(From the Catholic World.)

HEREMORE-BRANDON;

THE FORTUNES OF A NEWSBOY.

CHAPTER VI.

I could not tell you on half the projects Dick formed and rejected as entirely hopeless before he at last succeeded in inducing a gentleman who had been very kind to him to make an offer to Mr. Brandon of some place in his office, which, while it would not be more than, with his now broken energies and failing health, he could easily perform, if he had the disposition, would give him something to help

Soon after this offer was made and (with much grumbling) finally accepted, Dick, without really seeking it, found himself becoming known to Mr. Brandon; and, thanks to the patience with which he listened to that gentleman's railings against the world, and his own hard fortunes in it, taken into favor. It was a very sad sight for a hopeful, self-respecting, God-fearing Catholic like Dick to see this querulous man, from whom all vigorous spirit seemed to have fled, brooding over his losses, instead of holding up his head, and bravely going forth to make the most of what was left; a sad thing to hear these miserable repinings in which there was never a thought of gratitude for the long years of comfort and plenty with which God had blessed him. But Dick bore it patiently, and sought in every way which his simple experience could devise to draw him from the despondency; to inspire him with some trust in God. It was, however without any apparent success, other than greater condescension from Mr. Brandon, who, at last, weak and nervous, would gladly avail himself of Dick's young strength in his walks home.

And so, in time, that which had seemed the impossible came to pass very naturally. Mr. Brandon urged Dick to enter the house, and he was received as a guest in Miss Brandon's home. Home it must be called, I suppose; though it was a dreary, desolate room, with "boarding-house" stamped in glaring letters all over the grey walls and badly assorted furniture. Even Dick could realize that it must be a very different home from any which Miss Brandon had ever seen before; for it was far different from the only pretty rooms he had ever enteredthose dear, clean, sweet rooms at Mrs. Alaine's.

"Mr. Heremore, Mary," was his introduction, ac-companied by a patronising wave of Mr. Braudon's hand. Do not be surprised; you know I have never said-not even in his days of prosperity-that he was a gentleman-"Mr. Heremore, Mary; a young man who has thought it not worth while to be unkind and disrespectful to an old man who has

"I have heard my father speak of you often," said Mary very quietly; but in such gentle tones that Dick wondered how any man could count himself noor-knowing her.

"I really felt very nervous," Mr. Brandon further

Mary answered readily, and with more warmth than before; "and I am sure he was very careful of you."

After that, conversation became somewhat easier: although Dick felt half like an imposter, and could not do much to second Miss Brandon's efforts to make the hour go by pleasantly. She had several albums and scrap-books of engravings with which she tried to entertain him; but to do his best, he could think of little else than the languid, weary manner which had replaced the quick step and stately sweetness he had known of old. When Mr. Brandon left them for a tew minutes, she turned with animation and said:

"Mr. Heremore, I must thank you for your kindness to my father. I would not have him suppose I consider it kindness, but in my heart 1 know it is, and I know you mean it as such. Since things | earnest sympathy. He was so encouraged by the have gone wrong with him, he seems to have chang- gentle, womanly interest she gave him that he did ed his whole nature; he does not appear to have not stop with the history of his boyish days, but any courage to stand against the tide. I suppose went on to narrate a later experience; very few it would have been very different if Mrs. Brandon had lived; a wife would have kept his spirits up as no one else can."

"I know," stammered Dick, not knowing what to say under the gaze of her beautiful eyes, "I know -that the death of your mother last summer-"

"Mrs. Brandon, you mean," she interrupted in her quietest tones, "that is, my father's second wife. This Mrs. Brandon was not my mother; my own mother died long ago." This so coldly that, for some inexplicable reason, Dick fancied she was glad to correct him."

"You were in the carriage at the same time," said Dick, feeling that he must say something.

"Yes," answered Mary, "but I remember little about it; as soon as we found the horses were running away, Mrs. Brandon became very much alarmed, and almost before I could say a word to her, we were thrown out, and were both picked up senseless. She was not conscious of anything again. All these things together have completely unnerved poor papa, and I really feel very grateful to any one who is interested in him. His old friends have received but little encouragement to visit us here, although it is only a fancy of papa's, I am sure, that they feel any difference, and he is often quite lonely.'

