his daily occupation.

"I do not think you should venture out this cold morning; you had better let Biddy go to market, and you stay at home, and take care of yourself," said Mr. Winfield to Mrs. Pettifroid, as they were finishing breakfast.

"Why, what does this mean," thought Kate, "this unusual care about her taking cold. I should think she was old enough to know how to take care of herself. But it is not strange, for these widowers always act the fool when women are about."

"O no, I do not think there is any danger of taking cold, if I walk fast, and beside I am pent up in the house so much, that I think this bracing atmosphere will do me good, Andrew."

"There it is again; what familiarity! she calls my father 'Andrew!' and what a piece of boldness: I

should think father would resent that, as he would never permit my mother to call him by his first name, or address him in any other terms than 'Mr. Winfield,'" muttered Kate to herself.

"Well, have your own way; but you had better put on those India-rubbers, lest you might get a serious fall upon the slippery pavement."

"Now, I cannot bear my father to look at a woman; and if these two old fogies increase their familiar talk, she shall leave this house, or I shall marry the first man that offers, and leave it myself;" thus soliloquized Kate, yet said not a word.

Mrs. Pettifroid ventured forth through the market, and soon had a couple of baskets filled with the best things of the season; then bent her steps toward the residence of her children. She found the two couple seated around a small stove, in which they had just built a small fire, and were waiting for breakfast to come itself.

"You lazy things, why did you not meet me at the corner? here I have had to carry these two baskets, and my arms are nearly broken."

"It is such a cold morning, mother, that we thought we would not venture out, knowing that you would come and see what was the matter—and now you see don't you?"

"Yes, and I have a notion not to let you have anything to eat, for your laziness."

"Let us see," said Dorothy, as she took one of the baskets and placed its contents on a side table, "Ah,

here are two very nice steaks; I think they will last us a couple of days, with the turnips and potatoes;—but, ma, you did not get any bread, and beside, we are out of coffee.”

“Here is a dollar; send one of those boys to the grocery, said Mrs. P.,” as she took her leave.

“Kate,” said she, when she reached home, “I had a great time in market, this morning, to find anything fit to eat, and this cold weather makes everything so high priced. Your father gave me three dollars, to go to market with, and here is not a basket full.”

“Then you must ask him for more money,” said Kate in a pettish tone.

“Yes, but then I hate to be going ding-dong from morning till night for money, lest he might think I am extravagant.”

“He likes a good dinner, let it cost what it may, and you had better get him to increase the market-money,” said Kate.

“I think the best thing your father can do, is to get married to some economical and kind woman, and then everything will go right.”

“Yes, I will scratch his eyes, if he ever attempts to bring a step-mother over my young sisters.”

“You should not talk so, Kate, for your father must do as he thinks best for himself and family; and beside he seems so lonesome, that I really pity him, for I know no one could cheer him up like a wife.”

Kate deliberately walked out of the room without

making a reply, as it was anything but a pleasant subject. She seated herself in her own room, and passed her time in transferring a collar of the latest pattern, as she had a presentiment that Dr. H. might call that evening, and she wanted to look as neat as possible, and put the best foot foremost, hoping that she might catch the doctor for a husband, as he was a man of good standing in society. The evening came, and brought Dr. H., according to Kate's expectations.

“Doctor, you are almost a stranger;—I have not seen you for a fortnight,” remarked Kate, as they both seated themselves by a coal fire, in the front parlor.

“I would have called before, but I have been absent from the city for a few days—having made a pleasure trip to the lakes: had a fine time, and only returned yesterday.”

“I suppose your patients all recovered during your absence,” said Kate.

“Hurrah for you, Kate: you are quite witty at my expense.”

“Only in fun, doctor; but you must tell me about your trip up north, or some city news, for I have not heard anything since you were here.”

“Kate, if you promise not to be jealous, I will tell you a little joke.”

“I am sure I have nothing to be jealous of.”

“Then, I will proceed. Your neighbor Miss Julia is such a flirt and coquette, that she has jilted nearly

every young fellow about town. I understood that she will pretend to be desperately in love with every fellow that comes along; make an engagement with him, and after awhile will cut his acquaintance, and tell him to go his way; so I thought I would pay her in her own coin. I commenced visiting her about a year since, and kept it up constantly until I had the vanity to think that she was smitten with my humble self, then I put on all the agony that was possible, and made proposals of marriage, which she accepted, and I have never visited her since, and never intend to enter her house again, and I know she feels flat about the matter, for it is the first time she was ever trifled with in that manner."

"That was a pretty good trick, doctor, but what does she care? she has a dozen more beaux by this time," said Kate.

"We will pass that subject, Kate; but while I think of it, I wanted to ask your opinion about a certain subject, if you do not think it meddling in family affairs; it is this: it appears that Julia told George Lenore, and George told me, that your father was going to get married before a great while."

"This is the first that I have heard of it; but you know that people must have something to talk about," said Kate.

"I thought, perhaps, there was nothing of it, although I heard the name, which was something like Pettyfroggy—do you know any one by that name?"

"You must mean our house-keeper; but you don't

suppose he is going to marry her? If he is, it is time I was leaving the house, for I could never get along with her as a step-mother; but I don't believe there is a word of truth in it," said Kate.

"Ah, well, if you talk about leaving the house, I am almost willing that he shall get married; then, perhaps, I could have the pleasure of taking you away: in other words, I am looking for a wife, and do not care about extending my search, if I can get your consent."

"Is that the way you proposed to Julia?"

"No, indeed, I am in earnest this time; I hope I have a better opinion of you than I had of Julia, and have no reason to treat you in that manner."

"I will think about it, and give you an answer the next time you call."

* * * * *

This is the first day of March and we have not appointed the particular day when we shall leave this state of single-blessedness," said George Lenore, as he and Julia sat cozily in the elegantly furnished parlor of the Lambert mansion.

"Yes, George, I have thought of a suitable day for such an occasion, which is only two months hence—the first day of May, as that is the day I love, the most cheerful of all the year."

"You could not have suited me better," said George, "and then we will be in the fashion, and have plenty of company, for so many are going to get married this summer. I do believe marriage has

its revivals just like other religious institutions, and is as contagious as the measles. I know of several ceremonies of a nuptial nature that will take place this coming spring, one of which is that of Mr. Winfield."

"Is it possible?" said Julia, "I did not know that; but I believe my ma is going to take the same train."

"Yes, and Kate Winfield," said George.

"Who is Kate's intended?"

"Dr. H., I believe."

"Is it possible that Kate is going to marry that fool? Why he called on me several times, and had the impudence to propose, and I sent him off in a jiffy."

"Yes, and Dr. H. told me that he never loved but one lady, and she had disappointed him; therefore, he was going to marry Kate Winfield for spite," said George.

In the meantime, Miss Lizzie Lane had received an offer from her uncle to take charge of a class in his seminary at Coveland, which is about fifty miles from the Queen City. The offer had been accepted both on account of the pecuniary compensation and her removal from the Queen City, which was at present an unpleasant home. Her wardrobe had been somewhat replenished; she had made a farewell call upon Julia and her other friends, and leaving behind proper instructions as to the care of Joel Burner, the pauper, who still resided in the attic, she bade farewell to her parents and home

"What is your advice, Harry, about Lizzie Lane, and my affairs?" said George to his confidential friend, as they were taking a stroll after tea. "Now, I have not done right in making an engagement with Lizzie, and then, by degrees, dropping off my visits, without a word of explanation."

"Then, why don't you go there this very evening, and tell her that you have not the means to support a wife, and have given up the idea of getting married?"

"I believe I will; and then I will report to you when I get back to the hotel; so, good night, Harry, until I see you again."

George bent his steps to the residence of Lizzie Lane. After a tap on the door, he was met by Mrs. Lane.

"Is Miss Lizzie at home this evening?"

"She is not; she has left Cincinnati, and gone elsewhere to reside."

So suddenly foiled in his expectations, he bade Mrs. Lane a "good night" without any further words. He soon returned to the hotel where he met Harry.

"Ho, ho; George, did she ask to be excused that you have returned so soon?"

"Oh, no; she has left Cincinnati and gone to reside somewhere else."

"That suits you exactly, I suppose; now you can have things your own way."

"No, it don't; I wanted to see Lizzie to-night. I do wonder where the little queen has gone."

"George, I am astonished at you. I do believe that you think more about Lizzie than you do of Julia."

"You are right, Harry."

"Then why, in the name of common sense, don't you marry the girl you love, and not be running after Jule Lambert?" said Harry.

"The fact is, Harry, I was first enamored by Julia's winning ways, and then I thought how sumptuously I could live, if I shared her wealth; then I pushed my suit, made proposals which were accepted, and even the day is set for our wedding."

"Is that true, George? then why did you not tell me before?"

"Because we only settled the matter last evening."

"Now you have things in a pretty fix, and I will wager a new suit of clothes that you never marry that Jule Lambert, for she has flirted so many fellows of my acquaintance that I have no confidence in her."

"That's a bet, is it Harry? Well, I accept it; but don't tease me any more. Let's go down below and take something to drink and a game of whist."

CHAPTER XV.

A LETTER FROM HOME—UNWELCOME NEWS.

Should no misfortune cross our path,
Then earth would be an Eden.

MR. LAMBERT and Charles had returned to Florence, after completing their visit to Naples. The winter was nearly passed, and happy were its reflections upon Charles and Lambert; for nothing in the way of pleasures had escaped their attention. They had enjoyed the society of the Italian ladies; had attended the various places of amusement in Florence—spending many an evening at the opera, and many a night in the ball-room: the former seemed a delicious pastime; the latter, a perfect delight.

"Charles, I have just been thinking about those Italian girls at the dance last night—that peculiar shrug of the shoulder, and those expressive smiles," said the old man, as he and Charles were enjoying a Havana after breakfast.

"Don't mention them again; for I am almost in love with M^{lle} Laconi; she waltzed delightfully last night. She went through the Leontine waltz with such ease, that when I wearied, she seemed to have just commenced. I do wonder where she resides; I am almost

tempted to search Florence, to get one more glimpse of her. But stop! I must not—I dare not; for I have obligations with another.”

“Come, Charles, you are getting excited over your cup and cigar; let us take a walk, for it is time we went to the post-office again. Perhaps we will get some news from home, that will cast those Italian signoritas in the shade; and yet we have had a gay time this winter, but I am afraid it will not last always.”

“Why think so?”

“Well, Charles, as I am older than you, I have, of course, observed and experienced more; and I have always noticed, that after a siege of pleasure, will follow some serious or annoying troubles. Now look back and see how fortunate and prosperous we have been ever since we left home; we have crossed the Atlantic, and traversed Europe, without an accident; and, at the same time, enjoying perfect health and high spirits all the while. Now the good God is not in the habit of dealing continual prosperity to one, and adversity to another, but he distributes them around, and so we may expect that our turn will come some time.”

“Lambert, you are quite a philosopher; but I think you must have dreamed of snakes last night, or else you have the horrors most completely, to be indulging in such unpleasant themes. Ah! here is the post-office.”

A few moments, and Charles was in possession of a letter from his native soil.

“What a treasure. Well, let us see who it is from,” said Charles, as he separated the seal, and took a glance at the autograph of Lizzie Lane. “How strange that Lizzie should write to me; let us see what she has to say.” Charles perused the missive, while they walked back toward the hotel; Mr. Lambert, in the meantime, watching the various lines of Charles’ countenance.

“Why, Charles, what is the matter? No bad news, I hope.”

“Here, read for yourself, I have done with it, and I think you are as much concerned as myself,” and he handed the letter to his companion, who soon became interested in its perusal.

Mr. Lambert soon discovered that his family had been living extravagantly—had made sale of the old Lane house to defray expenses; but that was only equivalent to the fact, by way of vexation, that Charles was going to have a bran-new step-mother; and the fact that Mrs. Lambert had wept the loss of her husband, and was going to marry as soon as a sufficient time had elapsed, was only parallel with the fact, that Julia was going to take advantage of Charles’ absence, and bestow her hand upon George Lenore; and all these things to take place by the first of May.

Such was the information contained in Lizzie’s

letter ; which aroused the mortification of one, and the chagrin of the other.

"What did I tell you, Charles ? You see I had a kind of presentiment of all this—I felt it in my bones, like the rheumatism before a rain. Now we are in a pretty fix, so far from home ; and I am going to lose my wife, and you your intended. Now what shall we do ?"

"Well, I think we had better prepare for home with all possible speed, as those things may not take place until the first of May, and we have two months in which to accomplish the journey, and with good luck we may stop proceedings."

"Well, if you say so, Charles, we will pull up stakes this very night, and in the morning start for Leghorn ; and if we do not reach home in time to impede their arrangements, we will emigrate ourselves to Mormon City, and take a half dozen wives, just for spite."

"Come, old man, you need not make sport of such affairs, for I feel more like cutting my throat."

"Pshaw, Charles, we might as well make sport of it until we get home, and then we can rejoice or weep, as the occasion may require."

That night Charles and Co. packed their trunks, and the morning found them on the first conveyance that left Florence for Leghorn, which latter place they reached in safety, where they remained a few days, waiting for a ship. The day came, and they took their departure ; a long and tedious journey carried them

through the Mediterranean, when a fair wind brought them upon the mighty Atlantic. They now wafted their thoughts back to beautiful Italy, the land of fine arts and lazzaroni, and forward to their homes, gloomily contemplating what might take place ere they could reach their destination.

CHAPTER XVI.

SEMINARY LIFE.

LIZZIE had already commenced her duties in the seminary, which consisted in her taking charge of some primary classes, while a part of each day she recited in some of the higher classes. Her uncle, Paul Bard, was the principal of this seminary, at Coveland, which had a valuable reputation at home and abroad, on account of the strict rules of government, and strait-jacket requirements of the institution; which the old fogies of the present day think absolutely necessary, to bring up children in a way that *they never go afterward.*

It is enough to chill every spark of innate genius, to be compelled to undergo the daily drilling of certain institutions in this republic. Freedom of limbs and lungs is a stranger to the inmates, and yet we wonder how so many pale-faced females are seen among the higher class. A seminary off in a secluded grove, yet the student is not permitted to talk loud, or laugh out! A hundred acres of land inclosed about the buildings, yet a race or a romp through the tempting grove would be an offense worthy of punishment, and very unbecoming, for fear of showing an embroidered skirt

to strangers; yet no one is permitted to enter the grounds except on business!

