

THE SACKVILLE POST.

WILLIAM C. MILNER,
Proprietor.

VOL. 9.—NO. 51.

LITERATURE.

Her Blue-Eyed Boy.

From Harper's Weekly.

"My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy,
For the first time, I see thee,
When others tread the mazy dance,
Or smile in happy dreams and sleep,
Turn from these loving arms away.
By those who reckon not for prayer,
Who would not speak thy mother's name,
My boy, my blue-eyed boy."

"My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy,
Could I within thy bright eyes gaze,
Or have an hour to kiss thee,
I would light up many weary days,
But thou art far away from me;
Between us Ocean's billows beat,
And I can but thy picture kiss,
My boy, my blue-eyed boy."

As Miss Isabella Spooner finished reading these verses and proceeded to cut them out of the paper they had traced, with a pair of scissors, that in company with a bunch of keys hung from her generous girl's marmalade of admiration and sympathy rose from her audience. This audience consisted of Mrs. Spooner, Isabella's mother, a tall, thin, pale woman with a great deal of forehead—that is in regard to height—and very white, well-shaped hands, which looked as though they had been moulded out of ivory; Mrs. Dusenberry, a lady who looked about fifty—about forty but who, according to her own calculations, was only thirty—remarking for her unobtrusive dress; Captain Hottop, Miss Spooner's uncle, a hale, hearty, rather handsome man, who had spent most of his life in a sailing vessel; Mr. Wellington Ootepor, a young pork-merchant, called "Devil-fish" by those of his companions who came down to the Aquarium, "because it came so devilish near being Ootepor, you know," with reddish hair, reddish complexion, and no forehead to speak of; Miss Eugenia Ann Ootepor, sister of the pork-merchant, a pretty, pert young girl, who came down to breakfast in diamond earrings, and talked a great deal about "style," and two or three elderly men and three or four young men, who, being mere nobodies, can, of course, only expect mere mention.

It was a lovely day in the last week of July, and these people were gathered together on the broad veranda of the Spooner household (Mrs. Spooner took a few summer boarders for company), and, truth to tell, they could not have been in a pleasanter place. The house, substantially built of gray stone and draped with beautiful wisteria that climbed to the very roof, faced the Delaware River, and the gleam of the water through the branches of the capitate trees that stood just outside the garden gate, laid with showy flowers, among which the bees were hovering, was a pleasant sight to see.

Miss Isabella Spooner, the real mistress of the household—her mother's extreme partiality rendering her the nominal one—was comfortable, sentimental old-maid, with an obtrusive figure (in which respect she formed a great contrast to her friend Mrs. Dusenberry), light, very light blue eyes, and a nose. She wore her hair brushed back from her forehead—forehead much like her mamma's—and falling in a curly curl in the back of her neck. In evening dress these curls were always tied with a bit of bright ribbon, which imparted to them quite a juvenile appearance and charm.

Miss Isabella doted on poetry, and looked upon all rhymes as "heaven-born." In fact, she had an intense respect for and admiration for all persons connected with literature, and was wont to say, "Could I have been pen-fitted, I would have asked no other boon."

"How very sweet!" said Mrs. Dusenberry, in a soft, low voice, as Miss Spooner, after reading the verses quoted above, took her sister's hand. "They remind me of some lines I introduced in my first letter to Professor Ganz at the time I became so interested in the habits of the birds of North America. He said afterward, by-the-by, that the brightness of that letter absolutely dazzled him." Mrs. Dusenberry prided herself on her letter-writing, and, anxious that her talent should not be "hid under a bushel," wrote on the subject which she thought should be most interesting to him.

"Miss Isabella, when she had made up her mind to the impression he had made on her with his unassuming heart, to every man with whom she came in contact, as soon as possible after forming his acquaintance."

"And when do you expect her, Isabella?" asked Mrs. Spooner, lifting her hands, of which she was very proud, from her lap, to regard her more closely, and then lifting her dropping them again.

"This afternoon, toward evening," answered Miss Spooner, taking a letter from her pocket and referring to it. "She writes, 'I hope to arrive just as the sun is beginning to drive in your beautiful river, and the evening star peeps forth as bright as bright as the eyes of my blue-eyed boy.'"