Mr. Brandon soon returned, and seeming to wish his daughter's undivided attention, Dick rose and

said "good night."

It need hardly be said that he was after this more enthusiastically devoted to their fortunes than ever before. He spent a few hours there at different times during the winter and spring, and soon found himself at ease in that dreary room; but as he knew Mary better, his reverence for her, while it diminished not in the least, became a deep and fervent feeling, which kept her always in his thoughts. She, too, seemed to regard him with very kindly feelings, and the sympathy between them was so strong that it bore down many of their differences of association and education, and each was astonished to find an unexpectedly ready understanding in the other. But as yet Dick had said nothing of the little girl on the steps who gave him her candy one

cold Christmas morning years ago. Once at New Year's, and again on the 22d of February, holidays on which he was free, Dick had been down to the cottage in the country, and had seen Rose and the boys skate and make snow-houses, and spent two of the coziest, happiest evenings of his life around the bright fire, talking pleasant talk with those dear people, among whom alone he realized the faintest idea of the word home. Now time had gone by so rapidly that he was to spend a whole week there as he had the year before. But not exactly the same; for the last time he had been there-a clear, bright day in February, when they were all coming home from the skating-pond together-it had chanced that he and Rose had fallen far in the rear of thildren, who having skated since one o'clock in the keen air, professed themselves "ever so hungry," and, as Dick would not hurry with them, walked off in disgust, each declaring to the other that they didn't like Mr. Dick half so much this time as before; he was "no good" at all.

"What a magnificent day!" Dick said, for about the tenth time as he tramped by Rose's side through the crisp snow, just as the sun was going down in one great glow before them. "I think I never saw a more splendid winter day in all my life."

not being able with truth to contradict it, Rose kept on her way, her neat little boots cutting the snow, and making, Dick thought, the most delicious music there ever was. Rose looked especially charming that afternoon; from the very crown of her head, with her wealth of golden hair, only half hidden by her felt hat, to the dainty little boots before mentioned, which her warm skating dress, looped up, did not even affect to conceal, Rose was charming. Dick thought that her very very cloak seemed to nestle more lovingly to her plump figure than another's would; and as for the tiny muff, Uncle Carl's present, and the blue silk handkerchief knotted around her neck, Dick was certain that before. Stewart never sold anything half so pretty. So, if his lips talked about the weather, it is hardly sur-prising that his eyes embraced another subject; and I question if, when her demure glances met his gaze, Rose needed no words to tell her its meaning; for, after all, are words, the dearest and sweetest that come from the lips, any dearer or sweeter than those the eyes speak?

But whatever she knew, Rose was a true little woman, and showed no sign.

"This is the place where Mrs. Brandon was thrown," she said, as they passed a broad street cutting across the narrow road they were following Just by those trees. They say the horses could have been managed only for her screams; a woman who screams at such a time must have very little sense.

"I think so," answered Dick, looking sadly to-

ward the place Rose pointed out. "Miss Mary behaved wonderfully well," continued Rose, with one quick look into Dick's face as they passed on. "She was perfectly calm, and tried to quiet Mrs. Brandon. She was very much hurt herself."

"Yes, so I have heard; she shows it, too; you would hardly recognize her now, she is so thin and altered." "But, of course she is more beautiful for that,"

said little plump Rose, who had a great idea of delicate girls. "Not more beautiful, exactly," answered Dick, who had not a great idea of delicate, fragile girls,

"but it makes one feel for her more." "I know you feel for her very much," said Rose. "I have always honored her very much," answered Dick warmly. "It almost seems presumption for me to say I feel for her; but I do, indeed I do."

"I am sure of it," Rose responded with great warmth, and then there was silence for a long

time. Rose broke it with a little trembling in the first word or two at her own audacity, but gathering courage as she wenton: "I knew you did when you were here last summer; then I heard of her father's failure, and then it seemed more natural; and-now-I am very glad for your sake. I hope

you will be very happy, I do, indeed."
Now, Dick was no fool, and when the strangeness of this speech caused him to look harder than ever into the glowing but demure little face by the side of him, he felt for the moment a great inclination not to say a word; for provokingly innocent as she looked, he did not believe she was at all so ignorant explained, "about coming home alone. I have been so very uncomfortable to-day. But that's of no consequence, of course, now."

