

bring me a decent fork, for Lord knows I can't eat with this 'ere shovel, and if I take my fingers, Tempest 'll raise a row de dow."

The servant looked at his mistress, who said, "Samuel, bring Mr. Middleton a steel fork."

When the dessert was brought in, Mr. Middleton again exclaimed, as he took his plate of pudding, "Now what can this be?"

"It is tapioca pudding," said Mrs. Crane.

"Tap-an-oak-ky," returned Mr. Middleton. "Well, if you don't have the queerest things to eat! You ought to come to my house. We don't have any of your chicken fixins nor little three-cornered handkerchers laid out at each plate."

At last, to Julia's great relief, dinner was over, and she got her father started for home. Suddenly Mr. Middleton exclaimed, "That ar Doctor is a mighty fine chap. Why don't you set your cap for him, Sunshine?"

"It would be of no use, father," answered Fanny.

"Wall, if I'm not mistaken, he's laid his snare for a bird, and I don't care how soon you fall into it, darling," said Mr. Middleton.

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Julia.

"Ho now, jealous, are you, Tempest?" said her father. "What in thunder do you think he'll want of you, who are engaged to Mr. Wilmot?"

This was a truth which had troubled Julia, and she greatly regretted her engagement, for she well knew Dr. Lacey never would think of her, as long as he thought she belonged to another. She had watched with jealous eye the growing intimacy between him and Fanny, and resolved to leave no means untried to prevent a union between them, and to secure the doctor for herself. To do this she knew she must break her engagement with Mr. Wilmot, and also give Dr. Lacey a bad opinion of her sister. She felt sure of success, for when did she undertake any thing and fail. Sinful girl! She was freed from her engagement in a way she little dreamed of.

Four weeks from the time of her first visit home, word came to her one morning, just as she was starting for school, that Mr. Wilmot was sick and would not be able to teach that day. He had been unwell for several days, and next morning it was announced that he had the typhoid fever. Fanny's first impulse was to go and see him, but Julia prevented her by saying that he would send for her when he wanted her.

That evening Mr. Lacey told Julia that Mr. Wilmot had expressed a wish to see her. She went rather unwillingly, and something in her manner must have betrayed it, for he seemed troubled, and regarded her with an anxious look. She however manifested no affection, and but very little interest for him, and inwardly resolved that when she came again, her sister should accompany her. That night he grew worse, and there was of course no school, Julia hired some one to take herself and sister home. Earnestly did Fanny entreat her to remain and watch over Mr. Wilmot.

"I shall do no such thing," said Julia. "It would not be proper, and I should be talked about."

"Well then," said Fanny, "I shall stay till mother sends for me. I do not care if I am talked about."

This pleased Julia, who said, "Well, you can stay if you like. I dare say you care more for him than I do, and you can tell him so, if you please."

"Oh, Julia," said Fanny, "what has changed you so towards Mr. Wilmot?"

"Nothing in particular," replied Julia. "I never liked him very much."

So Julia started for home, while Fanny took her station by the bedside of her beloved teacher.

When Julia reached home, she found that her father had left the day before for Missouri. He owned land there, and as he had gone to make some improvements on it, he would probably be absent two months. Julia carelessly told her mother of Mr. Wilmot's illness, and that Fanny had staid to watch him. When Mrs. Middleton heard this, her maternal fears were roused lest her daughter should take the fever, and in a few days she went herself to Frankfort to bring Fanny home. She found Mr. Wilmot very ill, but not as yet dangerously so, and after staying a day, she announced her intention of taking Fanny home.

"Why not leave her?" said Dr. Lacey. "She seems peculiarly adapted to a sick room, and will do him more good than a dozen physicians."

"Yes, let her stay," said Mr. Wilmot; and drawing Mrs. Middleton closely to him, he whispered, "Tell Julia to come to me, will you?"

Mrs. Middleton promised that she would, but persisted in taking Fanny. When Mr. Wilmot's message was given to Julia, she said, "No indeed, I'll not go. I could do him no good."

Ike was sent to Frankfort every day to inquire after Mr. Wilmot, and see if any thing was wanted, and each night Fanny waited anxiously for his return. As soon as she saw him enter the wood, she would run to him, and inquire for Mr. Wilmot. Julia, however, manifested no anxiety whatever. She would not have acknowledged that she hoped he would die, and yet each time that she heard he was better, her spirits sank, for fear he would yet live. At last Ike brought to Fanny the joyful intelligence that the crisis was passed, and Mr. Wilmot was out of danger.

That night in the solitude of her chamber, Julia communed with herself as follows: "And so he'll live after all. Well, I may as well let him know at once that I will not marry him." So saying, she opened her portfolio, and wrote the following note:

"MR. WILMOT,

"SIR:—When I became engaged to you I was very young, and am still so; consequently, you will hardly be surprised, when you learn that I have changed my mind, and wish to have our engagement dissolved.

"Yours truly, as a friend,

JULIA MIDDLETON."

To be Continued.

There is more pleasure in seeing others happy than in seeking to be happy ourselves. There is more pleasure in acquiring knowledge to be useful, than in merely seeking knowledge for our own happiness. If young and old persons would spend half the money in making others happy, which they spend in dress and useless luxury, how much more real pleasure it would give them.