"How very sweet!" said Mrs. Dusenberry. "It reminds me of a note I received the other day from Dr. Drake, in answer to one I sent him begging him for a copy of his lecture on the 'Human Skeleton.'"

"Well, I should say she was right smart. Yes," said the young pork-

merchant, in a nasal voice. "Them verses sounded very pretty. I don't read anything in the newspapers but the last quotations and hog-market reports myself, but I know good poetry when I hear it. And you read first-rate, Miss Spooner, you do. Yes."

"It was nice," said his sister; "but no better than a friend of mine can do. She can write poems by the hour, but she don't print none. She don't need to, 'cause her pa's rich. She only does it for fun."

"Well, I'm blessed," here broke in Captain Hottop, dropping his feet with a bang from the chair-top on which they had been elevated, "if I wouldn't like to know what this is all about. Who is she? And who's the blue-eyed boy?"

"Why, bless me! you've just come, and you don't know, do you, uncle?" said Miss Spooner, putting the "poems" away in her pocket-book, and leaning back in her chair the better to meet the eyes of the captain. "She's Mrs. Montgomery Montague, a charming young widow, and the blue-eyed boy is her only child—a lovely babe."

"Babe!" corrected Mrs. Dusenberry, at the same time playfully flicking the cheek of a youth at her side, one of the mere-mentioned, who in his interest of Miss Spooner's story had neglected to look at the rival of Madame De Sevigne, after having been captivated and detailed for that duty only five minutes before.

"And when her husband died," continued the fair Isabella, "(he was the younger son of an aristocratic English family, one of the very highest—intimate with the Queen—and he ran away to this country on a lark, and his folks disowned him because they thought he married below him, though I've no doubt she was much too good for him, and he treated her shockingly), his father sent for the boy, and tore him from his weeping mother's arms."

"And recked not for prayer," quoted Mrs. Dusenberry. "But why did she let them take him?" shouted the captain. "By heavens! they couldn't have taken him if she'd held on. Foreigners tearing citizens of the United States from their mothers' arms! Who ever heard of such a thing before?"

"Well, they didn't exactly tear him away," explained his niece. "That's the poetical way of putting it," interpolated Mrs. Dusenberry. "But she was left almost destitute," Miss Spooner went on, "and she's a delicate little thing, and—"

"Circumstances were too many for her," suggested the pork-merchant. "Just so," assented his hostess. "But, most fortunately, she possessed the gift of song; and with what her writings bring her in, and the presents which she is showered on her wherever she goes—she is such a favorite among the men of letters, and she has a large circle of admirers."

"Well," said Mrs. Spooner, changing a ring from the forefinger of her right hand to the forefinger of her left, "we must all be very kind to her. I sympathize with her with all my heart about her child. I know how I'd feel if I lost you, Isabella."

"My babe!" sweet! I murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, fixing her peculiar eyes on her friend, on which the gawky youth at her side dropped the fan, and burst into a loud guffaw.

"Hush!" cried Miss Isabella. "Here she is." And up the garden walk tripped a slight girlish looking woman, dressed in a blue-gray silk, with a Gainsborough hat, from which floated a long black ostrich plume, quizzically on the back of her head. Her pale, snow hair hung in babyish curls about her snow-white brow, and she raised a pair of lovely yellow-brown eyes to the group on the veranda.

Miss Spooner, with astenishing quickness, considering how stout she was, ran down the steps and caught her friend in her arms. "You darling!" she said, with enthusiasm, "we have just been reading your sweet poem, 'A Mother's Will.' Welcome to the household!"

"How beautiful it is!" said the little woman, clasping her daintily kidded hand, and speaking in a low clear voice perfectly audible to the listeners above as she turned toward the river. "That glimpse of the fragrance of the air!—and raising her beautiful eyes—the glorious sky, so like—with a catch of her breath—'so like the eyes of my lost, my darling boy!'"

merchant, in a nasal voice. "Them verses sounded very pretty. I don't read anything in the newspapers but the last quotations and hog-market reports myself, but I know good poetry when I hear it. And you read first-rate, Miss Spooner, you do. Yes."

"It was nice," said his sister; "but no better than a friend of mine can do. She can write poems by the hour, but she don't print none. She don't need to, 'cause her pa's rich. She only does it for fun."

"Well, I'm blessed," here broke in Captain Hottop, dropping his feet with a bang from the chair-top on which they had been elevated, "if I wouldn't like to know what this is all about. Who is she? And who's the blue-eyed boy?"