The Coveland Seminary was situated upon grounds of the above dimensions, with cultivated fore-grounds, while in the rear of the main building was a grove of trees that nature had planted more than a century past, such as the oak, beech, elm, etc.; yet the timid squirrel jumped from limb to limb, not frightened by the girls, who were sometimes permitted to take a peaceful stroll beneath the foliage during the hot days of summer.

Lizzie was permitted to room (as they termed it), with one of the girls of the senior class, to whom she soon became much attached. Lizzie was loved for her frank and candid manner. She loved Kate, for she was full of life—mischievous lurked in her black eyes, and a perfect defiance to anything serious, seemed a prominent feature of her character; and it was well for Lizzie, as it had a tendency to drive away those gloomy feelings that persuaded her to seek such secluded society, in preference to the gay scenes of the Queen City.

Lizzie had no time here to indulge in the gloomy thoughts of the past, nor opportunity, where Kate was, yet the iron rules of the institution seemed an impediment to perfect cheerfulness—such rules and regulations as should have perished with the blue-laws and witch-craft long ago.

To rise at such an hour, ill or well; eat at such a time, hungry or not; study so many hours each day;

walk so far, and so fast; not laugh loud, or talk much; must not retire before eight, or sit up after nine; nor wear jewelry, nor carry musk; neither eat meat, nor drink coffee; could not receive a visit from a male friend, unless the principal was present; nor write a letter home, unless they inspected it. Such were only a part of the rules, which were printed upon a card, and suspended upon the wall in each room.

Although Lizzie was assistant in the primary classes, yet she was subject to these rules and their penalties, with the other inmates of the institution. Lizzie never thought of such prison-like precision, and especially from her uncle, but she soon learned never to expect favors from a relative; in fact, she believed him more strict with her than with the rest; perhaps it was because she was not accustomed to such strait-jacket requirements.

A month or two had already elapsed since her commencement, and she determined upon a little freedom of action, even at the expense of a scolding; so one day after her morning recitations, she ventured forth by herself to take a general view of the dimensions of the grove, by way of strolling around, although she knew it was against the rules, yet she knew her uncle was hearing a recitation, and would be through about dinner-time; so thinking of matters, she found her way leisurely along the shell walk until she reached the front gate, where the main road passed that led to the village; she here enjoyed a full view of persons, carriages, etc.

A half-hour thus spent seemed like a few moments to Lizzie; but to make the best of her time, away she skipped like a fawn, keeping along the outer edge of the grove; now taking a glance toward the seminary: alas, she beholds her old uncle looking out of his recitation window, beckoning to her. She did not think she had gone around on his side of the seminary so soon. Lizzie now returned with pensive feelings to the seminary, reaching there just as the dinner-bell rang; they met at the dinner-table; her uncle looked at her with a frown—she knew something was in store for her.

Dinner being over, her uncle approached, "Miss Lane, I wish to see you in my recitation room;" and with dignified steps he marched through the long hall, and poor Lizzie, half-frightened, followed behind. When they had seated themselves alone, Mr. Bard said,

"If you know the rules of this institution, how did you happen to be romping around through the woods, at this time of the day, without my consent?"

"I thought it was no harm, as I was through with my lessons."

"No difference what you thought you were through with!—you must not talk back to me in that way!—I will not permit it, and beside if my rules cannot be obeyed, I may as well give up the control of my institution at once; no, you must be punished for your disobedience, come along."

Lizzie followed him toward another room. Meantime her fright did not overcome her pugnacity, for she was resolved, if he touched her, to fight and scratch like a cat. It was the first time good-natured Lizzie was ever aroused to such a pitch. Ah, here he opened the door of a large vacant room.

"Now, you can stay there the rest of the day, and see what you think of yourself," said her uncle; giving her a push, he closed the large door and locked it.

Lizzie now looked around the apartment—not a single thing in the room but herself—not even a carpet adorned the floor. A long room it was, with a small window next to the grove, which admitted a gloomy light; there was not even a chair to sit upon.

Lizzie was now alone in her agony, which you may well term such treatment to one so innocent and timid as Lizzie was. Angry, grieved, and mortified, she sat down in the middle of the floor and wept. The lachrymal fountains seemed broken up, as the burning tears fell fast upon her throbbing bosom: one moment she would appeal to resolution, and wipe away her tears, and then resolve to run away the first opportunity; then again give way to her feelings, and think what a miserable, unhappy mortal she was; what a fool she had made of herself, and what a disgrace to the seminary, fearing that she would be hated by her associates, and a reproach to her parents; then burst forth in tears; now wipe her eyes, and in her ire would clench her delicate fist, and wish

her uncle Paul would fall down the stairs and break his neck, as she was not large enough to fight him, and beside he might *leave her some property*, which would compensate her for such treatment. These things run through Lizzie's mind in a moment of time, yet it seemed to her like an age.

While in this durance vile, Lizzie heard some one approach the door, and the bolt slide back in the lock, and that was all, for she heard no one come or go. She now went to the door, made escape from thence to her room, which she found almost as vacant as the one she had just left, for Kate was absent at recitation. Lizzie seated herself and tried to assume an air of cheerfulness, as Kate came skipping into the room as merry as a cricket, and imprinted a kiss on her forehead.

"Why, Lizzie, you have not been crying? Such nonsense—I would not have noticed such things. I saw old Paul 'taking you through the mill,' as we call it, and I was afraid you would take it to heart. Now, I was in there twice before I had been here a month, and never shed a tear. I see your eyes are all swollen, and you have not been there more than a half an hour, and I have been there four hours at a time, and you would have been there that long, if I had not let you out."

"Now, Kate, did you unlock the door?"

"Certainly I did."

"I fear he will make me go back, and I will go now, lest he should find me out and punish me more."

"No, don't you do it, for all he will do will be to unlock the door; I will go and lock it now, and he will think you are in there."

Lizzie now feeling somewhat relieved, sat down to write a letter to her ma—merely to send home her earnings, and to tell them that she was getting along admirably, for she would not dare to write otherwise, as no letter was permitted to leave the seminary without Paul's perusal.

CHAPTER XVII.

A STEPMOTHER'S RECEPTION.

"You need not fly into such a passion, daughter, for that will not do any good; I have resolved to get married, and have consulted no one's interest but my own; yet I thought it best to tell you beforehand; but I had not an idea that you would make any objections to anything that would add to my happiness and our welfare," said Mr. Winfield to Kate as he found her alone in her room.

"Father it is embarrassing for me to talk with you on such a subject, but I don't know what, in the name of common sense, you want to get married for, in your old age. I would rather take charge of the work myself, than to have a mistress and stepmother over myself and young sisters; and it will be severe enough to Charles to return and find his mother gone, let alone having a stranger in her place. Another thing, I don't think you would be doing well at all, to marry that woman. I should think you would hold your head a little higher, and try to get some one of a better family."

"That is another frivolous excuse, Kate. I look to the good of all, and I think she is an economical,

kind-hearted woman ; but I see there's no use of talking to you."

"Stop father ; did Dr. H. call on you to-day ?"

"He did."

"And what was the result ?"

"He came to get my consent, and got it."

"That was right ; but you will never get mine, father," said Kate, as she left the room.

A few days after this conversation, Mr. Winfield and Mrs. Pettifroid left the city for a week, to visit some of her relatives at the north, leaving Kate to keep charge of affairs during their absence. They had no sooner started than Mrs. Lambert came in.

"Miss Kate, your father wished me to tell you that they will be married before their return, and hopes you will have everything in perfect order when they get home, as they will be receiving much company, and Mrs. Winfield will not take charge of affairs for a while at least."

"Much obliged to you, Mrs. Lambert, and I will try to have everything in the most perfect *disorder*."

"How you talk, Kate. I should think you would be glad to have your father marry so kind a woman to take charge of your younger sisters."

"No one can fill the place of my mother, and it is only mockery to attempt such a thing."

"Kate, you must not think hard of me, for your father requested me to tell you, and I have done accordingly ; so, good day."

In the evening Dr. H. called and received Kate's consent to his previous proposal, and also learned from Kate, that the sooner the contract was finished, the better ; for she was determined not to remain under the sovereignty of a stepmother ; therefore, the doctor was ready to comply with the immediate termination of arrangements.

On the following day Kate ransacked the house, collecting every shred of wardrobe, and every little valuable trinket that had belonged to her own dear mother, from a set of china dishes down to the little shell pin-cushion, and stored them away in a large old-fashioned chest, ready for any emergency ; at the same time keeping her eye on the old arm chair, sewing-basket, and work-table, which she intended to claim in remembrance of her mother.

On Thursday, Kate received a letter from her father, who had been absent since Monday. He wrote that he would be home Saturday evening. He hoped that she would be reconciled to the matter by that time, and would make everything look cheerful for her new mother and prepare a nice cup of tea for them, as they would be coming home tired and late on Saturday evening.

"Not a drop of tea will I get for them," said Kate, as she threw the letter upon the floor. "Ah, there is a postscript ; I must read that ;" and picking up the letter, resumed her reading.

"P. S.—Daughter, I nearly forgot to tell you that we

met your old friend, the Rev. Mr. Shepherd, who tied the knot for us."

"I wish they had met the sheriff and had the knot tied under the chin," said Kate, throwing the letter into the fire, and nervously resuming some sewing for her private benefit.

Saturday night came along. Bridget had given the girls their supper early, and let them retire.

"How cold it is, dear, for this season of the year," said Mr. Winfield, as he took his lady's hand to help her from the carriage, "but we are home again, and Kate will soon give us a warm cup of tea, and then we will feel comfortable."

"Mercy, Andrew, how gloomy the house looks—not a light or fire in the parlor."

Jingle, jingle, went the door-bell, and Bridget was soon at the door.

"What is the news, Bridget?"

"An' they are all well to be shure. An' wont ye be aafter getting up stairs, for there is a nice fire in your room."

"Yes, we will go up, for it is very cold."

"Bless me, the dear children both fast asleep," said Mrs. Winfield, as they entered the room. I do wonder where Kate is; but I suppose she is in the dining-room, preparing tea. I will go down. Come, dear, and go with me, for we must have a cup of tea immediately, to drive off the chill."

"Gracious, wife, how dark the dining-room is!

Bridget, bring a light," hallooed Mr. Winfield, in a vociferous tone.

Bridget hastened to the scene, which exposed a dinning-room as vacant as a turnpike.

"Where is Kate? Why isn't supper ready? What do you mean? Where is Kate?" again he bawled.

"Faith an' Kate lives at number —, Fourth strate."

"Leave my house, you Irish Biddy," said Mr. W., looking for a broom-stick.

"And that's what I'm after doin'," said Bridget, as she disappeared for the last time through the back door.

"Now we are in a pretty fix; I should have thought Kate would have had more respect for me, than to have treated us in this manner. Never mind, husband, we can soon have some supper, you go down cellar and get some wood. I will have something cooked in a very little while."

Andrew finds his way to the cellar, while Mrs. W. explored the cupboard, and found a slice of bread a week old, and about a thimble full of tea. Andrew arrives at the top of the stairs with a bucket full of coal, as the wood was just out. As coal stoves were not in fashion then, his fuel was not in demand. So matters grew more provoking as they advanced, until Mr. Winfield felt like going out and tearing a board off the fence; but happily his lady hits upon a plan,

to step in to her friend Mrs. Lambert, to borrow the necessary ingredients for an infair supper, and enough to last until Monday, which was accordingly done.

During the past week, Dr. H. had furnished his neat dwelling on Fourth Street, and on the unfashionable, but convenient Saturday evening, had taken Kate, the minister, and a few friends to his house, where, after the ceremonies, they enjoyed a collation of oysters, wines, etc., which would have tickled the palates of the "old folks at home." All passed off pleasantly that evening at the young doctor's wedding; while the old folks were in a muss at home.

Sunday morning came, which found the young couple as comfortably situated as if they had been housekeeping for a year; and Bridget was there early, to do the work.

"Well, Bridget, what did father say last night, when he came home and found me gone?"

"An' sure, an' he was very wrothy, and spake for me to leave the house, which I did in a hurry, to be sure, afther telling him where you lived."

"Bridget, go and make a fire in the parlor. I expect, doctor, that father will be here to-day, and angry enough to box my ears, and I want you to stay at home and protect me."

"I will see that he makes no demonstrations of ill humor in my house."

"You should say, *our house*," remarked Kate, in a jest.

"O yes, our house; excuse me, Kate, and I will remember the phrase, after this."

They were now seated in the parlor, and their conversation was interrupted by the door-bell. Bridget hastens to the door.

"Is my daughter here?"

"Yes, sir; walk in," and Mr. Winfield was introduced to his daughter, Mrs. H., and husband.

The meeting was very different from what was expected. The father seemed happy to see them, and in perfect good humor; gave the doctor his hand, and Kate a kiss, wishing them a happy life, prosperity, etc. He knew Kate was opposed to his proceedings in getting married, and in her provocation had served them the trick of Saturday night, and the best retort was to say nothing about it. He chatted an hour with them, and, on leaving, gave them a cordial invitation to return his call.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A STORM ON THE SEA.

The winds let loose to howl and rave,
Around their ship upon the wave.

CHARLES and Lambert were in the height of anxiety to reach their native land in safety, being perfectly tired of voyaging, although their journey had been a prosperous one thus far; and the captain informed them, that, with the fair wind they now had, they would reach New York in a few days; but, from the appearance of the setting sun, and the indications of the barometer, he feared a gale.

The white-capped waves are now swelling, and the sails filled to a bending mast; as Charles and company retired, night was advancing, but the moon, which was far above the horizon, had not shown its face through the gathering clouds, that formed a dark canopy over the gallant ship, and reflected their somber forms in the mighty deep. Each moment the gale increased; now the orders to take in sail, were followed by general confusion. The brave bark battling with the storm, aroused every inmate to a sense of anxiety and uneasiness; the angry waves ran high, tossing the ship about, as an empty shell; the light-

ning flashed at intervals across their path, as if to make a victim of their vessel before the morning dawn.

"Work fast, brave boys!" said the captain, as the top-sail was rent to ribbons, "close the hatchway, the water dashes in."

"Captain, is there much danger?" said one.

"Are we lost?" said another.

"I never knew the wind to blow so hard—it's a hurricane, I almost fear the result," said the captain.

The running to and fro of passengers, the weeping humanity, the pallid faces, the clustering together of friends, now formed an indescribable scene, baffling description. The lightning now seemed one continued blaze, as if Satan had opened the door of his dwelling to give them entrance; the thunder muttered and groaned, as if the Almighty was giving orders for their destruction; the waves beating against the ship, sounded like a death-rattle to their ears.

