

















“No wonder I ride well, with such accomplished teachers.”

ART and ARTLESSNESS,



BY MRS MADELINE LESLIE  
KILBURN - KILLORY, SC

BOSTON, LEE & SHERARD.



Baker, Harriette Newell (Woods)

ART AND ARTLESSNESS.

BY

MRS. MADELINE LESLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MINNIE AND HER PETS," "LITTLE AGNES," "TIM THE  
SCISSORS-GRINDER," ETC.

BOSTON:

LEE AND SHEPARD,

. SUCCESSORS TO PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.

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# ART AND ARTLESSNESS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE ARRIVAL.

“THEY are coming! They have come! I’ve seen her!” shouted Fred Seaver, his face all in a glow of excitement. “O sis, she’s got splendid eyes, and such white teeth, and such lots of trunks!”

The young girl addressed threw down her book, and ran to the door at which a carriage had this moment stopped. Her heart beat so fast that she could scarcely breathe. What was her astonishment when, instead of the pensive girl clad in mourning robes she had imagined, a gayly-dressed young lady, apparently eighteen or twenty years of age, sprang lightly from the vehicle, without waiting for the assistance of the coachman. Seizing her hand, she gave

her a warm embrace. Then with a musical laugh turning to her uncle, she said, "Surely this cannot be my cousin who is three months older than I am. Why, she is not out of short clothes!"

Emily's face was suffused with crimson as she cast a glance of shame at her neatly-slippered feet; but suddenly recollecting herself, she ran up the steps to show her cousin into the parlor.

Mrs. Seaver came forward and cordially welcomed her niece, then asked, "Will you go up stairs, my dear, and lay aside your bonnet and shawl?"

"Oh, no! that is not necessary," replied Isabel, "I can take them off here."

She walked across the room to a long mirror, and removing her outer garments threw them upon the table, ran her fingers through the puffs of her hair, and then seated herself languidly on the sofa.

"Did your ride fatigue you?" inquired her aunt.

"Not much; but I am very glad to reach the end of my journey."

At this moment Fred peeped in through the crack of the door, and, much to the astonishment of Mrs.

Seaver and Emily, Isabel Sandoval darted out and caught him by the shoulder. "Come here, Jack," she exclaimed, with a burst of laughter; "are you my cousin? Say, why don't you give me a kiss?"

She pulled him forward into the room, and presently an amusing dialogue was passing between them.

"Well, what do you think of me?" she asked, after he had gazed a moment steadily in her face.

"I can't tell so quick," answered the boy. "I like your eyes though; but I thought —"

"What did you think?" she urged, with an arch glance at her uncle who had just entered the room.

"I expected you wouldn't want to laugh, and I was afraid you'd be dreadful stuck up; 'cause Emily said —"

"No matter what your sister said," rejoined Mr. Seaver; "speak for yourself."

"Pray, why did you suppose I should be sober?" asked Isabel in surprise.

Fred did not at once reply, but at length faltered out, "Your mother is dead, you know."

To the horror of all present, the orphan burst into a hearty laugh; but, instantly perceiving the effect of her ill-timed levity, she said, in a softened tone, "I have seen little of mother for years until I was called from school just before her death." She ran her fingers through Fred's curls for a minute, and then added, "Come, I want to hear your whole opinion."

"I didn't think you would be so large," continued the lad; "why, you are younger than Em, and you look most as old as mother! But, so far, I like you first-rate."

Isabel pinched his ear, saying, gayly, "That's to pay for your compliment," and then arose with the rest to obey the summons to tea.

While they are seated at table, I will give a brief account of those who have been so unceremoniously introduced to notice; and perhaps I cannot do so better than to relate a short conversation which took place some weeks previous to the opening scene.

"Who is your letter from, papa?" asked Emily

Seaver, gayly, as she approached her father, and rested her arm fondly on his shoulder.

Mr. Seaver playfully patted her cheek. "You are a true daughter of Eve," he replied. Then changing his tone, he said, gravely, "Emily, I have received tidings from my sister in the West Indies. Her life is drawing toward its close, and she wishes to leave her only child to my care. Her name is Isabel, and she is nearly sixteen years old."

"O, papa! how glad, how very glad I am!" exclaimed the young girl, clapping her hands. "I have so longed for a sister; and then she is so very near my age, only three months younger, — we can study and work and ride together. But ah!" she added, with a sigh, "I suppose she wont feel like doing anything at first, for her mother will be dead."

The last words were uttered in a tone of deep sadness, as if she realized what a dreadful weight of sorrow such a loss would bring to her own heart. After a moment's silence she asked, "When do you expect her here, papa?"

"I can't say, indeed, my child," rejoined the gen-

tleman, starting from his reverie ; “ Isabel will of course not leave home until after her mother’s decease ; and then I shall certainly consent to act as her guardian ; but I must know something more of her character and habits before I allow anything like the intimacy of sisters between you.”

Emily opened wide her eyes, and was about to speak earnestly ; but she saw an expression of pain upon her father’s countenance, and she hesitated, while he rose abruptly and hastened from the room.

When she saw him a few hours later, the traces of deep emotion were still visible, and indeed these hours had not passed without many tears. It was then nearly eighteen years since he had parted from his impulsive but dearly loved sister, who, disregarding her parent’s wishes and even entreaties, had persisted in marrying a young Spanish officer and accompanying him to Cuba. How well he recollected that parting hour : their parents, overwhelmed with grief and anxious forebodings, but still blessing their wilful child Caroline ; her eyes at one moment sparkling with pleasure, as she gazed upon the

handsome officer at her side, the next gushing with tears as she realized that she was to leave her parents and home forever. Since that, he had heard from her only at long intervals. He knew that she had borne three children, of whom only Isabel survived; that she had been a widow nearly a year; and he supposed her left with an ample fortune. He had heard also that his niece closely resembled her mother in disposition and character, and even surpassed her in personal charms.

Now she was about to die and be buried in a foreign land, with none of her kindred near her, save her daughter, to close her weary eyes when she had done with earth. How he longed to fly to her side, and breathe words of hope into her ear. What consolation would it be to him could he be assured that she had chosen God as her father and Jesus as her elder brother. Alas, no! there were a few words at the close of the letter which was written by her physician; but they were simply these:

“DEAR BROTHER:—Before you receive this, I shall probably be resting in the grave; and were it

not for Isabel I should be glad to die, for I am weary, weary of life. I know the memory of our childhood will prevent your refusing the last request I shall ever make of you, and that is, to be a guardian to my child. Be patient with her, for she has never known control.

Your dying sister,

CAROLINE."

Two months later, Mr. Seaver went to New York to meet the vessel in which he had been informed that his niece had embarked. After many and earnest consultations with his wife, he had determined to receive Isabel for a time into his own family, in the hope that her heart, subdued by sorrow, would be susceptible to religious influence.

In the mean time Emily was in a state of excitement very unusual with her. The idea of having a friend of her own age to dwell under the same roof, to participate in all her pleasures, to sympathize in all her childish griefs, was delightful enough, to be sure. But to have one so beautiful and gifted as she had learned her cousin was, to occupy the endear-

ing relation of sister, was happiness almost too great for words. There was just enough of mystery about Isabel, to make her all the more pleasing: daughter of a Spanish officer of high rank, educated in a convent, accustomed to have every wish gratified, — all this poor Emily thought must produce a combination of charms seldom witnessed.

On the day her father and cousin were expected, the young girl arose early, and, having aroused her brother Fred, set out on a ramble in search of wild flowers to adorn Isabel's room. In compliance with her earnest request, her mother had allowed her to select the one next her own; and to this she had removed many articles of ornament from her toilet-table. The arrangements had been completed overnight. The delicate pink curtains gave a rosy tint to the snow-white covering of the bed; the large easy chair was pushed into just the right corner by the west window; the ottoman, covered with pink like the windows, was filled with extra blankets lest the southerner should miss the warmth of her native clime. The shining bookshelves, with their neat

rows of well-selected volumes, all proved that the careful hand of affection had been present.

When Emily had arranged the flowers in her prettiest vase, once more dusted the mantle, and given a finishing touch to the bed, she said, earnestly, "It looks very pleasant ; I hope she will like it."

"She can't help it," exclaimed Fred. "It looks tip-top."

"I'm afraid Isabel wont think you are tip-top, if you use such words," said Emily, with a merry laugh.

"I shan't like her, then," returned the boy, earnestly ; "I can't bear stuck-up people."

"Why, Fred! where did you learn such expressions? What do you mean by 'stuck up'?"

"People that are very precise and proud, and think they are better than any one else. Now is Isabel like that?"

"I can't say, indeed ; but I think she has been so well educated that she will use the best English and that she will be very graceful and elegant, and of course very proper in all her conduct." Emily

sighed as she thought, "What will my accomplished cousin think of such a simple girl as I am?"

As the afternoon wore away Emily's excitement increased, and she regarded her mother with astonishment, as she sat calmly at work. She tried to interest herself in a book, but had scarcely read a page when Fred burst open the door and announced the arrival, as I have related at the commencement of this chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SPANISH COUSIN.

MR. AND MRS. SEAVER did not require many days to obtain an insight into the character of their niece. Extremely attractive in person, graceful and even fascinating in manner, gifted with quick discernment and an active, inquiring mind, her morals were yet wholly unformed, and her intellect undisciplined. She could speak Spanish fluently, and had a smattering of French, but understood little of the rudiments of the English language. She could sing, and accompany herself with some skill upon the guitar, could dance like a danseuse, and whistle as well as any boy in the land; but she could neither write a decent letter, nor spell with any degree of accuracy. When moved by generous impulses, she

acted upon them, and so also when excited by those of an opposite character. She never stopped to ask herself, "Is this right?" "Will God approve my conduct?" She scarcely seemed to realize the existence of a Supreme Being; her only desire seemed to be to live for her own gratification.

Mr. Seaver received letters from a gentleman in Cuba with regard to the settlement of Mrs. Sandoval's property. Without referring to these he made particular inquiries of Isabel as to their manner of living, the expenses of her mother's sickness, and a variety of such personal matters. He was excessively grieved to find that her statements did not at all agree with the facts; indeed, that she had not the slightest regard for truth. She represented their style of living as luxurious: the splendor of the furniture, the costliness of the carriages, the number of the slaves, the richness of their viands as far beyond what she had seen in the States.

But when questioned why, if such were the case, the expenses of the journey had been so scantily defrayed, and why, as she had stated, her mother had

soon after her father's death removed her to a school of inferior merit, that the expense might be less, she colored, hesitated, and was glad to escape by saying, "You know, dear uncle, I have never thought nor cared about business. Since I could have as handsome dresses and ornaments as my companions, and plenty of money in my purse, I was content."

"And has this always been the case?" asked the gentleman, gravely.

"Yes, always; why should you doubt it?"

"Because your mother's agent has sent me a full account of the estate, that I, as your guardian, might know how to regulate the expenses of your education. He says the whole property, if sold now, would bring but a couple of thousand dollars, that for years every thing has been conducted with the strictest economy, and that Juba, the most valuable servant, had to be sold to pay your school bills and your passage to New York."

"Poor Juba!" cried Isabel, "I did pity him;" and with a flood of tears she ran hastily from the room.

“Oh, how like her mother,” murmured Mr. Seaver sadly; “full of noble, generous impulses, but with no moral principle to regulate them. Is it safe to trust our children to such an influence?” He sat meditating upon the subject, when he was aroused by loud peals of laughter from the kitchen, mingled with the cries of some one in distress. He arose hastily, and on approaching the room saw Isabel sitting on the floor with her feet drawn under her, the centre of a circle consisting of her cousins and the servants, whom she was entertaining with an account of the departure of Juba after he was sold. Personating the wife of the poor slave, she wrung her hands, tore her hair, all the time uttering the most piercing shrieks, rocking her body back and forth, and giving vent to the most extravagant expressions of grief. Suddenly rising from the floor, she exclaimed, “Now I’ll be Juba,” and hastily catching Fred’s cap from the chair she set it jauntily on her head, and began pacing the floor, her arms folded on her breast, and her face denoting the deepest woe.

At this moment Mr. Seaver opened wide the door,

behind which he had been concealed, and found Emily in tears.

Fred burst into a loud laugh, the servants hastily returned to their duties, while Isabel, not in the least disconcerted, turned to her uncle with an arch expression that reminded him so forcibly of his sister Caroline, that he was unable to utter one word.

Emily was the first one to speak. "O, cousin!" she cried, tearfully, "How can you make fun of poor Juba's grief? I'm sure I am sorry for him, with all my heart."

"I am going to buy him back," replied Isabel, loftily; "I promised him I would. He is the best servant on the place."

"Hurrah for Juba!" shouted Fred, taking his cap from his cousin, and throwing it to the top of the room.

The next day Mr. Seaver entered the parlor and found Emily sitting there, quietly gazing into the fire. She was so absorbed in thought that she did not appear to notice his entrance. He took a book, but his eyes wandered constantly to his daughter, who

sighed repeatedly as if her reverie were a painful one.

“What is the reason you sigh so heavily, my dear?” asked the gentleman, tenderly.

Emily started. “Why father!” she exclaimed, “I didn’t see that you were in the room.” Then, perceiving he waited for her reply, she blushed as she murmured, “I was only thinking, sir.”

“So I perceived. But you seem to be sad.”

“Father,” said she, earnestly, “is it always wrong not to tell the truth?”

“Always, my dear.”

Emily sighed again. “But when—” she hesitated, and colored.

“What is a lie, my dear?”

“That which is not true, I suppose.”

“A lie, Emily, is an intention to deceive. A person may tell that which is not true, he may relate an allegory or parable, as an illustration of truth, which has no foundation even in fact; and yet it is not a lie. The person relating it does not wish to deceive

you. He knows that you understand it to be merely an illustration.”

“But when a person tells a story in joke, father, as Isa — as some do?”

“This is a dangerous kind of story, my dear; because it is always difficult to tell how much of it can really be depended upon. A man, woman, or child who is much addicted to this, will gradually lose that nice regard for truth which I have so earnestly endeavored to inculcate in your breast.”

“When mother tells me anything,” said the young girl, thoughtfully, “I am always sure that it is true.”

“And yet she has a very lively imagination, and loves a good joke,” added the gentleman.

“Yes, sir; but I always know in a minute when she is joking. I wish I could when Isabel tells me stories.”

“Suppose you repeat one of which you are in doubt, and I will endeavor to decide for you, my dear.”

Emily blushed, sighed again, and then exclaimed, “Only think, father, she is three months younger than

I am, and yet she says she has had ever so many beaux, and two of them wanted to marry her. She laughed at me because I told her I had never had one beau, but you and Harvey and Fred."

Mr. Seaver looked grave, almost stern. "It is very foolish to think or talk upon such subjects at your age, my child. I really cannot say whether what she has told you is true or false; but it is time a stop should be put to such an influence. I fear I have greatly erred."

He left Emily wondering at her father's emotion, and sought his wife. "Isabel must be sent to school," he said in a decided tone. "I cannot have my simple-hearted, truthful, artless Emily exposed to such society. The idea of a girl of sixteen having her mind filled with the thought of beaux and marriage, when she ought only to be thinking of her studies! Preposterous! And yet," he added sadly, "how like her mother. O Caroline!"

At the distance of a few hundred yards from Mr. Seaver's house, and joined to it by a narrow walk leading through the garden, was a neat but tasteful

cottage owned by an aunt of Mrs. Seaver. Mrs. Everett had been married at a very youthful age, but lost her husband, and had since remained a widow for nearly thirty years. She was possessed of an ample fortune, sufficient for all her wants and for the education of Harvey her adopted son. This young man was the only child of her husband's brother, and was committed to her care upon the death of his mother when he was but a few months old. He was now in his fourth year in his college course, after which he intended to pursue medical studies. The small fortune left him by his father still remained upon interest, and now, as Harvey approached his majority, amounted to a snug little fortune. It had been a favorite project with the young student to expend a part of this in perfecting his medical knowledge at the famous hospitals in Paris and Edinburgh; but hitherto Mrs. Everett had withheld her consent, only saying in reference to the subject, "When the time comes we will see — we will see."

In college Everett had been too close a student,

and too reserved to be a general favorite ; though his high rank as a scholar won him not only the respect of his class, but the unqualified approbation of his professors. He had a few chosen companions, however, who appreciated and loved him as a friend, who were permitted to look into his heart, and who regarded with equal delight and surprise one who in the midst of temptations to extravagance and dissipation, had attained such a high degree of eminence in all that was lovely and of good report. They did not at all understand the inward struggles, the prayer and watching necessary to attain this end. They were not aware of the fact that though often detained until midnight in the prosecution of his studies, yet he never retired to rest without first asking his own heart, "In what respects have I this day failed in the performance of my duty as a pupil, as a friend, as a Christian?"—without imploring pardon from on high for the sake of a crucified Saviour ; that the rising sun found him upon his knees pleading for guidance, succor, and strength to resist the temptations of the day.

To Mrs. Everett, who regarded her son as the perfection of early manhood, his presence was scarcely less welcome than to the family of Mr. Seaver. Indeed, Mrs. Seaver, who had lived with her aunt previous to her marriage, had shared the care of Harvey in his infancy and early youth, regarded him as a dearly beloved brother, while the children loved him as one of themselves.

Mr. Seaver, who had pursued a collegiate course of study, but who had been subsequently occupied in commerce, had always been the interested confidant and adviser of their young friend, and the earnest advocate of his wishes to visit Europe previous to commencing practice as a physician.

I have said that Harvey was somewhat reserved in general society ; but by this I do not mean that he was at all morose or gloomy ; for, on the contrary, he had the reputation of being the most graceful skater, the most expert at football, and the most daring at the gymnastic exercises, of any young man in college. When engaged in either of these sports, he threw his whole soul into them. At home he was

the life of the family circle. He ran in and out at his uncle's, at all hours of the day, helped Emily in her studies, and Fred in his plays. He was always ready to do an errand in town for his mother, or aunt, as he called Mrs. Seaver, to attend his cousin in a walk, or to help Fred fly his kite. It was no wonder, therefore, that all regretted his absence and longed for his return.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE NEIGHBORS.

It is difficult accurately to describe Mrs. Everett, either in person or character, as she was what is called eccentric. She was rather below the medium height, with a slight, trim figure, and a countenance which bore the marks of former beauty. She had small, keen, black eyes, which were capable of expressing either gravity or mirth. She always wore glasses, which Fred had lately charged to the fact that she was afraid of letting him see when her eyes laughed.

In character she was very decided: what some people call "up and down." And truly one need not mistake her views. "I never mince matters," she would often say, while her eyes twinkled with mirth.

“I live in a free country, and I thank God that I have the right to my own honest opinion, both in religion and in politics.”

She was a professor of religion, and gave no one occasion to suspect that she was not also a possessor. “I am weak and imperfect at best,” she would sometimes say; “and the knowledge of my own frailties makes me have charity towards those who err; but I never can look with favor upon man, woman, or child who is guilty of duplicity. A person who is untrue to himself, who speaks contrary to his real sentiments, or acts a part foreign to his real wishes for the accomplishment of some particular purpose, can never be trusted, either in public or in private.”

When Isabel first became a member of her uncle's family, Mrs. Everett was delighted with the gay good nature of the young girl. Isabel's good traits, as well as her bad ones, were on the surface. Though naturally indolent she was ready to oblige, and there was a warmth of affection exhibited toward those around her, a demonstrative display of affection, which was very winning. For a time her uncle,

aunt, cousins, and even the servants were carried away by it. Therefore it was not strange that Mrs. Everett should exclaim to herself, "Poor child, she has been deprived of father and mother: it is no wonder she clings with such fondness to the relatives still left her."

Emily Seaver was an especial favorite with this good lady. Almost her first steps, after she had learned to walk, were directed to "Aunt Maly's" cottage; and since that time she felt as much at liberty in one house as in the other. When Harvey was at home it was only natural for her to be there at all hours of the day; and when he was not, Aunt Mary would be lonely without her.

At first Isabel accompanied her on these unceremonious visits, somewhat startling Abigail, Mrs. Everett's major-domo, by bringing so fashionably-dressed a young lady through the kitchen; for Emily was as likely to run into the cottage before breakfast or by the back door as to wait until later, or to announce herself in a more ceremonious manner.

But Isabel could find nothing at all charming in

the conversation of an old lady, nor attractive in a neat, but somewhat precise parlor where the furniture was a type of the last generation, and soon voted visits to the cottage a decided bore.

In the company of Fred, whom she openly lamented was not a dozen years older; or in winning applause from the servants by her acting, as they designated her racy descriptions of West India life, she enjoyed herself far more than in the company of her aunt and uncle.

But a month had not passed before a change came over the entire household, with the exception of Isabel herself. Mr. Seaver and his wife looked careworn, Emily grave, Fred decidedly rude, and the servants careless in their duties, and disrespectful toward their mistress.

Immediately after his conversation with his daughter, Mr. Seaver had written to a lady, teacher of an academy, wishing to place his niece under her care; but as he had frankly confessed that the young girl needed constant watchfulness, that she was deficient in her moral training, though capable of making a

most useful woman; the lady had demurred in regard to the influence such a miss would exert over her other pupils. The correspondence occupied a week or two, and in the mean time the gentleman received a bill from one of the fancy-goods dealers, for articles charged to him on Miss Sandoval's account.

Neither her aunt or cousin had been aware that she had ever purchased a single article; and when her uncle kindly expostulated, stating that the very limited state of her finances would not authorize such extravagance, she opened wide her large black eyes, and laughed in his face.

“How can I live without fine clothes?” she exclaimed, when she saw that her mirth made him seriously displeas~~ed~~. “I have always done just as I pleased; and I am angry that I came to the States if I must be tutored like a child. I will tell you what I will do,” she added, suddenly raising her eyebrows and throwing her arm fondly around her uncle's neck, “I will sell Elsie the cook. She loves me so dearly she would readily consent to go, rather than to have me denied the shawls and dresses that I like.”

Mr. Seaver threw off the caressing arm, and started back to look at his niece. He could not believe her to be in earnest ; but there she stood, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks crimsoned with the pleasant anticipation of being so soon saved from her annoyances.

He gazed at her, conscious of a feeling of contempt, of loathing toward a child who would so readily sacrifice the dearest wishes of a faithful, affectionate servant, merely to gratify a momentary whim.

It required all the softening influences he could bring to bear upon the case, to repeat to himself again and again, "Poor child ! she has been left to grow up like a weed, without moral culture, without any appeal even to the best feelings of her heart, not to turn upon her with harsh words, and threats of coming ruin."

"Isabel," he said, solemnly, as soon as he could control himself, "I may as well tell you now as at any time, that you must learn to deny yourself. You have not the means, even if it were right, for you to spend money so extravagantly. It is only by the

strictest economy that you can pay the expenses of your education. As I told you before, I, as your guardian, have made inquiries of the agent appointed by your mother, and find there will be scarcely sufficient to accomplish that object."

"But I shall be married in a year or two," was the laughing response. "If I do not dress handsomely, I shall not make so good a match."