"I am very glad you brought Mr. Heremore," expression of her face that Dick's hesitation vanished, and he answered:

"Of course I know what you mean, Rose, although it is so strange. I do not think of such a thing—it would be very strange if I did. You know better, don't you, Rose?"

Rose looked up with a careless answer, but thought better of it, and said nothing.

"You never did really think it, did you, Rose?" he added, pursuing his advantage, and repeating it until there was no escape for Rose, who had to answer truthfully, " No." She having made this concession, he made one, and told her the story of his boyish days, and of the Christmas day when he first saw Mary Brandon. He had not felt very easy about Rose's opinion of much he had to tell her, and was greatly relieved when he saw all her assumed carelessness depart, and that she listened to him with went on to narrate a later experience; very few words sufficed for this. When he told it, Rose understood very well why, if Mary Brandon were a queen upon her throne, she would be no more than friend or sister to him.

After that, there seemed no more to be said; for they finished the walk in the still winter twilight almost in silence.

That was in February, when Dick went down to Carlton to spend Washington's birthday, and it inaugurated a new era for Will. Rose had a sudden interest in the post-office, which was a long walk from the cottage, and, in rainy weather or on very busy days, was beyond her reach. I believe all her spare pennics went into Will's coffers about that time, and I am sure all her cakes and apples went into his possession; but, for all that, he was an ungrateful page, and wished "there wasn't no postoffices in the world," which opinion Will may alter when his own time comes.

This was in February, and it was now August, and Dick was going down for a week, one whole week in the country. Rose was at the gate as she had been a year ago; but she did not say "you are welcome," as she had said before. The children took him into favor when they found he had not come empty-handed, but had brought the books for Will, the doll for Trot, and just such toys for the rest as were most desired; and though many times in their rambles Will did have his patience sorely tried by "Mr. Dick's everlasting lagging," he was, on the whole, admitted to be an acquisition. I believe, though, that Rose's bosom-friend, Clara Hays, who was always urged to be of every party, and

sadly neglected when she got there, was the greatest sufferer; it is not every day you see lovers who are perfectly well-bred and considerate for everybody. My excuse for Rose and Dick is, that they only had a week, and a week is such a short time when one is very happy!

Dick's week was nearly at its end when his birthday, his twenty-first birthday came, and his good friends made a little rejoicing for him in their homely way. It was a very beautiful August day, and was celebrated like a holiday by all the family. Yet it was not exactly a cloudless day for Dick, thought it was the first birthday of his that had ever received the slightest notice from any one, and ought to have made him radiantly happy. He had received a present made for him with her own

hands, which no one could tell how many loving

thoughts of him worked in it, from his own dear Rose. His little table was covered with the first keepsakes he had ever received from any one, and still he was not happy. Among the treasures on his little table there stood one-which reminds me that I should not have called the others the firstfrom the mother whose face he could not remember and what might it not contain? Hitherto he had thought but little of the box of which Carl spoke so slightingly years ago; but now that the day of opening it had come, he grew really afraid of it. He remembered stories of vengeance bequeathed from the grave, of crimes to be explated by the children of the perpetrators years afterward, of fearful confessions of sin and sorrow and wrong in countless forms; and Dick, in the first glow of his first joyous days, did not know how he could bear even a

mist upon the rising sun of his happiness.

Not thinking of any addition to this speech, and he went down to ask Rose to walk with him in the beautiful twilight after tea. It was earlier than he had thought when he went down, and Rose was reading in the shadow of the porch, or seeming to read, for a book was in her hand, and not, as he supposed, engaged in getting tea.

"I did not suppose I should find you here," said Dick.

"Shall I go away?" she asked, looking up and

smiling. "Yes, do," he replied, sitting by her, "you know there's nothing would please me better." But for all he tried to be gay, Rose saw that the shadow she had observed over him all day was deeper than

" Dear friend," she said, softened and made earnest at once, "something troubles you to day." "Yes, dear Rose, I am troubled to-day in spite of

all the kindness shown me. My little box troubles me; I am afraid to open it."

"Then the best thing is to do it at once, is it not? One only makes such things worse by thinking

about them." "I know it. No, I will not open it now; I will have every moment of happiness I can first.