"Mercy, what a crash!" said the captain, as the mainmast was swept from the deck, almost rending the ship in twain. "All is right yet," he continued; to give them some consolation.

"A leak! she has sprung a leak!" cried one of the crew from below.

"Then man the pumps in haste," cried the captain.

All hands went to work; morning dawned, and the storm of a night lulled itself gradually away, as if discouraged in its attempt to utterly destroy the

vessel; yet satisfied with the mastless, mangled and leaky condition in which it left them.

With every human exertion they had thus far managed to keep the water from filling the vessel, but some assistance must come soon, as their strength would not last much longer, and they could make no progress in their mastless vessel.

Noonday found no assistance for them. The water was gaining on them; they hung out a signal of distress; the day was passing away, and not a ray of hope to cheer their frantic minds. They well knew that another day would never dawn upon their leaking vessel.

It was almost sunset, as two vessels were attracted to their assistance; all were filled with anxiety and fear, lest they might sink before the vessels would reach them; one of which was a British ship, bound for New York; the other a Spanish vessel, bound for home. They were now within speaking distance, as the captain ordered all passengers on the upper deck.

"Be quick, she will not last five minutes," cried one of the crew; "the pumps are stopped—the water is rushing in."

General confusion followed; some were grasping pieces of timber, others spring to the yawl, others threw themselves upon the waves as the ship went down like a piece of lead; the life-boats were filled, and many holding fast, who were not able to raise themselves up; others were keeping themselves up

by pieces of wood, while the water was dashing in their face, almost strangling them as the two ships came up. Many were saved and some perished; many of those taken up were so prostrated that they could not tell whence they came or where they were going.

Now we turn aside from the calamities at sea to inquire about matters at home. Mr. Goldleaf's visits had become more frequent since his success in gaining widow Lambert's consent. He looks forward to the time when he will form a co-partnership with the proprietress of the Lambert mansion, which time had been agreed upon, and would take place about the middle of the approaching summer.

Julia, however, had fixed upon the first day of May, which would terminate her flirtations with the young gentlemen, and grant her the opportunity of confining her remarks to George Lenore for life. The time had almost come: as April showers were falling fast, inviting May-flowers to hasten forth and deck Miss Julia on the bridal eve. Julia was fond of gathering wild flowers, and had resolved to terminate her pleasures of single life by gathering May-day flowers, and have them witness the happy scene on May-day eve. Meantime her intended, George Lenore, busied himself in making preparation for the all important act of his life, and revolving in his mind with much anxiety, whether she could make an affectionate companion, considering how many fellows

she had admired; whether he would be a suitable companion for one so rich and gay; whether his or her affections would always last, and whether the time would ever come as each day seemed like a month.

George had strange feelings about this matter, hence such strange thoughts. He often thought of Harry's bet, that he never would marry Julia. He often thought how old Lambert hated him, and threatened to haunt him if he married her; and even feared the old gent might still live, and make his appearance at some future day. Neither did he forget his first love, Miss Lizzie Lane, nor his rival, Charles Winfield; but then he thought of the old adage, that the course of true love never runs smooth, and the most valued prize is the spoil of the hardest fight.

* * * * *

"Ma, my white satin has come from the mantua makers, and fits me handsomely; those other silks will be done this week, I hope they will please me as well. Now what else must I have, as I want to make a grand *debut* into the married world; and, besides the Goosebecks and Blickfords will be here, and you know how fastidious they are about such things."

"Yes, daughter, you must go down to Shillito's, and get one of those Honiton Bertha Capes; if it costs a hundred dollars you must have it; also that bridal veil, at twenty more than the capé; then you must have a few of those fine handkerchiefs, and get one with point-lace around it, about four inches wide, etc.

We might as well make a grand affair out of it this time, for such things do not occur very often in one family; but, my gracious, I do not know how we will keep up appearances afterward, unless our husbands make money like Jehu—however George is a promising lawyer, and Mr. Goldleaf is substantially wealthy; I think we will be running no risk. Yet by the time we are both married, we will have the old Lane house on our back, that is the proceeds of it; and when that is done, they will have to launch out the funds all the time. Don't you think so, daughter?"

"Yes, ma, I agree with you; but we will not talk longer now, as I must go a shopping."

Julia spent the afternoon in making her purchases, and last calls on her particular friends. In the evening, she and her ma had decided upon what persons to invite, and which minister was to officiate on the occasion; thus finishing verbal arrangements, Julia picked up the evening paper, to read aloud to her ma, as she often did.

"Mercy, ma, here is an awful disaster at sea—fifty or more lives lost; what an awful thing, so many human beings to find a watery grave. Do let us read it and see what it says; here is a list of the missing, let us see if we know any of them."

Julia gave a sudden scream, and fainting, fell in her mother's arms.

"My daughter, what is the matter?" said Mrs. Lambert, as she reached some water from the side-board and dashed it in Julia's face.

Julia revived, muttering, "My father, O my father is lost!" and Mrs. Lambert, preparing herself for the worst, picked up the paper, and found in the list of missing, the names of Mr. Lambert and Charles Winfield.

Here was mystery mingled with grief. Where had Mr. Lambert been all this time, and how he and Charles should happen to be on the same vessel, were questions that time only might solve. 'Tis enough to say that instead of the white satin dress and nuptial ceremonies, they donned entire black, and postponed everything; as Julia's grief was too great to think of weddings, for she loved her father devotedly. Hence the wedding-day was postponed until the first of August.

* * * * *

If the reader could now take a glimpse into the Winfield family under the new arrangements, he would find that Andrew had entirely recovered from his former afflictions; already had the image of his first wife fled from his mind; in fact he strove to banish all remembrance, lest it might sadden his spirits, and unfit him for a cheerful companion for his present wife; in other words, he could not worship the living and weep for the dead at the same time.

As for Mrs. W., she had married in a respectable family, her husband was wealthy, which would prevent her and her own children from ever coming to want; as she was his private treasurer, she could distribute small amounts with her children, and the old gentleman never knew anything about it.

"Yes, Andrew, I think we ought to buy our groceries by the wholesale; you would not only save money by it, but you would save me a thousand errands during the year, as I would always be running to the grocery, for I would not trust the servant-girl with the money, and you have not the time to spare."

"I agree with you exactly, and to-morrow I will order a supply of groceries and vegetables," remarked Andrew, as he sat hemmed up in one corner of the fireplace on a Sunday evening.

"Besides, Andrew, I must have some funds, to make some purchases of dry-goods for family use; I only want to get a couple pieces of muslin, a piece of linen, and some black silk, for I must have a black flounced dress; that is all."

"Very well, here is fifty dollars, which is enough, I suppose."

Monday came, and Mrs. W. went a shopping, purchased a dozen yards of cheap muslin and a few yards of linen; while Andrew purchased a new supply of provisions by the wholesale. Quite a new era with the Winfields, for they had always purchased as little as possible, and managed very economically; hence they had saved up what was now about being scattered broadcast, for the footsteps of her sons-in-law and daughters were becoming familiar upon the threshold to which they were once strangers; and Winfield's cellar and pantry were their market-house, where they could buy without money or without price. They

were as happy and comfortable as the old folks, for they knew while their mother had plenty within her reach, they would never want. Beside their mother managed well to keep them in funds, as you see by her financiering, for this week she gave them forty dollars out of that fifty and got a black silk besides.

Yes, she took that beautiful silver colored wedding dress, that Mr. Winfield presented her, and had it dyed black, and the old gent thought her new black silk looked gorgeous, as he took a view through his spectacles, never dreaming of wedding-dresses and dyo-houses.

CHAPTER XIX.

TWO UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

THREE months have passed; Julia will soon consummate her happy union with George Lenore. The grief at the loss of her father, was now alleviated by preparation and anxiety with regard to leaving her young associates behind and joining the list of the married people. Already had she sent a few invitations among her acquaintances, particularly those with whom she wished to continue on calling terms, as this was a fine opportunity to cut those who were not aristocratic enough for her associates.

To-morrow evening is the time for nuptial ceremonies at the Lambert mansion. This evening, George makes his last call on Julia, to relate how he has succeeded in his preparations, and to learn how Julia has prepared everything for the occasion. He finds Julia in a happy humor, and everything in a state of readiness for the occasion. Their conversation this evening is made up of future prospects and happy days in store for them; treating also of each other's peculiar disposition and traits of character, so that they may mould into congenial harmony with each other those discordant strings of humanity, before it is too late.

"How fortunate, George, I have been, in being left to choose the object of my first admiration; it seems as if it had been decreed that I should marry no one else, for every impediment has been removed, and when I made engagement with Charles it seemed to me that it would never come to pass. You also know how strongly my father was opposed to you: it seems as if Providence has smiled upon us, and removed every obstacle—although I deeply regret the loss of my father; yet, were he living, he never would have permitted or consented to our marriage: for I too well remember how forcibly he uttered these words: 'Julia, if you marry that fellow, I will haunt you after I am dead.'"

"Well, well, Julia, that is past now; perhaps he was out of humor that day, and might have consented at another time;—yet his opposition would have done no good, for if we were determined, there would have been ways enough to accomplish our purpose; but we will drop this subject, Julia, for I want to know whether we will take a tour north for a few weeks, or remain with your ma, until my house is finished and furnished?"

"You must be forgetful; we decided a fortnight ago, that we would take a tour and I have everything ready for the jaunt."

"So we did—I remember now—have you sent out many invitations?"

"I have only invited two or three dozen, as I did not want to go to much trouble, and get no thanks

for it; beside, 'fools make feasts and wise folk eat them.'"

"You are pretty sensible on that subject, Julia, and I do not believe in much excitement on such occasions, for when it dies away, it seems as serious as a funeral."

"I suppose some of your friends will be here, George?"

"I have let no one know it but my friend Harry, not even my parents for I want to take them by surprise. I have given Harry an invitation, for I have a private bet with him for a suit of clothes, and I want him to be here."

"What is the bet—I am very inquisitive."

"Since matters have gone so far, I will tell you: he wagered me a bran new suit, that you and I would never be married."

"Why, what did he mean by that?"

"His reasons were that you have had so many beaux, that he thought you would jilt me as you had the rest them."

"Very well, let Harry come, we will jilt him out of a new suit, sure enough."

Thus was the evening spent in conversation, until George took his departure for the hotel; he soon reached his room, and retired to dream of wedding-cake and mothers-in-law.

The important evening had now arrived. The sideboard was laden with wines and delicacies. The

candelabres groaned beneath the tall sperms that sent a glare throughout the elegant parlors, reflecting on every piece of ornament and furniture that had been made to glisten by the handmaid. The heavy damask hung in graceful folds from the gilt cornice over the windows; the large mirrors seemed anxious to reflect the happy scene. The favored guests were now making their appearance. George had finished his toilet, and was now making his way to Lambert's, arm in arm with his friend Harry.

On their arrival, Harry was invited into the drawing room, while George took the liberty of seeking the old lady to inquire how matters were progressing.

Julia was completing her toilet. The minister now arrives.

"Come, George, everything is ready," said Mrs. Lambert as she gallanted him to Julia's room, and met her at the door.

"O, George, I am so frightened. I feel as if I would faint."

"Cheer up, I will assist you," said George, offering his arm and planting a kiss upon her forehead.

They now advanced, placing themselves upon the carpet at the mercy of the minister, and in the presence of the numerous guests.

George looked genteel and dignified. Julia looked perfectly beautiful. Her habille consisted of a white satin which trailed upon the floor; from her head, gracefully hung the bridal veil, finding its rich border upon the velvet carpet; a wreath of flowers formed a



"HE SAID HE WOULD HAUNT ME THOUGH HE WERE DEAD!"

crown above the flowing curls that fell carelessly upon her neck. Truly, a queen might envy her appearance as she leaned upon George's arm.

The minister arose to his feet, and after pronouncing a benediction upon the happy couple, proceeded,

"If any one has good reasons why this ceremony should not be performed, let him now make it known, or ever after hold his peace!"

Now an awful noise in the hall interrupted the proceedings. The parlor door burst open and Charles Winfield and Mr. Lambert made their appearance. Julia seeing her father, fell fainting to the floor.

"What does all this mean?" said Lambert, in rather sharp tones. "I'll stop these proceedings; you, sir, George Lenore, leave my house!"

Charles lifts Julia to the sofa.

"Is she dead? bring a doctor, quick!" cried Lambert, as he bent over her form, kissing her marble cheek again and again.

"Bring me some brandy, camphor, water, anything! Has any one gone for a physician?"

"Yes, husband," said Mrs. Lambert, taking him by the hand.

"Ah, now she moves. Do you know me, Julia?"

"O, my father! He said he would haunt me, though he were dead!" came deliriously from her lips.

The physician now came in; had her conveyed to her room, and gave her some medicine that would

soon revive her from the nervous shock she had received, and leaving orders that she must be left very quiet.

Everything was now in confusion, caused by the unexpected guests. However, since they could not have a wedding, they were invited to a feast, of which they partook heartily; supping sufficient wine to cancel their disappointment. They separated quite early for their homes, cogitating in their minds, what would be the result, and rendering their sympathy for George Lenore; all knowing that Charles had the first claim upon Julia.

As for poor George, he went home almost frantic with mortification and disappointment, while Harry gave him encouraging words; telling him that it was better that the remonstrances had presented themselves before the wedding than afterwards. George tried to bear up manfully, knowing that the old gent was opposed to him, and that Charles would have been his perpetual fear; yet his decision was not sufficient, for he and Harry imbibed freely during the night, and the morning found both of them temporarily oblivious to all that had happened the previous evening.

As for Julia, the following day found her fast recovering from the severe shock upon her nervous system, caused by the return of her father like one coming from the dead; but to-day she is able to converse with her father, who relates his adventures

in the old world; his being shipwrecked and how they were picked up by a Spanish vessel and carried to Spain, thus having been tossed about nearly five months on the ocean.

CHAPTER XX.

A LITTLE MANEUVERING.

THE surprise of the Winfields at Charles' return was great, but not equal to the pleasure thus afforded them by his delivery. He was glad to see once more the remains of his family, although it seemed as if the loss of his mother had taken away the greater part of the once happy circle, and especially to find the vacancy filled by a stranger, seemed like a mockery; hence the introduction to his new mother was rather a cold formality. Charles' first impressions were not equivalent to motherly love; and after Kate and his younger sisters had told him of their more than imagined ills, his second impressions were still less favorable.