"O Caroline! Caroline!" was the moan which burst forth, as the young girl with a smile of triumph turned from the apartment. He heard her running through the hall humming a snatch of a negro song, and sighed heavily, as he realized what a burden of care and solicitude had fallen upon him.

"I can never endure this," he said to himself at length; "there is nothing to which an appeal can be made, — no fear of God, no regard for any one but herself." He paced the floor rapidly, trying to decide what was best to be done with the wayward girl. All at once he seemed to see the loving eyes of his dying sister fixed upon him, while these words came slowly from her pale lips: "Be patient with

my child, brother, for she has never known control."

He breathed a prayer for himself, and for her who was the cause of so much anxiety; and then went to join his family at tea. But on one point he was determined. Isabel must not remain under his roof.

After family prayer, which exercise was disturbed by Fred's laughing aloud, and complaining that his cousin snapped a seed into his ear, Emily took her bonnet and went across the garden to the cottage. Scarcely ten minutes passed before they heard her voice in animated conversation with some one, and presently she returned, ushering cousin Harvey into the parlor. Mr. and Mrs. Seaver cordially greeted the young collegian, and Fred, who was playing battledoor with Isabel in the back porch, heard his familiar voice, and came running in.

In the excitement of the moment Isabel was forgotten; but no sooner had she become aware of the presence of a handsome gentleman, than she hurried to her own room to prepare for a conquest. Having

thrown a bright-colored scarf over her sable dress, which increased the brilliancy of her complexion, and brushed until it shone her black, glossy hair, she sauntered carelessly toward the parlor as if not aware of the presence of any stranger.

Harvey, who was sitting opposite the door, first discovered her, and was quite startled at the sight of so much beauty. He arose immediately, and with some embarrassment waited for her to enter.

“My niece, Miss Sandoval, Mr. Everett,” said Mr. Seaver, introducing them.

Isabel bowed gracefully, and then walked the entire length of the room to a chair. She had often been told that her gait was elegant, and on this occasion she was not averse to exhibiting her accomplishments.

Harvey tried to go on with a story he was telling Emily, but his eyes continually wandered to the beautiful figure before him. He was becoming a little vexed that his aunt or cousin had not prepared him to meet so fascinating a stranger. Mrs. Everett had certainly told him in a letter of the arrival of

a little girl younger than Emily ; but for a meeting like the present he was wholly unprepared.

In the mean time, Isabel, after throwing the artillery of her sparkling eyes full upon the young student, did not seem to consider him worthy of any further attention. So, calling her faithful admirer Fred to her side, she smilingly proposed to occupy the next hour by a game of dominoes. They sat there together; the setting sun, as if comprehending her purpose, sent its rays to fall upon and beautify her bowed head, while in a low, musical voice she carried on her part of the conversation.

“Isn’t cousin Harvey handsome?” inquired Fred in a whisper.

“I did not notice particularly,” was the artful reply; “I dare say, though, he is very good looking; but [with a sigh] we have such fine men in the Islands, vastly superior to yours in the States.

“Well, he admires you if you don’t him,” Fred insinuated, in the same tone.

“I shall win the game if you don’t attend,” carelessly responded his companion.

“I can’t help laughing to see Harvey. His eyes are fixed on us.”

Isabel suddenly raised hers, and encountered the wondering glance of the young man.

He rose instantly and approached them, making some remark about their play.

“There, Fred, I’ll call that even now against our last game,” she said, in a gay tone, suddenly shutting up the chess-board on which they had been playing.

“Are you fond of chess?” inquired the student.

“I have never tried it, sir. Fred, you rogue, keep quiet now,” as the young fellow whispered in her ear: “he’s fairly caught this time.”

She laughed gayly, showing her white, even teeth.

Mr. Everett thought he had never seen such fresh red lips. He was fairly dazzled with her charms. For the next half hour he talked and laughed with her as he had seldom talked and laughed before, while Emily stood near him, fondly leaning on his shoulder. Dinner-time came, but he found it difficult to tear himself away from the interesting West

Indian, and finally allowed Fred to carry his excuse to his mother.

In the afternoon he persuaded her to walk, scarcely noticing whether Emily accompanied them, and returned just as Abigail was bringing in the tea-tray.

Mrs. Everett rose somewhat formally to receive her guests, but had scarcely time to give them a seat when Harvey exclaimed, gayly, "Thank me, mother, for bringing you some company. I had to urge Miss Sandoval a long time before she would consent to come in so unceremoniously."

"Bring extra plates, Abigail," was the lady's only reply.

Emily instantly perceived that the visit was untimely. She approached Mrs. Everett, and fondly taking her hand said, in a low tone, "I did not think we had better come, but Harvey would hear no denial. I knew you would like best to see him alone after his long absence."

"Hush, child!" and Mrs. Everett patted Emily's rosy cheek; "you know I am always happy to have you here."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE ARTFUL GIRL.

GREATLY to the relief of Mr. and Mrs. Seaver, a letter arrived the next morning containing Mrs. Summer's consent to receive Miss Sandoval into her school. If their anxiety could have been increased in regard to their niece, her conduct toward Mr. Everett would have intensified this feeling. Until within a few hours an entire stranger to him, she had now come to be so extremely familiar that even Emily shrunk back with surprise. Leaving the young people together in the library, Harvey, the humble servant of Isabel, engaged in holding a skein of bright-colored worsted, while he carried on a lively banter with the lady, Mrs. Seaver crossed the garden to her aunt's cottage.

The old lady was sitting prim and upright in her high-backed chair, reading her morning portion from Jay's Religious Exercises, and did not stoop from her high position even when her niece began to unburden her heart of its trials.

"Mrs. Summers will take her," she went on; "but the term does not commence for another fortnight. In the mean time, I fear her influence over Harvey."

"My son is not a fool," was the terse remark; adding, presently, "if the young lady is; I consider it a fortunate circumstance that she cannot go at present. Harvey has nothing to occupy him. Let them be together as much as possible."

"But surely, aunt, you cannot think her a suitable —" began Mrs. Seaver, when Mrs. Everett interrupted her.

"Tush, tush! Emma. We can't manage everything our own way. Did you never hear of the silly youth who jumped into the bramble-bush and put out both his eyes?"

"Yes, indeed," was the laughing retort; "and you

think it a wise course to jump again to restore his sight?"

"Certainly. Place no restriction upon them; let them both run the length of their rope."

"But I fear the example upon my simple-hearted Emily. Isabel is even younger than she."

"Ah, there speaks the mother's heart! Yes, I acknowledge a sight of all the coquetting, billing, and cooing, there is likely to be for the next fortnight will do her no good. Why not let her make her grandmother a visit?"

"Yes, she might do that; but she will regret to lose Harvey's visit."

"Very likely; and so do I."

The old lady returned to her reading with a profound sigh. She had been looking forward to this vacation for three long months. She must be pardoned if she was a little jealous of this youthful rival in the affections of one for whom she had made many sacrifices. Twenty-four hours earlier it would have been difficult to convince her that her adopted son would voluntarily absent himself from her soci-

ety immediately after his return home ; but a spell was about him so potent as yet, that it would not be wise to try to break it.

“ Let them be together,” she said to herself again and again ; “ his folly will cure itself.”

Her meditations were interrupted by hearing Harvey’s voice, as he ran lightly up the steps to the piazza.

“ Where’s mother ? ” she heard him inquire ; and presently he entered the room, his face all in a glow of excitement.

“ I’m going to take a luncheon and be off for a ride with Miss Sandoval,” he began eagerly. “ She tells me she is more at home on horseback than in the parlor, but she has no suitable dress. I have persuaded her, though, to ride for once without a riding-habit. She says she will ask her guardian to send for one from the city.”

“ That is not necessary,” said Mrs. Everett, rising gravely ; “ I have a long cloth skirt which she can wear over one of her own dresses.”

“ Thank you, thank you, mother ! I will run back

and tell her. He approached to kiss her, inquiring gayly, "Don't you think Miss Sandoval very charming?"

Early the following day, Emily, accompanied by her father, started to visit her maternal grandmother. No reason was given for the sudden visit, nor did she need any. Her only regret was, as her mother had predicted, that Harvey was now at home.

Though she had imparted her project to him as soon as she knew it, her cousin did not seem to understand that she was really going, until she stood at the door equipped for the ride. There was still fifteen minutes before the carriage would take them to the cars, and Harvey, catching her hand, drew her down a shady walk near the house. But even here he must talk of Isabel.

"How is this," he asked quickly, "that you are leaving your cousin?"

Emily smiled as she said, "I don't think she'll miss me."

"But she is so affectionate and loving, wont she think it strange?"

She looked grave, but made no reply.

“Surely you appreciate her,” he went on. “I have seen many ladies, Emily, but never one to compare with her.”

“Have you called me out here to tell me this?” she said, trying to smile, though he afterwards remembered that her lips quivered; “because I judged as much of your opinion before, and I think it is time for me to start.”

“Well, I wont detain you,” he said, in a disappointed tone; “you know I have always loved you as a dear sister, and I did hope much for you from constant intercourse with her. She has such ease and polish of manners, such rare beauty, and with these gifts such a high moral tone as are seldom combined. Even mother acknowledges her charms.”

“Dear aunt Everett,” was all the answer Emily could force her truthful lips to utter, as she hastened toward the house.

Harvey gazed at her dewy eyes and flushed cheeks with wonder. Suddenly he laid his hand on her arm. “Stop, Emily!” he urged. “It will probably

be many months ere we meet again. Before you go you must account for your singular behavior. You surely have not the weakness to be displeased that I admire your cousin."

She stopped short in the walk, and, drawing her form up with an air of dignified displeasure, said, "You may some time regret your cruel words. When you do, remember that I love you so well I honor you for bestowing your admiration upon whoever is worthy of it."

She ran hastily on, just in time to bid her mother and the rest of the group gathered around the door good-bye, not once again glancing toward the spot where Harvey stood, dumb with astonishment.

"Good-bye, mon amie," called out Isabel, embracing her cousin with great ardor, "Remember your promise to write to me often."

Emily scarcely noticed the farewell, which so added to Harvey's indignation, that he walked into the parlor more vexed with her than he had ever been in his life. He took a seat near Isabel, who was seized with a sudden fit of industry, and not

perceiving that his aunt was in the back parlor, said, "So Emily promised to write to you?"

"Oh yes!" was the laughing reply; "we are to be close correspondents, only coz has the best of it, having really something to tell, while I can only repeat the most common every-day news."

"What do you mean, Isabel?"

"Why, surely," she answered, with an air of mystery, "you cannot be ignorant that your favorite has gone to meet a young gentleman in whom she is greatly interested. He is visiting at her grandmother's. She confessed it all to me. It is quite a romantic story, I assure you."

"But Emily is so young; I never have thought of her as a young lady old enough to form an attachment of that nature."

Isabel laughed heartily, throwing back her head in a manner her companion thought perfectly bewitching.

"How very old-fashioned you are," she exclaimed. "Why, Em is three months older than I am; and yet mamma had repeated offers for me to be betrothed.

I should like to know how aged you think it is necessary for a lady to become, in order to be engaged."

He looked long and earnestly in her eyes ; so long, that she expected him to make some declaration of the deep affection she was convinced he felt for her, but was greatly disappointed when he said, " But you do not suppose Emily is really engaged, or about to be engaged? I have no idea her parents would consent."

Again she laughed ; but whatever reply she was about to make was interrupted by the appearance of her aunt, who came forward from the next room. Harvey knew at once, from her pale countenance, that she had overheard their conversation, and was greatly pleased to be thus relieved from the necessity of telling her of her daughter's situation.

Isabel's cheeks and brow were crimson ; but she instantly recovered her self-possession.

" I don't know," began Mrs. Seaver, turning to her niece, " where you acquired your information, but I feel it my duty to tell you it is entirely incorrect. Emily has gone to see her grandmother with neither

the expectation nor desire of meeting any other gentleman except Mr. Sampson who takes care of my mother's property, and who is more than fifty years of age. I was not aware, either, that she had promised to commence a correspondence. As she carried her books she will have very little time out of study-hours to write letters, except to her parents and particular friends.

The last words were said with marked emphasis, and Harvey was not much astonished to see the young lady put her handkerchief to her eyes and presently leave the room. He sat a few moments trying to introduce some new topic of conversation; but his own manner was, unconsciously to himself, reserved, and Mrs. Seaver did not seem inclined to talk.

Presently he caught sight of a dress flitting past the window, and, making an apology for his departure, suddenly left.

He found Isabel in tears, and the next half hour was spent in soothing her. If he did not actually wipe the tears from her eyes, his manner was so

affectionate and tender that it comforted her, and she was soon able to give words to the grief which she said was killing her.

After bringing the young student to confess again and again that he was and always would be her friend, she unfolded a tale of sorrow which excited both his surprise and indignation.

“I am the heiress,” she went on to say, “of a large and valuable estate. On my mother’s death, my Uncle Seaver was appointed my guardian. It was her express wish that I should live in the style to which I was accustomed, and, as I was possessed of an ample fortune, that my wishes as to dress, etc., should be gratified. I will confess that I love rich dress and even luxurious living. It seems necessary to my happiness. How little dear mamma thought I should ever be restricted as I have been here in the States; and worse than all, that I should be treated so cruelly by those to whose fond affection she in her dying moments confided me.

“When I first arrived I was received cordially, even tenderly; but I soon perceived I was an in-

truder, whose presence was unwelcome. My uncle soon sternly remonstrated with me on my extravagance, while my aunt grew every hour more cool and distant. Until a few days ago I was at a loss to know to what to attribute this; but I have had painful occasion to learn that my absence is an event most ardently desired, especially by my Cousin Emily."

"What do you — what can you mean?" eagerly inquired the young man, who had listened to this revelation in unaffected surprise.

"You heard her cruel words. I am to feel myself cut off from the position of a particular friend, though I came here expecting to love and be loved like a sister. But aunt is mistaken in regard to Emily's visit. I did think, to be sure, coz is so simple and child-like, that she had made a confidant of her mother; but it seems she is entirely ignorant that a young gentleman is visiting there for the purpose of meeting Emily; that they have had some tender correspondence, on which account coz is so anxious to take her letters from the post herself; and that if they are not betrothed, they intend to be before long."

“I am more and more surprised,” faltered the collegian. “My poor little cousin, whom I always thought so artless and truthful, if she has made you her confidant I hope you will warn her not to continue any acquaintance without the consent of her parents; but I am altogether at a loss to imagine what motive my aunt and uncle can have for wishing you away.”

She covered her face suddenly, and then said, “Are you not aware that they wished me to leave for school the day before you returned from college?”

“Still I do not understand you.”

She shook her head. “You are either very stupid or very modest,” she added, with a little pout.

“I prefer to think the latter; but what has my modesty to do with it?”

“You are unkind to place me in so embarrassing a situation; but if you must know, they were afraid I might interfere with the plans they have made for their daughter — as if I, a stranger, could expect to win one thought from a man who had loved my cousin!”

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FALSE STATEMENT.

THEY had wandered in their walk to the very extent of Mrs. Everett's land, a place where Isabel had often accompanied Fred, who was fond of skipping stones over the surface of a small pond or lake bordering her garden. He stopped suddenly when she made the last remark, and said, quickly, "Isabel, you must be shrewder than even I took you to be, if you have discovered all this in so short a time. I will not pretend to misunderstand you; but the very idea is absurd, preposterous: my aunt and uncle planning a marriage between myself and Emily, a child whom I have carried in my arms and held to my breast in her infant slumbers!" He blushed crimson, and then burst into a hearty laugh.

“It is a good joke, I confess,” said the voice of Mrs. Everett, who, having just parted from her gardener, was walking slowly toward them.

Isabel took no pains to conceal her vexation. She bit her lips, and then assuming an air of defiance said, haughtily, “It seems, Mr. Everett, we are destined to have a spy upon our words and actions to-day. One might as well be confined to a convent as to be watched so incessantly.”

The old lady had continued her walk without one additional word; but her son was not disposed to allow this insinuation to pass without notice.

“You are severe, Miss Sandoval,” he said, gravely. “You must be aware that neither my mother nor my aunt could have any motive to watch us, or restrict our intercourse. It was purely accidental our meeting any one here in this quiet spot.”

She saw she had gone too far, and hastened to atone, by saying, “Oh dear! I am always saying something I ought not. How I fear I have offended you, who are almost the only friend I have in the States.”

His eyes were bent on the ground. He had begun to think, to reason on his very short acquaintance with her, and scarcely noticed her words. What, then, was his surprise, to look up, after a brief pause, and find her weeping bitterly.

“Oh, I wish I were back in Cuba!” she exclaimed, passionately. “I am the most miserable, unfortunate creature in the world. I have spoken disrespectfully of your mother, and you will not forgive me: you call me Miss Sandoval. O, mother! come back and take your poor Isabel with you!”

“Miss Sandoval—Isabel—you distress me beyond measure. I am not offended with you; but I think you are mistaken in many things. You say Emily told you she loved a young gentleman, and meant soon to enter into an engagement of marriage. Then you impute to our relatives motives for their ill treatment of you which I am confident never existed. Mr. Seaver has been to me a second father, and Mrs. Seaver always treated me like a younger brother. I am sure no idea of the kind you mention ever entered their thoughts, any more than it has Emily’s

or mine. I allow there is a mystery somewhere. I thought so when Emily bade me good-bye this morning; and I shall ask my aunt before night to explain it to my satisfaction."

"O Mr. Everett! for my sake," laying her jewelled hand on his arm, "do not say one word concerning what I have told you. I confided my sorrows to you because you said you were my friend. Oh, promise me you will not repeat it! Say you will not speak to your aunt!"

"Well, I promise," he answered, smiling. "I will certainly not speak on the subject to her at present; but about Emily — I hope you will not fail to write her; she is young and inexperienced."

"And I am old and hardened to such things," I suppose, she retorted, interrupting him.

"You do certainly seem many years older," he answered, seriously.

He bowed as they drew near the house, and before she had time to remonstrate, he was making rapid strides toward the cottage. "I will talk with mother about Isabel," he said to himself; but some-

how he found it impossible to do that. On the slightest allusion to the subject of his thoughts, she playfully turned the conversation to his studies, or something connected with his college course.

It was the same when Mrs. Seaver came in after dinner. He made a remark like this, "Your niece, Miss Sandoval, is very gifted."

"Yes," was the calm reply. "She sings and plays exceedingly well." There was no warmth, no desire to enlarge; but just a civil answer, and then the subject dropped.

Just as she was leaving, she turned back, and, fixing her eyes calmly on his, said, "I am sure you must believe that Emily is far too young to have a thought of such a meeting as was mentioned this morning."

"I was intending to speak to you on that subject, but —" He stopped, greatly confused, his promise and all that Isabel had said having suddenly occurred to him.

The lady stood a minute gazing at him in surprise, when Mrs. Everett, with a smile, remarked, "I have

heard of a man who lost his heart; but you, Harvey, seem to have lost your head."

"I believe I have," he answered frankly, "and in order to find it I will take a long ride on Caesar."

"Would Miss Sandoval like my skirt again?"

He glanced at her with a curious expression. Was she really so anxious to have him devote his whole time to the lady? But she sewed on, not raising her eyes.

"No," he said; "I shall go alone."

He returned just in time for tea, and found Abigail had made him some waffles, of which he was very fond.

"There is still time," said the lady, to send in and invite Miss Sandoval. I should have done so earlier had I been sure you would honor us with your company."

He blushed as he remembered this was almost the first meal he had taken with her. "There is no need to send on my account," he said; "I shall enjoy a quiet chat with you."

"Now if Emily were only here," he began, as,

after Abigail had carried away the tray, he drew his chair near his mother's recess in the bay-window, "it would really be like old times. It seems scarcely possible she is older than Miss Sandoval."

Mrs. Everett smiled, laid her hand suddenly on his, as if she were about to speak, but then returned to her knitting.

"I wonder what she is doing now?" he went on.

"Who, my dear?"

"Emily."

"Ah! I thought you spoke of the other lady."

He laughed; but it was evidently forced.

"If Emily were here, we would have a game of checkers."

"But as she is not, suppose you take her place and read me a chapter in Thomas à Kempis."

"With pleasure."

He drew nearer the window to catch the last rays of the sun. Presently he heard the gate between the two gardens shut softly, and drew back where he could see who passed without being himself seen. It was, as he supposed, Isabel, who walked slowly by

the window, just glancing up, as she passed on into the street.

Mrs. Everett smiled, but said nothing, while he went on with his reading. Soon it became too dark, and he proposed to his mother to take a walk.

She agreed at once, and they were soon on their way, taking the opposite course from the one Isabel had taken. But they had not walked far, when they saw her sauntering toward them, apparently absorbed in thought. She started when they came nearer, stopped, and said, "I thought, Mr. Everett, you were not in town."

"I returned before tea," he said, smiling; "Will you join us?"

"I was just going to the store of an errand, for my aunt," she said hurriedly, "and perhaps your mother would not care to go back."

She looked smilingly in his face, while Mrs. Everett said, quickly, "I can return alone."

"No, indeed, mother; and, fortunately, here comes Fred, who will escort his cousin home."

She turned away in great displeasure. Fred soon

came up, laughing heartily. "Oh, what a joke!" he said, when he could speak. "Bell saw you ride up the yard, and expected you in to tea. When you didn't come, she was bound she'd know the reason, so she sailed away, as Ruth calls it, through the gate, by the cottage windows. I met her on the main street, and she said she was sure she saw you behind the curtain. She expected you'd come right out, and was dreadful pouty because you didn't; and now she's gone down to the store without seeing you."

"Oh, no; we spoke to her," answered Harvey, in some embarrassment.

"You must be mistaken, Fred; your cousin wasn't aware Harvey had returned."

"Wasn't she though? Why, she went right up stairs, and pinked up wonderfully. She made Ruth put on another plate too, she was so sure you'd be there. Oh, I can't help laughing!"

The silence in which mother and son walked to the cottage was ominous. The rest of the evening he was as studious to avoid Miss Sandoval's name as his mother had been.

The next day a classmate came to visit him, and he did not see the young lady at all. But he heard of her by Fred, who was in and out of the cottage on his way to school. According to his story, she had received a package from the city containing a new guitar and an expensive shawl. The boy did not know where they came from, but he said there was a real row about it. Harvey's thoughts instantly reverted to Isabel's account of her uncle's harshness in reference to her expenses.

After his visitor had gone, he retired to his chamber. He wanted to be by himself to think. He was obliged to confess that, for the first time in his life, he had been in love. The thought, however, gave him no pleasure. On the contrary, he was impatient and uneasy. The more he saw of Miss Sandoval, the more he was convinced of his folly. And what did he know of her character. Nothing, absolutely nothing. A week ago, he was not aware of her existence. Yet she had been the means of alienating him from all his best friends. Poor Emily had gone away charging him with cruelty. Mr.

and Mrs. Seaver, though always kind, were far from being as cordial as during his former visits. His brow cleared a little, as he thought, Perhaps my own manner may in part have produced the change. I was indignant against my uncle for the harshness with which he treated his ward, and displeased with Emily, first, because she seemed to be guilty of rudeness in leaving home while her cousin was visiting her, and then because she had chosen another and not me for her confidant. But what right have I to judge of their actions? Certainly, as mother says, I seem to have lost both heart and head.

