

sonable cause he pierces the very nerves of my affections with the stings of a jealous heart. A soul so sensitive as mine feels deeply the wounds he has afflicted. *Oh ! unfortunate woman that I am ! Wherefore am I consigned to the torments of impending fate.* Have I committed crimes so incurable that there is no remedy for them ! My heart is ready to burst ! I shall die under the horror of my calamity ! Oh ! merciful heavens, have pity upon me !—*poor wretched creature that I am.*"

"Oh ! Mrs. Charlston what shall I do ? What shall I do ?" she hysterically exclaimed, the tears gushing out from her eyes.

"My dear Clara," ejaculated Mrs. Charlston, grasping her affectionately by the hand, tears dimming her eyes also, "I shall have pity upon you ; and although your friends should become enemies to you, I shall adhere to you, my dear child, like an affectionate mother and a faithful friend."

"Thank you, thank you," exclaimed Clara, "but my heart is unable to express its gratitude."

"Try to compose your feelings, my dear, with the assurance I have given you of my fidelity."

"Yes, my dearest of friends, I shall endeavor to do so," said Clara.

Then grasping each other more firmly and affectionately by the hand they sat together until they had sobbed out the sorrowful uprisings of their hearts.