"What happiness can it take from you? You will be yourself still, let there be in it what there will. Our happiness is our own."

"O Rose !" "O Dick! if we are good, are we not happy? And no body can make us bad against our will."

"But, Bose, this may tell me something that you there is my fear, Rose, it may take you away from

"Oh! no, Dick, dear Dick, how can anything take me away from you? But even if it did, you know we always said, If it were not the best! If it were not for the best, we would not wish it, would we, dear? Yes, we could help wishing it; when the good God saw it was not best, he would give us strength to bear it."

"I never could bear it, said Dick."

"Yes, you would; but I am not afraid. One should not be afraid of one's own parents. Come, there is a long time before tea. We will go up the hill where no one will interrupt us, and where we shall be within call if we are wanted. Won't you get the box, Dick, and we will open it up there? that is, if you want me with you."

"You make me brave, dear Rose. Perhaps, after all, it is nothing."

So he did as she advised; and, scated a little back of the house, the only spot in which there could be five minutes' reading possible, he broke the seal, undid the wrapping now yellow with age, while Rose spoke a word or two of courage, then turned her head a little away from him, and you may be sure prayed hard and fast for strength and grace for both to hear whatever of good or of evil was in store for them. Inside the wrapper Dick found a tiny key with which he eagerly unlocked the little mahogany box which was, perhaps, to make great revelations to him.

Then Rose drew still further away from him, and with a more carnest gaze watched the sun going down to the west; for they were young and many things that you and I would count the merest trifles, were of great importance to them; neither thought of anything worse than of something which should separate them. Poor little Rose trembled lest he should find a will therein-as she had read in story books-that would make him too rich and great for her to think of him; and Dick, to whom her love for him had always seemed a wonder-so great was his reverence for her and his own feeling of unworthiness-trembled lest he should find some legacy of disgrace that would make it impossible for him ever to see Rose again. So in silence and with wordless but earnest prayers, they sat together in the softening August sunlight, with hearts beating heavily for fear it might be for the last time.

CHAPTER VII.

After all, there was not much in the mysterious box. A square package, looking like a letter, folded in the old style, and just fitting in the box, lay uppermost; upon the outside of which, in a clear, round hand, was written the name Richard Here more. Before breaking the seal of this, Dick took out two paper boxes, in each of which was a miniature, painted on ivory; he glanced at one, then with an expression of intense relief, not unmingledwith something of awe, he, for the first time, turned to Rose.

"Look Rose," he said, in a low voice. "Do you think this is your mother?" she asked, in a voice even lower and more reverential than his, after a long, long look; for it was a young and beautiful face, with clear eyes that looked frankly at you, and that bore in every feature the unmistakable stamp of true womanliness. "Do you think this is your mother?"

"I cannot tell yet" said Dick; "but as this is here, it's all right; there's nothing more to dread now !"

But Rose did not answer. Her quick eyes had seen more than the character; they had placed the original of that portrait in its proper social sphere, and that-the highest.

The other miniature was of a man somewhat older, though not more than twenty-five or thirty, if so much; but it was a face of less character and less culture. Dick showed it to Rose, but neither made any comment upon it. Dick then broke the scal of the letter, and again Rose turned away her face. A few slips of paper fell out as he unfolded the package; these he gathered up without looking at them, and then, calling Rose's name once more, he read in a low voice, from the yellow paper, his mother's letter:

"My Dear Child .- I have put aside a few little things that have been treasures to me, and as I may not live to see the day when I can give them to you, I write a few lines with them, which possibly may come to your eyes some day. A healthy, ruddy little fellow you are, creeping around my feet and trying to climb up my dress as I write, and I am so weak a woman that I may hardly stoop to raise my darling to my lap. It is hard for me, seeing you so, to write to you as a man; and what kind of a man I have no way to judge. I fear I shall not live long enough to leave any impression of your mother's face upon you; and what will become of you, my own dear child, in this terrible world after I am gone, I dare not think. You are so tender and good now that I cannot realize that you will change; but you will have no one to guide you. You put your arms up to me, your brown, hard little arms, as if to beg me not to speak of this, and I will try to believe that God will save you through everything; so that when you read this, you will be one whom I would be proud to own if I lived.