He retired to his couch, with the resolve to be more on his guard in his attentions to Miss Sandoval, and then fell asleep, smiling at the thought of being in love with such a child as Emily.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE NARROW ESCAPE.

Two days later Mr. Seaver returned. To Harvey he brought the following short note from Emily:

“DEAR BROTHER HARVEY:— I believe I was very rude to you the other morning, and have grieved to think that your impressions for three long months will be anything but pleasant of your little sister Em. The only excuse I have for my naughty conduct is, that I was excited, and rather sorry to leave home just as you had come; and so I suppose I was hasty and cross.

I want you to promise to forgive me, and pray for me too, just as you used to do when I was a wee bit of a girl.      Your loving sister,

EMILY.”

Harvey read and re-read this short epistle, and thought it the sweetest letter he had ever received. But why did she call him brother? It had always been cousin before. He forgot that he himself had described his affection for her as that of a brother rather than a cousin, and left for the cottage rather abruptly, that he might show it to his mother, and also compare it with former letters.

Isabel was present when her uncle delivered the letter, and would have given her best ring to know what it contained, that he looked so smiling, and placed it so carefully in his pocket-book when he had perused it.

She tried to joke him about his correspondent; but he only smiled again and said, "Dear Emily, I wish she were now at home."

Mrs. Everett wiped her spectacles, placed them carefully on her nose, and read the note through, Harvey standing by and wondering if she were trying to commit the contents to memory, that she was so long about it.

Then she deliberately removed the glasses, and

looking earnestly in his face, said, "A tender conscience is a great blessing."

"Yes indeed!" was the warm response; "and Emily's is peculiarly tender."

"I have no doubt she magnified her fault. I mean she thought more of it than you did," remarked the lady, returning to her work.

Harvey recalled the circumstance with some embarrassment. "I believe," said he, after a pause, "that, after all, I was the one most to blame. I called her to walk in the garden, and took her to task for rudely leaving home while she had a visitor."

"You, or Miss Sandoval?"

"Miss Sandoval, of course."

"I must have been excited; for I remember I charged her, too, with being so mean as to resent my admiration of her cousin."

"Ah, indeed! Well, what did she say to that?"

"She said some time I should be sorry that I had used such harsh words; or *cruel*, I believe, was her expression. I remember I thought at the time how odd it was for Em and I to have a quarrel."

“As far as I can judge, it was a quarrel of your own seeking. Emily did right to go. Indeed, I strongly advised her mother to send her away. The child regretted leaving home during your vacation.”

“You advised her! Well, this deepens the mystery. Why shouldn't she be allowed to stay, if she wished? There are some circumstances relating to Emily which I should like to tell you, as I have promised not to repeat them to her mother.”

“Of what nature?”

Harvey blushed. With that affectionate note in his hand, he was almost ashamed that he had ever believed it; and yet Isabel declared her cousin had stated the fact as certain. He stammered, therefore, as he said, “I am afraid Emma has become interested in a young man who is not worthy of her.”

His mother caught off her spectacles, and looked him full in the face. “Harvey,” she exclaimed, “you must be dreaming. Where did you pick up such a precious piece of scandal?”

“I don't know that I am at liberty to tell you, as even her mother is to be kept in ignorance.”

“I should think not, indeed. It is much safer to stab in the dark.”

“But mother, let me tell you.”

“Not one word. I have known Emily sixteen years; I can read her face like a book; and you need not try to convince me that she has been guilty of deception. My little, artless, truthful girl. Why, Harvey, I thought you knew your cousin better than to believe that!”

“You may be sure,” he added, a little vexed, “that I have been somewhat concerned; but if you will not allow me to tell you what I heard, neither she nor I can have the benefit of your advice.”

“If you have any duty about it, it is to Emily herself.”

“It is scarcely a subject to write about.”

“I agree with you.”

“How then shall I tell her?”

“I have heard of such vehicles as cars,” was the brief reply.

He walked to the window, and drummed upon the glass.

After a moment she added, "If the affair is as serious as you suppose, which I do not for a moment believe, I advise you to return to college by the way of W——."

The young gentleman reflected a moment, and then said, "I will do it."

But to return to Isabel. After her walk with Mr. Everett on the afternoon they met his mother by the lake, she suddenly changed her course with the young man. She saw she had gone too far, and was artful enough to draw back. She was dignified, and yet affectionate, toward all about her, while toward him she was rather reserved than familiar. The change became her well. Even her aunt observed, and wondered at the cause. Harvey was in raptures, and paid her more attention than he had ever done. He conversed with her about her studies, advised her what course to pursue at school, told her many anecdotes of his own college-life, and even spoke of the struggles he had had with his own heart, in resisting the temptation to sin, with which such a course abounds.

On the latter subject, he spoke with much feeling; and she listened with tears.

One day she remarked that she had never been so happy as within the last week; and when he with a beaming face urged her to tell him the cause of her happiness she said, timidly, "I have never had any one since mother died who would advise me as to my best good. I am gay and thoughtless, I know. Every thing is so different in the States to what I have been accustomed; so much more religious, I mean. I need some one, far more than many of my age, to counsel me and help me correct my faults."

"But, surely, my aunt would do that."

Isabel sighed, glanced in his face, and then said, "No advice would do me much good except from one I love, I mean," she added suddenly, covering her face, "from one whom I respect, and in whose judgment I can confide."

"You may always depend on my being your firm friend," he responded, earnestly.

"You cannot realize how much I miss my mother," she went on, assuming a pathetic tone. "She knew

my faults, but loved me still. I am so unfortunate as to have inspired distrust both in my uncle and aunt, and through their influence, I fear in Emily too."

"But you say she made you her confidant."

"Certainly; but that was almost a matter of necessity. Every girl who possesses a secret, must have a confidant. She had no other, so she took me."

"Does she mention the affair in her letters?"

"Oh yes! I have received several, filled with accounts of the ardent lover. Really, it makes me smile to read them, Emily appeared so youthful and childlike. But she is really in love now."

"I would give a good deal to read one of her letters."

"I am sorry I cannot gratify you; but she made me promise to burn them as soon as they were read."

Harvey sighed heavily. "It will be a sad blow to her mother," he thought, "to find how she has been deceived in Emily." He was just about to say to Isabel that he had determined, as she would not

allow him to speak to his aunt, to visit his cousin, and remonstrate with her; but he checked himself.

Another time, and when Harvey was more marked in his attentions, because he perceived that his uncle was decidedly cool in his treatment of his guest, he saw that her eyes were moist, and tenderly inquired the cause.

“I was thinking,” she answered, “how thankful I ought to be that I have one good friend; otherwise my heart would break. I have been accustomed from my infancy to words and tones of endearment. My father was passionately fond of his only child, while dear mother was perhaps, too loving and indulgent. Even the good old darkies vied with each other to do me a kindness. But now,” she sighed deeply, “all is cold, harsh, and forbidding.”

“Why do you not tell your uncle this? He was always kind and generous.”

She raised her large black eyes, looked fixedly in his as she replied, “I have appealed to him by the love he bore my mother; but ah! it is worse than useless.”

“I am distressed that it is so,” he said, after a pause, “and could scarcely credit it of such a man as my uncle, unless I had seen it with my own eyes.”

Just at this moment a servant opened the door, and in a familiar tone, which surprised the collegian, said, “Isabel, your uncle wants you in the library.”

Her color came and went. He could not doubt she was greatly distressed.

“I will go presently,” she said to the girl, who stood with a curious expression of countenance, waiting for her answer.

As soon as the door was shut, she sank on the sofa, and pressed both hands to her heart.

“What is it?” he asked. “What distresses you so?”

“One of those dreadful lectures,” she faltered, beginning to sob.

“Isabel,” he urged, taking her hand, “I cannot stand passively by and see you abused. Give me a right to do so, and I will demand satisfaction, or, at least, an explanation of my uncle for this cruel treatment.”

“The man’s waiting about the bill,” said the servant, opening wide the door again.

The young girl, with an ardent glance at her lover, hurried from the room.

“I will know what this means before I sleep,” he said, with great warmth. “Isabel must not, shall not —”

“Harvey,” said Mrs. Seaver, coming in softly, and placing her hand on his arm, “in memory of old times, will you do me a trifling favor?”

She was greatly agitated, more than he ever remembered to have seen her. Without a moment’s hesitation he answered, “Yes.”

“There is a man in the library who has been here twice before, and who is disposed to be violent. I want you to go into the small room adjoining, where you can hear what is passing, and be on hand should anything unforeseen occur.”

“But Isabel! Why is she there? She is in danger,” he exclaimed, earnestly.

“Hush! no; her uncle will protect her. Now go

at once; but be sure not to make your presence known until there is real occasion."

She conducted him cautiously along through the back parlor, to a small apartment used as a sewing-room. Here, with his seat near the door, which was locked on his side, he could hear all that passed within, without the least difficulty.

"Rather too much like an eavesdropper," he whispered, laughing; but with her finger on her lips, she glided from the room. The first words he heard, fixed his attention.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE SUDDEN EXPOSURE.

“ I CAN, and will, pay part of the bill, at the time I mentioned,” said Mr. Seaver, calmly.

“ Then she shall go to prison,” cried the man, “ for obtaining goods by false pretenses. A prison is good enough for such a hussy as she.”

“ It is of no use for you to talk so,” the gentleman responded, in a soothing tone. “ You remember when you brought the first bill, I explained to you that my niece had no property, or barely sufficient to pay the expenses of her education. You must blame yourself for trusting her. I tell you again I will pay part, and you may take back the guitar, which is quite too extravagant for her to use.”

Isabel began to cry aloud. “ O uncle ! I’ve sold



“You have promised that many times, my dear.”



the old one, and I can't do without that. I'd rather give up anything than the guitar."

"I'm afraid you'll have to give up all he will consent to take," he replied, in a softened tone. "I have already paid larger sums than I can afford, to settle your bills. Duty to my own family compels me to say you must deny yourself articles I cannot procure for my own children."

"Just this once, uncle. I'll never buy anything again without first asking you or aunt."

"You have promised that many times, my dear; but with the first temptation you have repeated the offence."

"I'll sell Elsie, then; I wont give up the guitar," was the loud, passionate cry.

"Ah, there it is again," said the man, in a harsh, insulting tone. "She told me she had an immense property; but that you were trying to cheat her out of it; that she had an agent, who was coming to the States to force you to treat her better; and that if you would not give her money to pay her honest bills, she would sell some of her niggers."

“Is this true, Isabel? Have you dared traduce your uncle to a stranger in this manner?”

She made no reply, except to cry louder than before.

“Well, I can't waste my time talking. I want to know how you'll settle,” urged the man, in a sullen tone.

Mr. Seaver said, “I can make you no better offer than I made before. The guitar is not injured; that you can take at the original cost, and also the shawl. The Indian scarf, I think, ought to bring —”

“O uncle! you wont take away my beautiful scarf!”

“If you'll take my opinion, miss, you'd do a sight better to go back to them niggers you tell so much about.”

“When you are able, Isabel,” continued her uncle, paying no attention to the rude speech of his visitor, “you can readily replace it. The dresses, perhaps, Mrs. Seaver can dispose of. I have paid out so much from my own pocket, I cannot afford to keep them even for her use. When this is done,” turning

to the merchant, "I shall probably be able to pay the balance; but I warn you I will never do it again. You have no legal claim on me now."

"I s'pose 'twouldn't be so very agreeable to have your niece carried off to prison," retorted the other, angrily.

"Even to avoid that, I shall not interfere after this."

Isabel sobbed louder than ever.

"Well, I'll be on hand then," said the visitor.

"Good-day, sir."

As soon as Harvey heard the door shut, he was about to rush from the house, but was arrested by the sound of his own name.

Isabel was speaking, and greatly as he had been surprised before, no language could express his astonishment now.

"I shall be married soon, uncle," she said. "Harvey is rich, and he has promised that I shall have all I want."

"If Harvey has promised that," said the gentleman, in the same unimpassioned tone, "his fortune, however large, will last but a short time; but I

doubt his having made such a pledge. I have come to the painful knowledge, my poor deluded child, that your word cannot be depended upon. You have caused me more sorrow of heart, more anxiety, more solicitude about your future, in the few weeks you have been here, than my daughter Emily in her whole life."

"I don't know why I am always to be compared to Emily," was the sullen reply.

"I wish I could justly compare you," he said, with the utmost tenderness of tone. "But Emily, though young, loves her Saviour, and tries to regulate her life by his commands; while you, I fear, have no principles of right by which to guide your actions. O Isabel! why will you not take warning by your mother's example? Why will you not give up your self-will, your vanity and extravagance, and become a blessing to those connected with you?"

There was no reply, and he went on. "God has been good to you. He has given you talents by which you can make yourself useful. It has been my prayer night and day that you may consecrate

yourself to his service. Believe me, dear child, you will never be truly happy, until you have done so."

"I shall be happy when I am married to Harvey." The tone was insolent, and the listener, who started as if he was stung, wondered at the patience of the guardian as he said, gently, "No marriage is happy without the blessing of God. Your husband would soon find you had deceived him, and then his affection for you would cease."

He waited to hear no more, but, seizing his hat, made his way out by a back passage to the cottage-gate. Once at home, he rushed to his own room, and locked the door.

"What an escape! How grossly I have been deceived! What a fool I have been!" were words he repeated again and again. "How could my aunt, how could my mother sit by, and see me so taken in by a handsome face, and bewitching smiles, and not warn me."

These and similar inquiries occupied him for the next half hour. He was really mortified and humbled to think of his conduct. He wished he had

passed the vacation in his college-room, in travelling, — any where, or any how, except as he had done. But as it was too late to amend the past, he determined this should be a lesson for the future. He wondered, whenever he thought of it, that Isabel had succeeded in deceiving him. Her conduct seemed now to be all duplicity and art. First her love of admiration had led her to seek his favor; then learning or fancying he was rich, the desire to be free from the restraint of poverty would induce her to employ every device to secure his affection.

To his uncle and aunt, he felt that a most humble apology was due. He had listened to the slander of a stranger, and believed stories of their harshness with the evidence of a whole life of Christian kindness to the contrary.

And then Emily, — ah, Emily! how cruelly he had wronged her; how nobly had she resisted the temptation to expose the character of her cousin! He tried to recall her very words, “I love you so much, that I honor you for your admiration of whoever is worthy.” How kindly she had answered his humili-

ating insinuation. He had hardly thought her capable of it.

Then, with almost a cry of delight, he said to himself, "Perhaps, too, the story of Emily's attachment to another is false. I earnestly hope for her sake it is so. She is too artless, too confiding to suspect wrong, and her love may have been given unconsciously to herself. I will see her at once. It is only two days before I thought of leaving. Ah! what a vacation this has been!"

Immediately after breakfast the next morning, he announced his intention to his mother of leaving for W—— in the afternoon cars. "But first," he added, in a serious tone, "I must have an interview with Mr. Seaver and Miss Sandoval."

She started, but instantly recovered her self-possession. He could see, however, as he stood earnestly regarding her, that her hand shook, and that she was making a great effort to appear calm.

He waited a moment, till Abigail had removed the breakfast, and then, drawing a taboret to her feet,

said, "I feel like a naughty boy, mother, who ought to be whipped."

This was so different a commencement to a communication she had been schooling herself to hear, that she caught off her glasses to see him more distinctly.

"I believe I left all my common sense in my college-room," he went on. "I am mortified more than I can tell you, that I have been deceived by an artful girl, almost to the extent of asking her to be my wife."

Mrs. Everett clasped her hands suddenly, and then bent down and kissed his cheek.

"Thank God, my son," she said, "that you have been preserved from an act which would have embittered your whole life."

"But, mother, you helped it on — my admiration for Miss Sandoval."

"Because, as I told Mrs. Seaver, I believed you were not entirely a fool, and that it was only necessary for you to be her constant companion for a fortnight, to prevent any desire to continue the ac-

quaintance longer. For Emily I did not think so long a trial necessary, as the dear child soon ascertained that while her cousin was beautiful in person, she was wholly corrupt in morals. I am more grateful than I can tell you, that my predictions have been verified. Your aunt has been exceedingly anxious lest you should commit yourself, and then feel bound by a sense of honor to fulfil your engagement."

"I owe my aunt more than I can tell you."

He then repeated in detail the events of the previous afternoon, after which, taking his hat, he walked slowly to his uncle's house.

"Is Mr. Seaver in the library!" he inquired of the servant.

Fortunately the gentleman was in. He looked pale and careworn, and Harvey thought he seemed to shrink from a communication which he evidently expected.

"I leave for W—— this afternoon," he began, frankly, "and will take any letters or packages you may wish to send to Emily."

“Is not your trip an unexpected one?”

“It is certainly rather hastened by circumstances; but I cannot leave without asking your pardon for— for —”

Mr. Seaver smiled. “I am not aware that you have offended me in any way.”

Mrs. Seaver at this moment opened the door, but was retreating when she saw them engaged, but the collegian sprang forward and caught her hand.

“You have won my everlasting gratitude,” he said, warmly.

He then, greatly to the surprise of the gentleman, who knew nothing of his wife’s project, related what he had overheard, and confessed, with much feeling, his sorrow at his own conduct.

“I am quite willing to forgive you for all thoughts of me,” said the lady, smiling, “and Emily will tell you frankly how far you have offended her. I think she is not very vindictive.”

“I have one more task to perform; I must see Miss Sandoval before I go. Don’t start aunt. ‘Richard is himself again.’ I have but a single question to

ask her, and that does not relate to herself. As for the sudden termination of our acquaintance, perhaps her conscience may give her a hint of the cause. Shall I find her in the parlor?"

Isabel had heard his voice inquiring for her guardian, and entertained no doubt her lover had come to sue for her hand. When, therefore, Mrs. Seaver, after a glance into the back parlor, said, "Yes, she is here," she threw herself into an interesting attitude, with her arm on the end of the sofa, and a handsomely-bound Bible open in her lap.

"Good morning," she said, rising in seeming confusion. She noticed at once that he seemed serious, and thoughtful, and indeed he was so much affected by her duplicity, with the blessed volume in her hand whose rules she had so grossly disregarded, that he could scarcely return her salutation.

With an effort recovering his self-possession, he took a seat near her, and asked, "Can you spare me a few minutes? I want to ask you a question."

Isabel raised her lustrous orbs and looked in his face, in a manner peculiar to herself, and then, letting

them fall, with a timid, frightened air, softly answered, "My time this morning is entirely at your disposal."

He started, and partly rose. He felt as he had always imagined he should feel were he in the power of a charmed serpent. It required a violent effort to continue the conversation.

"I have a great curiosity," he rejoined, to see one of Emily's letters. Have you received any since I saw you."

"I have not," she answered, in a vexed tone, much disappointed at the nature of the question.

"What is the name of her lover?"

"I am not at liberty to tell."

"I have a very special reason for asking these questions," he said, warmly; "and as Emily has always heretofore made me her confidant, I don't think she would object. You say she has written you often on the subject. You have been very unreserved in stating the facts; can't you tell me his name?"

"I don't see what business you have to come

here and ask to see me, and then talk about Emily. But," she added, with a searching glance, "perhaps my uncle has been prejudicing you against me."

He paused a moment, scarcely able to keep from smiling at her too evident disappointment, and then said, "I do not remember that he mentioned your name."

"Then what did you come here for?" she asked, in her natural tone.

"To find out whether all is true that you have told me about my cousin. I must either get this knowledge from you; or you must release me from my promise not to speak to her mother."

"Well, what do you want to know?"

"Are you sure she has a lover at all?"

"Ah, I see your jealousy is excited!"

He had never seen the Spanish look in her before, and he would not gratify her by denying her assertion.

"You are too late, sir!" she added, with a forced smile. "Her affections are given to another; and besides, she told me nothing would induce her to marry you. She said she must always be able to look with

great respect on the man she should call her husband ; but that you had always been so familiar, joining in her childish plays, that she could only love you as a brother."

He bowed. "I accept the decision," he said, with mock gravity ; "but as I am not her suitor, that is nothing to the point. There is no doubt in your own mind but she went to W —— to meet this gentleman, and that she did so without the knowledge of her parents?"

"I have given you my word that it is so. Is not that sufficient?"

"I confess I should have been glad to peruse one of her letters on the subject as additional proof. But as that is out of the question, I must go to W —— and see the gentleman for myself"

She started, and colored violently ; which, unfortunately, he ascribed to her regret at his sudden departure.

"As you will probably leave for school before my graduation, it will be some time before we meet again."

He held out his hand, spoke his adieu, and was gone before she had power to reply. Here, then, was an end to all her brilliant expectations of persuading her lover to marry her at once, and remove her forever from the tyranny of her cruel guardian. She rushed from the parlor, upsetting the music-stool and a cricket in her haste, and, locking herself in her own chamber, gave way to a passionate burst of tears.

When the dinner-bell rang, she waited so long that her aunt sent a servant to summon her, and at last she appeared, with flushed cheeks and swollen eyes.

The meal passed in silence, even Fred's lively spirits being checked by the gloomy countenance of his cousin. They were just rising from table when Harvey ran to the door for letters to Emily. Isabel had barely time to retreat to the sewing-room before he entered. "Good-by!" he said, cheerfully, "Only three months, and I shall be through college."

Mrs. Seaver quickly tied up a small package, and

with many messages from all to the absent one, the young man took his leave.

Early the next week Isabel also started for school, where, under the care of Mrs. Summers, we must leave her for the present.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE ARTLESS CHILD.

IN the society of her grandmother and Mr. Sampson, who had known her from a baby, Emily Seaver passed one day after another in quiet enjoyment.

Naturally ardent and impulsive, like her cousin, had she not been early restrained by Christian principles, she might to some extent have imitated her grosser faults. But fortunately for her, from her very birth she had been a child of prayer, while a tender mother's watchful solicitude had shielded her heart from many corrupting influences.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Seaver had carefully guarded their beloved daughter from the first dawning of deception. Both by precept and example they taught her the beauty of perfect truthfulness, and enforced

this doctrine by the word of God, which they considered a sufficient rule both of faith and practice.

Blessed with such teachings and with such an example before her as that set by Mrs. Seaver, who was a model of Christian refinement, it was not strange that Emily had attained her sixteenth birthday as artless and truthful in character as she was lovely in person; nor that Harvey, who had watched with such engrossing interest the opening of this beautiful bud, should be surprised to find it had unfolded into a flower of exquisite loveliness.

Within the last year, too, by her own active faith, she had entered into covenant with God, and henceforth set her standard of piety in conformity to the command of her dear Saviour. Taught to fear the first approach to sin, she had become extremely conscientious. "Is this my duty?" "Would such an act be right?" were questions to be asked and answered before she could be satisfied with any course of conduct.