Poor step-mothers! they have a thankless office to fulfill, and not one of a hundred can succeed harmoniously, especially where there is a family of grown-up children. A single word of authority from a step-mother, makes her a tyrant; while a single act of disobedience on the part of the children, is an unpardonable insult to the step-mother, and must be reported to the father, and accordingly punished; thus creating hatred and discord in a once happy family; for the father always takes the side of the wife against the children.

It now had been nearly a year since Mrs. Winfield took charge of Winfield's affairs, the result of which had not been very profitable, as his expenses had been more than double that of any previous year; yet he was not aware but what everything was going on prosperously, but the children could see how it was, and these discoveries had created perfect hatred toward her, who was scattering to the four winds what their mother had earned, toiling by the midnight-lamp to assist their father in gaining what he now possessed. They plainly saw that a few years of such loose management would soon sweep everything, and leave them without a penny at their father's death; yet to intimate her artful extravagance to their father, would be the height of folly, as he thought her infallible, and it would only bring his wrath upon their own heads.

Yes, he thought her without fault. Why should he not? for he had evidences of her piety and fidelity; for if at leisure, whenever he came in, she was perusing the good old family Bible, which lay upon her lap with the last novel underneath; as soon as he was gone, the novel took a chance. If gadding the street all day, she was sure to get home just before he did, knowing his regular hours, and when he came in, complain of how hard she had toiled that day, when the two little daughters had done the work. But that was not all, for she not only did nothing about the house, but in her anxiety to make her own two daughters comfortable, had taken almost everything portable to them, from pins needles and pocket-hand-

kerchiefs, to rocking-chairs and gridirons—even the family library had been reduced and sold to second-hand book-stores, and the proceeds went in the same channel; and if Mr. Winfield missed anything, he was told that his children destroyed them.

One evening after tea, the old gentleman and his domestic angel were sitting alone in their room; as he complained of not feeling well, that there was an oppression on his lungs, and feeling low-spirited, remarked, that he thought he would not live a great while. Here was a chance for her to propose an idea that she had previously kept to herself.

"Yes, my dear husband, what should I do if you were to die; as I am getting old, it would be very hard for me to make a livelihood."

"Don't worry, wife, I will try and make some money before I die, so that you will not come to want."

"But, dear, I think you ought to have your will made, so that if you died unexpectedly, I would be sure to have something. Your daughter Kate has married, and doing well; Charles will marry soon, then he and Kate could take care of Blanche and Clifflie, as they are young, and can easily get along, therefore I think you ought to bequeath all your property to me; and you ought to make your will soon, as life is uncertain, and death sure."

"Very well, I believe I will leave to my children a small amount, to evade the law, and to you my two houses, and my money."

"I think it would be no more than right, and I am glad you take such an interest in me; I hope you will attend to it soon. You look tired, husband; but before you retire, you had better give me some market-money, as you may forget it in the morning; and, while I think of it, some, also, to get Blanche and Clifflie a black silk each, with flounces, low neck, and short sleeves, which I know will become them, and I will make the purchase to-morrow."

"Very well, use your own judgment about these things," said Andrew, as he launched forth some visible means, and prepared for retiring.

On the following day, Mrs. Winfield purchased a few vegetables, but donated the rest of her funds to her two daughters—managing to make Blanche and Clifflie a dress out of her black silk, which she had dyed a few weeks previous, which made the third time Andrew had given her the price of the same silk.

Charles was at home the evening of the conversation about the will, and had overheard the same, therefore his feelings were aroused almost to desperation; but he could do nothing more than relate the affair to Kate, when they would sit down and pronounce malediction on their step-mother.

To speak of Charles personally, we find him prospering finely in his prospects for a wife, as his chances for Julia were restored by his return; she seemed to have a greater attachment for him than before—the rejoicing was as great as that upon the

return of the prodigal son. Charles' return had entirely disjoined the engagement between George and Julia, for various reasons. She only loved George, because she would soon need pecuniary assistance from some source, and because she had no better offer after Charles' absence; but since his return, necessity became a virtue in renewing her old engagement, as he was her father's choice. The old coals were easily kindled, hence matters progressed finely; having already appointed a day in September, when she would again attempt to give herself away. As for George, she had heard nothing of, and cared but little for him, since Charles' return.

"Here, Julia, is a letter for you; the penny-post just handed it to me, as I was at the door," said Mrs. Lambert, as she and Julia seated themselves, to know who it was from, and hear the news.

"Ah, it is from George Lenore—how coldly he commences."

MISS JULIA—As I have not seen you since the evening of your father's return, and do not expect to meet you again, I will now let you hear from me. Since our marriage is broken off, and there is no possibility of such an occurrence, I have come to the conclusion that I have been favored by the breach, and am really glad of it. The only love I really had for you, was a passing fancy for your wealth, until I did not know how to decline after matters had advanced, but providence declined the matter for me; and now what friendly regard I had for you has taken its flight; would that I had never seen you, since your

deceitful smiles had tempted me to stray from the one I truly loved. Yet if you can intercede successfully between Lizzie and myself, I will forgive you; if not, I will invoke the judgments to fall upon you, and molest you in every possible way while I live. Yours,

GEORGE LENORE.

"Why, ma, he must be crazy; he asks a favor in one line, then curses me in the next. Yet, poor fellow, if I could see Lizzie I would intercede for him, as I believe he would be a first-rate husband for her; but then I don't believe she would have him, after he had tried to get me."

"Don't you believe it, daughter; a poor girl like her would think it an honor to get a young man that you had been engaged to; but you know I don't permit you to have anything to do with her, since that slander case."

"Ah, mother, I forgot that; we will let it pass, and he may attend to it himself. But, ma, what were you going to say, when I interrupted you?"

"I was going to remark, that we would have a quiet wedding for you in September, and not go to much more expense, as father seems in trouble about his affairs, and I know he is not flush with means at the present time. He seems troubled about something, but does not let me know anything about it, yet I hope it is nothing of a serious nature."

* * * * *

Autumnal scenes are now upon the stage. The tender plants are sending forth their brightest flowers.

and sweetest fragrance, e'er the first frost shall bid them hide their blushing petals. The first fruits of the land have swollen upon the branch which droops beneath its load awaiting the rustic's hand to yield its treasures. The itinerant bee has one more comb to fill, and then retire from the cold world, having enough and to spare for the winter.

O welcome sweet autumn, let thy tiny flowers form a bridal wreath for Julia; let thy delicious fruits adorn her festal board; let thy frowns be emblems of her past, and thy smiles be prophecies of her future; and let thy changes warn her to be more constant.

CHAPTER XXI.

RECONCILIATION ATTEMPTED.

LIZZIE LANE still remained at the seminary; her arduous duties were relieved by Kate's mischief, who ever kept her at high tide in mirth by her happy disposition. Lizzie had almost thrown off her former troubles, by being absent from the place where they originated, and from not having time to think about anything but her class and recitations; yet she had not forgotten George, although she thought it necessary, from present prospects, to banish him from her memory, which she had accomplished far enough to prevent any sediment of gloom, which is often the result of disappointment or blighted affections. There was only one thing that worried Lizzie, and that was anxiety about her parents fearing that they were not comfortable, although she sent them all her earnings.

This evening Lizzie sat alone in her room, as Kate had gone into an adjoining room to see a schoolmate who was ill, for hardly anything else would separate them. Lizzie had just prepared her lamp, and sat down for a lonesome study as her uncle Paul entered the room.

"Here, Miss Lane, are two or three letters; I think you had better open a private post-office for your own accommodation, if your correspondents in-

crease as they have lately. I have looked over these and if any more such love letters come, I shall destroy them, without your knowledge: here is a hundred dollar bill, which was inclosed in a letter from Julia Lambert: I don't know what that means, but you can send it to your ma, as you need not think of purchasing finery, to put on airs with, about this seminary, and that's enough!"

"Very well, uncle, I will do as you direct."—Exit Paul.

"What does this mean?—three letters all at once; who can they be from?—I wish Paul was in the dead-letter office—look at these broken seals—down-right sacrilege!"

"Ah, Lizzie, talking to yourself again; there must be something wrong," said Kate, entering the door, which had stood ajar.

"O no, Kate, nothing wrong; I have received some letters; we will see what is the news from the Queen City—I will read ma's first." Julia reads the letter.

"Kate, what do you think?—Charles Winfield and Mr. Lambert have returned—or come to life rather, for do you not remember of reading their shipwreck last spring?"

"Is it possible, Lizzie?"

"Yes, and that match is broken off between George and Julia."

"Hurrah, Lizzie, you will have a chance for George, yet."

"And ma says that she and Charles are to be married this very month."

"I suppose, Lizzie, you are glad of that, for you will have no further cause to be jealous of your friend Julia."

"I was over that long ago, Miss Kate: I would as soon she would marry Charles as George."

"I do not doubt that, Lizzie—only a little rather."

"No, Kate, I meant *vice versa*."

"Stick to what you have said, Lizzie; you were right the first time."

"Kate, you must not think I would be made a dupe of because I once loved the fellow, for I would not marry the fickle-minded fellow for his weight in gold."

"Ah, Lizzie, I like to hear you talk that way: it is a good sign—I have heard folks talk before: I am going to intercede for George—I think it will come out right."

"I wish you would hush—you are a perfect tease; come now, keep still; this letter is from my friend Julia; she writes happily about the return of her father; sympathizes with me, and remembers her vows, which were that 'I should never want while she had anything;' and here she sends me the savings of her pocket-money, to repay our loss at their hands. You remember, Kate, how we lost our property, as I told you about that slander case. She says nothing about George nor Charles—that is very singular—but here is a note that came in Julia's

letter: what can it mean?—it seems to be a letter from George to her since their marriage was broken off; he states in it that he never did care anything for her, but wants her to intercede between him and myself. Ah, I understand: she thinks I will write to her, giving George encouragement, but she will miss it very much. George may do his own courting and interceding, but he need not come this way.”

“What did I tell you, Lizzie? everything is tending toward your assistance—it will all come right.”

“There you are again, Kate, on the same tune. Why, I will have nothing to do with him, although I don’t believe that he ever did love Julia.”

“Nor I, Lizzie—I don’t believe that he ever loved anybody but you.”

“Kate, you are a tease—I won’t talk any more about it, but you will see.”

Here the clock struck nine, and the seminary bell sent them to retire, as suddenly as the Irish girl prays at the chime of the cathedral.

This same evening George Lenore called at Lane’s to ascertain the whereabouts of Lizzie, but Mrs. Lane was excused from seeing him: he therefore obtained no information. He would have almost despaired at this, had not Harry given him some encouragement, promising him that he would find out where Lizzie had gone to.

On the following day, according to promise, Harry called on Charles Winfield, from whom he obtained the desired information.

Upon informing George that she was at the Coveland Seminary, he said he would write to her immediately.

“And, Harry,” he said, “if I get a favorable answer, I will bring her away from there in a short time; what do you think about it?”

“Well, I think you will have to strike a better vein of luck, than you did with Julia; if you succeed with her now, you will have to conduct yourself in a very strait-forward manner. You must write to her one of your nicest letters, and be careful not to revive any subjects that bring up unpleasant remembrances of the past.”

“Don’t discourage me, Harry.”

“I do not wish to; but I am afraid you are building up your hopes too fast on a slim foundation; but proceed and write your epistle, as I will leave you alone, while I attend to some business down town.”

Meantime George accomplished his epistle for Lizzie and sent it by post to its destination.

In due course of things the letter reached Coveland, but it was only through accident that Lizzie was ever permitted to peruse it; for, of course, Paul Bard opened and perused the same, muttering to himself “What a love-sick mess,” as he stored the document in his pocket and resumed his duties, fully resolved that Lizzie should not see it, but thought he would send it to her ma.

After the toils of the day were over, Paul thought to show the letter to his wife and get her opinion as to

its disposal; but lo, it was gone; he must have dropped it somewhere. He now took a lamp and extended his search throughout the premises in vain.

"Here, Lizzie, is something for you; I found it in the hall as I was coming up from tea."

"Thank you, Kate, it is a letter."

"I suppose Patrick has dropped it, since his return from the post-office."

O, no, uncle has had it; I see the seal is broken."

Rap, tap!

"Walk in. Ah, uncle, is that you? What will you have?"

"I dropped one of my valuable papers. Have you found it?"

"We have not seen it," said Kate, immediately, for fear Lizzie might give it up.

St. Paul, as they called him, seemed satisfied, and, concluding to look further, bade them good night.

"Kate, lock the door, and let us see what we have in this letter, although we would not have had the pleasure, if you had not told him that little fib."

"Why, Lizzie, I did not tell anything but what was true; for this is none of his papers. But go on, Lizzie; who is it from?"

"My stars, Kate, it is from George Lenore. Poor fellow, he will waste time if he writes to me by way of reconciliation; for he will find broken vows not easily repaired."

"Never mind, Lizzie; read the letter first, and we will comment afterward. I am as anxious to know what it contains, as you."

Lizzie reads aloud:

CINCINNATI, Sept. — 18—.

MY INJURED FRIEND:—I first beg pardon for sending you these unworthy lines, yet I am prompted to do so by pure motives, and I write, hoping that you will give me a fair and impartial trial before giving an unfavorable decision. Had I the power to impress upon your mind that while my outward conduct toward you has deserved reprimand, yet my heart has been the same since I first met you, then would you forgive me.

O, could I persuade you that I never had the least possible affection for Julia, but was only infatuated with the idea of marrying an heiress, then would you forget the past!

I know not what plan to take to convince you of my sincerity, and the highest regard for you, that has perpetually followed me through my conduct of apparent coldness; yet it is true that your image has ever been brightest upon my mind. Could I be permitted to see you, then could I express what I cannot write.

Please let me know if there is any prospect of my once more enjoying your company, and if there is any possibility of reconciliation. As I have trespassed, I am willing to make all concessions necessary. Now I will leave the matter with you, and wait with anxiety for your decision. If I am successful, our future may be mutually a happy one; if unsuccessful this time, it is my last effort, for I shall

wear away my life in strange lands, and seek dissipation for relief. Thus, bitter will be the punishment you bring upon me.

Yours as ever,

GEORGE LENORE.

Lizzie laid the letter upon the table for further consideration.

CHAPTER XXII.

OFF TO THE NEW COUNTRY.