"Why, bless me! you've just come, and you don't know, do you, uncle?" said Miss Spooner, putting the "poems" away in her pocket-book, and leaning back in her chair the better to meet the eyes of the captain. "She's Mrs. Montgomery Montague, a charming young widow, and the blue-eyed boy is her only child—a lovely babe."

"Babe!" corrected Mrs. Dusenberry, at the same time playfully flicking the cheek of a youth at her side, one of the mere-mentioned, who in his interest of Miss Spooner's story had neglected to look at the rival of Madame De Sevigne, after having been captivated and detailed for that duty only five minutes before.

"And when her husband died," continued the fair Isabella, "(he was the younger son of an aristocratic English family, one of the very highest—intimate with the Queen—and he ran away to this country on a lark, and his folks disowned him because they thought he married below him, though I've no doubt she was much too good for him, and he treated her shockingly), his father sent for the boy, and tore him from his weeping mother's arms."

"And recked not for prayer," quoted Mrs. Dusenberry. "But why did she let them take him?" shouted the captain. "By heavens! they couldn't have taken him if she'd held on. Foreigners tearing citizens of the United States from their mothers' arms! Who ever heard of such a thing before?"

"Well, they didn't exactly tear him away," explained his niece. "That's the poetical way of putting it," interpolated Mrs. Dusenberry. "But she was left almost destitute," Miss Spooner went on, "and she's a delicate little thing, and—"

"Circumstances were too many for her," suggested the pork-merchant. "Just so," assented his hostess. "But, most fortunately, she possessed the gift of song; and with what her writings bring her in, and the presents which she is showered on her wherever she goes—she is such a favorite among the men of letters, and she has a large circle of admirers."

"Well," said Mrs. Spooner, changing a ring from the forefinger of her right hand to the forefinger of her left, "we must all be very kind to her. I sympathize with her with all my heart about her child. I know how I'd feel if I lost you, Isabella."

"My babe!" sweet! I murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, fixing her peculiar eyes on her friend, on which the gawky youth at her side dropped the fan, and burst into a loud guffaw.

"Hush!" cried Miss Isabella. "Here she is." And up the garden walk tripped a slight girlish looking woman, dressed in a blue-gray silk, with a Gainsborough hat, from which floated a long black ostrich plume, quizzically on the back of her head. Her pale, snow hair hung in babyish curls about her snow-white brow, and she raised a pair of lovely yellow-brown eyes to the group on the veranda.

Miss Spooner, with astenishing quickness, considering how stout she was, ran down the steps and caught her friend in her arms. "You darling!" she said, with enthusiasm, "we have just been reading your sweet poem, 'A Mother's Will.' Welcome to the household!"

"How beautiful it is!" said the little woman, clasping her daintily kidded hand, and speaking in a low clear voice perfectly audible to the listeners above as she turned toward the river. "That glimpse of the fragrance of the air!—and raising her beautiful eyes—the glorious sky, so like—with a catch of her breath—'so like the eyes of my lost, my darling boy!'"

merchant, in a nasal voice. "Them verses sounded very pretty. I don't read anything in the newspapers but the last quotations and hog-market reports myself, but I know good poetry when I hear it. And you read first-rate, Miss Spooner, you do. Yes."

"It was nice," said his sister; "but no better than a friend of mine can do. She can write poems by the hour, but she don't print none. She don't need to, 'cause her pa's rich. She only does it for fun."

"Well, I'm blessed," here broke in Captain Hottop, dropping his feet with a bang from the chair-top on which they had been elevated, "if I wouldn't like to know what this is all about. Who is she? And who's the blue-eyed boy?"

"Why, bless me! you've just come, and you don't know, do you, uncle?" said Miss Spooner, putting the "poems" away in her pocket-book, and leaning back in her chair the better to meet the eyes of the captain. "She's Mrs. Montgomery Montague, a charming young widow, and the blue-eyed boy is her only child—a lovely babe."

"Babe!" corrected Mrs. Dusenberry, at the same time playfully flicking the cheek of a youth at her side, one of the mere-mentioned, who in his interest of Miss Spooner's story had neglected to look at the rival of Madame De Sevigne, after having been captivated and detailed for that duty only five minutes before.