"You are my greatest comfort, and such a comfort! It seems as if you knew everything, and could console for everything; and often I think that for you I shall in some way find strength to struggle on for a few years more. Dear child, I know not how much or how little to tell you. I would like to write volumes for you, that you you not talk as you please to her?" might know me in the future days when no father, mother, or brother will be near to help you in your troubles. But I can only write a little.

"I have been married five years, and you are my oldest but not my only child. You have a sweet little sister asleep on the bed. I say the words to you aloud, and you creep on tiptoe to look at her, turning and smiling at me as you go. Even if she would live after I am gone, which I cannot wish for, I cannot tell whether you will be kept "Not until the last thing to-night," he said finalis possible, if not, I know you will care for her if it
ly, laying down the box and turning away from the is possible, if only because your dead mother asks
table. "I will be happy to the last minute," and it. I cannot believe the wonderful child-love you until perhaps the very last that she was in trouble. Way, out-doors again.

have for her and me will be permitted to die out, or that your heart can ever grow hard, your heart so tender now. There | kiss the dimpled hand ever so softly and come away, for you must not wake the darling now. Will you love her always, let what may be her fate? Remember always, she had no mother to guide her. Your father I have not seen for two years, since Mamie was a few months old. I have since heard that he is dead. I know none of his relatives; for he brought me an entire stranger to New York three years ago, and seemed unwilling that I should make many acquaintances. I have no relatives whom I have seen, in the world, except my father who lives, or did live, at Wiltshire, in Maine. I do not know if he is living or not; I have written to him again and again, but I have heard nothing from him. He would have come to me if he were alive, for he was always devoted to me. I could write you a hundred letters about his love and devotion; and now, if I could only let him know where I am, he would come to me wherever he might be. I have named you for him. He saw you once when you were a month old; he came and took me home for the summer; he loved you dearly, as he loved me, and was proud enough of you. If only I could put you and Mamie in his hands now, how contentedly I could die! For this I toiled and struggled from the day I saw your father last, until this poverty and sickness have killed all hope. Not all hope; for I think every step I hear—I hear thousands passing by that my father has come to me to save me, to take my darlings under his care, and to let me die on my own white bed in my own dear room at home.

"There, darling, there's no more to tell. Why should I tell more? You come of good blood, my child, of a brave, upright race. My child, my darling, put your arms tight, tight around mamma's neck, and promise for the man that you will be worthy of your name and race. Be good, be true, be honest. How I should blush in my grave, it seems to me, it child of mine, if these dear children, so pure and innocent, who cling to me now, covering me with kisses, should soil their white souls with falsehood, deceit, or dishonesty. God knows what I would say. Fatherless, motherless, I must leave my little ones; no earthly help, no comfort, nothing, only the one hope that will not leave me to my latest breath, that my father lives, will find me out, save me, and take care of you.

"It has been hard for me to write this poor, childish letter; one poor apple-woman-poor, yet not so poor as I—has been my only friend; to her I have talked for hours of you, and she has listen. ed earnestly, and will her utmost for you two. God will aid her, I know. I will not put any goodbyes' on paper so little likely even to be seen by your eyes; but I will kiss you a thousand times, my darling, while I take one last look at these portraits of your father and me, you leaning against my knee, looking at them too. You, pure, unsullied child, shall cling to me, and arswer, though you cannot understand, the promises to be good I ask of you to fulfil through all your life. Your mother,

"MARY HEREMORE BRANDON." "Brandon!" repeated Rose and Dick together, when he read the signature. Then Dick read the slips of paper that had fallen out of the letter; they were all the same, notices of her marriage from different papers:

" MARRIED .- At the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, May 5th, Charles Brandon, of New York, to Mary, only daughter of Dr. Richard Here-more, of Wiltshire, Maine."

Rose looked at Dick almost with terror in her

face. Dick knew not how to answer her. "It may not be the same," she said at last. "The letter does not seem sure of his death,"

suggested Dick. "But you have met him-would he not have noticed your name?"

"I should think so. But it was long ago, and perhaps he has known others of the name. Besides, Miss Brandon-O Rose! if she should be that sister —Miss Brandon told me her mother died long ago; she seemed so proudly to disclaim this Mrs. Bran-

don, whom I called her mother." "How could she be with your father, if Mr. Brandon is that, and he not know anything about you?" "I cannot understand it. I will go to see him to-morrow."