Even the youngest of her companions were aware of Emily's unyielding endeavors to do what she

thought her duty, and respected her scruples so far that in any doubtful case they were sure to leave her company unsought.

Another reason, too, for the same course, was the well-known fact that where Emily did not feel herself competent to decide, she always appealed to her mother for advice, and by many of these young persons Mrs. Seaver was considered unnecessarily strict.

The influence of Mrs. Everett was decidedly favorable to the expanding mind of the young girl. Naturally of a lively disposition, her society was exceedingly attractive to young people. Even Fred thought there was no better fun than to run to the cottage for a chat with Aunt Mary, while upon every point of moral training her opinions strictly coincided with those of her niece, who indeed, had gained them from her. I have already spoken of the great stress Mrs. Everett placed upon truth, as a necessary characteristic in the formation of a noble character. This she had carefully inculcated in her adopted son, and was rewarded by finding him as great an enemy to art or deception of any kind as herself. Perhaps

those who are strictly truthful both in their words and conduct, are less apt to suspect deception in others. Certainly Harvey, judging Miss Sandoval's words by his own, or her conduct by Emily's, gave her credit for being far more natural and truthful than she deserved, and therefore was the more surprised and disgusted when he found her addicted to the most dreadful habit of lying.

For many weeks, indeed months, after he parted from her, she was intimately associated in his mind with the scene in the library, which in imagination he had often pictured to himself. His uncle, sitting calm but earnest; the angry merchant, insolent and threatening; and the guilty Isabel, unyielding, disappointed, and sullen.

On his way to W—— he had time to reflect, which he did with immense chagrin, on the character of the young lady who had first won his affections (he would not now dignify his transient passion by the name of love), and of his own folly in yielding to her fascinations until sure there was a depth of moral and religious principle such as must of neces-

sity adorn a lady to whom he would intrust his own happiness. Whenever he did so, he found himself comparing the cousins, and invariably arriving at the conclusion that in everything that was truly lady-like, refined and Christian, Emily was vastly superior.

He would have given much to recall his parting interview with her. He had written, indeed, to tell her he regretted his rudeness, and freeing her from the least possible blame; but yet he feared it had left an unfavorable impression on her mind.

He reached W—— by the late train, and drove directly to the principal hotel. At an early hour the next morning, having ascertained the street on which Mrs. Merwin resided, he started forth to make a call upon her. This lady was own sister to Mrs. Everett, and, though not a blood-relation of his own, he being connected with her through her husband, yet he had often met her, both at Mrs. Seaver's and at his own home.

He was looking carefully at the numbers, when he saw a young girl, a few doors in advance of him, with a neat straw hat tastefully trimmed with blue ribbon,

come tripping down the steps. She stood one moment, as if hesitating which way to go, then, with a cry of joy, she recognized her cousin.

“Why, Harvey!” she exclaimed, in an animated tone, “how did you come here; have you brought anybody with you?”

“I came in the late train,” he answered, smiling, as he held fast both her hands. “I had company enough too, but no one from home.”

“Well, come in; grandma will be pleased enough to see you. I was just going out for a walk. How glad I am that I did not miss you.”

She ushered him into the neat breakfast-room where the old lady was sorting her clothes from the wash.

After many inquiries concerning the friends whom he had left, Emma, who had scarcely removed her eyes from his face, said, archly, “But really, Harvey, why did you come to W——; have you any business here?”

“Yes, I have,” was his grave reply. “I expect to remain two days, before I leave for college.”

“Oh, I am so glad! I was afraid I should lose your whole vacation. Has Isabel gone to school yet?”

“No; she goes next week, I believe.”

“As your cousin has never visited W—— perhaps he would like to accompany you on your walk,” said Mrs. Merwin.

They soon started away, Emily declaring that during the last fortnight she had visited every street where there was anything worthy of note, and therefore would make a capital guide. He held her hand as they went down the steps, and continued to do so, as they had been accustomed to walk at home but presently he said, “You had better take my arm, Emily; you are getting to be quite a young lady.”

“Oh, no! I hope not; I feel as much a child as ever; and I want to remain so for a long time yet.”

Harvey laughed. “This,” he thought, “does not seem much like a young lady who is contemplating matrimony.”

“Have you walked about in this strange place alone?” he asked.

“Yes. Grandmother seldom goes into the street

except on her way to church ; and Mr. Sampson is always engaged."

"And is your acquaintance limited to two persons?"

"Oh no! I have visited here before, and know some of the girls by sight, but, — I am afraid you will think I am hard to please, — but really I had quite as lief have my own company as theirs."

"Emily," — he spoke seriously, — "I told you I had business here ; have you no curiosity to be told what it is?"

She smiled as she answered, "I am always pleased with whatever interests you."

"My business relates solely to you. I came to ask you some questions, and I am sure you will understand my motive to be my affection for you."

"Certainly ; you are my brother, you know." She looked in his face so frankly as she said this, he could not avoid contrasting her with Isabel.

"Well, I have heard a strange story, — you will probably know my authority, — that you came to W—— for the avowed purpose of meeting a young

gentleman to whom you wished to become engaged to be married, and that all this was to be kept secret from your parents."

Poor Emily! Her eyes opened wider and wider as he went on; and when he ceased speaking she still gazed at him, with such an expression of wonder that he at once began to doubt the truth of the rumor.

Presently, however, a bright spot appeared on her cheek; her eyes flashed as he had never seen them before. She drew herself up as on the morning she left home, and exclaimed, "And you, Harvey Everett, calling yourself my brother, believed this. If all the world had slandered you in my hearing, would I have believed them? Oh, how meanly you must think of me!"

Her chin quivered, and he saw that it required a great effort to retain her self-control.

"But, Emily, I do not believe it now; I must explain. Isabel told me the day you left that you assented to your mother's wish that you should visit your grandmother's solely on that account; that

you wrote her frequently and fully on the subject ; and that you were fairly in love."

The color deepened in her cheek, but she made no reply.

"I have learned by painful experience," he went on, "that Isabel has no regard for her word. When I discovered that, all her beauty and her charms faded at once. She lost her power to please when I found her artful and devoid of principle ; but I saw her just before I left, for the express purpose of learning the truth of her statement ; for she had forbidden me to speak to your mother, and I intended to see and remonstrate with you, when she reiterated all that she had before said."

Still not a word, though he could see that her lips curled in scorn.

"As I am unburdening my heart," he continued, "I may as well tell you all she said. She repeated an expression you used in reference to me, that you would never marry one with whom you had played so familiarly, that nothing therefore would induce

you to call me husband, since I was not entitled to your respect."

"And did you, do you believe," she asked, almost angrily, "that I, a child scarcely in my teens, spoke or even thought of marriage; that I made such a girl as Isabel my confidant; that I ever had one thought of you, my brother, in that connection?"

"O, Harvey! I have indeed fallen in my own esteem when you, who have known me so many years, could believe all this, on the testimony of a stranger."

She laughed hysterically; and then, losing her self-command, burst into tears.

"I must go back; I cannot go on," she said; and before he could stop her, she darted away like a young fawn.

For an hour or more he wandered about the streets, more vexed with himself than he had ever been in his life; then he returned to Mrs. Merwin's, but found the old lady had not seen her grand-daughter since she went out with him. On inquiring of the servants, they found she had come in and gone at once

to her chamber, and there her grandmother followed her.

When they were summoned to dinner, Emily sent an excuse. She had no appetite. As Mr. Sampson was present, no remark was made. Harvey tried to carry on a conversation with the agent, but was thoroughly uncomfortable. He was astonished at his own credulity in giving credit for one moment to such a rumor of one whose character had always been so open ; of one, especially, whose every thought, almost, had been confided to her mother. Ah, how much better, he repeated to himself again and again, did mother know and trust her ! Then he was still more vexed that what he now felt was personal pique at her supposed statement of her own feelings toward him, had influenced him to repeat so absurd a report. "I do seem," he thought, "to have left my senses in the recitation-room. I do not wonder Emily was indignant. I wish she would come down, and let me comfort her."

It was not until dusk that his wish was gratified ; just as an unexpected visitor had retired the young

girl came in timidly, and took a low seat near her grandmother's chair.

Harvey addressed some commonplace remark to her; but her voice trembled, as she answered briefly, and he dared not pursue the subject.

Mrs. Merwin talked of her sister, made inquiries concerning college life, and his choice of a profession; but it was so evidently with an effort that he, in order to pass away the time, walked to the secretary, and began to examine the books.

Presently, to his great relief, Mrs. Merwin was summoned from the room. "Emily," he said, approaching her chair, "have I offended past all hope of forgiveness?"

She covered her face for a moment, and then said, "If I had not a heavenly Friend to whom I could tell my trials, I don't know what I should do."

He turned away, greatly affected, but instantly recovering himself, said, "My mother never would hear anything against you, Emily."

"But you, you turned against your sister at the first word. I saw it, felt it, before I left home. You

wanted me to be like her. You thought me rude to leave. O, Isabel! is this the return you make for all my parents have endured on your account?"

She rose, and tried to hasten from the room. He caught her hand, which she instantly withdrew. He felt it now. She could never more be a child with him.

"Emily," he urged, "what shall I say? Though I have been very foolish, I came here with the best of motives. To no one else have I repeated what I heard."

"Because no one else would have believed it," she said quickly. "Even Fred would have laughed in Isabel's face."

"Perhaps that is so; but I have told you I regret it exceedingly. Will you not forgive me?"

Mrs. Merwin at this moment entering, she made no reply, and presently the bell rung for family prayer, after which Emily instantly retired.

Mr. Everett scarcely slept till morning. He was resolved not to go back to college until he had once more gained his cousin's confidence. He arose late,

fearing he had overslept. Just as he was leaving his chamber he heard a carriage drive away from the door. No allusion was made to it, however, until nearly half an hour later, when Mr. Sampson returned from the railroad station, and said, "Well Mrs. Merwin, I saw our young friend safely off."

Harvey started. "Where is Emily?" he asked quickly.

"On the road to P——," answered the gentleman laughing.

"She told me yesterday she had received news from home and must see her mother," explained the old lady.

The young collegian ate no more breakfast. In less than an hour he, too, was in the cars on his way to college. His heart prompted him to turn in the opposite direction, but there was one serious objection. Miss Sandoval was still in P——.

## CHAPTER IX.

### FORGIVING INJURY.

FOR the first few miles of Emily's ride her heart was filled with resentment towards Isabel. She now saw plainly that it was to serve her own purposes her cousin had endeavored to prejudice Harvey against her. "I can never forgive her," she said, earnestly, to herself. "I never can have the least respect for one who not only falsifies her word without hesitation, but so basely returns the kindness lavished upon her."

But it was not long before such feelings softened, and she found herself making excuses for the motherless girl. Emily had sat at the feet of Him who says, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for

them that despitefully use you and persecute you." She remembered this injunction of her dear Saviour, and breathed an earnest prayer that she might be forgiven for her resentment, and led to feel toward the erring one only pity and a desire for her repentance.

Toward Harvey she was more grieved than angry. As she had told him, not all the world could have convinced her that he had so suddenly forgotten all his principles of honor and manliness as to contract a disgraceful connection with a young woman ; and to her pure mind the crime of which he had thought her guilty was far worse. Then her heart ached as she thought that even for one moment he had cherished the idea that she would, to any one, particularly to a stranger, use his name in such a connection as marriage with herself. Why, a thought of the possibility of such an event had never once occurred to her !

The young girl probably felt more than usually sensitive on this point from the fact that her mother had carefully guarded her from associates who would

fill her head with the idea so common to many young persons of both sexes, that marriage is the chief end of life. And as she never heard such subjects discussed either at home or at the cottage, she shrank from all mention of them, as what did not yet concern her.

When Isabel came, and began to talk of beaux and matrimony, she was shocked. This was what made her so thoughtful when she repeated the story to her father.

Mrs. Seaver at once conversed with her niece, insisting that such subjects should be avoided, stating, what had more effect on Isabel than the wish of her aunt, that whatever Emily knew she repeated to her.

When the young traveller reached home, she found her cousin's trunks packed for an early start on Monday morning, and as it was now Saturday night, there would be little opportunity for intercourse between them. When, therefore, the first surprise of the meeting was over, her arrival being wholly unexpected, she advanced to Isabel, and, giving her hand kindly, said, "I hope you are well."

“Then Harvey has not told her,” was the young girl’s instant thought ; for the idea of Emily suffering as she had done and so readily forgiving the offence, was to her an impossibility. Poor Isabel had yet to learn the sweet peace that fills the soul when, having freely forgiven those who have injured us, we can claim the promise of our Father in heaven : “If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you.”

Mrs. Seaver, with a mother’s quick discernment, saw that some unusual event had occurred to bring her daughter home. That it was in some way connected with Harvey, and that in a manner painful to speak of, she also suspected the first time the young man’s name was mentioned. She therefore, during the evening meal and the conversation that followed it, took pains to divert attention from that theme. She had many questions to ask of her mother, of her faithful agent Mr. Sampson, and also of many acquaintances in W——; and then Emily was tired with her long ride, so that her mother accompanied her to her chamber at an early hour.

Isabel in the course of the evening only learned that her cousin had enjoyed her visit to her grandmother ; that she was much surprised to see Harvey ; that he staid one night, and that she left early in the morning for home, though the old lady urged her to stay until her mother came for her, as had been proposed. Beyond this all was suspicion. The young man probably judged for himself that there was no lover in question, and did not deem it necessary to repeat her story. But what would he think of her, when he found she had told so many falsehoods ? But she did not stop long to worry herself about that. Harvey had gone without revealing his affection, and there was an end of him. Besides, she had many cares at the present moment. Her guardian, finding she paid not the least attention to his wishes regarding the spending of money, and that she was ungrateful for the sacrifices he had made in order to pay her bills, beside what he had ever conceived possible, resolved to allow her to feel the pressure of her poverty, instead of calling on his wife and children to deny themselves for her sake.

He informed her that he had already written to Mrs. Summers that he could not authorize one cent of expense during the coming term except what was an absolute necessity, and that he would be held responsible for no bills. Then in regard to her past extravagance, he had already written to the agent, that her expenses had so far greatly exceeded her income, though not a cent had been charged for the care and trouble he had had, or for her residence in his family. He urged that the estate should be settled as quickly as possible, and whatever funds could be obtained for it should be placed to her credit in a bank.

Once more in the most tender, fatherly manner he urged her to change her course of conduct; above all to choose Christ for her portion, assuring her that the joys of religion were far beyond any she had ever experienced from the pleasures of the world.

On Sabbath afternoon, as they were returning from church, where the young West Indian, with her brilliant beauty, and her peculiar style of dress always attracted great attention, Emily and her cousin fell

behind the rest of their party. They had not yet been alone one minute since the return of the former from W——, and now Isabel determined to make the most of it, by asking some questions about Harvey.

“Did Mr. Everett tell you that we were engaged?” she inquired, in a low tone.

“No, he said nothing about it,” was the quick answer. “He never talks of such subjects to me, and I had rather you wouldn’t.”

“You think you are too young, I suppose, returned the other, with a peculiar smile. “Well, you may as well know it, though for various reasons we wish to have it kept a secret at present. I thought at first that he meant to marry you; but he said the idea had never entered his mind: you were far too tame to suit his fancy.”

Emily stood perfectly still. “Isabel,” she said, in a calm, earnest tone, “I do not think that Harvey ever said that, or anything about me connected with that subject. He loves me like a sister, and would not speak so slightingly of me to a stranger. I came

home from church with you because I wanted to talk on a very different subject ; but I will not go on until you have promised not to say another word about Harvey, or about any of your beaux, as you call them."

"Well, don't turn so red, Emily. I have said nothing to make you angry. Come along ; I promise."

"You are going away to-morrow ; and I don't know when we shall see each other again," the young girl rejoined. "We are own cousins, and ought to love each other, and try to do each other good. I have prayed a great deal for you, Isabel. Oh, how I wish we could be true sisters ; I mean sisters in loving Christ."

"Why, Em ! to hear you talk one would think I was a hundred years old, instead of sixteen. I mean to become good before I die. I promised mother I would."

"Oh, tell me about Aunt Caroline !"

Isabel paused a moment, and seemed quite softened by the recollection. "From what she used to tell

me," she went on, "I think at my age she was as near like me as two peas. She met my father at a ball, to which she went without the knowledge of her parents. He was dressed in his uniform, and looked splendidly, I have often heard her say. The moment she saw him she loved him, and was determined to be his wife. He too was delighted with her, and visited her at her father's house, and wished to marry her. But her parents flatly refused their consent, which of course made my mother more determined than ever to become Mrs. Sandoval.

"She worried them at last into a reluctant consent, threatening if they refused to run away or put an end to her life; but before they had been in Cuba one year, she was so unhappy she incessantly begged her husband to return to the States. You know, I suppose, that I had two little brothers. My father was a very passionate man, and punished little Paulino so severely for some trifling offence, that he was taken with brain fever and soon after died. Little Andrew grieved so much for his poor brother that he never afterward was well. Father used to pun-

ish the servants too, but mother always interposed when she could. Directly after father's death I was sent to school where I spent as much money as I pleased, and always managed to have my own way; but at last mother sent for me to go home. I don't like to think of that time and I never told any one about it before. She looked very sick, and of course I disliked sitting by her bed, and hearing her talk about dying. She said she had always meant to prepare some time to meet God; but now she could only complain that her lot had been a hard one, and mourn that she had left a good home and broken her mother's heart.

“She told me not to go on as she had, for now it was too late for her to repent.

“I offered to send Juba for a priest, — there were no clergymen near us, — but she only cried and shook her head. At last she made me hunt up a Bible her mother had given her when she left home, and read in it a little; but when I found it only made her more gloomy, I took it away and burnt it. She was bad enough before.”

“O, Isabel! how very wicked that was!”

“Don’t you say a word about that,” retorted the other, angrily. “I’m sure I don’t see why I’m telling you at all. I did it for the best; but I was sorry afterward, for mother mourned and mourned so for her lost book, I had to sell one of my bracelets and get her another. So you see I had the worst of it after all.

“She only lived two days after that. I promised her the day she died that I would come to the States, and become good, and all that. Of course I mean to before I die?”

“Was Aunt Caroline happy at last?”

“Why, what do you mean? Nobody can be happy when they are dying.”

“Oh, yes indeed! Christians always are. They know they are going to be with Jesus, and to be happy forever, and he sustains them in all their dying agonies.”

“Well, mother wasn’t happy. She did not want to die, though she had often said before she was tired of living. She kept screaming through the whole

night, 'I can't die yet.' 'I'm not prepared.' It was a long time before I could get her cries and groans out of my mind."

Emily wiped away her tears, longing to improve her cousin's subdued state and urge her to profit by her mother's warning, and prepare for death while still in the vigor of health; but before she could command her voice, Isabel burst into a loud laugh.

"Why, Em!" she exclaimed, "are you crying? Well, I won't talk any more on such gloomy subjects, I can't imagine how I happened to tell you that."

"If you were prepared for death, dear cousin, it would not make you gloomy. Oh, do believe me, Isabel! you would be so much happier, if you would only love the dear Saviour, who has done so much for you. Will you not try to love him?"

"What a capital preacher you would make, Em," was the only reply, as they slowly entered the house.

## CHAPTER X.

### COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

It was not until after Isabel's departure that Emily told her mother the reason which justified her in her own mind for suddenly leaving W——.

Mrs. Seaver was shocked at this new instance of want of principle in her niece. She was deeply grieved, too, that Harvey should for an instant give credit to such a story, or that believing it he should foolishly repeat it to her. She showed her daughter that she fully sympathized with her in this shock to her delicacy, but comforted her with the suggestion that her cousin was unlike himself during the whole vacation; that on his return to sober thought he would do her all the justice she desired.

Emily then repeated, with many blushes, the

remark Isabel had imputed to Harvey, that she was too tame a character for his choice. "But not for a moment did I believe it," she added. "I think such language is as foreign to him as the other is to my own taste."

"No, my daughter," responded the lady warmly. "We will do him the justice to believe he did not say it; and now let us drop this subject forever."

"I will try to, mother," was the faltering reply; "but I am glad Harvey will be away for a long time. I am quite ashamed to look him in the face."

"Try to get rid of such a feeling, my dear, as fast as you can. You have done nothing to cause it. Occupy your mind with more elevated thoughts. Perform your duties cheerfully, and you will soon recover your spirits."

Mrs. Everett was greatly delighted at the return of her favorite, as well as at the departure of Isabel. Having learned through her niece the mistake of which her son had been guilty, she tried to make amends for it by increased kindness to her young friend. She was surprised sometimes to see how

earnestly Emily regarded her, glancing up from her knitting to find those large eyes earnestly bent upon her face, little imagining how often the young girl recalled in her presence the sentence, "My mother, Emily, would never hear a word against you."

If Mrs. Everett had not heard this story from her niece, she would have wondered at the grave, thoughtful demeanor of the young girl. Now she thought it quite natural that the exhibition of such traits as the child had seen in Isabel, especially her shock regarding Harvey, should cause her to feel that she could no longer laugh and be merry with the thoughtlessness of former years. She thought and hoped, however, that this unnatural seriousness or reserve would soon wear away. And this was true in part. As weeks flew by, there were times when her laugh was as gay and her actions as childish as ever. She was now immersed in her studies and music. When out of school she had her favorite walks with her mother or Fred, and a flying visit to the cottage, to occupy her attention.

Harvey wrote every week to his mother, and

always sent some message to Emily. Once or twice he enclosed a few lines to her, but they occasioned her so much embarrassment, often causing a long and apparently painful reverie, that Mrs. Everett took occasion to add the following postscript to her own letter :

“ You express your wonder that in my journal I do not say more about my pet as you call her. Indeed, there is little to tell that would interest you. Emily is very like what she was before her cousin came, except when some allusion to Isabel, or the mention of your name, recalls with fresh vividness the events which occurred at that time. Then she suddenly grows sad, and often sits apparently living over those scenes, her color coming and going in her cheeks, and her eyes often filling with tears. Formerly, when I received a letter from you she would run gleefully in to hear the contents, dancing and clapping her hands with delight at any message to herself. Now she looks earnestly at me, never asking for news of you, and seeming to shrink from the sound of your name. I gave her the note you

enclosed in mine, and was surprised to see with what reluctance she received it. She read it thoughtfully, as if it were a severe reproof (I don't know a word it contained), and then, after folding it carefully, approached my chair, in that timid way she has when she wants to ask a favor.

"Aunt Mary," she began, "if you please, will you ask your son not to write me again. I don't think I quite like it."

"I laughed, as I asked, 'And why is he not to write you now, when he has done so all his life?'"

"She became very much confused, but said presently, 'he will know why it is not best,' and then, as I looked keenly in her face, 'Harvey doesn't think of me as he used to before — before Isabel came.'"

"I hope time will cure her sensitiveness on this subject; but the heart of a pure young girl is a delicate machine, and will not bear to be roughly handled. When it is, it often requires years to recover the injury."

