

My eyes caught my companions, and I at last guessed the truth.

I felt strong and powerful—I felt proud of my brother.

Richard Werblotree was Richard, nick-name Zhake Lawnbrook.

I forget my actions. My emotion of love gushed toward him, and it was much later when we took our way to the house and to bed.

Next morning under Nellie's supervision we were summoned to breakfast, and, on enquiring, I learned that Mrs Elson had become very ill, and a doctor had been summoned while yet I was asleep.

Early in the forenoon we were all summoned to the sick chamber, and there gazed upon a different looking being from the usual calm Mrs. Elson. We stood there reverently looking upon what we felt to be a dying woman, and she felt so too.

A look at Charles Sweeman, as if pleading him to approach, brought him to her side.

"Why was it," she asked, "that you wished to torment me by constantly wishing to talk with me?" And anger and firmness, in spite of her weakness, was discernible in her tones.

"I wished," replied Sweeman, quietly, "to let you know that your son was under my cruel care; for God forgive me, I have wrongly wreaked the vengeance I owed to you on this poor son of yours, Arthur Drammel, otherwise Arthur Tagberg—your only child by the man with whom you were turned away from your father's house, and who a few years after, died by his own hand."

The miller spoke with excitement now, and as he turned and saw my anxiety to hear more, he went on.

"You kept from your husband, while he lived, the secret of this boy's existence, and in a most unnatural manner you displayed no anxiety to see him, nor I think would have cared had he been murdered, as he many a time was on the brink of being by my hand. Thank God I did not do it. He deserves a better fate no matter what his mother may be."

The woman groaned and closed her eyes.

Arthur Drammel stood mute and dazed as if not comprehending what was going on.

Nellie Elson looked enquiringly at me as if to note the effect this revelation had on me, though it was, indeed, as much of a revelation to herself.

Richard Werblotree, as his name has appeared to the reader, but more familiar to me as Zhake Lawnbrook, looked quietly on with an expression as if the exhibition of feeling was not equal to his anticipation.

The reader has already definitely guessed any other points that might be explained. How Charles Sweeman had been an accepted suitor for the hand of the young widow, Mrs. Tagberg, but who, because of his inferior wealth, had been rejected for William Elson's wealth, and how this disappointment had reversed the nature of the strong-passioned Charles Sweeman.

But nature repairs her ravages, and since the time of which I write Charles Sweeman has become himself again, and a pleasanter man does not exist. Arthur Drammel lives with him on the old Lawnbrook estate, the mill now being under the management of a competent man. No better friends now exist than the two who are equals now, and both ever ready to make any sacrifice for the other.

Jessie Harle did not marry Walter Marston nor anybody else. Her career was downward, and she sank lower and lower till she reached the lowest degradation of womanhood. Poor, pretty little Jessie. Her aunt's devising means for her to live in the city was productive of no good, and her own ambitious inclination to rather marry an easy-going, sporting fellow, in which character I had appeared to her, rather than a sturdy, high-principled studious seeker of knowledge, was a source of miserable results. And thus I bid farewell, now to that pretty round-faced little Jessie, who appears like an April morning of life's spring-time in my memory. Yes; a thousand times more reluctant am I at leaving her now than I was on that last night when I turned my steps towards "Hazelgrove." Would that I could recall her from the paths of evil where she walks to reap the inevitable punishment which nature must inflict and kindles within the wrath of

God—would that I could recall her to the path she trod in girlhood, and remember her now without a stain as the pretty little graceful and pure Jessie Harle, of Shulton, as she appeared to me on my first visit there.

Walter Marston married a wife becoming the good, honest fellow that he is, and has been remarkably successful in his professional life.

Zhake Lawnbrook is now, as he always was, a rover, and with money to prevent his having to rough it as he used to do in his younger days, of which he often tells many interesting yarns; he travels about in ease and comfort.

Nellie Elson—no she is not Nellie Elson now, but she still resides in the stately mansion of "Hazelgrove," and I am the proprietor of that beautiful residence and those grand grounds; a happier and better wife does not exist.

We have many a sorrow buried in our hearts of the past, have Nellie and I, but who has not, and so long as they are kept covered deep, who cares? We must all have our cares and anxieties and not a few deep heart wounds. But we are thankful for being preserved from the sorrows of such lives as most of those around us, and still I look with something of a purified feeling in my own heart upon the wounds that at times afflicted poor Arthur Tagberg, the heart-broken, foolishly-blinded Charles Sweeman, the degraded Jessie Harle, the wronged Walter Marston. But those who deserved it have lived now to a better and happier life, the purer for having undergone such afflictions.

Mrs. Elson lived only for a few weeks after the scenes of the morning on which so much of her life was revealed to me. I look back pityingly upon her smothered grief, and as I lay down my pen and say farewell to my indulgent readers, I feel a relief, which she herself must have anticipated, in the fact, that after a life of miserable circumstances that cast her on temptation's tide, which she, weak woman, could not breast, she is at last beyond life's cruel anguish—her wounded heart beats heavily no more.

THE END.

Happy People Everywhere.

There are people who cannot get it into their heads that poor and rich are of the same flesh and blood and character. Scoop up a hundred people in Fifth Avenue, says the *Ledger*, and another hundred in Avenue B, dress them in similar clothes, place them in similar testing circumstances, and we should find the two groups about on a par, both in virtue and in excellence. There would be bores among the Fifth Avenue people, and polite souls among those of the other Avenue. In each there would be a very similar proportion of good and bad, strong and weak, brave and cowardly, magnanimous and mean.

A lady who hired a lodging in an unoccupied house in a New York tenement street, while she nursed her children through the scarlet fever, relates the following story as told her by her German landlady:

"Do you see that window?" asked the landlady. "A Bohemian woman live there last year. She gone because the rent raise. She roll cigars. She do it faster than the husband, so she get up at four every morning. But the husband—he good, too. He do the housework, make the breakfast, bring hers to her while she work an' never stop. He take care of the children—eight they have. Den—when he get time he sit down and make cigars, too. I know not how late at night they work, but they stop not even while they eat. An' they love so! I see them kiss quick—quick, and go to work again. An' she sing beautiful all day. I go to my window when I feel bad myself and listen—an' I feel better when I hear her."

The lady to whom this pleasing tale was told was surprised that people could be at once so poor and so happy. Such cheerful virtue is at least as common among the poor as among those who have abundance.

Irritated Mamma—"No, it doesn't fit as if it had been born in it—it doesn't fit at all, and I shall expect the money back." Mr. Moses—"But—" Irritated Mamma—"Your advertisements say: 'Money returned if not approved.'" Mr. Moses—"So they do, ma'tear, so they do, but your money was approved—it was very good money."