" O Dick !"

"Yes, dear Rose, I must. I have only two days of vacation left, and I must know all before I go

" And then you will not be here for so long?" "Yes, I will, Rose; I'll be here if I have to walk all night, see your windows, and go back before day-light! Yes, I will see you. I will not bear all the long separation as I did before, it is too much! Now, may I go to-morrow?"

"Yes, Dick, you must go. O Dick! what a mo-ther she was! I can just see her, so weak she could not lift little you in her arms; and yet, I am sure, giving you a thousand caresses, and crying over you as she wrote that letter! If she could only see you now!"

"I know she does see me; but see does not see me as I ought to be, having had such a mother."
"She is proud of you if she sees you."

"See how patient she was, Rose! She says she is poorer than the poor apple-woman, and yet no complaint; and she was not used to trouble, I am sure,

"So sweet and grave as she is! Really, Richard, look! Upon my word, Miss Brandon has just such eyes! It is so! See! the same blue gray eyes, so clear, deep, and looking at you so frankly and graciously; not with the frankness of a question asked; -but I can't describe it-but that calm, straightforward way Miss Mary has when she listens to you; always as if she would encourage you too, to go on. Indeed, you must go to morrow!

"It is so strange, Roce. I feel my head almost turning. Have we time to read it over once more?" "I fear not, for it is already quite late; but you will tell mamma and Aunt Clara about it, and

Uncle Carl?" "Oh! at once; as soon as I can. I shall think of nothing else till to-morrow. Rose, he must have treated her badly, or she would have given me his name instead of her father's."

"I think, perhaps she meant Brandon to be added." "She does not say a word against him; but she

does not praise him. I will make him tell me, himself, if he is the man. Do you think he is?" "I am sure of it! And Miss Brandon is your sister; perhaps that is why she spoke to you that Christmas day, and why you have always been so attracted to her."

"How strange it is! Will she be sorry to have me for a brother, I wonder?"

"Sorry! She will be very proud of you." "I wonder how I should speak to her. O Rose, Rose! do say something to steady me; I feel so strange, and as if I were talking so foolishly!"

"You are not talking foolishly, dear Dick; and if you were, there is only Rose to hear you, and shall "Thank God, my darling | this has not separated

"No, not yet." "Not yet!"

us.

"What will your new father and your grand sister think of me?"

"Well, Rose, wait till I ask them?"

"Perhaps a grandfather, too," said Rose.
"I love him already. If he should be living, that would be something grand, would't it? You may

Women and children never tell their sorrows to those who are entitled to help them."

" Why, Rose ?"

"Oh! I cannot tell you that! I only know it's so, Here we are at home. Have patience; for though to-morrow you will have the news, to-night is all I have!"

"And no matter what happens, Rose," said Dick, as they lingered a moment outside the house, "you will trust me just the same?"

"Of course I will," Rose answered readily. A question and answer that have been given-and falsified—I wonder how many times since the world began; talsified, for even a woman's faith is not without limit; though Rose thought it was, as many had thought before her. "Of course I will; why should you ask, Dick?"

"I don't know; only that everything seems whirling around with me to-night, and the only thing that seems clear to me is that I must not lose you."

"It will be your own fault if you do," said Rose. "But you must not try me too much; for things might get whirling around with me, too, some day, and I should not know faith from want of pride; so be good."

"And if it is possible, I must come down at once and tell you how it all ends. If it could only be that I could have you close at hand to tell you all!"

"Indeed! I am glad," exclaimed Rose, who, much as she loved Dick, could not endure to think of the time when she should have to leave her home, "Come in, now. What will Uncle Carl say to all this, I wonder?"

Uncle Carl did not say much when, the children having been sent out to play, the elders drew their chairs closer around the still standing tea-table, and listened intently to Dick's story. The others received it with many exclamations and much wiping of eyes; but the stolid German smoked his big pipe and looked, or tried to, as if he had known it all

"I'll know before this time to morrow if its the same," said Dick, when the reading was finished. and many conjectures had been put forward and discussed.

"It is the strangest thing ever was heard of," exclaimed Mrs. Alaine, "that he should meet you so often and not know who you were!"