SEPTEMBER has just passed; having recorded the nuptial ceremonies of Charles and Julia, as they had agreed upon one destiny in the tide of life, and the minister had sealed their obligations, they now start upon their voyage with new impulse—bright hopes glitter before them—mundane happiness seems in store for them; the world seems to revolve, and the sun to shine for their especial benefit; their path is strewn with flowers; friends pour blessings upon their heads, wishing them long life and much happiness. They look back upon their past life as a desert, with here and there a weakly shrub, or stagnant pool; they look forward to Elysian fields, with silver streams and verdure covered banks, amid groves of perpetual green, alive with the melody of birds, and fragrant with the sweet perfume of flowers.

Bright hopes are often blasted; yet it seemed as if nothing could mar their future happiness, since they had the old folks to take care of them, while they resided in the Lambert mansion—so they sat down, and folded their hands, and looked at each other, as if to say, let us eat, drink, and be merry.

Honey-moon thus passed away, when Charles re-

sumed the clerkship in his father's business, at a moderate salary; while Julia Winfield had nothing to do but receive and return calls—the forenoon at the toilet, the afternoon in some parlor: being disposed to pass the days in that manner, while evenings, and almost nights, were passed at the theater, opera, concerts, and ball-rooms; thus keeping pace with the fashionable entertainments of the day.

'Twas a dull, rainy, Saturday evening that Charles and Julia would not venture out, but thought to entertain themselves at home, as the old gent entered their room, and found them in a cozy chat.

"Take a seat, father."

"Thank you, Julia, I will, as I want to consult you about your own affairs."

"Very well, father, I hope you will give us some good advice; as your age and experience will permit you to impart some outlines for our future welfare."

"But, Julia, you may not be prepared for my new arrangements, but I will tell you my desire."

"Go on, father."

"I think you and Charles had better choose a small and comfortable house, and go to housekeeping for yourselves."

"What are your reasons, father?"

"Well, I think young folks ought to always shove out and do something for themselves; for they will have it to do some time, and the younger they are, the sooner they will learn. What do you think, Charles?"

"I have no objections, I am sure."

"Very well, if you will discover a house that suits you, I will furnish it for you neatly, but not extravagantly."

"Thank you, I will look for one on Monday."

"Now, Charles, I do not make this arrangement because I am unwilling to assist you, for I will do just as much as if you were here; and when I die, I shall leave what property I have to you and Julia, for you are my only children." With this the old gent bade them good-night.

Charles and Julia, making a virtue of necessity, soon come to the conclusion that housekeeping would be the nicest thing after all. They could furnish their table to suit their own palate—could open their house for parties and company, and, in fact, could live to satisfy their own taste exclusively. 'Twas done as quick as said; for on Monday, Charles obtained a respectable dwelling on Fourth Street. The old man furnished it according to promise, and in a week from the first mention of it they were comfortably ensconced in their new home—so we leave them.

A month after this, old Mr. Lambert came home in the evening—seemed to be worried about something, and the old lady noticed it.

"Well, Lambert, what is the matter now? You seem to be agitated about something."

"Not much, I guess; but I suppose I will have a little trouble to quiet the title of a piece of property, as I received a notice that such would be the case at

the next sitting of the court," at the same time handing her the legal notice, which she perused.

"My dear husband, I do not understand this—what does it mean? Who is the instigator of such proceedings?"

"Well, that young fop of a lawyer, George Lenore, thinks he has discovered something that will benefit somebody, if he can only find that somebody; who, he says, has a better title to a certain piece of property than I have."

"Mr. Lambert, it will worry me to death, in my old age, if we are to be tormented by such fellows, and meddlers in other people's business."

"You need not fret, my lady; I think it is only a ruse gotten up by him to annoy me, and he thinks I will give him a bonus to still the matter, but he will find himself mistaken; and, besides, I believe the man I got it from has died long ago, therefore he will not find him."

"Yes, but it is such an annoyance to have folks meddling with our property, as if we had obtained it by swindling. Will it be tried in public?"

"Certainly, it will be in the public court-house."

"Dear me, then everybody will be talking about Lambert's swindling somebody, just like when them Lanes had made such a report. I don't know what to do—I feel as if something was going to happen. Now I was down to Julia's to-day, and they talk of making a change, and they have only been housekeeping a month."

"What now—what's up?"

"Well, Mr. Winfield says he cannot pay Charles much salary now, and after awhile he won't need him at all, but proposes to give Charles a small farm up in the country, if he will take his family and live on it, and work himself. Charles has accepted the proposal, knowing that he cannot live in the fashion on small means; and, dear me, I would as leave bury Julia, as have her go up in the country among the heathen; but I know they'll go—I feel it—they will do it," here the old lady choked up and sobbed.

"Pshaw, there's no use of fretting, wife; I think it the best thing in the world for the young cubs, for I am not able to do anything for them."

"Yes, but only think, husband, after all the trouble I have had to bring her up in style and elegance, to have her in the country, climbing fences and wading through the mud. Why, after she had been there a year or two, she would look like a mighty, gawky thing, walking along Fourth Street. It's too bad!"

"Where is the farm?"

"Julia says it is adjoining your brother Jacob's farm."

"Perhaps that will be the more pleasant for them to have neighbors with whom they are acquainted; but when do they think of going?"

"I believe, husband, they are going just as soon as they can get ready; for they will have to prepare the farm for cultivation in the spring."

"I should think Charles would take Julia to his father's."

"Charles did mention it to his father, who was pleased with the idea; but when he mentioned it to their step-mother, she devised objections, so that he was obliged to give it up, and then he made the proposal to furnish Charles this small farm; and Charles seems as anxious to get away as Julia from their step-parents, as a step-mother often makes a step-father."

"I believe, Mrs. Lambert, that Mrs. Winfield is as artful as Satan, and that the old man is perfectly blind to her conduct, and permits himself to be completely governed by her whims. She is pulling the wool over his eyes, and Julia says, she is trying to worry him out of the way, and then get his property. And how should he fancy such a creature; she is continually on the street, and looks like Meg Merriles. She is a by-word among the boys; I have heard them call her race-horse, camel, trotter, peddler, and I don't remember what else; but she seems to have given room for such names, for I always see her out with two baskets and a bucket, and sometimes all full at once, and she often seems to be carrying them away from home; I suppose it may be for some poor families; if so, she should have some credit for being charitable."

"Yes, if so, Mr. Lambert; but her charity all goes to one place, and that's where she has a couple of overgrown daughters and their lazy husbands to support, who live in an obscure street, and are as poor as a desert rat. But that is their business—we will let them attend to it, as I never like to *talk* about *folks*.

You are weary, you had better retire, and I will see if the servant has things prepared for the night."

* * * * *

A few weeks passed away—Charles Winfield and lady were bidding adieu to the Queen City; provisions and agricultural implements had been provided, also some means from the old folks, to assist them until they could reap one harvest, to establish their independence. They, with their furniture and baggage-wagons, arrive at the humble cottage in the evening. The men, after unloading, return a short distance to a country tavern, where they put up for the night. But young Mr. Winfield and lady were almost lost amid the boxes, barrels, bundles, and bedsteads; and her feelings were almost like that of Pauline, on exchanging her father's mansion for a common dwelling; to be sure this was a neat cottage of frame, with two large rooms in front, and two small ones in the rear; the latter two, of course, were intended for bed-rooms, while one of the front rooms must suffice for a dining-room and kitchen, the other for a parlor, drawing-room, boudior, etc.

But these accommodations did not suit Julia, altogether. The sudden change did not agree with her constitution, but what could be done? They must put up their bedstead, or sleep on the floor. They must get their own supper, or do without. Here was a dilemma, and Julia's tender hands were never made to work; and so she thought, as she threw herself upon some bedding, and wept at her condition.

"Come, Julia, don't fret in that manner. You cannot help the matter by crying."

"Go away, Charles, don't speak to me. I don't think well of a man who would drag a delicate female to such a miserable abode."

"My dear Julia, don't go into the hysterics; you will find this a very comfortable place, when you get used to it."

"It may suit you, but I was raised very differently, and I want you to let me alone. Don't talk to me, I can't work—I won't. I know I shall die here; get me a drink, I shall faint. I feel awful—go quick!"

Charles ran out to the well, where a bucket was suspended to a long beam, *a la mode country*. He soon lowered the bucket, and brought it up full, and ran toward the house; when suddenly the pole and chain jerked the contents upon his face and head, thus preventing him from fainting and learning him that the bucket did not unhook: he gave it up, while he returned to look for something to get water in, but everything was nailed up in the boxes; and when Julia saw how the matter was, she began to feel better, and concluded to do without, if he would let her remain quiet.

It was getting dark in the house, as Charles built a fire in the huge fire-place, and commenced to open their boxes, etc., in order to have some supper, if he had to get it himself. In the course of an hour, you might have seen the large iron tea-kettle suspended from the crane over the huge fire, and the coffee-pot

steaming away on some coals, and who was the cook but Charlie. In the meantime Julia had aroused herself, and was sitting pensively before the fire, while Charles was wrestling with the pots and dishes, good-naturedly, whistling his favorite tune, "Love Not;" while he arranged the table with some cold corn-beef, bread, butter, etc., not saying a word to Julia, who was, no doubt, considering the best way to turn a new leaf.

But the supper was soon prepared; which consisted of a cup of coffee, a cold check, and a good appetite. Charles looked around to see if everything was in order, set a couple of chairs to the table, then advanced almost in front of Julia, and proceeded with a jovial and polite invitation: "Mrs. Winfield, will you walk out to tea?"

It would have done Julia good to give vent to a hearty laugh, but she turned her face away—bit her lips, knowing that it would not do, so soon after such a spasm: however, she arose, took a seat at the table, and proceeded, by pouring out a cup of coffee, which she seasoned with some sugar, but looked in vain for milk.

"Why, Charles, what will we do for milk?"

"Ah, that is a fact; I think we can get along with the milk of human kindness, until we get a cow" said Charles, as he burst into a laugh.

"That is old, and nothing to laugh at in such a miserable place as this," added Julia.

Charles took his coffee as it was, and Julia poured

a cup for herself. Here their progress was impeded, for there was not a knife or fork on the table; a few minutes search soon prepared them for completing their supper; after which they went to work, arranging furniture for a night's lodging.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RECONCILIATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"Yes, I will answer that letter, Kate; but I shall want your advice as to what shall be the nature of the epistle; for if I send George a flat refusal of reconciliation, the poor fellow will kill himself for I am vain enough to think that he has the highest regard for me."

"You mean, Lizzie, he is deeply in love with you."

"You may say that, Kate, but we will not investigate that now, for I want to know if it would not be best to write him a cool letter, not sufficiently hostile to his proposals to distract him, nor affectionate enough to give him a sudden encouragement; or, as an editor would say, neutral on all subjects except religion."

"Since you have appealed to me, Lizzie, I will say that unless you wish to reconcile the matter, I cannot see why you would write at all, for the very act of answering his letter would give him encouragement unless you give him to understand that you wish no further intercourse; at the same time, I would rather you would use your own judgment about it, as you are the interested one, for I would not marry him for his weight in gold."

"Why not, Kate?"

"O, I did not mean that; I just said it to let you know how it sounded, for I heard a young lady about your size use the same expression, one evening not long since."

"Very well, Kate, I say so yet; but I thought I would treat him with some respect."

"Yes, Lizzie, write him a letter of respect now, after while, one of honor, then another of regard, and winding up with one of affection."

"Kate, you are a perfect tease. I don't know what you get your conclusions from, but you are determined to have me reconcile the matter, whether I wish or not, but you will find yourself mistaken. Now you may retire, and I will write something to suit myself."

"That is what I thought, Lizzie; that you would ask my advice and then do as you chose. But no difference; I will retire, and I want you to tell him, that if he is looking for a wife there is a chance at Coveland Seminary. Give him my love, and tell him I will not deceive as Julia did; tell him that I am a perfect mischief, and good company, etc. etc.; in other words, give me an epistolary introduction, and tell him to write to Kate ———, Coveland, care of A. J. ———, then I will be sure to get the letter without St. Paul, perusing it."

"Kate, you are not in earnest?"

"Certainly I am. I have known stranger things than that to bring about a match; and, besides, I

know he is a good fellow, and that you will not have him; therefore, I will take him out of sympathy."

"Very well, Kate, you may have him if you choose. I will write as you say."

The conversation here terminated, and Lizzie proceeded with her task, for such it was, as she did not know whether to give George encouragement or not; and now she was fearful that Kate might win, if she did not improve the present moment, for she intended to do as Kate requested; for it would be considered a school girl's joke, if nothing more. But what if George should write to her, and then if he should visit her? Ah, here was a dilemma, for Kate was a charmer, and Lizzie knew it.

Now Lizzie's feelings and thoughts could almost have been read in her countenance, and among other ingredients there was a little jealousy.

However, she accomplished a letter which Patrick put in the office, for two shillings as hush money.

George Lenore had begun to think that he never would hear from Lizzie, as it had been two months since he had written, and the only consolation he had received, was that he had called on Lizzie's mother and learned that the young ladies of the seminary dare not correspond with young gents. He had determined to visit Coveland, but he knew that they would not receive calls, and, besides, his business occupied all of his time and attention, for he was about entering an important suit with Lambert, provided he could find a certain individual, who, though not

aware of it, was the legal owner of some property which Lambert held. His search, thus far, had been unsuccessful, yet he was determined to ferret it out for two reasons; one was for the fee, the other a determination to annoy the proud family.

At evening George was sitting alone in his room, trying to cogitate some plan to obtain an interview with Lizzie, or at least to find out whether it was possible or not. While thus meditating, his friend Harry came in.

"Well, George, you are in a brown study; perhaps I have something to cheer you up."

"What have you for me, Harry?"

"I inquired at the post-office, as you requested, and received a letter for you, post-marked 'Coveland'; now I don't want you to commit suicide—here it is." George broke the seal hastily and read:

COVEDALE, —, —.

GEORGE LENORE, Sir: Yours was received with some surprise, and would have been answered long ere this, had there been no impediments to transmitting letters without the perusal of the principal. Yet I found an opportunity, and availed myself of it by sending you this brief epistle.

I would not say a word to wound your feelings, but I must say that I was surprised at your epistle requesting a renewal of broken vows with one to whom you had pledged fidelity, and violated it by making the same proposals to another without any cause whatever on my part: thus trampling under foot the sweet flowers of affec-

tion that I had given you, and gathering to yourself wild flowers that had no fragrance.