"And when her husband died," continued the fair Isabella, "(he was the younger son of an aristocratic English family, one of the very highest—intimate with the Queen—and he ran away to this country on a lark, and his folks disowned him because they thought he married below him, though I've no doubt she was much too good for him, and he treated her shockingly), his father sent for the boy, and tore him from his weeping mother's arms."

"And recked not for prayer," quoted Mrs. Dusenberry. "But why did she let them take him?" shouted the captain. "By heavens! they couldn't have taken him if she'd held on. Foreigners tearing citizens of the United States from their mothers' arms! Who ever heard of such a thing before?"

"Well, they didn't exactly tear him away," explained his niece. "That's the poetical way of putting it," interpolated Mrs. Dusenberry. "But she was left almost destitute," Miss Spooner went on, "and she's a delicate little thing, and—"

"Circumstances were too many for her," suggested the pork-merchant. "Just so," assented his hostess. "But, most fortunately, she possessed the gift of song; and with what her writings bring her in, and the presents which she is showered on her wherever she goes—she is such a favorite among the men of letters, and she has a large circle of admirers."

"Well," said Mrs. Spooner, changing a ring from the forefinger of her right hand to the forefinger of her left, "we must all be very kind to her. I sympathize with her with all my heart about her child. I know how I'd feel if I lost you, Isabella."

"My babe!" sweet! I murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, fixing her peculiar eyes on her friend, on which the gawky youth at her side dropped the fan, and burst into a loud guffaw.

"Hush!" cried Miss Isabella. "Here she is." And up the garden walk tripped a slight girlish looking woman, dressed in a blue-gray silk, with a Gainsborough hat, from which floated a long black ostrich plume, quizzically on the back of her head. Her pale, snow hair hung in babyish curls about her snow-white brow, and she raised a pair of lovely yellow-brown eyes to the group on the veranda.

Miss Spooner, with astenishing quickness, considering how stout she was, ran down the steps and caught her friend in her arms. "You darling!" she said, with enthusiasm, "we have just been reading your sweet poem, 'A Mother's Will.' Welcome to the household!"

"How beautiful it is!" said the little woman, clasping her daintily kidded hand, and speaking in a low clear voice perfectly audible to the listeners above as she turned toward the river. "That glimpse of the fragrance of the air!—and raising her beautiful eyes—the glorious sky, so like—with a catch of her breath—'so like the eyes of my lost, my darling boy!'"

merchant, in a nasal voice. "Them verses sounded very pretty. I don't read anything in the newspapers but the last quotations and hog-market reports myself, but I know good poetry when I hear it. And you read first-rate, Miss Spooner, you do. Yes."

"It was nice," said his sister; "but no better than a friend of mine can do. She can write poems by the hour, but she don't print none. She don't need to, 'cause her pa's rich. She only does it for fun."

"Well, I'm blessed," here broke in Captain Hottop, dropping his feet with a bang from the chair-top on which they had been elevated, "if I wouldn't like to know what this is all about. Who is she? And who's the blue-eyed boy?"

"Why, bless me! you've just come, and you don't know, do you, uncle?" said Miss Spooner, putting the "poems" away in her pocket-book, and leaning back in her chair the better to meet the eyes of the captain. "She's Mrs. Montgomery Montague, a charming young widow, and the blue-eyed boy is her only child—a lovely babe."

"Babe!" corrected Mrs. Dusenberry, at the same time playfully flicking the cheek of a youth at her side, one of the mere-mentioned, who in his interest of Miss Spooner's story had neglected to look at the rival of Madame De Sevigne, after having been captivated and detailed for that duty only five minutes before.

"And when her husband died," continued the fair Isabella, "(he was the younger son of an aristocratic English family, one of the very highest—intimate with the Queen—and he ran away to this country on a lark, and his folks disowned him because they thought he married below him, though I've no doubt she was much too good for him, and he treated her shockingly), his father sent for the boy, and tore him from his weeping mother's arms."

"And recked not for prayer," quoted Mrs. Dusenberry. "But why did she let them take him?" shouted the captain. "By heavens! they couldn't have taken him if she'd held on. Foreigners tearing citizens of the United States from their mothers' arms! Who ever heard of such a thing before?"