"With your mother's name, too," added Mrs. Stoffs.

"Perhaps, after all, he is not so ignorant," suggested Dick. "It may be that it was on account of my name he made so much of me," "I think he must be devoured with remorse,"

Mrs. Alaine said forcibly, "whenever he thinks of his beautiful wife." "This Mrs. Brandon could'nt hold a candle to her," added Mrs. Stoffs.

"I never saw her," said Dick. "She was very pretty," explained Carl, speaking

unexpectedly. "Pretty!" cried Mrs. Stoffs, in great surprise.

"Pretty!" repeated Mrs. Alaine, with great contempt. "Pretty 1" echoed Rose, with great incredulity,

Why, Uncle Carl, she was a little doll baby !" "She was very pretty," persisted Carl.
"Well, indeed, if you call such a baby pretty, I give it up !" said Mrs. Stoffs. "Why, Mr. Dick, she did not look as if she could say boo to a goose, and and yet she ruled the whole house; it was her ex-

travagance that ruined the poor man." "I think it was his own dishonesty," said Carl. "O, Uncle Carl!" remonstrated Rose, "right be-

fore Mr. Richard." "We don't know yet that he has anything to do with 'Mr. Richard,' as you call him; but I'd say it, if need were, to the man's own face. His wife may have been a little, tyrannical, extravagant fool; but the more fool he for letting her take other men's money out of his purse."

"Indeed, Carl, that's a thing they'll never say of you," responded his wife, laughing. "But now come away, and let Dick get some rest, for I suppose he'll be off by day-light."

"Well, good night! Mr. Dick, you must not let these thing keep you awake; if you find your family out, it may be the last time you will sleep under our roof."

"If I thought that, Mrs. Stoffs, I should seek them with a heavy heart; but nothing can make that so but death, can it?"

"Go to bed, good people," grumbled Carl; "all your noise makes my head ache." He went up with Dick and had a long conversa-

tion with him after the rest were asleep. "Go find Dr. Heremore, Wittshire, unless there comes to be no doubt that he is gone away or dead,"

were his parting words; "he is better worth seeking for. You will need money, and you shall owe me for this." And he gave him a few gold pieces which Mrs. Stoffs in the sanctuary of her own room, had hurriedly and gladly brought out from countless rags, all tied up in an old stocking, at her liege lord's command, for the purpose.
"But, Mr. Stoffs, I have, I think, enough for

"Then do not spend mine, but take it with you

for fear of accident. Good-night; do not be fooled by anything Mr. Brandon may say-he's an artful one—but find out all you can about your grand-father, remember that." So Dick was left to pass a sleepless, feverish night, filled with the strangest fancies, and perplexed by a thousand fruitless conjectures. At the first glim-

show of eating the substantial breakfast his kind friends had prepared for him, turned, witout being able to say more than a word or two, to leave. "Dood by," said Trot, sliding down from her chair, with her bib on and her face not over clean, to get his parting kiss, as well as to put in a reminder for his return. "What 'oo bing Trot from

mering of daylight he was up, and after making a

"What do you want, Trot ?" asked Dick, lifting her up. "Me wants putty tat," she answered with anima tion; " dcar 'ettle titten!"

Dick promised to do his best, shook hands silently all around, tried to laugh at the old shoe Minnie had ready to throw after him. At last the gate closed behind him, and he was alone on his way to the little yellow station house. "He'd better be alone," Rose had said when some-

thing had been said privately about accompanying him. " He has a great deal to think about, and he can do that best while he is walking in this fresh morn-

iog air."
"O, mamma!" she said, when Mrs. Alaine stood beside her, after Dick had passed out of sight, "Oh, mamma! if Mr. Brandon should take it angrily !" "You may be sure he will not," replied Mrs.

Alaine, "he is so broken down, he will be very thankful to find a son like our Dick, who will be worth so much to him. He is the most selfish man ever lived, Mr. Brandon is," "Well, I wish it were over," sighed Rose, turning back to the house and the day's round of house-

hold duties.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

The settled expression of determination that mantles the face of a man who is just starting out to have a tooth pulled is only equalled by the subdued look that creps over his features as he pauses, with his hand on the knob on the dental room door, turns quietly around, and tiptoes back through the hall-