

"No doubt I would, but I would want them all girls. I believe a daughter is a daughter all her life; and a son is a son till he gets him a wife."

"My daughters are very kind to me" said the old lady.

"And their husbands?" asked Mrs. Blandon.

"Well, Betsy's husband is a good sort of a man, you know and is kind in his way. But the one in Jersey, Emily's husband, would rather I were anywhere else than there; ten to one if he speaks to me after I get there; but I have to go, or else 'over the hills to the poor house.'" Here the poor woman burst out crying. "But Emily liked to have me with her, and I think I do her a great deal of good by taking care of the children, and doing the light work, but he—well, I suppose it would be better if I were dead and out of the way, and I sometimes think the end is not far off."

"I hope it is a good ways off," said her friend, "and now that I have heard your story, which is really a pitiable one, I will make you an offer. You know, Mrs. Williams, I am quite alone, with the exception of the servant girl I keep, and am sufficiently well off to give somebody a home; and now if you will come and live with me the ensuing two years, instead of going back to Jersey to encounter sour looks, you shall be perfectly welcome. Indeed, I will consider it a favor to have you with me, as I am in want of your genial company, and it was always my nature to want some one around me to pet a little."

Mrs. Williams caught hold of the lady's hand and raised it to her lips, so delighted was she at the proposal made to her. "I will come," she said, and try to give you as little trouble as I possibly can. Oh! thank you—thanks.

"Do not mention the word trouble again in connection with your coming. I am not sure but it is wholly selfish on my part; I want your company."

"Well, I will try to be as agreeable as an ignorant old woman like me can be."

"All but the ignorant, Mrs. Williams; you are as good company as I want."

The terrors of her tour to Jersey now over, the old lady was the happy of happiest. Betsy, too, was pleased at the thought of having her mother so near her. Mrs. Blandon lived in a pleasant, grand old house, luxuriously furnished, for she was wealthy. The grounds in the summer, with their flowers fountains, gravelled walks, quiet lawns, and singing birds,