"Well, they didn't exactly tear him away," explained his niece. "That's the poetical way of putting it," interpolated Mrs. Dusenberry. "But she was left almost destitute," Miss Spooner went on, "and she's a delicate little thing, and—"

"Circumstances were too many for her," suggested the pork-merchant. "Just so," assented his hostess. "But, most fortunately, she possessed the gift of song; and with what her writings bring her in, and the presents which she is showered on her wherever she goes—she is such a favorite among the men of letters, and she has a large circle of admirers."

"Well," said Mrs. Spooner, changing a ring from the forefinger of her right hand to the forefinger of her left, "we must all be very kind to her. I sympathize with her with all my heart about her child. I know how I'd feel if I lost you, Isabella."

"My babe!" sweet! I murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, fixing her peculiar eyes on her friend, on which the gawky youth at her side dropped the fan, and burst into a loud guffaw.

"Hush!" cried Miss Isabella. "Here she is." And up the garden walk tripped a slight girlish looking woman, dressed in a blue-gray silk, with a Gainsborough hat, from which floated a long black ostrich plume, quizzically on the back of her head. Her pale, snow hair hung in babyish curls about her snow-white brow, and she raised a pair of lovely yellow-brown eyes to the group on the veranda.

Miss Spooner, with astenishing quickness, considering how stout she was, ran down the steps and caught her friend in her arms. "You darling!" she said, with enthusiasm, "we have just been reading your sweet poem, 'A Mother's Will.' Welcome to the household!"

"How beautiful it is!" said the little woman, clasping her daintily kidded hand, and speaking in a low clear voice perfectly audible to the listeners above as she turned toward the river. "That glimpse of the fragrance of the air!—and raising her beautiful eyes—the glorious sky, so like—with a catch of her breath—'so like the eyes of my lost, my darling boy!'"

merchant, in a nasal voice. "Them verses sounded very pretty. I don't read anything in the newspapers but the last quotations and hog-market reports myself, but I know good poetry when I hear it. And you read first-rate, Miss Spooner, you do. Yes."

"It was nice," said his sister; "but no better than a friend of mine can do. She can write poems by the hour, but she don't print none. She don't need to, 'cause her pa's rich. She only does it for fun."

"Well, I'm blessed," here broke in Captain Hottop, dropping his feet with a bang from the chair-top on which they had been elevated, "if I wouldn't like to know what this is all about. Who is she? And who's the blue-eyed boy?"

"Why, bless me! you've just come, and you don't know, do you, uncle?" said Miss Spooner, putting the "poems" away in her pocket-book, and leaning back in her chair the better to meet the eyes of the captain. "She's Mrs. Montgomery Montague, a charming young widow, and the blue-eyed boy is her only child—a lovely babe."

"Babe!" corrected Mrs. Dusenberry, at the same time playfully flicking the cheek of a youth at her side, one of the mere-mentioned, who in his interest of Miss Spooner's story had neglected to look at the rival of Madame De Sevigne, after having been captivated and detailed for that duty only five minutes before.

"And when her husband died," continued the fair Isabella, "(he was the younger son of an aristocratic English family, one of the very highest—intimate with the Queen—and he ran away to this country on a lark, and his folks disowned him because they thought he married below him, though I've no doubt she was much too good for him, and he treated her shockingly), his father sent for the boy, and tore him from his weeping mother's arms."

"And recked not for prayer," quoted Mrs. Dusenberry. "But why did she let them take him?" shouted the captain. "By heavens! they couldn't have taken him if she'd held on. Foreigners tearing citizens of the United States from their mothers' arms! Who ever heard of such a thing before?"

"Well, they didn't exactly tear him away," explained his niece. "That's the poetical way of putting it," interpolated Mrs. Dusenberry. "But she was left almost destitute," Miss Spooner went on, "and she's a delicate little thing, and—"

"Circumstances were too many for her," suggested the pork-merchant. "Just so," assented his hostess. "But, most fortunately, she possessed the gift of song; and with what her writings bring her in, and the presents which she is showered on her wherever she goes—she is such a favorite among the men of letters, and she has a large circle of admirers."

"Well," said Mrs. Spooner, changing a ring from the forefinger of her right hand to the forefinger of her left, "we must all be very kind to her. I sympathize with her with all my heart about her child. I know how I'd feel if I lost you, Isabella."