About this time Mrs. Everett exchanged her carriage horse for a smaller animal, which was well

fitted for the back. She proposed that Emily, who was growing rapidly, should take lessons of a thorough equestrian, who was teaching several young ladies in the village.

Mrs. Seaver gladly consented, and took pleasure in fitting her daughter with a handsome riding-dress and cap.

It would be difficult to tell who was more delighted, Emily or Fred. With a boy's genuine love of a horse, he had already learned to ride and groom Caesar, and now soon formed acquaintance with Fanny, the new animal. He was proud to display his knowledge to his sister, explaining to her with much pomposity the proper method of holding the reins and of using the martingale.

"No wonder I improve," she answered, with a merry laugh, "with so many and such accomplished teachers."

Harvey, from a child, had been fond of riding, and often promised Emily he would teach her when she was old enough. Mrs. Seaver wondered whether her daughter ever thought of him, as she trotted

briskly out of the yard to meet her companions at the school. If she did, she never mentioned his name.

One day Emily was at the cottage with her books, busily engaged in studying her lesson, when Fred came bounding into the room, calling out, at the top of his voice, "Em—I say, Emily! father's got a letter from Harvey, and he wants us all, you and I too, to go on to his commencement. He says he's got a tip-top part to speak, and he wants us all to hear it."

Emily laughed aloud. The idea of her cousin sousing his own praises, seemed so very absurd it reminded her of Isabel, who wrote after a fortnight at Mrs. Summers that she was the most popular young lady in the school.

"I think you are extemporizing," said Mrs. Everett, with a smile. "Harvey would scarcely write that."

"I don't know what extemporizing is," exclaimed the lively boy; "but I'm sure he wants us to go, and that he's got a tip-top part, I can't remember the name of it, but father will tell you; and oh! I

forgot Aunt Mary! there's a note in it for you, too; so I suppose father will be along presently."

"Well, well," remarked the gentleman, at this moment entering. "Harvey's appointment is to a philosophical oration. Here is an invitation for us, my daughter, to go and hear him."

Mrs. Everett glanced at Emily, who took the note, her cheeks suffused with roses. Formerly she would enthusiastically have expressed her joy at his success, and her pleasure at the prospect of attending commencement; now she read the note, smiling to be sure, but without one word of remark. Fred, who was looking over her shoulder, asked eagerly, "We shall go, shan't we, father? I never saw a college in my life."

"Probably, my son. I am very glad for Harvey," he added, turning to Mrs. Everett, who was reading her own note.

"Yes, he has done well. I knew of the appointment some weeks since. He seems very anxious we should all be there."

“Mrs. Seaver seems inclined to accept the invitation. What do you say, Emily?”

“I think it would be very pleasant to be at a commencement, and hear all the different parts; but I can't tell, father, whether I should like to go to this one, until I have thought about it more.”

“He looked surprised. “Why!” he exclaimed, “I thought you of all the party would be most pleased.”

“I'll bet my new kite,” cried Fred, “you and Harvey had a quarrel the morning you left for W——. I saw you when you came up the walk, and you looked real angry — just as Isabel used to look when her bills came in.”

“Fred,” said his father, “how many times I have told you it was not proper to bet.”

“We might all go in my carriage,” remarked Mrs. Everett, returning to the original subject.

“Yes, and take W—— in our way. It would be a pleasant trip; but there will be time to make arrangements. It is now the thirteenth of the month; and commencement is not till the twenty-fifth.”

After he left, Emily returned to her books; but

her aunt noticed that her eyes remained for a long time fixed on one page. She was evidently deciding whether it was best for her to go. The old lady thought it proper to assist her.

“Harvey’s plan coincides well with mine,” she remarked, smiling. “I promised him I would attend his commencement, provided I could make suitable arrangements. We shall have to remain at the hotel two nights; and as I do not like to be alone in a public house, I intended to invite you to accompany me.”

The young girl sprang up, and hid her face on her aunt’s shoulder. This was a way she had from a child when she did not wish the lady’s searching eyes to read her thoughts. “There are a great many reasons why I should like to go, she said softly, and only one why I should not. Harvey is very kind to mention me, and —”

“I think, my dear,” said the lady kindly, “it is quite time you returned to your old frankness. You used to tell me every feeling of your heart.”

To her surprise Emily burst into tears. “I should

like to tell you all about it ; but I'm afraid you'd call me foolish."

Mrs. Everett drew a cricket to her feet, quite in the old way, and, patting the child's head affectionately, said, "We're all apt to be foolish sometimes."

"Mother told me," Emily went on, "that you knew all about that dreadful story Isabel told Harvey. I can't help thinking every night when I go to bed that if he loved me like a sister, as he always said he did, he might have known I would never receive attention from any gentleman, even when I was old enough, secretly I mean, without my parents approval of it —"

She stopped abruptly ; but the lady, tenderly passing her hand over the bright hair said, "And is that all, my dear child? Has that thought troubled you all summer?"

Emily blushed deeply ; but soon went on, in a faltering voice. "I never thought, until Isabel came, that sixteen is almost a young lady ; and perhaps he had seen something rude or forward in me that led him to believe such a story ; and that is the only

reason why I should rather not go to hear his oration."

"And why you did not answer his letters, or wish him to write you, I suppose?"

"Yes, Aunt Mary."

"Well, I'll think of it till to-morrow. I am as careful of your delicacy, my dear, as you can be; so if there is the least appearance of forwardness in your accepting his invitation, I shall advise you to decline."

"Thank you; I feel better already for having told you," and she affectionately kissed her aunt, and returned home.

The next day it was decided that a note should be sent to the young orator accepting his invitation, and requesting him to engage rooms for them at the hotel.

For the next week, Fred could talk of nothing else. He begged his father, who was a graduate of the same college, to relate in detail the order of excises, being most interested in the duty of the marshals who, with their roll as a badge of office, wait upon the company to their seats.

They were to start on Monday afternoon, the commencement being on Wednesday, and every arrangement was made to that effect. But, unfortunately, on Sabbath afternoon Emily had a fainting-fit, which lasted so long that the whole family became alarmed, and sent in great haste for a physician.

He thought at first that it was a temporary sickness occasioned in part by indigestion; but another attack in the evening was followed by such violent symptoms, that he pronounced it the commencement of a fever.

Mrs. Seaver at once renounced the idea of leaving her daughter, and the whole plan was changed: Mrs. Everett and Mr. Seaver leaving Tuesday morning by the cars, it being his intention to return the next evening by the late train, leaving the lady to the care of her son.

Poor Fred was almost inconsolable at his disappointment; and his sister, who overheard him lamenting it, begged her mother to allow him to go.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE SEA-SHORE.

It was near midnight when the anxious father reached P—— and started on foot from the station to his own house. Such had been his solicitude concerning the result of this sickness that he had been unable to distract his thoughts from her sick-room.

With his night-key he cautiously entered the house, and was proceeding through the dimly-lighted hall, when he was started by the sound of laughter.

Throwing his coat upon a chair, he sprang up the stairs, and met the physician coming from his daughter's bed.

“How is she?” he cried, “is she worse?”

The doctor motioned him into a side room, and after carefully shutting the door said, “It is worse

than useless to deceive you. Your daughter has the typhus fever. She is very sick, but still not beyond hope. You can go to her chamber, indeed your wife needs you to support her; but Emily will not know you. She is delirious."

Mr. Seaver groaned, as again through the closed door came that strange, unearthly laugh.

"I have left directions," rejoined the physician, "and shall be in again early in the morning."

The poor man, after exchanging his coat and boots for a dressing-gown and slippers, softly entered the sick-room. His wife, looking pale and wan, put her finger to her lips, as she pointed to the bed. Emily had fallen asleep. The nurse, a woman famous through the whole neighborhood for her skill, was moving carefully about the room making preparations for the hours still left of the night.

Standing by the side of the bed, Mr. Seaver was shocked at the ravages disease had made in the short time since he left home. He gazed long at the pale, set mouth, at the sunken eyes and pinched features. He placed his fingers softly on the pulse, and abso-

lutely started at the quick, wiry motion. Falling on his knees, his whole heart went out to his heavenly Father in strong intercessory prayer for her recovery. He confessed that the dear one lying before him, was the beloved of his heart, that perhaps he had made her an idol; but he implored God to forgive him, for the sake of his crucified Saviour, and restore his child to his arms.

Day and night succeeded each other in that sick-chamber without any apparent change in the poor sufferer. The doctor acknowledged she was no better, and the nurse declared she was no worse.

Mrs. Seaver had twice been prevailed upon to leave her, to take that repose which nature so imperiously demanded; but each time she had first retired to her closet, and there, like Jacob, wrestled with the angel of the covenant for a blessing upon her child. "Father, if it be thy will to cut short her days," was the language of her heart, "prepare her for the solemn exchange of worlds, and for a dwelling at thy right hand; but, if consistant with thine infinite love and mercy, spare her to us yet a little longer."

Mr. Seaver, too, often retired from the sight of her suffering to pray earnestly for her relief.

One day, as he was bending over her pillow, he heard her whisper the words, "O, Father!" He held his breath, thinking she was addressing him; but she went on with this simple prayer: "teach me to say thy will be done," and then fell into her first refreshing slumber.

This prayer was repeated many times in the course of the day and night, her earnest, touching petitions deeply affecting their hearts; but the following morning the fever seemed to run higher, and the excitement and delirium returned. She now talked incessantly, sometimes about her lessons, again about her pony, imagining herself upon Fanny's back, and then, in a confused manner, about her cousins Harvey and Isabel. Once she called out in a loud, sharp tone, "He never would have believed it of me, but for your influence over him," and again later in the day, "No, I'm sure he did not say that; he would never speak of his sister so lightly."

Fred, who spent most of his time at the door of

her chamber, which nothing could induce him to enter, ran quickly to the cottage to repeat this to Harvey.

“What does she mean?” quickly inquired the young man, turning to his mother.

“It means, my son, that she has been tortured by that wicked Spanish girl.”

“If I thought,” he exclaimed, in great excitement, “that Isabel had dealt with her as she has with me, I would —”

“It is too late to tell what you would do, Harvey,” she said, laying her hand on his arm. “I fear the dear child is not to remain with us long.”

“Mother — is it, can it be so?” He glanced at her agitated countenance, saw her lip quiver with suppressed emotion, and, catching his hat from the rack, darted from the house. Visions of Emily as she was, bright, artless and confiding, before her cousin’s arrival from Cuba; visions of her as he saw her last bending like a bruised reed before the storm, telling her heavenly Friend her trials, as the only relief to her unburdened heart; and visions of her

as she was now pallid and ghastly, approaching nearer and nearer to the grave, by turns filled his mind. Without this sweet child home would never seem like home. In that trying hour he acknowledged that Emily, by her artlessness and purity, had entwined herself about every fibre of his heart.

When he returned home he found his mother had gone to the other house ; and learning from Abigail that she had had no further intelligence, hastened to follow her.

An air of dreadful gloom pervaded the whole premises. As he passed the back door, the servants were moving noiselessly about their work, their faces bearing marks of their sympathy with the grief which threatened the family. In the front hall stood Fred, sobbing to himself. Hearing a low, confused sound, in the upper hall, he ventured to ascend. Here, the nurse, Mrs. Seaver, and Mrs. Everett stood together, the father being engaged in watching the poor sufferer.

“In all my experience, I never knew it fail,” the

nurse was saying, "She'll get well; you'll see it; I feel it in my bones."

"God grant it," murmured Mrs. Everett, fervently.

She glanced at her son, and then, after a whisper to the weeping mother, beckoned him to the bedside.

Oh, how changed was that once bright face! Her eyes were closed and sunken, with dark lines underneath them; the hands, which lay outside the counterpane, were thin and wasted, her cheeks, which when last he saw them were blooming with the roses of health, were pallid and wan. Without one word he stood and gazed, then softly left the chamber.

The predictions of the faithful nurse proved true. The next morning the patient opened her eyes, and the light of consciousness beamed from them. Father, mother, brother, and aunt approached the bedside, were welcomed with a feeble smile, and then went by themselves to thank God for his infinite mercy. The convalescence was very gradual; indeed weeks passed, and the patient sufferer seemed to re-

cover no strength. The doctor began to look grave, and the parents anxious. At last Mrs. Everett proposed a visit to the sea-shore.

Harvey, who was about entering a medical school, was sent off at once to engage rooms at a quiet boarding-house. The very idea of the ocean, with its refreshing breezes, seemed to exhilarate Emily's weakened frame. The doctor complimented her on a slight tinge of color which appeared in her cheeks. She even thought she relished her beef-tea, which before had been loathsome to her.

The project was for Mrs. Seaver to accompany her daughter and Mrs. Everett to N——, where, after seeing them comfortably arranged, she would return home, leaving the sick girl in the care of her aunt and the efficient Abigail; Harvey, who was studying only a dozen miles from the shore, promising to pass every Sabbath with them.

In the excitement of first being carried from her chamber to the parlor, Emily scarcely noticed that it was her cousin who prepared the lounge for her reception, arranging the pillows carefully, that it was

from his hand she took the weak brandy which the physician had ordered, and that he hovered near ready to anticipate every wish. It seemed so pleasant and natural to look around on the familiar faces, and to be ministered unto with such watchful affection, that in her weakness she felt disposed to receive every kindness as freely as it was offered.

It was not for several days, only the evening before she started for the beach, that the young student found an opportunity to say to her what he had long wished. Mrs. Seaver was in her chamber, packing Emily's trunk, while his mother had just left the room to make some final arrangements for her protracted departure, and Fred was at the further end of the back parlor deeply absorbed in a book.

Drawing nearer to her lounge, where she sat partially supported by cushions, he said, cheerfully, "To-morrow at this time I hope you will be comfortably settled in your pleasant room in N——."

"Does it overlook the sea?" she inquired, eagerly.

"Oh yes! I was determined to engage no room

where you could not witness the coming in and going out of the tide."

She gave a little scream of delight, in her old, childish way.

Harvey smiled, but presently grew thoughtful again. "Emily," he asked, "will you grant me one favor before you go?"

She raised her eyes frankly to his, then answered, rather shyly, "Certainly I will."

He bent his head nearer her pillow as he said, "When you look out on those rolling billows, will you try to forgive one who is deeply pained by your reserve; who, though he offended you, did it unintentionally?"

She put her hand instantly in his. "I will forgive you here, and now," she answered, warmly, the blushes deepening in her cheeks. "I am afraid I was very foolish in W——."

"I know I was," he rejoined fervently; "but I have grown wiser now. Suffering is a severe but a faithful teacher."

Her eyes met his inquiringly.

“When you were so sick,” he went on, “I stood by the side of your bed. There was scarcely a hope that you would recover. I cannot, if I would, tell you what I felt as I thought I might be looking for the last time on those loved features, now so pallid and sunken; but I went home and shut myself up in my chamber, and communed with my own heart and my God. I came out, after many hours of solitude, a wiser though a humbler man, with new purposes in life, with new motives to prepare for the end of life, and for the happiness promised the believer.”

“Dear cousin,” was the low response, “if you feel so, I am sure God will give you grace to do all his will. I too hope to live far more devoted to him than I have ever done before. As I lay on my pillow, too ill to speak or to notice what was passing around me, I thought, with deep regret, that I had lived far too much to this world and for my own pleasure, and too little for Him who gave his life for me. I resolved, if God spared my life, to be different. I do want to do something for my Saviour before I

die, something to show my gratitude for all his love and forbearance toward me. I meant to try as soon as I could speak, but somehow it is not easy when it comes to the time. I hope God will give me strength to keep my resolutions."

"Your faithfulness, Emily, has shamed me again and again. Abigail told me she never thought so much about living right before. She seemed greatly impressed with the remark you made to nurse the day she left; that in order not to fear death one must live right; that, after all, dying did not seem to you as solemn as living."

"Dear nurse," murmured Emily, "after being so faithful to me, I hope she wont neglect her own soul. She promised me she'd read every night in the little Bible I gave her, if it was only one verse."

"It will be so pleasant to me," the young man added, after a pause, "to pass a part of Saturday and the whole Sabbath with you in N——. Before you leave we must contrive to explore the rocks and caverns which I am told abound in that vicinity. Then I must teach you to fish. I wonder," he said,

laughing, "how Abigail will get on without the world of care she takes upon herself at home."

"You forget," she responded merrily, "that I am her special charge, and that the doctor has ordered salt water bathing every day. I think your mother and I shall contrive to keep her busy. I hope she wont object to picking up mosses and sea-shells. I want to make a pretty basket while I am there, and fill it with those beautiful ocean-flowers."

"I am sure she will be glad to do anything for you," he answered, earnestly.

The next morning, at an early hour, the travelling party were on their way. It was a tedious ride to the sick girl, as her pale cheeks bore witness, though she tried to bear the fatigue as bravely as possible. When she reached the end of her journey, she was so much exhausted that she made no objection when Harvey lifted her in his arms from the carriage and laid her on the bed in her own room. For that one night she was obliged to content herself without a glance at the foaming billows ; but, as she lay on her pillow, the monotonous roar of the waves, as they

rolled in and broke over the beach, quieted her excited nerves, and finally lulled her into a refreshing slumber.

Harvey left the next afternoon for the city, happy in the belief that the scenes she viewed with such enthusiastic delight would bring vigor to her weakened frame.

At the expiration of a week Mrs. Seaver returned home, convinced that Mrs. Everett's prescription of the sea air would prove a thorough cure to the invalid. Fred shouted with mirth as she described Emily's sharpened appetite, which not a double portion of the delicious fried fish and potatoes could allay.

In company with his father he visited the beach before she left, and had the satisfaction of beholding with his own eyes the wonderful ocean of which he had heard so much.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE PRIVILEGED PUPIL.

MRS. SUMMERS was not prepared for so much beauty and style in her new scholar. Indeed, when she heard that a fashionable lady waited in the parlor to see her, she supposed it was the friend of one of her pupils. She had formed an idea of Isabel : short, chubby, and wholly uninformed in manner, as well as in morals. From Mr. Seaver's letters, also, she inferred that Miss Sandoval was poor. Imagine then her surprise and embarrassment when, on entering the large apartment devoted to visitors, a tall, polished lady rose with the ease of a woman of the world, and advanced to meet her.

"Mrs. Summers, I presume," was the smiling remark.

The lady bowed, and motioned the stranger to a richly cushioned lounge.

“I suppose my guardian, Mr. Seaver, informed you I should arrive to-day.”

“Your guardian — Mr. Seaver,” repeated the preceptress, trying to remember where she had heard the name. Then with a start and a searching glance, “Surely you are not Miss Sandoval.”

“That is my name,” was the laughing reply. “Your school, Mrs. Summers, I am informed, has a high reputation. I am determined my being here shall not make it less popular.”

The lady murmured her thanks, trying to recall her scattered senses. She had prepared a pretty little lecture to be delivered to the new and restive pupil, but the idea of finding fault with this polished miss was really out of the question.

“If you have no objection, I should like to exchange my travelling dress for something more suitable to the day,” Isabel ventured to add. “The afternoon is very warm.”

“Certainly — certainly; that is if you will have

the goodness to wait one moment, I will have your room ready. Mr. Seaver informed me that you would not object to a room-mate."

"Oh no!" said the young lady, showing all her white teeth, "that is, if she is lively and agreeable."

Mrs. Summers hastened up stairs to make a sudden change in the disposition of her pupils. Ella Loring, a miss from the city, was quickly transferred to the large attic reserved for Miss Sandoval, while the baggage of the latter was removed to the pleasant room over the parlor, where she was speedily introduced to Miss Harriet Snow her room-mate.

"We dined some time since," remarked the preceptress. "Shall I send a luncheon to your room?"

"Oh no! I dined at S——," smilingly answered Isabel. "I always take excellent care of myself in that respect."

The lady walked slowly down to her private parlor, with the conclusion that Mr. Seaver's ideas of economy and her own were widely different.

She was scarcely seated in her chair before the

new scholar burst into a hearty laugh, greatly to the surprise of the staid young miss seated opposite her. She had perceived at a glance the impression she made, knew without being told that summary changes had taken place after her arrival, learned through them the weakness of her instructress, and determined to take the greatest possible advantage of it.

Before she had been at the school three days, Miss Sandoval was just what she intended to be, a privileged pupil. Possessed of a good memory, she only needed to read over her lessons in order to present a most favorable example to her class. She had time for the cultivation of her voice, which was really fine, and for the execution of any favorite schemes there might be on hand.

At the distance of only seven miles from Mrs. Summers' seminary, was a medical college. Some of the misses had brothers or acquaintance there, so that it was natural the levees, advertised for every Friday evening, should be fully attended.

Belonging to the seminary were several saddle horses, for the benefit of those who could ride.

Isabel was not slow to avail herself of these advantages, both of the medical school and the horses. She regretted that she had not kept Mrs. Everett's skirt, which was of the finest broadcloth, but was obliged to be contented with the offer of an inferior one from a young lady who had not courage for the exercise. This, worn over her exquisitely fitting travelling-dress, with a jaunty cap she had made at P——, formed an outfit most of the girls envied. She resolved to do good execution with them. Mrs. Summers, without the least intention of doing so, favored her plans. In fact she was proud of her new scholar, and on every occasion when there were callers, managed that Isabel should be seen. Sometimes it was, "Would Miss Sandoval have the goodness to play that new opera to a lady in the parlor?" or the servant would come with a message, "A gentleman has called to inquire about the school. Mrs. Summers would be greatly obliged if you would see him, as she is engaged for a few moments."

To the latter class Isabel, who, as we have seen, had no scruples of conscience, represented the sem-

inary as embracing every advantage that a fond parent could desire, and the preceptress as a martyr to the best interests of her pupils, whether of a literary or a religious nature.

This was of course repeated to Mrs. Summers by the visitors, and was alternately the occasion of enlarging the school, and of laying the teacher under a lasting obligation to her devoted scholar.

As a natural consequence, Miss Sandoval must be accommodated with a horse whenever she wished to ride ; the excuse being made to the young ladies that she had always been accustomed to the exercise, and her health would suffer if deprived of it.

She was allowed also to receive visitors occasionally, aside from the regular times, and soon took the liberty to receive them at any time she pleased ; the servants, to whom she was exceedingly affable, being quite as ready to obey her orders and summon her without permission, as to fulfil the commands of their more exacting mistress.

Sometimes Isabel descended from the pedestal upon which with consummate art she had placed

herself, and descended to low games and jokes with her schoolmates.

On one occasion she took advantage of the illness of a young miss, who in consequence of a severe fever, had been obliged to have her head shaved. Her abundant tresses, which were of a flaxen hue, were made into numerous braids and cords, to be worn while her hair was still short.

Entering the room where the sick girl lay upon her bed, Isabel carried away with her the box containing these, which she ingeniously braided with her own raven locks, according to a fashion-plate of olden time, and then, as if unconscious of anything unusual in her appearance, walked into the recitation-room and took her seat.

It was a class in philosophy, taught three times a week by Professor Simonds of the adjoining town; and the gentleman did not notice her appearance until many of the scholars began to titter. He himself could not help smiling at the unique head-dress; Isabel, with her eyes fastened on her book being the only composed person in the room.