Could you again offer your kind regards to one whom you had treated unkindly, and at a sacrifice of her dignity ask her hand as a second choice; or do you view the affair differently, since necessity has made it so, to offer yourself as having been well tried, and still found faithful to your first love?—which may be true, but how could I know but you would prove unfaithful a second time in life? (you must not think me harsh in my language, for you have given me cause). Perhaps you have painted me too highly in your imagination, as it has been a long time since you have seen me. It may be, that I have faded, and the crimson left my cheek since you saw me; or that I am care-worn from our misfortunes, and do not possess that youthful gayety that you once admired, and should you see me, you might be disappointed in your once admired Lizzie.

But there is an alternative, for my room-mate has just requested me to give you an introduction: her name is Kate —, and as big a mischief as you ever met, and the loveliest girl I ever saw; I know you will like her, for she is a combination of everything that constitutes a winning beauty, and possesses the best common sense. You can write to her, care of A. J. —, Coveland; or if you visit Coveland, perhaps it could be arranged so that you could enjoy her company. Kate is in earnest, and says if you are looking for a wife, just write to her, and I know she is one of those persons who would marry in haste and repent at leisure.

Your friend, LIZZIE LANE.

"Worse and worse," said George, who had read

the letter aloud to his friend Harry; "now, here is an enigma, that is beyond my comprehension."

"My dear George, I don't see any enigma about that letter—I think she has given you tit-for-tat: you jilted her, now she has given you the cold shoulder. She says if you want her, you can have Kate: so I think your 'cake is dough' up there. You had better 'hang your harp on the willows,' and wait until you get better looking."

"My gracious, Harry, I don't know what to do—I'd give my eyes for that Lizzie, but I see it's no use to try, and I cannot blame her;—let us go down to the bar and get something to drink."

"Suppose we don't, George; you want to get on a spree and kill yourself, and I want to tease you a little longer."

"Come now, Harry, quit your nonsense; I want to know your candid opinion about that letter, and what you would advise me to do."

"Well, George, as you are rather blinded by being so deeply interested, I will assist you: now, I candidly think that is one of the best letters you could have received; do you suppose she would come right out and accept your proposals without a word, as if she was anxious to have it settled? no, she wants to tease you—you don't understand women's ways at all; why if she wanted to discard you entirely, she would not have written to you; then again, she gives you an invitation to visit Coveland, over Kate's shoulders; you must be blind if you don't understand all that."

"I admit, Harry, that I was never bothered so in any other case,—why I can see through a piece of disputed land, and see a big fee on the other side—but never mind the law now; I am going up to Coveland forthwith."

"When are you going, George?"

"I will go to-morrow."

"You had better go to-night—I would not wait until morning," said Harry ironically.

"Is there a train going up to-night?" asked George, rising from his seat, as if he was about to take Harry's advice. Harry burst into a loud laugh.

George now saw Harry was jesting and taking advantage of his sanguine movements; however, he would risk the journey and reception at Coveland on the morrow on his own responsibility, knowing that a venture could not make the matter any worse. Accordingly the first train of the morning was boarded by George Lenore and a few hours found him transported to the neat little village of Covedale, which he thought was an enchanted place, being the residence of the object of his affections.

He took a room at the first hotel in town, as there was but one, and that a poor specimen compared with the city hotels; yet that was good enough for him, as he was seeking other enjoyments at this time of more importance than hotel entertainments. He spent a half hour in his room, arranging his toilet, then walked down to the gentlemen's ordinary, which was a very large, ordinary room, with a tall stove in the

center of the floor, while the walls were decorated with large circus bills; a few chairs and no carpet complete the furniture. Some half-dozen country gents took an inquisitive stare at him as he entered, one of them, however, getting up, offered him his seat by the stove, which George accepted with a polite bow, and sat down to enjoy a Havana while dinner was being prepared; not that he cared much for dinner, but thought best not to make any calls until afternoon. He sat still, smoking and meditating what course to pursue, hardly noticing who was about, while these rustics fed their optics upon the appearance of a city gent as if it was good for sore eyes. He, however, aroused himself to externals, and began a conversation with his company, inquiring about the location of the streets, the residence of A. J. ——— (Kate's address), also concerning the seminary, something about its principal, by-laws, etc., etc. He soon found, from the information he received, that it was as unapproachable as Gibraltar.

Here dinner was announced, and followed by a rushing of men and boys, tumbling over chairs and benches, making more noise than a dozen sheep running over a pile of shingles. George followed to see what was the matter, and found it terminated around the dinner table. There were several vacant seats at the table, hence he could not understand the rush, but concluded to eat his dinner before it was devoured, as they were "pitching in" as if working by the job and paid accordingly.

Dinner over, George took a walk in search of Mr. A. J. ———, hoping to learn when, and how Misses Lizzie and Kate could be seen. He found the place, and the gentleman at home, but received little encouragement as to a personal interview with the young ladies, as he was informed that Kate was only there occasionally, and Lizzie Lane, they knew nothing about, and learned also that no one but a relative could get to see the students at the seminary. He now bade his informant good-day, and bent his steps toward the seminary, thinking he might get a glimpse of Lizzie and Kate, by walking around the seminary. He reached the grove, but its picket fence kept him sufficient distance from the building to prevent his recognizing any one if he had seen them, but he walked slowly around until he came to where he started from. He could not assume courage enough to enter the premises and inquire for the ladies, as he might get himself into difficulty, and make it unpleasant for them; he endeavored to devise ways and means during his walk, until he found he had walked around the inclosure the second time without accomplishing anything. He then concluded to return to the hotel until he could conclude what was best to do, yet fully determined not to leave town until he had accomplished the object of his visit, at all hazards. He loafed about the hotel the balance of the day, passing the time as best he could, thinking perhaps, the morrow might present something more encouraging. He passed a restless night, and morning came, but no-

thing seemed to assist him in gaining an interview. He finally hinted to the landlord that he wished to see a young lady of the seminary, and did not know how to proceed, when the host told him that to-morrow being Friday, they always sent up to the post-office for the letters, and if he could get to see their man, Patrick, when he came after them, that he might make some arrangement with him, to get word to the young lady that he was in town. He also informed him that Patrick came up about 12 o'clock.

George here found some relief, thanked the landlord for his information, and puffed away at his Havana, which seemed to be much finer flavored than the previous one, and, meantime, concluded to wait patiently until the morrow.

George knew not that he was already creating a sensation in the little town or corporation, and although he had only been there two days, was termed the Mysterious Stranger; and why was it, unless because he seemed to have no particular business, and was acquainted with no one? He was neither peddling pills nor patent-rights, had plenty of money and no visible means of support; in fact, folks began to think he was a gambler or burglar, for he was so well dressed, and he certainly would not be stopping there without intending to make a haul before he left.

George was not aware of such opinions, although he thought the people stared at him sufficiently to know him the next time he came. But this is a great peculiarity of country towns; no sooner does a stran-

ger arrive than every one takes a look at him, and then walks around and looks at him in another direction; then the boys run home and tell their sisters that a fine looking man has just arrived with a big trunk, and brass buttons on it. Perhaps he is going to live there and take portraits, or open a store, and so it goes all over town like electricity, and so it happened everybody knew that George Lenore was in town, and wondered what was his business. But Friday came, and the stranger was still in the corporation; yes, this was actually an incorporated town of about five hundred inhabitants, with all the rigging, mayor, council and sheriff; and the sheriff, by this time, was aware of the presence of a stranger, and had been notified by some of the citizens, to keep his eye on him while they went home and put padlocks on their back doors.

George remained in the gent's ordinary, by the small fire (yet it was not cold), until toward noon, when he walked toward the post-office. He had not been there long, when Patrick stepped up and inquired for the seminary letters, which he received, and was starting away as George spoke to him politely,

"Sir, I beg leave to trouble you with a few questions about the seminary, as I am a stranger here." said he.

"An' that would be perfectly right, sure, with your honor, sir."

"Well, sir, your laws are pretty strict with regard to the ladies, are they not?"

"An' that they are, sure."

"Well, how could I get to see one or two of them without much difficulty?"

"An' that I can't say, as the old man is as unapproachable as a porcupine,—but who is it you would be after seeing, sure? for I'll not say nothing."

"Well, Patrick, I want to see Lizzie Lane."

"An' how did you know my name, all the while?"

"She told me your name in a letter."

"An' are you the gintleman she was afther givin' me a quarther for puttin' that litter in the office for yourself?"

"Yea, I am the man."

"An'-its a mighty fine looking man that ye are; an' she is the best girl in the seminary, an' I would almost break my neck to obleege her; an' if you are her man, I will do anything for you."

"Well, give her this letter, and don't let Mr. Bard know it, and here is a dollar."

"Thank you; an' sure Lizzie will git this, an' half this money I will give to the praste, and git drunk on the other half on Christmas; an' its good day to yourself."

"Good day, Patrick."

They now parted. George went to the hotel to await his destiny, while Patrick hastened to the seminary, having been detained longer than usual; they were at dinner when he arrived, so he walked around the table, taking a peep at the girls, as he delivered the letters to Prof. Bard. As he passed out, he gave

a consequential look at Lizzie, which she thought meant something; perhaps she was looking for a private letter from the city; but Patrick was now at his wit's end to know how to get the note to Lizzie without any one seeing him. Ah, here a thought popped into his head, that the hall needed sweeping out, that passed Lizzie's room, and with the thought he gathered up a broom and rushed up there, knowing that Lizzie would soon return from dinner, and that was his chance. No sooner had he commenced operations, than Lizzie come skipping up to her room, all alone, as she had finished dinner sooner than any one else, and Patrick met her at her door.

"An' faith, Miss Lizzie, an' it's myself that saw your bean, an' a finer lookin' gintleman niver came from the holy sod of Ireland, itself, than that George Lenore."

"You are joking, Patrick."

"An' it's the the truth I'm afther telling ye, for I met him at the post-office, sure, an' he said that it was yourself he wanted to see, an' do ye mind that."

"What else did he say?"

"Faith, an' he said he got a letter from you a few days ago."

"Was he angry, Patrick?"

"Niver a bit; I never saw a better natured man since I left Cork."

"What did he say he was going to do?"

"Niver a word."

"Did he send any word of any kind?"

"Yes, ma'am, he told me to give you this note," drawing the same out of his vest pocket, having had his hand on it all the time.

"Why, Pat, why did you not give it to me immediately?"

A footstep on the stairs set Pat to sweeping with all his might, and Lizzie closed her door to keep out the dust. She had just taken a seat and opened the note as Kate came in.

"Ah, ha, I thought something had taken away your appetite; but where did you get a letter and from whom?"

"I will tell you, Kate—of course you will say nothing—but Patrick says George Lenore is in town, and gave him this note for me; let us read it, for I am anxious to know what it means, and what he is doing here."

FRIEND LIZZIE: I have come to Coveland on purpose to see if there is any possibility of getting to see you, and of having an understanding about our former affairs, as I cannot possibly postpone the matter any longer, without knowing whether I may be reinstated in your good will, and the old engagement renewed, which was broken without a cause. A few words will suffice in this note, for we can converse better than write. I know there are difficulties in our having sociable meeting, on account of the strict laws of your seminary; yet, if you will do as I request, I think we can have a friendly chat without the knowledge of the old folks. It is this: if yourself and your confidant, Kate, will go quietly down to the front door of the college

building, precisely at eight o'clock to-night, I will meet you there on friendly terms; that is, I would rather not see you than to stir up old and unpleasant things; but if you are disposed to be friendly, and forgive, and forget the past, then you will be there; if not, your absence will signify it. I have no objection to your having Kate with you, as you would be timid by yourself; and beside, I have nothing to say this time, that I could not trust with your companion.

Your sincere friend,

GEORGE LENORE.

"Now, Kate, if you want to see George, this will be your chance."

"Yes, Lizzie, and if you wish to see him, now is your time."

"What do you say, Kate—will you go down with me?"

"Of course I will; but what if Paul should find us out?"

"Pshaw! he will be safe in his room before that time, and know nothing of it: we will venture it for George's sake, for the poor fellow would be disappointed."

Meantime George was whiling away the long hours, anxious for the appointed hour, to know his destiny; and had he known how closely he was watched, he would have scarcely undertaken anything; for the excitement was getting higher, and he had even been watched during his conversation with Patrick, and they supposed he was trying to get some information out of the poor fellow about the seminary buildings,

and likely that would be the first place of his depredations.

At all events, the time wore away, and supper was passed, and about fifteen minutes of eight o'clock, George walked toward the seminary; it was starlight, and not very cold; yet George thought he would not detain the girls long in the night air, as they were not used to it; hence he had in mind a condensed form of words to submit to the ladies, and particularly Lizzie, should he be so fortunate as to see them. He walked slowly along, and as he opened the large gate carefully, his heart seemed to make more noise than the gate, as it was making active vibrations from suspense, as to his nightly adventure. He walked hastily down the shell-walk, and soon distinguished two forms in the large open door of the seminary;—a few moments and he held Lizzie's hand, while she gave him an introduction to Kate; it was a sociable meeting, and hard to tell which was happier, George or Lizzie, and a few words soon satisfied George that all was well; he made his requests and remarks to Lizzie, then appealed to Kate very politely for approbation, who, of course, decided in his favor all points of dispute.

Lizzie turned around to look through the hall to see if any one was about, as Paul Bard was going to lay his hand on her shoulder. She gave a sudden scream, and was about falling out of the door, as George caught her, until she regained her feet, for she was only frightened.

At this moment the sheriff and his assistant seized George rudely, and despite all protestations, hurried him off to the village. George found that, with an officer on each side of him, he had better walk along without any resistance, and try to convince them that they were mistaken in the man; but it was all of no avail, for they had been watching his movements for several days. He was taken to a substantial room in the sheriff's dwelling, fixed for that purpose, until the regular jail was finished; here he was examined as to deadly weapons and skeleton keys, but finding none, they left him alone in his glory to await his trial the next morning, before the magistrate, on charge of assaulting two young ladies, with ill intent, etc.

"Now, I have made a fine thing of it," thought George to himself; "here I have come up to this one-horse-town to see the ladies, and got into the lock-up the first peep, and don't see much chance of getting out on a *habeas corpus*. I suppose by to-morrow I will be tried for an attempt to murder; I will have to send for Harry; and then those poor girls, I have them in a nice difficulty, for Bard will have them tried for standing in the door after night, and there is no telling when I will get back to the city. Gracious, I will say prayers and retire."