"My babe!" sweet! I murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, fixing her peculiar eyes on her friend, on which the gawky youth at her side dropped the fan, and burst into a loud guffaw.

"Hush!" cried Miss Isabella. "Here she is." And up the garden walk tripped a slight girlish looking woman, dressed in a blue-gray silk, with a Gainsborough hat, from which floated a long black ostrich plume, quizzically on the back of her head. Her pale, snow hair hung in babyish curls about her snow-white brow, and she raised a pair of lovely yellow-brown eyes to the group on the veranda.

Miss Spooner, with astenishing quickness, considering how stout she was, ran down the steps and caught her friend in her arms. "You darling!" she said, with enthusiasm, "we have just been reading your sweet poem, 'A Mother's Will.' Welcome to the household!"

"How beautiful it is!" said the little woman, clasping her daintily kidded hand, and speaking in a low clear voice perfectly audible to the listeners above as she turned toward the river. "That glimpse of the fragrance of the air!—and raising her beautiful eyes—the glorious sky, so like—with a catch of her breath—'so like the eyes of my lost, my darling boy!'"

merchant, in a nasal voice. "Them verses sounded very pretty. I don't read anything in the newspapers but the last quotations and hog-market reports myself, but I know good poetry when I hear it. And you read first-rate, Miss Spooner, you do. Yes."

"It was nice," said his sister; "but no better than a friend of mine can do. She can write poems by the hour, but she don't print none. She don't need to, 'cause her pa's rich. She only does it for fun."

"Well, I'm blessed," here broke in Captain Hottop, dropping his feet with a bang from the chair-top on which they had been elevated, "if I wouldn't like to know what this is all about. Who is she? And who's the blue-eyed boy?"

"Why, bless me! you've just come, and you don't know, do you, uncle?" said Miss Spooner, putting the "poems" away in her pocket-book, and leaning back in her chair the better to meet the eyes of the captain. "She's Mrs. Montgomery Montague, a charming young widow, and the blue-eyed boy is her only child—a lovely babe."

"Babe!" corrected Mrs. Dusenberry, at the same time playfully flicking the cheek of a youth at her side, one of the mere-mentioned, who in his interest of Miss Spooner's story had neglected to look at the rival of Madame De Sevigne, after having been captivated and detailed for that duty only five minutes before.

"And when her husband died," continued the fair Isabella, "(he was the younger son of an aristocratic English family, one of the very highest—intimate with the Queen—and he ran away to this country on a lark, and his folks disowned him because they thought he married below him, though I've no doubt she was much too good for him, and he treated her shockingly), his father sent for the boy, and tore him from his weeping mother's arms."

"And recked not for prayer," quoted Mrs. Dusenberry. "But why did she let them take him?" shouted the captain. "By heavens! they couldn't have taken him if she'd held on. Foreigners tearing citizens of the United States from their mothers' arms! Who ever heard of such a thing before?"

"Well, they didn't exactly tear him away," explained his niece. "That's the poetical way of putting it," interpolated Mrs. Dusenberry. "But she was left almost destitute," Miss Spooner went on, "and she's a delicate little thing, and—"

"Circumstances were too many for her," suggested the pork-merchant. "Just so," assented his hostess. "But, most fortunately, she possessed the gift of song; and with what her writings bring her in, and the presents which she is showered on her wherever she goes—she is such a favorite among the men of letters, and she has a large circle of admirers."

"Well," said Mrs. Spooner, changing a ring from the forefinger of her right hand to the forefinger of her left, "we must all be very kind to her. I sympathize with her with all my heart about her child. I know how I'd feel if I lost you, Isabella."

"My babe!" sweet! I murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, fixing her peculiar eyes on her friend, on which the gawky youth at her side dropped the fan, and burst into a loud guffaw.

"Hush!" cried Miss Isabella. "Here she is." And up the garden walk tripped a slight girlish looking woman, dressed in a blue-gray silk, with a Gainsborough hat, from which floated a long black ostrich plume, quizzically on the back of her head. Her pale, snow hair hung in babyish curls about her snow-white brow, and she raised a pair of lovely yellow-brown eyes to the group on the veranda.

Miss Spooner, with astenishing quickness, considering how stout she was, ran down the steps and caught her friend in her arms. "You darling!" she said, with enthusiasm, "we have just been reading your sweet poem, 'A Mother's Will.' Welcome to the household!"

