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THE SAILOR'S WIFE--A FACT.

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 MR. Best cast a furtive glance around him—every thing was arranged in the most costly and *recherche* style. They entered a parlor magnificently furnished, and closing the door, Ellen threw off her hat and thin shawl, showing her delightful husband all her surpassing charms.

"All that you behold is now your own—an hour since it was mine," said Ellen, approaching her husband timidly, and tendering him her *petite* hand, which he clasped affectionately. "Believe me—I speak the truth. I know you thought me crazed—but listen, and you shall now know how much cause I have had for my conduct.—But remember that you are master here, and whatever happens, do you assert your rights, and mine."

"Surely you cannot mean deceit," said Mr. Best, gazing anxiously on his lovely wife, and utterly at a loss to account for her strange conduct.

"Trust me, try me, believe me—I will now tell you all I have to tell, for I expect every moment, that he will come home.—Three years ago, my father died, leaving me, his only child, in the charge of his brother, my uncle, George Chiffney. His immense wealth was all left in his charge, until my marriage, and I was to be allowed my own selection. My uncle, who was poor compared with my father, seeing the advantages which this great accession of wealth would bring him, has not only used every effort to prevent my marriage, by spreading reports injurious to my reputation, but, for the last three months, he has actually kept me a close prisoner within my room, in my own house, from which I chanced