How much he slept we cannot say; but the morning found him ready to plead his own case. At nine o'clock, a quorum was formed in the magistrate's office, sufficient to try the important case.

George was brought in before his Honor, accompanied by the two officers who arrested him, and Paul Bard was present, who with the officers, were the only witnesses against him. He now informed them that he would plead his own case, and that he wished them to issue a subpoena for Lizzie, Kate, and Patrick, and also wished them to bring the letter that he addressed to Lizzie Lane on the day previous. Of course, a deputy was dispatched for them, but Paul had them locked up in a room for their disobedience, and had to accompany the messenger to get them out. When they arrived the trial commenced.

The officers were first to testify, and their evidence corresponded in the facts that they saw him approach the seminary in a stealthy manner, and by the time they reached the place, by a circuitous route, they saw him take hold of the young lady in a rough manner, and heard her scream.

Paul Bard now testified that he was looking about the seminary to see if everything was in its proper place, when he saw a young man approach the young ladies, and did not know what was his object.

Next came Lizzie and Kate. Their testimony corroborated the fact that they had been informed that he would make a call that evening, and, knowing it was against the rules, Lizzie concluded to see him at the door, and that Kate merely accompanied her out of consideration for Lizzie's timidity. They further related how they received information that he was going to call. George here requested Lizzie to pro-

duce the letter which would show the object of his nocturnal visit.

Next, poor Patrick was brought up to state what he knew about it; and they soon learned that he "met the gentlemun at the post-office, and that he carried the litter, unbeknowns to Prof. Bard."

The evidence being through, the magistrate thought the case would not bear argument, and that Mr. Lenore only wished to visit the ladies, and was obliged to take that plan on account of the rigid laws of the institution; therefore, he was released from custody. The audience now dispersed, thinking the matter a pretty good joke, and concluded it was a lesson not to be so suspicious of strangers.

But Prof. Bard was angry to think such a fop could make such inroads upon his affairs without punishment, and concluded that Lizzie and Patrick should forthwith leave his premises. Such decision, however, was hardly necessary on Lizzie's part, for she had determined to leave after being shut up in a room and not permitted to have any breakfast, and did not know what would have been the result, had she not been sent for, and that now she was free, she intended to remain so, and informed her uncle of the fact as he was starting home. She let him go alone while she bent her steps toward the interior of the village, intending to remain with a friend there until Monday, and then return to the Queen City, being perfectly tired of old foggy seminaries.

Kate returned to the seminary, after bidding Lizzie

an affectionate farewell. Paul set Kate to packing up Lizzie's property, and told Patrick to carry the trunks after they were packed, up to the hotel, and then inform Lizzie where they were; and as soon as that was done to pack his own and clear out. Poor Kate had lost her chum, and as she gathered up the articles and stored them away in Lizzie's trunks, she wept as if death had separated them, and forlorn Pat did not know where he would rest his head; yet before night Pat and all the baggage were at the hotel. He there met George, and related to him his misfortune, who told him to remain at the hotel until Monday, at his expense, and then he would take him to the city and give him plenty to do and a fair compensation.

In the evening (it was Saturday), George made a call on Lizzie, and was treated by her acquaintance as a gentleman; had a cozy little *tete-a-tete* with Lizzie without molestation. On Sunday evening he repeated the same; and on Monday the trio came happily away from Coveland, and arrived safely in their home city.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WILL.

"ANDREW, you said you would need two witnesses to this article, and it may as well be attended to now, as my sons-in-law are down stairs. I will get them to come up and add their names," said Mrs. Winfield to her husband who was lying very ill from an affection of the lungs, brought on by a severe cold.

The article in question was merely an obligation on his part to discharge certain duties concerning his commission business with a certain individual.

"Very well, wife, get the paper and tell them to come up and witness the signing."

"Here is the paper; I will call them from the stairs."

Having done so she returned to his bed-side.

"I feel too feeble to write my name. I can hardly see."

"Here is the pen, Andrew, just put your name here by my finger; then we will not disturb you any more to-night."

The signing and sealing being accomplished, he ordered the document to be laid in his secretary.

Mr. Winfield had been ill several days; and each day getting worse they had begun to think he would

not recover. His daughter, Kate, was there during the day, and Charles had been sent for, whom they were looking for to-morrow.

"Mother, do you think the old man is dangerously ill?" said one of the sons who had just witnessed the paper, as they were seated in the dinning-room.

"Yes, son, I have seen so much of this hasty consumption, that I know when it takes hold of an old worn-out frame like his, that he will not last a week," said Mrs. Pettifroid Winfield; "and further, although it would be wicked to wish such a thing, yet if it should happen, that he was to die, then we'll live in clover: I shall build your wives each a fine house to live in, and furnish you with means so that we can live independent."

"How is that, mother?—is he so wealthy?—and if he is, you will only draw your third, as long as you live, and you will not be permitted to sell any property, or use the principal, unless he has made a will giving you more than that."

"Yes, that's the question; but, my sons, I can answer it in my favor;—but what I tell you now, I would not have you mention for the world, for it might get to his children's ears, and raise an awful fuss. It is this: he has made a will, and left me his entire estate, except about twenty-five dollars apiece to Charles and Kate, and a provision in it, that I must take care of Blanche and Clifflie until they are of age; and you know it will cost but little to take care of them, as they are getting large enough to work

and pay for themselves, so that I would not have to hire any serv——"

"Rap! rap! tap!"

"There! he is knocking on the floor with a cane—I must hurry up;—good night,—don't say anything."

The two sons went home rejoicing at the artfulness of their mother-in-law. She hastened up stairs.

"My dear, how do you feel—are you getting any worse?"

"No, dear, I feel easy, but I am very thirsty and very lonesome;—I wish you would prepare some toast-water, or something that you think will be good."

"Yes, Andrew, I will fix some herb-water, for you know that will be good, as you know I am the best kind of a nurse;—just remain easy—it will not take but a few minutes; but I will have to go down stairs and leave you alone again."

A few moments spent among papers and bottles, with tumbler in hand, she soon had the preparation finished, and proceeded up stairs. Just as she reached the room, the door-bell rang; sitting the tumbler on the stand by his bed-side, she hastened down.

"Ah, doctor, 'tis you and Kate—well, come in; your father will be glad to see you, as he is not so well this evening, and I am fearful of the result," said Mrs. Winfield.

Dr. H. hastened up stairs to see his patient, while Kate was taking off her furs, bonnet, etc.

Mr. Winfield had raised up in his bed, as the doctor came in.

"Father, how do you feel?"

"Rather easy;—please hand me that toast-water in the tumbler, as I am very thirsty."

The doctor took up the tumbler, put it to his lips.

"Father, I don't think this will be good for you—I will order some *quassia aqua*, which will be better—just lie down."

The doctor looked around, spied an empty bottle—poured the contents of the tumbler into it, and put it in his over-coat pocket. Mrs. W. and Kate make their appearance.

"Andrew, have you relieved your thirst?"

"No, the doctor thought that would not be good for me."

"I am so glad you come, doctor, for, I had made him some herb-tea, and it might not have been good for him—I will throw it out."

"I saved you the trouble—I threw it out myself, after tasting it, and my lips are burning yet," remarked Dr. H.

Kate conversed with her father, while her husband was preparing some comfortables for the sick man. Having things arranged, and being late, the doctor and his lady bade them good night.

"Kate, I have the most foul suspicions of that woman, and I think my visit there saved your father's life," remarked the doctor, as they were walking toward home; "she had just prepared some cold tea,

as she called it, and your father was about to drink it as I went in: he asked me to hand it to him, and thinking I had a right, I tasted it, and it was most horrible stuff—I would not let him have it."

"Doctor, I believe she would do anything to get him out of the way; but I wish you knew certain about that drink."

"I will know all about it, for I bottled it, and have it in my pocket, and will analyze it before I retire."

When the doctor reached home, he proceeded to examine the compound. He soon discovered that its chief component parts were morphine and deadly night-shade, two most powerful sedatives, the latter a deadly poison, and had Mr. Winfield drank the same, it would have been his last sleep. The doctor thought it best not to tell Kate of his discovery, but concluded to let the matter rest until morning, knowing that Kate would not rest while her father was in such danger.

Morning came, when the doctor related the whole affair to Kate, and further stated that Mr. Winfield must not be left alone with her, until he was able to bear being told what had happened.

Charles and his wife arrived, and were glad to find their father getting better. Mrs. Winfield had left Charles and lady with Andrew, that they might entertain him while she could adjust matters below stairs. At this moment a gentleman calls to see Mr. Winfield on business. Mrs. W. sends him up to the room.

"Good morning, Mr. —, take a seat."

"Thank you, Mr. Winfield; I called to get that document—is it ready?"

"Yes, sir;—Charles, hand Mr. — that paper lying on top, in my secretary—that's it," said Mr. Winfield, as Charles took it out and gave it to the gentleman, who put it in his pocket and bade them good day.

Immediately after this, Mrs. Winfield came into the room, seeming to be very busy,—looked through the secretary—did not find what she wished—seemed to have lost something, and looked very much excited as she went out of the room.

At this time Dr. H. came in to see his patient, and after finding the old man in good spirits, and inclined to take a nap, they let him do so, while there was a private *tete-a-tete*, in one corner of the room, between the doctor, Charles, and Julia about that herb-tea.

Here they were all interrupted by the return of Mr. B—.

"Mr. Winfield—you have given me the wrong paper. I suppose you thought you were going to die, and had your will ready; but I did not wish to read it."

"You must be mistaken, Mr. B—, I have never made a will!"

"Well, sir, here is the paper—you can have it, as it is not what I want;—I will bid you good day, as I am in a hurry;—you can hunt up the agreement and send it down to the store."

"What can this mean?" said Mr. Winfield, as he arose up in his bed to look over the mysterious document; at the same time Mrs. Winfield entered the room. He now commenced reading out aloud:

"I give and bequeath to my present wife, my entire real estate, consisting of house and lot No. —, on Sixth street; house and lot No. —, on Barr street; two lots, Nos. —, on Eighth street, together with my moneys, chattles, etc., in my business, excepting twenty-five dollars to each of my children; provided that she will support Blanche and Clifflie, until they are of age, etc.

Such is the last will and testament of

A. J. WINFIELD.

Witness: } CHARLES GOLCROFT,
MINOR WICKET.

Just at this moment Mrs. Winfield gave an awful shriek, and fell upon the floor in a hysterical fit; one scream followed another, while she lay and kicked, as if getting up a revival on her own hook. The house was thrown into some confusion, while the doctor suggested the idea of letting her kick it out.

A forged will was now manifest, and it explained also the drug-tea, that was prepared the evening previous.

The doctor here related to Mr. Winfield his experiments with the drink his wife had prepared for him, and concerning its poisonous contents.

By this time, the treacherous woman had nigh exhausted herself in shouting; they assisted her to a bed in an adjoining room, where she had an oppor-

tunity to reflect upon her situation,—to enjoy the sweet reflections of “living in clover,” as she termed it; or rather a chance to submit to the lashings of a guilty conscience, to review the artfulness and duplicity of her past life,—to look upon her miserable self and weep.

And now was the first time that she had ever been checked in her career of sin, which had its birth in a desire to take small things that did not belong to her; and a disposition to talk about everybody, which kept her continually maneuvering to keep herself out of difficulty. When she slandered any one, and was likely to be detected, she would charge it upon some innocent person; and these formed the base of her career, which had increased her talent and desire for scheming, that every day added a new variation to her plans; but now she was detected in her grandest effort, and just in time, for she might soon have connected herself with the Wall street brokers, or opened a wild-cat bank in a Western State.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DISPUTED TITLE.

GEORGE LENORE had searched in vain to find the legal owner of certain real estate held by the Hon. Mr. Lambert; at last he inserted an advertisement in a daily paper, as follows:

“If any person knowing the whereabouts of Joel Burner, who formerly lived in Cincinnati, will call upon George Lenore, he will be suitably rewarded,” etc.

In the evening George called upon Lizzie—found her at home, as in former times. During the evening, Lizzie inquired who this Joel Burner was, and why he had advertised for him in the evening paper.

“Joel Burner was an Irishman, and lived out near Deer Creek, a few years ago, and since his removal, I find no trace of him,” remarked George.

“What would you do if you did find him—does he owe you anything?”

“O, no! he does not owe me anything. I have business of more importance than that.”

“I did not know anything could be more important. But what is it?”

“If I could find him I would have the pleasure of putting him in possession of an estate, receiving a good fee for my trouble, besides having the satisfac-

tion of revenge on a proud family that attempted my ruin."

"Is it possible? I don't understand you."

"It is very plain, Lizzie; for he was, and is yet, the legal owner of the Lambert property, and I am determined to aggravate them."

"Very well, George; what reward will you give if I tell you where to find him?"

"I believe you are teasing me, Lizzie. Do you know anything about him?"

"But what reward will you give?"

"If you are in earnest, I will give twenty-five dollars reward to know where to find him; and if I gain the property I will give four times that amount."

"Well done, George, I will show him to you. Follow me."

Lizzie took the lamp and bent her steps to the attic room. Seeing a small light in the room and knowing that he had not retired, they walked in. There sat Mr. Burner in his lonely room; his bent form and hoary locks seemed to demand a degree of veneration from his young visitors. He laid up his pipe as Lizzie introduced George Lenore; at the same time asking his pardon for interrupting him at such a late hour.

"And you need not make apology, for its meself that's glad to see you, unless you have come to turn me out of doors."

"Not at all, Mr. Burner; this gentleman has called to see you on business that may be far better than

turning you out in your old age; and, besides, no one dare do that while I have a home.

"I am afther thinking so, meself; but then you might get turned out again, yourself, and then I would have to go. But what does this gintlemun want?"

"Well, sir—Mr. Burner, I will speak for myself. I want to know if you owned a certain lot, number — on — street?"

"Faith an' I did, sir, an' was chated out of it."

"Did you purchase of John Watton, and give him a mortgage for a balance of the purchase money?"

"An' its meself that did that, too. An' when I couldn't pay for it, they took the lot, an' that's why I am sich a poor divil all the while."

"Then, how did Mr. Lambert get the property?"

"Faith, an' John Watton got on a spree, an' sold the mortgage to Mr. Lambesfur an' then died agin; an' I thought that it was no use to attempt to do anything, an' I have been a beggar iver since."