“Miss Sandoval,” he said at length, finding it impossible to proceed, “your hair — does it not need a little attention?”

“Excuse me,” she said, rising with perfect self-possession. “I will adjust it at the mirror.”

She went out, but almost instantly returned, having only rendered the contrast somewhat more prominent.

Professor Simmonds bit his lip as she returned gracefully to her seat; then, in a more authoritative tone than they had ever heard him use, he said, “Young ladies, I must have your attention,” when the lesson proceeded with spirit, Isabel as usual contriving by adroit questions to give her teacher the idea she was intensely interested in the subject.

At another time, on one of the warmest days in July, she happened to be passing a room on the story above her own, when she saw lying on the bed a long red flannel gown, such as she had seen worn by the aged negroes in Cuba. Without a moment’s thought she caught it up and carried it to her own room. There arraying herself in it, and buttoning it closely in the neck, she put on her best hat, an ex-

quisite little affair she had brought from the Islands, and directing the servant, who was almost convulsed with laughter, to say that she had gone out for a walk, hastened from the house. She had proceeded but a short distance before she was surrounded by the younger pupils, who could not find words to express their astonishment at her appearance. They begged to be allowed to accompany her on her excursion; but, with the air of a princess, she waved them aside, seeing just in front of her a gentleman of her acquaintance.

At the tea-table she still retained the singular dress, much to the discomfiture of the preceptress.

“I thought the servants must have stolen it,” cried the young miss from whose room it was taken. “I made it for a poor dropsical woman in the village, and was to have carried it to her this afternoon.”

There were other jokes, too, not so innocent in their character; but still, nothing that Mrs. Summers thought it politic to notice. The young West Indian was a useful friend, and might be quite a dangerous enemy.

In common with the other pupils Isabel received many lectures on propriety, refinement, etc., and certainly, as far as the preceptress herself was concerned, no one profited more by them.

To her instructors, both male and female, Miss Sandoval invariably conducted herself with politeness, while her natural good humor made her a favorite with the whole establishment. She did not fail to take advantage of this popularity to accomplish her own purposes.

To her room-mate Miss Snow, who was child of a wealthy gentleman in New York, she represented herself as a rich heiress, but with a stern guardian who restricted her to a niggardly allowance. Whenever the young lady had a remittance from home, Isabel was sure to need some article of clothing, which would bring from the other a proffer of part of her funds.

So it was with the others : every one of them was made useful in some way, and most of them were proud of being so

At the distance of half a mile from the seminary there was a large store containing most of the variety necessary in a country village. This was a favorite resort of Isabel, who, sometimes accompanied by the young ladies, but oftener on horseback and alone, went to see either the handsome owner of the establishment, or the nice silks on his counter. Mr. Ewell having ascertained to his satisfaction that the dashing beauty was rich as well as fascinating, did not hesitate to sell her anything she desired.

Toward the close of the term her intimacy with this gentleman increased. He was punctual in his attendance at the Friday levees, and indeed called upon Miss Sandoval openly at the seminary. His attentions to her pupil at last became so marked that Mrs. Summers suggested writing to her guardian.

Isabel opened wide her eyes, inquired whether the lady was not aware that Mr. Seaver with his family was making a tour of the States, and on that account had written to her that it would be best to remain at the seminary during the vacation.

“But,” rejoined the lady, “a letter might certainly

reach him somewhere; at any rate I should be glad to relieve myself of the responsibility."

"I do not think there is the least occasion at present," said the young girl, laughing; "but if you will write a note to my guardian, I will enclose it in one I intend to send to a friend to be forwarded to his last address."

Mrs. Summers gladly availed herself of the opportunity, but the letter never went. Isabel read it in her own room, and tore it into shreds.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE DECEPTION.

IT was the custom of the preceptress to take a short journey during the vacation, leaving any of the young ladies who, from the distance to their own home, or any other reason, chose to remain at the seminary under the care of the matron. This person, whose name was Johnstone, kept her position in Mrs. Summers' school by pandering to the weaknesses of the pupils. To one who made an idol of her stomach she conveyed little dainties to tempt her appetite. For another, who of all things in the world disliked mending, she secretly contrived to relieve her of the responsibility before the dreaded Wednesday afternoon. One young miss she praised for her beauty, another for her diligence, and another still for the richness of her dress.

When Miss Sandoval, after a short residence at the seminary, made up for Mrs. Johnstone a tasteful head-dress out of some cast-off finery of her own, she laid the matron under an everlasting obligation; there was nothing too good for Miss Sandoval, who, it was easy to see, had been accustomed to a luxurious style of living; there was no sacrifice too great, if she could do anything for the comfort of so charming a miss.

Now Isabel, as we have seen, was of that character that would never hesitate a moment to sacrifice the comfort or character of a friend to her own interests; and yet she preferred living on good terms with every one. So far she had succeeded admirably in the seminary, and when at the close of the term she received rather a liberal allowance from her guardian, she felt that, for once, circumstances were in her favor.

Perhaps the reader may be interested to read a short epistle which reached P—— just when Emily was beginning to be convalescent:

“MY DEAR GUARDIAN :— Enclosed I send you my report for the term, and also Mrs. Summers’ bill for board and tuition. You will see that according to your wishes I have squared my expenses to my income. I have been consulting my teacher in regard to the vacation. I told her frankly that I wished to economize in every possible way. She advises me to remain quietly at the seminary through the vacation, taking the opportunity to practice music, which my close attention to more important branches has prevented me from doing as much as I ought through the term.

I have concluded to remain, therefore, though I anticipate rather a gloomy time after all the young ladies have left, the matron being a quiet, orderly person with few charms either of person or manners.

With many thanks for your constant kindness to your unworthy niece.

ISABEL SANDOVAL.”

Though he had been deceived so often, Mr. Seaver read this letter with great interest, and told his wife he really believed his niece had seen the error of her

ways, and was trying to amend. He commended her highly in his reply, sent her an additional ten-dollar bill as a present from himself, and told her he hoped everything from her residence with Mrs. Summers.

Isabel shouted with mirth when she perused the epistle. "There," said she to herself, "who shall say there is any harm in a little deception. By a few white lies I have made my guardian very happy and have gained this ten-dollar bill. To be sure it is not a fifth of what I owe Mr. Ewell, to say nothing of my debts to the girls; but as a present it is very acceptable, nevertheless.

Indulgent, however, as Mrs. Johnstone was inclined to be, she was amazed at the liberties taken by Miss Sandoval the moment Mrs. Summers had left the house. Insisting that the lady had made her promise to have everything for her own comfort, she ordered the servants to prepare a nice supper, as she wished to invite a friend to partake with her. From this time one visit from Mr. Ewell was followed rapidly by another, interspersed with rides

and walks, by day light and by moon light; at each succeeding interview the lover being more charmed with his lady fair.

To this gentleman she represented herself, as she had done to Harvey, as under the guardianship of a stern mentor, who kept her estates locked up until she attained the age of eighteen, at which time, according to her mother's will, she was free to dispose of herself and her property as she saw fit. To him, also, as to all the young ladies, she called herself seventeen instead of sixteen, and therefore within a year of being her own mistress.

Isabel often asked herself, "Do I love Mr. Ewell?" When she thought of Harvey, who was so much his superior both in talent and real worth, she sighed as she answered, "No, I do not love him; but I intend to marry him because he has the means to gratify my ambition. He has already promised to give up his store here, and live in a handsome house in New York." She laughed almost bitterly, as she added, "He says I shall have my mother's jewels reset, little imagining they consist of the plain

brooch and bracelet he has so often seen me wear, and that the rich ear-rings and pin he calls mine, in reality belong to Harriet Snow. He must not know this until we are married; and, in order that he shall not, we will be married — when?”

It was nearly the close of the second term, almost six months after Isabel left P——, that her guardian received a brief note from Mrs. Summers informing him that a merchant by the name of Ewell had for some time been marked in his attentions to Miss Sandoval, that she had made careful inquiries concerning his character, and had learned nothing which was not to his credit. She desired, however, that Mr. Seaver should see the gentleman before anything like an engagement was entered into, that by his own observation he might form a judgment of the suitability of the match.

The gentleman wrote at once to Isabel, desiring her to invite Mr. Ewell to call upon her during her vacation, and then added, “You are young, dear niece; too young, I fear, to be able to judge what will best serve your own happiness; but if your friend

is what Mrs. Summers describes, I shall not refuse my consent to an early engagement, though I hope you will remember that your education is far from completed. I trust you have dealt frankly with the gentleman in regard to your property, as I shall certainly be obliged to do when I resign my trust. I am pleased to be able to add that I recently received a letter from your agent, who tells me that there is a chance of disposing of the estate to much better advantage than he had supposed possible. He will write again soon."

Isabel smiled bitterly when she had read this kind note. A crisis in her young life was approaching.

She arrived at her uncle's a few days before Christmas, Emily having been at home more than a month. In a few days Mr. Ewell followed. But unfortunately for the decision of his suit, Mr. Seaver had been summoned to a distant part of the State, on business which could not be delayed. The gentleman, therefore, nothing loath, established himself at the only hotel in P——, spending most of his time at Mr. Seaver's.

His first appearance was rather prepossessing. He was tall, of a good figure, had small blue eyes, auburn hair, and an abundance of sandy whiskers, which were trimmed in the latest style. His hands were white and smooth, while on his little finger he wore an immense seal ring. His dress was of the finest broadcloth, and of a fashionable cut. Altogether he was quite presentable. Mrs. Seaver received him cordially, apologizing for her husband's absence. Emily, for her cousin's sake, was disposed to be kind; but, after the second interview, could not help shrinking from him as a bad man.

Perhaps Isabel's jokes might have added to this feeling, for she was, or pretended to be, jealous of her lover's admiration of the baby-faced girl, as she in her thoughts designated her cousin, and repeated freely his complimentary remarks.

Mr. Ewell did indeed pay marked attention to Emily, even to the extent of inviting her to ride in Isabel's place, and offering her costly presents, both of which she decidedly declined.

As week after week passed without bringing Mr.

Seaver, the lover who at first either rode or walked with Isabel every day, and sometimes twice a day, began to grow remiss in his attentions. He would sit twirling his hat, or with a book in his hand, which he continually opened and shut, his eyes being fastened on Emily's blushing face, while Isabel sat haughtily by, her black orbs flashing, and her cheek flushing with anger at the too evident neglect.

At last this change in his affections became so marked that the modest girl could endure it no longer. She spent much of her time when out of school at the cottage or in her own chamber.

Mrs. Seaver wrote continually urging her husband's return. She too had become very distrustful of a man whose affections had proved so fickle; and, besides, there was much in his treatment of Isabel, indeed in their treatment of each other, which puzzled her extremely. At times the haughty girl assumed an air almost of defiance, which however had no effect on him except to produce a scornful smile, or a retort as insulting as it was unusual under the circumstances.

One morning Harvey, who was still at the medical college, arrived unexpectedly for a short visit. Having paid his respects to his mother, and learned from her the state of Isabel's affairs, he proceeded to Mr. Seaver's, feeling no little curiosity to see the man who was willing to risk his happiness in the hands of so unprincipled a girl. It so happened that on the preceding evening Miss Sandoval and her lover had a more serious dispute than any which had preceded it, and wholly disregarding the presence of Mrs. Seaver and Fred, had both of them uttered some phrases which she could only understand by supposing the artful girl had already given him a claim upon her obedience. They had parted in anger, but in the morning Mr. Ewell had seemed to think better of it, and had come early with a carriage to take her to ride. Harvey came up just as he was inviting Emily to accompany them, and was surprised to hear how decidedly she refused.

Isabel started when she saw him, suddenly exchanging the heavy frown which the invitation of

her lover to her cousin had occasioned, for a beaming smile of welcome.

Mr. Ewell turned from his horses, to see who was so warmly received, when Isabel introduced him to her old friend. There was a momentary pause, as they waited for the party to drive off; but with this new arrival in view, Isabel was in no haste to be gone. She immediately commenced a lively conversation with the stranger concerning his graduation and his studies; told him, with a laugh, she had added several of the medical faculty to her list of acquaintances; and finally proposed that he should join them in their excursion; "or, what is still better," she said, "let us exchange the carriage for saddle-horses and have a ride by the river, in memory of olden times."

Harvey politely excused himself from either, as his time in P—— was necessarily very short, and turned rather abruptly into the house after Emily, wondering not a little at the thoughtless girl who, in this reckless way, was playing with her own happiness.

“Come, Isabel,” said Mr. Ewell, in an authoritative voice; “if we are going at all, we had better be off.”

Without a word she ascended the steps to the carriage.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Seaver received the welcome intelligence that her husband was to return the next day. From hints thrown out by Mr. Ewell, she had come to the conclusion that her niece had involved herself in debt to him; and that it was the knowledge of this which rendered her at times so obedient, though restive under control.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE STARTLING DISCOVERY.

IN a few minutes Emily set off for school, when her cousin instantly begged leave to accompany her.

Except by her blushes the young girl gave no consent, and he waited for none. Taking her satchel from her hand, as in the olden time, he walked quietly by her side until they were out in the open street.

“What a curious match that will be,” he said, at length.

“If it ever is a match,” she replied, smiling.

“And is there any doubt of that? He seems to take it for granted that she is bound to him.”

“Oh, it is dreadful!” exclaimed the young girl, with a deep sigh. “I don’t see how Isabel can love such

a man as he is ; and loving him, how she can provoke him as she does."

"I am sorry to see your new relative is not to prove a favorite with you."

She glanced a moment in his face, wondering whether he referred to Mr. Ewell's too evident desire to win her favor.

"There is something about him," she said frankly, "which inspires distrust. I cannot avoid the impression that he is a bad man ; but perhaps I judge him too harshly."

"It is rather an unfavorable time to judge of a man when his thoughts and affections are all devoted to one person."

"But his are not, I am sure, though Isabel does not seem to love him, because she is jealous of him."

"Ah, indeed !" he said, concealing a smile ; " what makes you think she does not love him ?"

"Why, she never consults his feelings or wishes," said Emily, speaking with great enthusiasm. "And then she never seems to care whether he comes in the evening or not. I think it must be a very solemn

thing to be about to marry, and have your husband's happiness trusted to you. I fear Isabel does not think of that as she ought."

"Or as you would, dear Emily," Harvey opened his lips to say; but he checked himself. He glanced at his companion, whose brilliant color proved her deep feeling on this subject, and said to himself, "How could I ever prefer Isabel to this lovely child."

They parted at the corner of the street leading to the academy: so Emily requested—Harvey only stopping to say, "Mother tells me you have become an accomplished equestrian; will you ride with me this evening?"

"Ask mother," was her blushing reply.

Toward night Mrs. Seaver became very anxious, as neither Isabel nor Mr. Ewell had returned. She blamed herself again and again for allowing so much intimacy; but what could she do? Her niece would walk and drive, without the least regard to her wishes.

At last, just as the horses were brought round for

Emily and her cousin, the carriage drove hastily to the door.

Isabel's face grew dark as Harvey rendered to the lovely girl the attentions that had once been her own, and could not forbear saying in a whisper to Emily, "Do not fall in love with him, for he is a slippery fellow."

"I call that rather partial," exclaimed Mr. Ewell, with a coarse laugh; "you refused to go with me, and now you're off with another."

She deigned no reply to either; but, with a gentle dignity which well became her, took the reins from her cousin, and trotted briskly out of the yard, the disappointed beauty gazing after them with a feeling of bitter envy.

She entered the house out of humor with herself and everybody, where, after having thrown off her rich shawl, which with a tone of command she ordered one of the servants to carry to her own room, she sat down to wait the coming of her lover.

Whatever their quarrel had been, they both seemed determined not to repeat it on this occasion, but sat

near each other on the sofa apparently engaged in looking over a book of costly engravings; but their long whispers made it evident both to Mrs. Seaver and her aunt, that their minds were otherwise occupied.

Fred, who was more of a favorite with his cousin than any one in the house, came behind her chair and, putting his arm familiarly on her shoulder, began to laugh at a new dress she had on.

“Get away, you little torment,” she said, angrily. “See how you’ve tumbled my new collar. I agree with you, Mr. Ewell, that boys are dreadful plagues.”

“You didn’t always think so,” he retorted, passionately. “You used to be glad to have me to frolic with before you went to school.”

Mrs. Seaver this evening had invited Mrs. Everett and Harvey to take tea with her, not expecting Mr. Ewell would stay, as he had never before done so without a special invitation; but on this occasion, he seemed determined to avoid every rule of propriety. After Harvey returned, he guarded Isabel so closely that, if he had wished, he could not have approached

her. When the servant summoned them to tea, he rose, gave her his arm and walked out in advance of the rest. Through the meal his conduct so annoyed Mrs. Seaver that she could scarcely control her indignation. Most fervently she wished her husband were by her side, to dismiss the intruder from the house.

After tea he tried to detain his lady-love in the back parlor; but she preferred to join the other party.

Fred heard him mutter, "You shall pay for this some time," and ran to report to his sister.

As conversation seemed out of the question, Mrs. Seaver proposed music; indeed, she needed the influence of some soothing sounds to quell the excitement of her nerves. Isabel rose at once, saying to her lover, "Do you remember the first piece you ever heard me play? If I can remember it without the notes, I'll play it now."

It was a noisy piece, ill suited to a parlor; but Isabel, who had practised it in the large hall belonging to the seminary, beat the keys without mercy.

Mrs. Seaver sat trying to calm herself with the assurance that the evening could not last forever, while her aunt calmly adjusting her glasses, took up the evening paper, and began to read.

At last the interminable opera was finished, and Isabel, accustomed to receive flattery, looked around for admiration.

Mr. Ewell checked himself in the act of clapping his hands to say to Mrs. Everett, "You don't seem to admire music. I call her playing rather remarkable."

"I am glad you like it, sir," she answered, with imperturbable gravity.

Emily, fearing a scene, rose to leave the room; but Fred caught her hand, whispering, "Don't go, Em, there'll be some good fun. Ewell is all lighted up just ready to blaze."

"What's that you say?" cried the enraged man, catching the child by the arm, and shaking him roughly. Then, turning fiercely on Mrs. Seaver he said, "If you don't teach your boy better manners, I'll cowhide him."

This was more than the lady felt called to endure, in her own house. Drawing her figure up haughtily, she answered :

“ Mr. Ewell, I have endured much from you ; I regret now to be obliged to say, that your presence here is not desired. My husband returns to-morrow, and will call upon you at the hotel.”

“ I have staid now longer than was any way agreeable to me,” he retorted, with a sneer, and am willing to go this very moment. Come, Isabel.”

She hid her face in her handkerchief, but did not move.

“ I do not know, sir,” Mrs. Seaver added with immense dignity, “ by what authority you call my niece to follow you. She cannot leave the house until her guardian returns.”

“ By the authority of a husband, ma'am,” he thundered out, bringing his fist down on the table with such force that it jarred the room. “ I rather think you wont dare to dispute the authority of the law. We were married a week before she left school.”

The astonishment at this unexpected announce-



“By what authority do you call Isabel to accompany you?”

“By the authority of a husband, madam.”



ment was so great, that not a sound could be heard except a hysterical sob from Isabel.

“Come, girl, don’t be a fool,” he exclaimed, touching her familiarly on the shoulder, “you’ve got a husband to assert your rights; and if that niggardly guardian of yours don’t fork over your property, he’ll find himself in trouble. Come.”

The last word was spoken in such a tone of command that the youthful bride dared not, or did not think it best, to disobey. For almost the first time in her life she felt she had acted hastily; and now, disgusted with herself and with the man she had chosen as her husband, — especially provoked that Harvey should have been present at such a crisis, — she rose and walked loftily from the room.

Mr. Ewell, with a glance of defiance immediately followed, but turned back to say, “You look astonished, Mrs. Seaver, but your husband will be more astonished when he finds I have a legal claim upon all my wife’s estates, and that I shall demand every cent of her due the moment she is eighteen years old.”

“Deluded child!” cried Mrs. Seaver sinking back in her chair. “She has deceived herself as grossly as she has deceived him, if she thinks she can ever be happy with such a man.”

Emily shuddered and hid her face ; while Fred, in his excitement, jumped two feet from the floor, exclaiming, “ Hurrah for Isabel Ewell! To think of her being married all this time ! ”

Mrs. Everett glanced at her son. His countenance bore an expression of strong contempt. He told her afterwards his first connected thought was, “ And I loved that girl once.”

Mr. Seaver arrived the following day. He listened with profound grief and surprise to the story that met him of his ward's marriage. Mrs. Seaver related in detail the annoyances to which she had been subjected, ending with the insulting threat which had been the means of his confession that he had a legal claim to Isabel and to her property.

The next morning, the gentleman waited upon Mr. Ewell at the hotel, where, having sent up his name, he requested to be shown to their private parlor.

“Mr. Ewell, uncle,” said Isabel, rising from the sofa and advancing to meet him.

“And this is my wife, sir,” added the gentleman, after coolly shaking the proffered hand. “I presume Mrs. Seaver has told you we were married before we came to P——.”

“Have you a certificate of the marriage?” inquired the guardian, in a business-like manner.

“Yes, I have ; here it is,” taking it from his pocket-book in an excited manner.

Mr. Seaver read it deliberately from beginning to end. “This seems all correct,” he remarked, “and as it is past, no comments on my part are necessary. It only remains for me to make over to you, as her legal guardian, all the papers in my possession concerning her small patrimony.”

“Small patrimony !” echoed the husband, “your ideas differ from mine if you call an estate that has a thousand valuable slaves upon it *small*.”

The bride rose hastily, and would have retreated.

“Keep your seat, Isabel,” shouted Mr. Ewell. “I’m your husband ; and I’ll see that you have your

rights. No, no, I want you here," as she seemed to insist upon going. "I'll defend you."

Mr. Seaver sat perfectly calm and unmoved. He had been the witness of many scenes with this wayward girl, and now his heart prompted no feeling toward her but pity.

"Here is a letter from the agent appointed by Mrs. Sandoval before her decease," he added, when his hearer was quiet enough to listen; "the same I believe who had charge of the estate while she was a widow. It contains a schedule of the property. You see instead of a thousand slaves there were five, one of whom, Juba, considered the most valuable, was sold to pay her expenses to the States."

Mr. Ewell glanced his eye over the paper, then started to his feet, exclaiming, with a dreadful oath, "You've cheated her. You've converted her property into money for your own use. I'll go to Cuba. I'll set off to-morrow. I'll bring a suit against you. I'll —"

"Take care!" said Mr. Seaver, in a calm, resolute voice. "I've been threatened before on Isabel's

account, as she well knows ; but there must be no charges of dishonesty. I advise you to go at once to the islands, and dispose of her estate as you see fit. If it is as she has led you to believe, I shall be a richer man by three hundred dollars than I was when she came to my house ; for exactly that amount I have paid for her out of my own pocket."

While he was speaking Mr. Ewell grew paler and paler. He sprang from his chair, and, approaching his wife, shook his fist in her face. "Isabel," he asked, in a thick, husky voice, "have you dared to lie to me? Tell me instantly what does this mean?"

