

thinking on account of her lofty position that she must be the best looking woman in the world.

So much for introduction, and, reader, we will now glide into the first link of our story.

CHAPTER II.

UPLIFTED.

Riches, like the sun's bright rays,
Fill us full of joy and mirth;
But ere we have them many days,
Some one may come and snatch away
Those glittering gems of earth.

'Twas an evening in the month of June. All nature was clothed in her richest array. The birds were singing gaily in the tree-tops. The sun was sinking in the west, in glorious splendor. Two persons might be seen parading arm in arm up and down the avenue, apparently in close conversation. The one was Consabina, the other Arabella. The Melodine family had come over to pay their neighbors a friendly visit. The young people, as was only natural, had left the old people to themselves. No doubt they had matters to talk over not fit for the ears of sensible old age. This too, was only natural, and if we follow nature in all her various courses, we find the same. The lofty tree of the forest looks down, as it were, with majestic pity upon the slender sapling, and throws out her huge and hardy branches to protect it from the scorching rays of the noon-day sun. Still it desires its own exalted position, and has for companions trees of a height with itself, but at the same time allowing the young and tender sapling full scope on the undergrounds. So with old people; they look upon the young from the summit of age with a sort of stately pity, and allow them to have their way—their frolics, their companions; at the same time they desire for their companions those of an age with themselves—those who can talk of sensible things of bygone days. So while the two young people were enjoying their evening walk, talking on subjects touching on the sublime, and laying out their schemes for the future, the old folks were enjoying a comfortable seat in the sitting-room, and chatting about weather, season, crops, and prospects, and again about things that took place in days long past.

Consabina and Arabella had just seated themselves on a large stone, over which hung the large and leafy branches of a silver poplar, and were apparently entering into secrets, for their heads were in close contact and their voices reduced to a whisper, when they were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of another party coming hastily up the avenue. It was Everard. He had gone to the town of S— about an hour before. What had brought him back so soon? "Something out of the way has happened," said Consabina, "otherwise he would not have been back in such haste." Everard was the bearer of a letter addressed to Don Zeres Seville, and bearing the Spanish postmark. He thought it might be important, and consequently hastened to deliver it. Their evening walk was over, for all three hied to house.

On the abrupt entrance of the trio, the inmates of the house were rather taken by surprise, but they had not time to speak until the letter was placed in Don Zeres' hands. He looked at it for a moment, then perceiving the postmark, exclaimed, "A letter from dear old Spain! But who has written me, that's the query?"

This was the first letter he had received from his native home for a period of nearly fifteen years. It was opened, and its contents gave them a very great but an agreeable surprise. It ran as follows:—

DON ZERES SEVILLE,

Dear Sir,—Having received considerable and timely assistance from you, when starting business on my own responsibility, and having since that time been very fortunate, I considered it a privilege as well as a bounden duty to repay you for your kindness. Enclosed you will find a check for \$20,000. Please to accept the same with favor. Hoping you and family are well and prospering in your adopted land, accept my kind love and ardent wishes.

Your sincere friend,

ADRIANO RIGO.

P. S.—I learned your whereabouts from a gentleman from New York, who chanced to pay our town a brief visit.

A. R.

The reading of the letter caused considerable sensation. Their astonishment and joy knew no bounds. Recollections of old times and old friends were awakened in Don Zeres' memory. Scenes of the past flitted through his mind, but were speedily suppressed in the unbounded felicity of the moment. "Now," said he, "can we rejoice, and now can we pay off our mortgage, and have no more fears of losing our dear old farm, and now can we,"