"How beautiful it is!" said the little woman, clasping her daintily kidded hand, and speaking in a low clear voice perfectly audible to the listeners above as she turned toward the river. "That glimpse of the fragrance of the air!—and raising her beautiful eyes—the glorious sky, so like—with a catch of her breath—'so like the eyes of my lost, my darling boy!'"

merchant, in a nasal voice. "Them verses sounded very pretty. I don't read anything in the newspapers but the last quotations and hog-market reports myself, but I know good poetry when I hear it. And you read first-rate, Miss Spooner, you do. Yes."

"It was nice," said his sister; "but no better than a friend of mine can do. She can write poems by the hour, but she don't print none. She don't need to, 'cause her pa's rich. She only does it for fun."

"Well, I'm blessed," here broke in Captain Hottop, dropping his feet with a bang from the chair-top on which they had been elevated, "if I wouldn't like to know what this is all about. Who is she? And who's the blue-eyed boy?"

"Why, bless me! you've just come, and you don't know, do you, uncle?" said Miss Spooner, putting the "poems" away in her pocket-book, and leaning back in her chair the better to meet the eyes of the captain. "She's Mrs. Montgomery Montague, a charming young widow, and the blue-eyed boy is her only child—a lovely babe."

"Babe!" corrected Mrs. Dusenberry, at the same time playfully flicking the cheek of a youth at her side, one of the mere-mentioned, who in his interest of Miss Spooner's story had neglected to look at the rival of Madame De Sevigne, after having been captivated and detailed for that duty only five minutes before.

"And when her husband died," continued the fair Isabella, "(he was the younger son of an aristocratic English family, one of the very highest—intimate with the Queen—and he ran away to this country on a lark, and his folks disowned him because they thought he married below him, though I've no doubt she was much too good for him, and he treated her shockingly), his father sent for the boy, and tore him from his weeping mother's arms."

"And recked not for prayer," quoted Mrs. Dusenberry. "But why did she let them take him?" shouted the captain. "By heavens! they couldn't have taken him if she'd held on. Foreigners tearing citizens of the United States from their mothers' arms! Who ever heard of such a thing before?"

"Well, they didn't exactly tear him away," explained his niece. "That's the poetical way of putting it," interpolated Mrs. Dusenberry. "But she was left almost destitute," Miss Spooner went on, "and she's a delicate little thing, and—"

"Circumstances were too many for her," suggested the pork-merchant. "Just so," assented his hostess. "But, most fortunately, she possessed the gift of song; and with what her writings bring her in, and the presents which she is showered on her wherever she goes—she is such a favorite among the men of letters, and she has a large circle of admirers."

"Well," said Mrs. Spooner, changing a ring from the forefinger of her right hand to the forefinger of her left, "we must all be very kind to her. I sympathize with her with all my heart about her child. I know how I'd feel if I lost you, Isabella."

"My babe!" sweet! I murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, fixing her peculiar eyes on her friend, on which the gawky youth at her side dropped the fan, and burst into a loud guffaw.

"Hush!" cried Miss Isabella. "Here she is." And up the garden walk tripped a slight girlish looking woman, dressed in a blue-gray silk, with a Gainsborough hat, from which floated a long black ostrich plume, quizzically on the back of her head. Her pale, snow hair hung in babyish curls about her snow-white brow, and she raised a pair of lovely yellow-brown eyes to the group on the veranda.

Miss Spooner, with astenishing quickness, considering how stout she was, ran down the steps and caught her friend in her arms. "You darling!" she said, with enthusiasm, "we have just been reading your sweet poem, 'A Mother's Will.' Welcome to the household!"

"How beautiful it is!" said the little woman, clasping her daintily kidded hand, and speaking in a low clear voice perfectly audible to the listeners above as she turned toward the river. "That glimpse of the fragrance of the air!—and raising her beautiful eyes—the glorious sky, so like—with a catch of her breath—'so like the eyes of my lost, my darling boy!'"

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 467.

Business Cards.

EMMERSON & READ,

Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, &c.

Office at late Albert J. Hickman, Esq.

DORCHESTER, N. B.

HENRY R. EMMERSON. BURTON S. READ.

DORCHESTER, N. B.

Attorneys-at-Law, &c.

DORCHESTER, N. B.

A. E. OULTON,