Her form trembled ; but she did not reply.

He shook her roughly by the shoulder.

She started to her feet, and stood confronting him.

"Dare to touch me in that way again ; and I'll expose you, sir," she exclaimed fiercely.

Her guardian thought it time to interfere. "This is not the way," he said, "to come to an explanation. Isabel has deceived you. I am sorry to say, you are not the first one she has deceived into trusting her. As soon as I heard of your attentions to my ward, I

wrote urging her to tell you frankly the state of her property. She had heretofore represented herself as a rich heiress, and I feared she had done so in this case. She has also reported that I was trying to get her fortune into my own hands, that I was penurious, and would scarcely allow her enough to live upon."

"Yes, that is what she told me," exclaimed the disappointed bridegroom; "that and more. She said you had the benefit of her income while she remained unmarried and a minor, and therefore you would refuse your consent to our marriage."

"On the contrary," urged the gentleman, with a smile of bitter meaning, "though I could not conscientiously have consented to her marriage, while her education was far from completed, yet I consider it a great relief, both of care and money, to know that my guardianship has terminated so suddenly. I hope you will remember, however, when you are tried by your wife's follies, that she is a mere child. She is seventeen next month."

"Seventeen! She told me she was eighteen."

“I have another letter I wish to show you,” the gentleman went on. “The agent writes me there will probably be an opportunity to sell. If you really intend to go to the West Indies, you may aid him by going at once. When Isabel came away, he valued it at about two thousand dollars.”

Mr. Ewell darted across the room so quickly that he upset a large chair in his progress. “Two thousand dollars, instead of two hundred thousand! Isabel, you shall pay for this deceit.”

“I don’t believe the agent. He is a cross old fudge,” exclaimed the bride, loftily. “He makes it out that the estate is worthless, so as to put money in his pocket.”

“That was the way you talked of your guardian,” cried her husband, interrupting her.

“It will be easy for you to judge when you get there,” remarked Mr. Seaver, in a slightly contemptuous tone.

He rose, and, pushing the letters of the agent and other papers toward Mr. Ewell, said, “Whatever your opinion of me may have been, my own con-

science bears me witness that I have acted toward my sister's child as she would have wished, and, in a pecuniary view, better than she had any right to expect. I have nothing more to say, except to offer you my best wishes for your mutual happiness and prosperity, and to beg you to remember that in order to ensure that, you must bear and forbear, never forgetting that God is ever ready to bless those who truly repent of their sins and trust in his Son for salvation.

He held Isabel's hand affectionately for one moment, leaned forward and kissed her cheek, and then left the room.

When he had gone the young bride threw herself on the lounge, and gave way to a passionate burst of grief.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE MOTHER'S DEATH.

Two years later, let us visit Mrs. Ewell in New York. She resides in a handsome part of the city, in an elegant freestone house, owned by her husband.

Soon after their interview with Mr. Seaver, they left for Cuba, where, by a most fortunate speculation in mahogany and rosewood, he added considerably to his own fortune, and succeeded in establishing himself in business. They remained at the Islands more than a year, and then went to New York, where he established a branch house. Isabel's beauty attracted great attention, so that he was quite proud of her, whose only object in life seemed to be to promenade the streets and display to the best advantage her splendid figure and rich attire.

During the years that had passed she had not improved in temper, though she had learned to fear her husband.

Mr. Ewell was a tyrant, both by nature and practice. Having been early disappointed in his wife's fortune, he grew neglectful of her wishes, and at last was so far alienated from her that they sometimes did not see each other for days together. When they returned to the States, however, her appearance, both in public and in private circles, created so much excitement, that he became more affectionate in public, rewarding himself when they were alone by the most absolute contempt.

He was fond of making a show ; and as he really had quite a fortune, he allowed her a handsome sum for her own use, every cent of which, he was sure, would be spent for the adornment of her person.

Educated as she had been, it was not to be supposed that she would order her house according to the most approved methods. Indeed, there was little order about it, each of the servants doing that which was right in his own eyes. Mrs. Ewell lay in bed

till a late hour, and generally took her breakfast in her richly furnished boudoir. Not a thought was given to her husband's convenience, — self was her only idol.

At about eleven or twelve she dressed for the street, where she promenaded for several hours, tumbling over the splendid silks and laces at the most fashionable stores, and annoying the clerks with questions concerning the various prices. They soon grew to understand her character, and gave her credit for one trait peculiar to herself. She was independent of public opinion, and never bought an article because assured that another lady, it might be at the height of the ton, had purchased from the same piece.

At half-past three, she sat down to a luxurious dinner, with the same freedom from care as if she were at a table d'hote; but at what expense, what waste, she cared not to inquire. Her servants, whom she treated alternately with excessive familiarity and insolent severity, seldom remained long in her employ, but as their places were soon supplied by

others, and her pleasures were not interfered with, she did not worry herself about the consequences.

Occasionally she met an acquaintance from P—— or one of her schoolmates from Mrs. Summer's seminary, and invited them to dine, more in order to exhibit her handsome table and delicious viands, than from any real desire to continue their acquaintance. In the evening there was always some favorite play to be acted, some distinguished singer, or some party to occupy her time until midnight.

And thus she passed day after day, in the ceaseless pursuit of pleasure, never satisfied; the same victim of art and untruthfulness she had ever been, rushing heedlessly on the journey of life, little imagining how speedily she would reach that point where, in bitter anguish of spirit, she would exclaim, with the wise man of old, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit;" or, like her mother, "I am weary, *weary* of life."

At the same period that this youthful beauty was seemingly in the enjoyment of every thing that heart could desire, her cousin Emily was plunged into

the deepeest affliction she had ever known. Her mother, after a short but severe attack of lung fever and pleurisy, was suddenly called from her earthly to her heavenly home. In the midst of her dying agonies, she yet had strength to bear testimony to the religion she had loved while in health.

“Jesus, my Saviour, is with me ; he supports me ; I shall soon be at rest — the rest he has promised his people,” were the precious words she gasped, at long intervals. Then again, “Oh, how worthless seems every thing now, compared with his love, his favor ! He is mine and I am his, — purchased by his precious blood.”

She called each of her dear family to her, and, in a few short words, entreated them to live devoted lives, and then bade them her last farewell.

Emily was now the one, under God, upon whom the afflicted husband leaned in his terrible affliction. The stroke had fallen heavily upon her, and, had she consulted her own wishes, she would have retired to her own apartment to mourn and weep. But by divine grace she was enabled to cast her burden of

sorrow at the foot of the cross, and thus to perform every duty. With a composed manner, though with blanched cheeks, she went around from room to room preparing for the mournful occasion when they should pay their last tribute to her whose face they would see no more on earth. With her own hands she prepared the beloved form for its last resting-place, and then scattered fragrant flowers over the coffin and the sepulchre.

Poor Fred wandered from chamber to chamber after her, his eyes strained and bloodshot from weeping, his heart aching with the feeling which none but a motherless boy can know.

“We shall go to her, dear brother,” murmured Emily, “if we remember her words of instruction. We shall spend an eternity together in praising the Lamb who died to remove the sting of death. Mother died happy, trusting in his power to save her, because while in health she had given her heart to him and endeavored to keep his commands. We will try will we not, Fred, to imitate her example, and prepare for death while in the midst of life?”

To her father she said, "Heaven never seemed so near as now, since it is the everlasting home of mother. I love to imagine her walking the golden streets, sitting beside the living streams, and singing the songs of redemption with Deborah, and Miriam, and Esther, and all the holy women of the New Testament."

When they returned from the grave, the bereaved husband lost all self-control. In agony of grief he paced the floor, crying, "O Emma! Emma! shall I never again see your welcoming smile, or hear your loved voice? Gracious God, help me! Support me, or I shall sink! Give me grace to say, Thy will, not mine, be done!"

For a time poor Emily, too, was so overcome that she could not command her voice to speak; but, after a silent prayer for help, she approached her father, and, laying her hand on his arm, said, softly, "Will you please read," holding out the Bible, "only a few verses about the blessedness of heaven."

He folded his arms around her. "O, my daughter! my heart sinks when I think she has left me.

It was so sudden, so unexpected. To the last I had hope. But you are right; let us dwell on her gain, rather than on our dreadful loss. Even you can scarcely know, my child, what she has been to me. Her consistent Christian example first led me to review my own life, and finally to embrace her Saviour as mine."

He paused, and wept freely. Before this he had not been able to shed one tear.

The children wept with him, Fred holding one hand tightly in his own. At last, in a voice faltering with emotion, Emily began to read, "And there shall be no night there. And God shall wipe away all tears, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

These blessed words soothed the bleeding heart of the mourner. When she had finished, he said, softly, "Let us pray, that we may be prepared for that glorious inheritance."

It was an augmentation of the grief of the family that Mrs. Everett, usually so efficient in every hour

of trial, was now absent from home, and could not receive the mournful intelligence until the grave had closed over her they loved.

Harvey, or Dr. Everett, as he was now called, had been for more than a year in Europe, and was expected still to remain abroad for several months. They heard from him, however, very frequently, and were satisfied that, while he was progressing rapidly in his studies, his heart still glowed with affection for those he had left behind.

“Poor Harvey,” said Emily, as, a few weeks after her mother's decease, she sat in the cottage with her aunt, rehearsing the painful scenes, “how sincerely he will mourn. She was a true friend to him.”

“Ah, how little dependence can be placed on our own plans,” answered the old lady, greatly affected. “She was so much younger than I am, that I naturally looked to her to be my comfort and nurse when I should be called away.”

“Dear aunt,” cried Emily, seizing her hand, “I will do my utmost to take her place, if God spares my life.”

Mrs. Everett leaned forward and kissed her cheek. "You have always been a comfort to me, dear child."

They sat together for a time, Mrs. Everett thinking of the future, and Emily wondering how soon Harvey would return, and what he would say when he found her occupying the place of mistress in her father's family.

Though shrinking from so great a responsibility, she had felt it to be her duty to take that position, instead of employing a housekeeper, as her father had suggested. She was jealous of his comfort, and thought she could anticipate his wishes far better than a stranger. Then Fred was just of an age when a sister's influence is all-powerful. He was much changed by his mother's death, and she wished to improve the period while his mind was softened by this afflictive providence, to urge him to devote himself wholly to his Saviour. The subject had been freely discussed in all its bearings, and, as they knew no one who would be suitable for the situation, they each felt that if she had strength, there was no one to be preferred to Emily.

Before she decided whether to undertake the trust, — for the young girl well understood that it involved the giving up of her own ease, and even of sacrificing the time she hoped to devote to the improvement of her mind, — she asked God to direct her choice, according to his own will concerning her. Then, having prayerfully decided that it was her duty, she daily asked wisdom from on high, to direct and strengthen her.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

IT was the evening of a lovely day in June, several months later, that Emily Seaver was out riding on horseback, accompanied by her brother Fred, and a class-mate of his who was visiting at her father's house.

The young lady, now just entering her twentieth year, was rosy with health, while her sweet lips were parted in a pleasant smile, when the carriage from the depot dashed past them.

"Why, there's Harvey!" cried Emily, her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks flushing with joy.

"Hurrah for Harvey Everett!" shouted Fred, lifting himself on his stirrups, and swinging his cap in his excitement.

They put the horses to their speed, and, though more than a quarter of a mile from home, reached the cottage gate just as the driver, having taken from his coach some half dozen well-worn trunks, was receiving his pay from the traveller.

Harvey sprang forward when he saw them, and catching the hand of Emily, said, quickly, "I recognized you at once. Are you glad to see me?"

"Yes, indeed, you are very welcome," her eyes for one moment meeting his; but suddenly she remembered there was one who always had welcomed him, now lying quietly in her grave; her lip quivered, and turning abruptly from him, she rode on to her own door.

"She is thinking of her mother," apologized Mrs. Everett, meeting the wondering gaze of her son.

"Dear aunt, I cannot realize that I shall not see her pleasant face nor hear her kind words."

Emily had scarcely alighted from her horse, when she saw her aunt and cousin coming through the garden and advanced to meet them, holding up her

riding-skirt, and smiling at the figure she was making.

Harvey gazed at her in surprise. She had grown an inch or two during his absence, and her hair, which she had formerly worn in her neck, was now braided in wide plaits, and fastened up under her riding-cap. Her form, too, was more fully developed, and showed to the best advantage in her neatly fitting basque. Her complexion, always fair, was of that beautiful softness like a baby's, the color coming and going in her cheeks with every fresh emotion.

“How wonderfully improved,” was the traveller's first delighted thought. “I have seen nothing more fair and beautiful in all my wanderings.”

They entered the house together, Fred having ran on to announce the joyful tidings to his father. Harvey stood a moment gazing around on the familiar scene, the very chairs extending their arms in glad welcome, “All the same,” he said, softly, “and yet how different without her who was the life of the family circle!”

“She spoke of you within the last hour,” began

Emily, her eyes filling with tears. "But here is father," she said, controlling herself instantly, "try to be calm for his sake, dear Harvey."

He would have done anything, however difficult, with that sweet voice sounding in his ear. The meeting with his uncle was not without emotion on both sides; but by the daughter's ever watchful solicitude it was not too painful for the bereaved husband.

A few moments longer he tarried, though in his dusty, travel-worn garments, finding it difficult to tear himself away from the contemplation of some ever new charm, and then, as a servant appeared at the door with the request to see her young mistress he hurried from the house.

"How beautiful Emily has grown," he said, an hour later, as he sat down to a lunch carefully prepared by the faithful Abigail.

"I have not noticed any particular change," said the old lady, dryly.

"Not noticed it! why I have not seen her equal in all Europe."

"I should probably agree with you there," she

went on, her eyes twinkling; "but then I always thought her beautiful."

He went on eating for a moment, vexed with himself, as he always was at the most distant allusion to Isabel.

"I saw the servant appealed to her," he said, at length.

"Yes, she has the whole care of her father's family, and devotes herself to his comfort with more than a daughter's tenderness. She has developed into a noble Christian woman."

He grew more thoughtful. Presently she added, "You know I am not given to overmuch praise; but the charm of her character is her perfectly artless, confiding affection for those about her, and her truthful self-sacrificing devotion to her duty, whatever that may be."

"Mother," he cried, after having finished his meal in silence and drummed on the window quite in his old way, while Abigail was removing the dishes, — "mother, I am going to ask Emily Seaver to be my wife."

“Yes, I supposed you would,” she answered, quietly; “but I am not sure she will feel it to be her duty to leave her father.”

“Pshaw! as if he could not find a housekeeper.”

“He may say the same to you. Emily is invaluable to his comfort. Then her influence with Fred no one can calculate. One thing is certain, however, if she returns your affection she will acknowledge it frankly, though the truth may cost her some blushes.”

Mrs. Everett was right. Emily confessed that she regarded her cousin as she did no one else, but that her father, for the present at least, needed her, and she could not leave him.

“Let him decide,” urged Harvey warmly; but she firmly, though in the most gentle manner, declined.

“No,” she said, “I know what he would decide; but that need not affect our happiness. I am young yet, and you surely are not in such a hurry to settle in life.”

Her manner was so soft and yielding, and yet her words so decided, he scarcely knew what to think.

“Emily,” he asked, “will no amount of urging cause you to change your mind?”

“Yes: if you can convince me that it is my duty.”

“But I don’t wish you to marry me from a sense of duty.”

She looked searchingly in his face for a moment, and then answered, “I am indeed deceived in you, Harvey, if you mean what you say. I have confessed that I loved you enough to — to choose you for my husband; but my love would be worthless if my duty in such a choice did not go hand in hand with my affection.”

“Perhaps you wished to remind me,” he said, pettishly, “that there was a time when love and duty did not walk the same path.”

“No,” she answered, with a grieved expression; but presently brightening, added, “I see very plainly that you are not perfect, and that you need some one who loves you to tell you your faults.”

“If I wait patiently, to how long a probation do you condemn me?”

She smiled, though her cheeks were crimson, as

she asked, "And do you think, then, it is no trial to me?"

"O, Emily, if I thought that!" he began, and then, interrupting himself, went on, "You have conquered, I am convinced. Mother and you are right, and I was wrong; all wrong. I will wait with what courage I can as long as you say; but on one condition, that you will tell me when I may get a certificate. Isn't that fair?"

"But you are not settled in your profession yet, and there is no telling where you may have to go."

"You have not answered my question."

"I promise."

For a few weeks the young doctor was immensely busy. He was up early in the morning, and rode off with as great speed as if called to a dying patient. Then he came in the evening, with such a mysterious, know-something air, that Emily could not imagine what to make of him. Presently her father was admitted to the secret, and there were sundry consultations in the library; still the young mistress was kept in the dark.

But at length, about a fortnight after Harvey's return, Mr. Seaver, his daughter, and son were invited to dine at the cottage, where the young lady was rather surprised to see their family physician, Dr. Gregory, in earnest consultation with her betrothed.

The old gentleman arose at once and greeted her with some formality; then, turning to Dr. Everett, said, "Miss Seaver, shall I have the pleasure of introducing you to my partner."

She was silent from astonishment, as not a suspicion of this had ever occurred to her.

"'Circumstances alter cases,' is as good a proverb as it ever was," he whispered, taking her hand and leading her to the window. "Your father approves. We are to be married at once, and live with him. All that is wanting is your consent."

"Which I accord cheerfully," she said, in her own artless manner.

"I suppose that is what you mean, then, by duty and affection walking hand in hand."

"Yes, I suppose so; but I confess I am rather

confused by so many unexpected circumstances. I don't see how all this could be accomplished so speedily."

"Cupid has wings you know," he remarked, smiling archly.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE CONTRAST.

A FEW weeks later than the anniversary of her mother's death, the papers of the neighboring city announced the marriage of "Harvey Everett, M.D., to Miss Emily Seaver, only daughter of Horace Seaver, Esq., of P——."

After a short tour to the lakes they returned to her father's house, where, in her absence, great changes had been made.

Mrs. Everett, wishing to give the young people a wedding present, had proposed to Mr. Seaver to run out a bay-window from the parlor and the room over it, the expense of which she would pay, and then she could furnish them as she pleased. The workmen were engaged, the lumber ready, and no sooner were

the happy pair started on their journey, than the labor proceeded with great vigor.

In the mean time the old lady went to the city and herself selected carpets, furniture, and mirrors, together with a few choice pictures, which in due time found their way to the newly-arranged rooms ; so that when, at the close of the fourth week, Dr. and Mrs. Everett returned, they found all in readiness for their reception.

To say that the young people were pleased at this unexpected token of affection, would but poorly express their feelings. Every article was examined and re-examined with ever new delight, and when at a period not far distant the giver was called from her earthly to her heavenly home, they valued her gifts with increased pleasure, as her own selection.

In the happiness of his children, Mr. Seaver at length came to view with calmness the stroke of Providence which had deprived him of his loved companion ; convinced that she was not lost, but gone before him to the heavenly mansions.

Fred went to college, and at last chose the law

as his profession. Under influences so hallowed as those which surrounded his youth, he became an earnest Christian man, and sought to be governed in his business by the law of God.

The career of Emily after her marriage was as different from that of her cousin as it had been before. She became truly a help-meet to her husband, reverencing him according to the injunction of Paul, — preferring his interests to her own, and endeavoring, in the whole of her most happy union, to set an example worthy of imitation to the numerous children which grew up around her.

Isabel lived on a few years in her handsome house in New York, unloving and unloved. She had no children, and for a time she desired none; but in after years, when deserted by her husband, whose affection had been given unlawfully to a stage-actress, she yearned for one to love and be a comfort to her.

At the age of thirty she was considered old. Her rich bloom had entirely faded, her raven hair was thickly threaded with silver, her eyes, formerly so

lustrous, now expressed only the discontent and melancholy which marked her whole character.

There came at length an hour to this artful, designing woman, which almost always comes to all such, when she would gladly have exchanged all the pleasures of the world, the admiration and applause of gay, fashionable society, for one hour of real peace — such as flows from the gracious Spirit into the heart of every believer. She opened the book of God; but to her it was a sealed volume; and at last, despised by her old friends, disgusted with life, she sought in the excitement of card-playing a solace for her woes, and thus dragged out a weary, miserable existence, “without God, and without hope in the world.”

In the case of the Government, the
 responsibility is placed on the
 Government, which is the
 only one that can be held
 responsible for the
 actions of the
 Government.

# THE LYNN BRIDE:

A Tale of Real Life.

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# THE LYNN BRIDE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### MARY'S EARLY LIFE.

It was the hour of twilight. Cold, wintry clouds were skirting the lower part of the horizon, rapidly shutting out the light of day, and leaving the air chilly and cold. Though early in the autumn, yet there had been frequent gusts of wind, making free with the foliage which remained upon the trees, while heavy clouds had hung about the sky with an occasional gleam of sunshine, rendering the succeeding gloom only the more drear.

And now one could hardly distinguish the leafless trees, surrounding the low building which is the scene of my sketch; yet the pale mourner, sitting by the window, stirred not. Under ordinary

circumstances, she would have drawn the curtain and joined the circle in a contiguous apartment, who were sitting around a cheerful fire ; but now the darkness and gloom which reigned without had sunk into her heart. She was alone in the world ; she *felt* that she was alone ; while silent tears, all unheeded by her, followed each other in quick succession down her cheek. On the following day, she was to consign the mortal remains of her husband to the silent tomb. He had gone from her forever.

For a while she sat, dead to every feeling, save a crushing sense of desolation. She had, it is true, a brother and sister ; but they were entirely engrossed in the cares which the support of their rising families were bringing upon them. Months of sickness had more than exhausted all her resources, and had left her feeble and languid, dependent upon the charity of friends. *Dependent !* O, how tightly she clasped her hands as she repeated that word ! She could think no more ; but, leaning her head upon her arm, she wept bit-

terly. Tears, even bitter tears, will bring relief. Gradually the sobs grew less heavy and frequent, the tears ceased to flow, and memory was carrying her back far into the past, even to the time when she, with her brother and sister, used to play before the old cottage door, when the orchard resounded with their shouts of delight and their merry peals of laughter. How distinct in her ear was the voice of her good mother calling them to supper, and the happiness she felt at the praise of her father when she had completed her allotted task!

Now she advances to her girlhood. The sickness and death of her father, and, a few years subsequent, that of her mother, pass in solemn review before her. Insensibly, the same outstretched arm which was then her support seems now underneath her. The Father of the fatherless, whose promise she had so oft pleaded in prayer, will not forsake her. She remembers the comfort which filled her soul as she cast all her burden upon him, and resolves to trust him still. He who had been her refuge through many fierce storms of adversity,

will not turn a deaf ear to the cries of her poor widowed heart.

True, the friend whom she mourned was more suited in age for her grandparent than her husband; true, that his querulousness and childishness had often been more than she could well bear: but all this she forgets, or only remembers with joy, that her strength has been equal to her day, and that she has been graciously assisted to bear patiently and uncomplainingly the trials visited upon her. She recalls with pleasure his early acts of charity, when thrown upon him for protection, and the many kindly deeds which had won the gratitude, if not the love, of her young heart; and she mourns truly that she shall see his face no more.