"Well, sir, we will try and get it for you; but we will let you retire now. Good night, Mr. Burner."

"Good night, sir, an' may the Virgin Mary be with ye, an' St. Pathrick an' the holy fathers keep ye out of purgatory, an' the holy prastes forgive yer sins, an' may ye live till ye die," said Joel Burner, while they were closing the door. The old man retired quite cheerful, in hopes of regaining his estate, although he could not reasonably expect to live much longer, and was too infirm to enjoy it.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"MARRY IN HASTE, REPENT AT LEISURE."

"Now dew tell! Here you have been living in this house all winter, and your aunt never knew it," said Mrs. Jake Lambert to Julia, as she entered the cottage of Charles and Julia Winfield, the day after their return from the city.

"How could you have known it, Aunt, if you did not call on us?"

"Now, I hearn there was some folks from the city, but I was afeard to call, knowing as how the city folks are so proud; but I never thought Julia Lambert would move to a country place like this. But how do you like it?"

"I think it is a horrible place for white folks to live."

"Don't talk so, Julia, for you will think it a Paradise after you get accustomed to it."

"No doubt I will—if I ever get accustomed to it; but it is so lonesome, I don't see any person here once a week."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Lambert, "I will bring over Mrs. Dillard, Mrs. Stump, Widow Pilfer and a dozen others, and when you get acquainted with all of them you will have a fine time."

"What odd names they have."

"Never mind their names Julia; you will soon learn to like the folks; and in the spring you will be invited to all the log-rollings, wool-pickings and quiltings."

"I don't know anything about log-rolling, wool-pickings, or quiltings."

"Well, I reckon your husband will do the log-rolling; and the women folks go along to do the cooking."

"I expect that will be very fine, indeed," said Julia, thinking to herself that she would rather attend an opera.

"Where is your husband?"

"He is out on the farm, fixing the fences for spring."

"But how in the world do you get along, as neither of you know anything about farming?"

"Charles has a German to help him, and I have some cook books, by which we are enabled to get along; but you would have been amused one day at my churning. I churned nearly the whole forenoon, and then Charles churned until his arms ached; then we found that the bottom had come off from the dasher, and that we had been punching the cream with a straight stick."

"You great goose, I should have thought you would know it was off, by the feeling."

"Yes, but I never felt one before."

"How do you get along when it comes to milking?"

"We only have one cow, and Charles milks her. Sometimes she wont stand still; then he puts a rope around her horns and ties her to the fence before he can finish; and then sometimes she kicks the bucket of milk all over him."

"Ah, that is bad management. I will have to come over often and give you some instructions, but I will not have time to do it now, for I must go. And you must bring your old man and come and see me. Good day, Julia."

"Good bye, aunt; I hope you will come over quite often."

It was not long before Charles came in.

"Julia, what beggar was that I saw going away from the house a few moments ago?"

"Be careful, Charles, how you talk, for that was our aunt Lambert; she lives on the farm adjoining ours."

"She was dressed mighty commonly, I think."

"Well, the women folks all dress in their linsey dresses up here, and I expect to have one before long, for I am losing all my pride, and don't care how I look, as I don't get to see anybody; and then we can't afford to wear fine clothes, where one is tearing them all the time on these worm fences, as you call them. But, Charles, I will tell you all about our conversation some other time, as it is

now time for supper, and you must bring in some wood."

"Now, Julia, I am so tired, you go and get a small arm full and let me rest."

"Charles, I would not mind it if it was not for that nasty fence, for it is a great annoyance, and I should think you would have the wood placed on this side, but I will go and get some if you will promise to put the wood in a more convenient place next time."

"Ah, she is going to be a good housewife," thought Charles to himself when she had gone upon the errand; but a sudden scream aroused him from his chair, and with a spring he was soon out in the yard, and discovered Julia in a predicament. She had made a hasty descent upon the opposite side of the fence, and her dress had caught upon a large splinter while her toes were just touching the ground, and she could not turn around to unfasten it. Charles soon relieved her, then he had a hearty laugh while she pronounced a few maledictions on country life. However, she was so frightened that she could neither carry wood nor climb the fence; ergo, he took down the fence, and then carried in the wood himself. Julia, however, soon prepared their tea, and they took their evening meal.

"Now, since you have had your tea, I will furnish the dessert," said Charles. "Here is a letter from home."

"What a tease you are, Charles; why did you not give it to me as soon as you came in? But what can it mean? To get a letter so soon, I am afraid there is something wrong. This looks like father's hand-writing on the envelop—let us see."

CINCINNATI, ———, ———.

DEAR CHILDREN:—

I drop a line to let you know that I am expecting some little trouble about my title to my present residence, and that the whole affair has been started by your particular friends, Lizzie Lane and George Lenore; and whether it will amount to anything or not will soon be known; it is now grieving your mother so much that she is almost bed-fast. Yet let happen what will, I hope it will not affect your happiness in your comfortable home.

Your father,

——— LAMBERT.

Julia threw down the letter, and fixed her eyes upon Charles, who seemed to be intensely interested, as if to let him speak first, knowing that he was expecting something of a fortune from that source, and that she now could see what effect a disappointment might produce on him."

"I think that is very strange. I don't see how that George Lenore could affect his title, if it is good for anything; and if he has come by the property by foul means, I cannot understand why your folks always put on so many airs, as if you were independently rich."

"Come, Charles, do not cast any reflections, for it may come out well, and if not, it is too late now to mend the matter."

"Yes, but you see how it is; for it would aggravate any young man. If your father should not leave you anything, and my step-mother cheats the Winfields, we will have a "sweet home" of it sure enough."

"Then, Charles, it will be tit for tat; for if neither of us have anything, certainly you cannot complain of me."

"Ah, indeed! Your father told us that evening when he wanted us to go to house-keeping that he was going to leave you his estate."

"Yes, Charles, but you must remember that was after we were married. You see, you took me for better or worse, as the saying is, and without any promises."

"Yes, and I now begin to think that it is all worse."

"Charles, do not hurt my feelings with your sarcasm; for you know that I cannot stand much, as I was brought up like a hot-house plant."

"Yes, and I think you will see a *hot house* again."

"Do hush, Charles—please do; it will all come right some day."

"Yes, and if I come across that George Lenore I will put a stop to his proceedings."

"Hush, hush, Charles, some one might hear you, and you will drive me crazy with your threats."

"Yes, it is very likely some one will hear something in this neck of the woods."

At this moment the German came in to get his supper and all conversation was suspended.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONCLUSION.

THE spring term of court decided the great Lambert case, in which Burner gained the estate, with its improvements, the latter being allowed to him as equivalent to the annual income of the lot, during the time it had been in the hands of Lambert; yet it was necessary for Burner to pay the mortgage which had never been foreclosed, according to law, which amount he was able to obtain from George Lenore, by giving him a mortgage for the amount, and also for a fee of one thousand dollars for obtaining the property.

Mr. Lambert bore his loss manfully, as perhaps he had anticipated it long before; but his wife could not bear the misfortune—such a descent from her usual mode of living, was too much: such a fall of pride, and prospect of poverty, overpowered her. She grieved and refused to be comforted—she died. The family had been called together, not only to witness, for the last time, the *loved one* of the family, but to perform the painful duty of bidding farewell to the old homestead—a task that came as heavily upon Julia as it once did upon Lizzie Lane—then the loss of her mother added, made it tenfold more afflicting.

While Julia was ransacking the house, and gathering up treasures, remindful of her mother, her hus-

band and her father were off about the city, trying to drive away their troubles in any diversion that society might offer. She was alone, toiling and weeping, when her long treasured friend, Lizzie Lane, came in; Julia was happy to see her; yet there was no room in her heart to express it, for her troubles were gathering thick and fast, as one trouble never comes alone, and she knew not where they would stop; she was fearful of her father entering into scenes of dissipation, and that she might lose Charles' affections; but Lizzie came to give her that consolation she had once received from her, and in cheering tones spoke many soothing words to Julia, who was weeping with her head gently resting upon Lizzie's shoulder, as they were seated upon a divan. Lizzie promised that she should never come to want, while it was in her power to do anything; and intimated, also, to Julia, that she soon expected to get married, and knew that then she would be able and willing to give her a home, at the time entirely forgetting that Julia's husband had a farm in the country, and also that her intended husband was at variance with Charles and Julia, especially since he had been instrumental in Lambert's losses. Yet all this made no difference with Julia and Lizzie, for they had ever been firm friends, and still remained so, aside from the many incidents that had a tendency to destroy that intimacy.

"Lizzie, what has been transpiring of late about the city," asked Julia, who seemed revived by Lizzie's company; "as I have been absent all winter and

troubled so much, I hardly know what is occurring of late."

"I expect I know something about old Mr. Winfield (excuse me—I should have said your father-in-law), that you have not heard."

"What is it, Lizzie?"

"Did you hear about the forged will that Mrs. Winfield had executed?"

"O yes, I heard of that."

"And about her attempt to poison Mr. Winfield?"

"Yes."

"Well, yesterday he obtained a divorce from her, without even allowing her alimony."

"Is that true, Lizzie?"

"Yes, I saw it in the evening paper."

"Well, that is the best news I have heard. I knew she had been absent ever since that spree, as I call it, and I was afraid the childish old man would forgive her; but I am glad he did not. Where is she now, Lizzie?"

"She is living out at the edge of the city, with her lazy children. They do a little work at dress-making, but they cabbage so much, that folks are afraid to trust them—I mean the daughters,—and the old woman has hung out a shingle, 'Mrs. Pettifroid, Fortune Teller, Clairvoyant,' etc., and they live like cats and dogs."

"Can it be that she has come to that, Lizzie? however it just suits her: only I almost wish she would

starve, for father Winfield says she has just robbed his house completely."

"Don't wish her any bad luck, Julia, for she will get her reward;—but, dear me, how late it is: I must go home; take good care of yourself, Julia, and keep cheerful until I see you again; good-bye."

And away went Lizzie as suddenly as she came in. She had forgotten that she had much to do at home, having become so interested in Julia's company, that she had remained with her longer than she intended.

"My dear daughter, where have you been so long, when you have so much to do?"

"Don't scold, ma, for I was in company with Julia, and we had such a sweet time."

"I am not scolding, daughter; but we have so much to do by next Thursday evening, that we will not be ready, if we lose any time, as this is Monday, and Thursday will soon come."

"First thing, ma, I will slip out and complete my purchases. I need some collars and pocket-handkerchiefs; as soon as I return, I will prepare the sponge cake and ladies'-fingers. George is going to present me with a large fruit-cake."

So all hands seemed to be busy at Mr. Lane's, as if something was going to happen—and so there was.

'Tis evening: George Lenore is sitting quietly in his room; a porter enters, leaving a large package, containing a full suit, just from the draper's. No sooner is he gone, than a boy enters with a sample of fruit-cake.

"I want to see Mr. Lenore."

"That's my name, sir."

"Your friend, Harry, sends this as a sample of Mr. Loudon's cake, and says if you like it, to go there and purchase yours."

"Thank you, sir;" and the boy made his exit.

George picks up the small package of cake, and bends his step toward Lizzie Lane's. On his arrival, he finds Lizzie is in high glee.

"What is this package, George?"

"That is a sample of some fruit-cake I want you to taste;—if you think Loudon makes good cake, I will purchase there."

"Indeed, George, I cannot, for I have been tasting and cooking sweet things all the afternoon—any more would make me sick; beside I never eat such things at night;—I will leave it to your judgment."

"Very well; I shall give it a fair trial, as I am almost hungry for something good." Having eaten a portion, they continued chatting upon various subjects.

"Lizzie, I cannot say that I like that cake," said George.

After a half hour of pleasant chat, George again remarked,

"Lizzie, I do not feel well, at all, this evening."

"Perhaps you have taken cold, this changeable weather."

"I think not; a cold never affects me in this way."

"I will go and see ma, perhaps she can give you

some 'old woman's remedy,' that will relieve you," said Lizzie.

Lizzie left the room for a few moments, and returned with her mother. George, in the meantime, had reclined upon the sofa, and complained of feeling much worse. They were frightened as they looked on him."

"My dear George, what is the matter?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Lane, I cannot tell; but please cross the street and bring the doctor."

Lizzie was off in a twinkling, without even a bonnet. George grew pale; a cold sweat covered his brow; his eyes looked wild.

Lizzie and the physician now arrived. It took the physician only a moment to decide that George was poisoned. Lizzie shrieked and ran through the house like a maniac, at this announcement.

"O, doctor, will he die?" repeated Lizzie, with her hands clasped, in anxiety.

"Behave yourself, child; we will do our best to save him."

George was now suffering much, and almost insensible. They had him conveyed to comfortable quarters, where they administered powerful antidotes, as it was a critical moment. Night passed slowly, as they watched by his bedside, with anxiety and suspense, until morning dawned, by which time there was a very favorable change, giving hopes of a speedy recovery.

The cake had done the mischief. Harry was sent

for and he came, but knew nothing about it. No possible conjecture could be formed as to whence it came or why.

Thursday evening came, and George was able to stand before the minister and exchange vows of eternal fidelity with Lizzie Lane; she had now taken the name of Lenore, and they were happy.

But poor Julia had now another link added to her chain of trouble: neither her husband nor father had been seen since Monday, being nearly a week of dire suspense, worse than she had ever undergone before. She had wept the loss of her father once before, but now was added that of her husband. She lived in anxiety and suspense; the hope of their return, was the only buoy of her existence. She now resided at Winfield's, and they used every means to cheer her drooping spirits.

* * * * *

Two years have elapsed. On last New Year's day, I called upon George Lenore and lady, who reside in the Lambert mansion, opposite the old Lane cottage, Lizzie having become heir to the mansion at the death of Joel Burner. Her husband is a prominent lawyer, permitting her to live at ease, and she may often be seen riding out, in her coach, under the charge of Patrick, of Coveland.

Charles and father-in-law Lambert have returned from California, and now live upon the estate of A. J. Winfield (deceased), enjoying the fortune they obtained in the golden-land. Charles, of course, was

heir to his father's property adjoining the Lambert mansion, where he resides with his wife, her father, and his two sisters, Blanche and Clifflie, which make up the now happy Winfield family.

The intimacy still existing between Julia Winfield and Lizzie Lenore soon spread to their husbands, who "smoked the calumet of peace;" thus it happened that the two families become very intimate and neighborly, and many a pleasant evening they spend in rehearsing together their ups-and-downs and family revolutions.

FINIS.