A few weeks later we find Mary comfortably situated in the family of a Friend;—and never was appellation more deservedly bestowed upon a Quaker, for the name of Amy Low sent a warm gush of feeling through many a heart. Her frequent and unobtrusive acts of kindness to the

afflicted and sorrowful, gave a lustre to her eye and a glow to her cheek such as naught else could give, and made her the well-beloved even among her own sect, where all hearts are kept warm by a constant exercise of love and charity.

Mary had received a cordial invitation to make her home with Amy for the winter, which was earnestly seconded by John and all the family; and Mary Eames was comparatively happy. She felt the influence of the frank, sincere contentment around her, and, as she sat busily plying her needle, — for she was never idle, — she looked back upon the fiery billows over which she had passed, and said to herself, truly, “blessed is he who maketh the Lord his trust.”

She had already begun to make her plans for the future. It was her intention to take a small room, and support herself with her needle. This gave her an object, and her kind friends assisted her in obtaining work, that she might lay by something for that purpose. Amy often came into her room with a cheering word.

“Thee has had a hard time, Mary ; but bright days are before thee. Thee art young, and deserve a young husband next time.”

At which Mary would shake her head, and say, in a low, sad voice, at the remembrance of the past, —

“I shall never marry again.”

Mrs. Eames' dutiful conduct to her parents, her devoted care of an aged husband, much more than twice her age, and her simple, unostentatious piety, had gained her many friends. She was invited to join a benevolent circle, and soon had the satisfaction of feeling that she still could do something in the way of charity. This sewing circle, unlike many others, met for a specific object ; and the only strife among them was, which should do the most to promote the cause in which they were engaged. They had, with one consent, banished from among them all scandal and unkind words, and were, of course, warmly attached to each other.

After her admission to the circle, few were more constant at the meetings, or more diligent when

present, than Mary Eames, who thus won the confidence and affection of all those with whom she was associated.

The sun of prosperity began now to shine upon her path, and to open the buds of hope around her. Her days were passing quietly away, cheered by the sympathy and benevolence of her friends, in whose kind care we will leave her for a season.

## CHAPTER II.

### SCENE IN EDGEWORTH.

ABOUT forty miles distant from the opening scene of our story lay the village of Edgeworth. Nearly a week after the events there narrated, Mr. Harrington, a middle-aged man, returned from the post office, which was more than a mile from his house, and, after attending to the comfort of his domestic animals, and seeing that all was safe for the night, drew the curtains, set out the light-stand, and drawing up his arm chair before the fire, began to put the embers together and make a blaze preparatory to reading his weekly paper.

He commenced, as was his custom, with the first article, and read each succeeding one in order, omitting nothing. The evening was quite advanced

when he came, in due course, to "Marriages" and "Deaths."

"Married, October 10th, by the Rev. T. H. Symmes, Mr. Rufus Howe to Miss Caroline Tainter, both of Bosworth.

"On the 12th instant, by Rev. J. A. Spencer, Mr. John Morrill to Mrs. Susan Averill, relict of the late Colonel Averill, of Freetown, Mass.," &c.

These he read through with scrupulous exactness, though not without a sigh at his own lonely condition.

Patience, good man! thy turn may come sooner than thou listeth.

Then, snuffing the candle, he proceeded to the deaths.

"October 2d, died, at his residence in Crawford, Mr. Lewis Howarth, aged 62.

"In Melville, on the 5th instant, Mr. Samuel Eames, a revolutionary veteran, at the advanced age of ninety years."

Here a sudden exclamation of "What!" and a quick repetition of the last announcement, proved

that his mind was not so intent upon the *matter* as his serious *manner* seemed to indicate. This time, his reading, however, showed his whole soul to be absorbed in the fact that, on the 5th instant, Mr. Samuel Eames, aged ninety, had departed this life.

But why this emotion? Why is the paper, just now so earnestly desired, hastily thrown aside? Was he thy kinsman? Art thou expecting aught of his worldly estate? No, neither. These would hardly cause the emotion which agitated him for the next hour, as he sat leaning on the arm of his chair, looking steadily into the fire. At length he breathed more freely, and with the exclamation, "Then she is free, and may be mine, to bless my solitary heart!" arose, and began to walk steadily across the room.

While he is walking thus, we will go back a little in his history, and endeavor to assign some reason for the intensity of feeling here excited.

Levi Harrington was born and brought up in the small village of Edgeworth. When about

twenty years of age he married the daughter of a neighboring farmer, with whom he lived for many years, when she died, and left him three children, the youngest ten years of age. Upon the marriage of his daughter, he was solicited by his friends to seek another wife; but, among all his acquaintance in the village, he knew of none whom he wished to recognize in that relation. He had never been twenty miles from home in his life; and he determined not to be in haste, but to wait until Providence should direct his course.

A lady, who had been a particular friend of his wife, called one afternoon to see him, and, after expressing her strong interest in him as the husband of her best friend, remarked that she knew of one person who would just suit him.

He inquired, with a smile, "Is there any prospect of my success?"

"Why, yes," said she, returning his smile, "if you choose to wait. She is about the age of Sarah," — naming his deceased wife, — "but is married to a man old enough to be her grandfather.

I heard, a short time since, that he was very low. He was so old that his friends thought he could not hold out much longer, and he may have died before now."

"What is the name of this lady who would just suit me?"

"Mary Eames."

"Mary Eames! What, she that was a Coan?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've heard a right good name of her," continued Mr. Harrington, now becoming quite interested in the conversation. "And you say they think he won't live long?"

"Why, yes; neighbor Woodly saw him a week or two since, and he said that the old man's mind and memory were almost gone, and he thought, much of the time, Mary was his daughter that died. He has outlived his usefulness, and I rather think poor Mary has a trying time of it."

"Well, how does she get along with him?"

"Why, Mr. Woodly says she is the patientest soul that he ever saw, and that it made his heart

ache to hear him talk to her, and find so much fault with what she did. Yet he would let no one else do any thing for him. If she was out of his sight a moment, he'd call 'Betsy,'—his deceased daughter's name,—'how dare you stay there, when I want you this minute?'"

After this interview, the sad tale of Mary Eames's trials constantly recurred to him; and, at the end of the following week, when on the way to see the lady who had first mentioned her, he was astonished at himself for the interest he took in a person whom he had never seen. He went purposely to ask if any thing had been heard from the old gentleman, but he did not propose the question until he was about to depart. Mrs. Williams had heard nothing more, but would inquire.

"O," he stammered, "it is of no — no — consequence; only your account of them quite interested me."

After this, Mrs. Williams, with true womanly tact, kept him informed of the condition of Mr.

Eames, without waiting for him to ask, seldom mentioning the name of Mary, except to answer the inquiries occasionally ventured by Mr. Harrington.

About two years subsequent to the marriage of his daughter, his eldest son followed her example, and went from home, leaving him, with his young son, to take care of the farm and small dairy.

I will not attempt to describe his feelings of loneliness and sorrow, mingled with hope deferred, as year after year rolled away, nor the several stages through which his mind passed, until he had fully resolved to "bide his time," and "wait for Mary's love." He resisted the oft-urged entreaties of his children, that he would provide a suitable person to keep his house and attend to the concerns of his family. He was determined to guard against every thing which might possibly influence the object of his choice, and prevent her from becoming his wife. Indeed, he had so often made and settled his course when-

ever she should be free, had spent so many hours in thinking of her, and planning what he would do when she came to Edgeworth, that he felt sure she would consent to be his.

He never realized that all this time poor Mary was ignorant that there was such a person as himself in existence; that she was growing prematurely old by means of her daily and hourly toils. The thought entered not his mind that, worn out by her unceasing watch and care, she might be called away from the trials of earth. No; all his thoughts and feelings centred in this, — he needed a wife, and he had chosen Mary Eames.

And how did he feel all this time toward the aged veteran who stood between him and his hopes? Strange as it may seem, he had no desire to deprive the helpless old man of one moment of his allotted life, who had long ago passed his threescore years and ten, and who, he thought, in all human probability, could not live much longer. He was willing to wait; he

would wait patiently, as Jacob waited for Rachel, provided he was not constrained to take some Leah.

He now seldom left home, except to visit his children and the kind friend, Mrs. Williams, to whom alone he confided his intentions and his hopes.

She entered warmly into his feelings, encouraged him, under the circumstances, to live alone, and thus avoid the occasion for idle talk; and did, what it has often been said woman cannot do, keep his secret; never, by look or tone, intimating that he was more interested than common humanity would dictate, in the trials of Mary Eames, when she and her afflictions were the subject of conversation.

Mr. Harrington often heard, apparently unmoved, high encomiums bestowed upon her patience and submission under the dispensations of Providence. This he treasured up as a subject of thought during his many hours of loneliness and grief.

At length came the unwelcome intelligence that, exhausted by her ceaseless watching and care, Mary lay upon a bed of sickness, and was so much reduced that her friends feared she never would recover. This was what he had not anticipated, and it almost overwhelmed him. For a while the poor man was bewildered, and could think of nothing.

For years he had so connected her in his thoughts with every thing he did, and every thing he intended to do, that now he seemed thrown into the midst of a wild sea, without anchor or compass. Yes, this was true; and all his sorrow on account of one whom he had never seen! Surely, no one will doubt the romance of real life.

Mrs. Williams often called to see him, and to sympathize with him; and, though for months she could convey no favorable intelligence, she softened the tidings as much as lay in her power.

At last she informed him that a decided im-

provement had taken place, and that strong hopes were entertained of Mary's recovery. From this time the accounts were very cheering. The old gentleman, who now recognized no one, had been removed to a hospital, and his wife, free from the care which had preyed upon her mind, was fast recovering.

We now come to the time when we first introduced Mr. Harrington to the reader, and are prepared to explain the sudden outburst of feeling caused by those few lines in his weekly journal. During the time we have occupied in this sketch of his life he has made and overturned twenty plans. He finds it harder to act, now that the opportunity is presented, than he had anticipated. He now realizes, and wonders he did not before, that all these would be new to her, and that she could not be expected to enter into them at once at that point to which his mind had arrived. This is a sad trial to his patience. How long must he wait before he

can, with propriety, propose to her once more to change her condition? Alas, his confident hope of success has vanished!

After building many castles, and upsetting them, — for even men of sixty build air castles, — he resolved to see Mrs. Williams and take her advice.

This he did on the following morning; and, with a sigh, acquiesced in her opinion, that he could not with propriety bring the subject before Mrs. Eames for several months.

“Courage, courage, my friend,” she said to him, at parting, “you have waited patiently seven years; cannot you now wait half that number of months?”

## CHAPTER III.

### THE STRANGE PROPOSAL.

IT was a clear, cold day in December. Mary Eames was to pass the afternoon with a friend.

“Hiram shall go for thee, Mary,” said Amy. “It is not best for thee to come alone.”

With many thanks for her friendly care, Mary started, expecting to be absent through the evening; but the clock had just struck three, when Hiram came with a summons for Mary to return.

“A friend has called upon thee,” said he, in answer to her anxious inquiry; for she feared some accident had happened at home.

Telling him he need not wait, she returned to the parlor, took leave of her friends, and directed

her steps homeward. She supposed it must be a relation or friend from a distance, otherwise she should hardly have been interrupted in her visit.

Upon her arrival she was introduced to Mr. Holt, from Edgeworth, an entire stranger, who soon told her he had come some forty miles to see her, and, as he must go a part of the way home that night, requested an interview with her at once.

Amy, to whom his errand was already known, immediately arose, and, having assisted Mary in taking off her cloak, left the room.

Judge, then, of the surprise of the widow, when told that Mr. Harrington, a person whose name even she had never heard, had requested him to see her in regard to her feelings connected with a second marriage; or whether she would be willing to enter again into that relation.

After a brief pause, she told him she was so taken by surprise she knew not what to say. Whenever she had thought of the subject at all,

she had resolved never to marry again. She was now pleasantly situated, and certainly could give no encouragement to one whom she had never seen. She, however, listened to all that he said in behalf of his friend. His untiring industry his upright conduct, his many excellences of character, and, above all, his strong attachment to her, formed by what he had for years heard of her through mutual friends, were duly commented upon; and I should fail to tell the whole truth, did I not say that, before the commissioner departed, she found, to her own astonishment, that there might be circumstances which would render it her *duty* to change her resolution. Mr. Holt stated also that his friend was in very easy circumstances as regarded his pecuniary matters, and was both able and desirous of making her comfortable and happy.

She replied that *money* would make no difference to her in the choice of a companion, provided she should ever change her condition, compared with having a man of principle, and one who would

be kind to her. This would be all-important in her case.

He then told her Mr. Harrington would probably visit her during the ensuing week.

Though the subject, so unexpectedly brought before her, was seldom absent from her thoughts by day or her dreams by night, yet she mentioned it to no one. She was not aware that Mr. Holt had imparted his errand to Amy, who, delighted with the favorable prospect before her friend, had recommended her in the highest terms. She was so modest in her opinion of herself, that she could hardly realize that she had excited such interest in a stranger.

When two or three weeks passed, and she heard nothing more from Edgeworth, she determined to dismiss the matter at once from her thoughts.

But this was not so easy as she imagined. Mr. Harrington, sympathizing in her trials, interested in her account of them, would have a place, and a prominent place, in her mind. She became restless and unsettled, and at last really sick.

Amy recommended a little change of air, and that she should visit her brother and sister for a few days.

“It is fine sleighing,” she said, “and Hiram will take thee there in an hour, where I can easily send for thee in case any thing happens,” she added, with rather a significant look.

With a reluctance, to which she determined not to yield, she prepared to go; and, the next day being pleasant, she accepted Hiram’s offer, and went with him to her sister’s, after receiving a promise to return for her in two or three days.

Toward the close of the next afternoon, as she sat sewing by the window, she saw Hiram drive into the yard, accompanied by Amy. Her breath came quick and short, but she tried to look unconcerned as she went out to welcome them.

“Put on thy bonnet, my dear,” were Amy’s first words as she saw her. “We left company at home, and cannot tarry.”

Poor Mary sat down, and, with her hands before her face, for a moment gave way to her feelings.

Then, suddenly rising, found that her good friend had already informed her sister that Mary must go home, and nothing remained but for her to collect her work and prepare for the ride.

This was soon done, and they were on their way. She longed to ask some questions, yet dared not. But Amy waited not for questions. Turning to her companion, she said, abruptly,—

“Thy friend looks feeble; he has not been out for a fortnight. He will need thy care and nursing to make him well.”

Mary could not reply. She felt as if she could weep; not for sorrow, not for joy, but for—she knew not what.

Who shall attempt to describe the workings of a woman's heart.

Soon they were at their own door. She seemed in a dream. Hiram and Amy were upon the steps, and assisting her before she hardly knew what she was about. She was intending to run, for a few moments, to her own room, when the parlor

door opened, and John came into the entry, accompanied by a tall gentleman, whom he introduced as Levi Harrington, from Edgeworth. She made a low courtesy, and hastily retired.

Amy insisted she should go into her warm room to take off her outer garments, "for," said she, "thy hands are like ice."

At tea Mary grew more calm, and was able to answer the questions addressed to her; and when, afterwards, Mr. Harrington requested an interview, she was much more composed than she had expected to be.

What was said upon that occasion can be more easily imagined than described. Though doubtless very interesting to the parties concerned, we are not at all sure it would be equally so to our readers, and will therefore only relate so much of it as was communicated by her, on the following morning, to her particular friend, the clergyman's wife, to whom she very properly went for advice.

After conversing with Mrs. Romaine for an hour,

on topics of common interest, she suddenly covered her face, and said, "I have something strange to tell you." She then related the circumstances with which we are acquainted.

"He has been waiting for me seven years, and now he has brought his certificate with him, and wishes to be married on Saturday."

"And this is Wednesday!" exclaimed her friend, in surprise. "Can you tell whether you shall love him so quick?"

"Why, you know that I have been thinking of him for three weeks," replied Mary, with wonderful *naïveté*.

Then followed many questions as to his moral and religious character, his domestic habits, &c., all of which were very favorably answered by Mary; and her friend saw, with surprise, that her mind was made up, though perhaps she did not acknowledge it to herself.

Still, she could not conscientiously advise her to accept his proposal without farther consideration. She urged her to take a little trip to Edge-

worth, visit her friends, and make inquiries concerning him; but there were strong objections on her part to adopting this course. He had come prepared to take her back with him; he could not wait; and she hated to disappoint him.

“But,” suggested Mrs. Romaine, “if you should find, on your arrival, that he was not altogether such as you imagine, you might regret all your life that you had been so hasty.”

“He thinks I shall not regret it,” replied her companion, — (O, the trust of a woman!) “He thinks,” continued she, “that it will be a good home for me; and my friends, where I am staying, like him very much.”

After some more conversation, it was at length proposed by Mrs. Romaine that she should write to her friends, and request an immediate answer.

This advice was eagerly accepted, and Mary besought the aid of her friend in accomplishing it.

“You know what is proper; write just as you think best.”

Mrs. Romaine complied; and, stating to Mrs. Eames's friend, in Edgeworth, what had occurred, asked her to send, in reply, whatever she knew of Mr. Harrington. The answer was to be directed to Mrs. Romaine, and was expected the next morning. She then invited Mary to call in the afternoon, and introduce Mr. Harrington to them. This was done, and the visit proved one of satisfaction to all parties.

True to her appointment, Mary called the next morning to see if there was an answer to the letter. None had been received, and the subject had occasioned Mrs. Romaine no small anxiety; but no advice was now necessary. The widow Eames was fully decided not to disappoint so faithful a suitor, and only wished her friends to approve her choice.

Busying herself about Mrs. Romaine's dress to hide her face, Mary asked, —

“Now, wouldn't you, if you were in my place, be married Saturday, as he wishes?”

Mrs. Romaine could not resist the pleading look, as she turned to reply, and said, "I don't know but I should."

This was enough: the matter was settled: Mr. Harrington need not be longer harassed with doubt. Before she left her friend all the arrangements for the wedding were made, and Mary returned to give her consent, and to pack her trunk.

Preparations now went briskly on. Friendly visits were made; presents received; trunks packed with great speed. The marriage was to be celebrated at a quarter before two, that they might be in season for the cars to take them to Edgeworth.

At the appointed time, Mr. Harrington and Mary, with her personal relatives and friends' made their appearance. She had just begun to realize the importance of the step she was about to take; but there is no time for regret now. The bridegroom and the bride take their places; the blessing is invoked; their

hands are joined; the man of God pronounces the words which unite them for life; a prayer is offered; the benediction pronounced; and—they are gone!

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE UNHAPPY RESULT.

MONTHS passed rapidly with good Amy and the friends left behind; but, alas! with the bride, who had been so willing to forsake all that was dear to her, for life with a stranger, the days lagged drearily on.

When she reached her new home, she found Mrs. Williams had lighted a fire in the red, rusty stove, and was engaged in making a cup of tea. She welcomed her old friend cordially, and then, seeing Mary's eye glance around the dirty, dismal apartment with wonder, took the opportunity, while Mr. Harrington put up his horse, to explain.

“ I declare, it's a shame to bring you to such

a place! Stephen says a woman hasn't been in it for months, — that his father wouldn't have the expense. I'd have come myself and scoured the paint, and put things to rights, if I'd any idea how it looked."

"He told me I should find enough to do to keep me from being homesick," remarked Mary, smiling faintly. "But how did you know we were coming to-night, or that I was coming at all?"

"Why, I received a letter making inquiries about Mr. Harrington, and wrote an answer at once, praising him up; for he is a good man about most things. I told you honestly, though, that he was called close, — some say mean. I think if I had been here I should have hesitated some before I advised you to take him, though I've had my heart set on having you here. When I went to put my letter in the office I saw Stephen, and he said his father was coming home Saturday, sure, for churning had got to be done, — and so I didn't send it."

“Well,” answered the bride, trying to look cheerful, “it’s too late to change what’s past. I must take off my shawl and get supper. We haven’t had any thing to eat since morning, except some cake Amy crowded into my bag?”

“I hunted round to find something that I could make for tea,” Mrs. Williams went on, growing somewhat excited, “but there was no saleratus. I brought a little loaf of cake; I don’t see but you’ll all have to make supper of that.”

Mr. Harrington entered at this moment; and she turned quickly to him, saying, “It’s too bad to bring a bride to such a dirty house. I don’t wonder Miranda won’t come home if you keep it looking so.”

The man colored, and seemed about to make an angry reply, but checking himself, said, “There’ll be all the better chance for her to show herself a good housekeeper.”

Poor Mary Harrington found, before the close

of the next week, the truth of the old adage, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." From morning to night she worked harder than she had ever done before, — scouring, scrubbing, and trying to reduce the confused mass of odds and ends to some degree of order. The broken furniture she carried to the attic; a heap of old clothes she washed and put aside, to braid into a rug; the leaky pails, tin coffee-pot, &c., she persuaded her husband to solder; the soiled walls, after having pleaded in vain for a few cents' worth of lime for whitewash, she scoured down with soft soap, made by her own hands.

All these improvements, together with the skill Mary displayed in cheap cooking, elicited not one word of praise. That was not Mr. Harrington's way. He considered that in giving Mary a home, — a "good home," as he called it, — he had conferred a favor upon her, such as she could only repay by working hard for him and his as long as she lived.

I have not time to relate her many grievances,

as they occurred day after day, all of which made their mark on Mary's health. The lines in her face began to deepen; the sad, patient smile to be seen less and less; the old anxious look, such as she had worn during her former husband's sickness, and which had so excited the compassion of kind Amy, reappeared. While in the midst of her work she often paused to sigh over the haste with which she had taken upon herself the solemn vows of matrimony.

Miranda Hastings, Mr. Harrington's daughter, hearing of the revolution caused by the new wife, came to call on her, and frankly, though injudiciously, revealed many circumstances relative to her father's life with her own mother not at all to the credit of the former.

Eleven months after Mary Eames became Mary Harrington, Mrs. Romaine received the following hasty letter:—

“MY DEAR FRIEND:

“Two days after I left Lynn I regretted that I

had not taken your advice, and waited to know more of Mr. Harrington before I married him. I have tried to do my duty here faithfully, but the trials are beyond my strength. My health is failing fast, and next week I expect to go to Lynn to visit Amy Low. Mrs. Williams advises me never to return. O, how many bitter tears I have shed at the recollection of your words,—‘If you should not find him such as you imagine, you might regret all your life that you had been so hasty.’

“Your broken-hearted friend,

“MARY H.”

Poor Mary did visit Lynn, and after much prayerful consideration of her case by her former pastor, was induced to return to her husband, and endure, with what patience she could, the trials allotted her, trusting in God to sustain her.

Mr. Harrington heard from his son of her reluctance to come back, and from that time she never knew an hour of peace till she found it, at

the end of three months, in the grave. She died, a warning to all who would rush hastily into marriage, and without due knowledge of the person with whom they unite their destiny.

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