

Poetry.

Two of Them.

In the farm-house porch the farmer sat
With his daughter, having a cosy chat;
The sun was low, and the moon was bright,
And the stars were twinkling in the night.

"There should be two of you, child," said he,
"There should be two to welcome me
When I come home from the field at night;
Two would make the old home bright."

Down by the gate, near the old tree,
The farmer's wife was sitting there;
She was looking at the stars and moon,
And her heart was full of joy and cheer.

"Oh, the dimples in her cheeks,"
The farmer said, "they are so sweet;
They are like the stars in the night sky,
And the moon in the silver sea."

"Yes, I love you, and I love you,
And I love you, and I love you,
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"Really, Olive, you are too unreasonable. I am very sorry you are ill, and would much rather you could go out with me, but I can't see that because you are ill, you should stay at home. You should wish me to be moved to death!"

"If you are tired of me, and my company wears you, go by all means. You should always think so. Any child who was gone out the poor child would throw herself back on the pillows, and sob as if her heart would break. Was he tired of her?—did he not care to be with her—or were husbands always so different from lovers?"

"She called to mind the times when he had never been weary of telling her how he loved her—when he had declared there was no such happiness as to be in her arms, and to be with her. Now would say, 'You have your sisters. It will make you any happier, have your whole family here, but you do not expect that I can be tied to one room from morning till night.'"

"You were always the same—always had a pleasant smile for her, or some little valued trinket. He said he loved her most frequently at the meals; he rode very well by this time, and had not the slightest dimity."

One December afternoon, Sir George was riding slowly home after a long day with the hounds. He heard the sound of bells behind him, and turned to see who was coming. There was just light enough left for him to recognize Mrs. Anson. She was coming from the house, and he saw that she was very pale.

"You are out late, Mrs. Anson," he said. "I lost my way, and went further than I intended. Is that your new hunt?"

"Yes; how do you like him?" "Oh, he is a very good one. I am glad it is not a chestnut. I shall never like chestnuts again," she said.

"Why? how do you like him?" "Because, if I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget the agony I felt when I saw your horse fall with you," she answered quickly.

"Why should you feel so much; it was not your fault?" "There was a pause, and then the answer came in a low, tremulous voice.

"Because I am fool enough to care so much for you, that if you had been killed, I would have prayed that I might die too."

They had reached the turning where their roads divided, and before Sir George had time to utter a word, Mrs. Anson had turned her horse and was cantering up the lane that led to the Court.

He was stupefied. It was terrible, he thought, that this woman should care so much for him, and he had no occasion to avoid her, for during the next three weeks he never once saw her. She did not come to meet, nor to inquire after him, nor was she even at the Court.

At length, one day, he was sitting at his desk, and he was looking at a letter from Mrs. Anson, when he saw that she was coming. He was so surprised, that he did not know what to say.

"You must stay to lunch," said his servant. "I am so glad to see you," said Mrs. Anson, and she came in, and she was so pale, and she was so thin, and she was so old.

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makes me loathe myself the more that I should have a thought away from him. How can I help myself? He burst out impetuously. "All my life I have loved you, miserable—now I love with all my heart and soul—and I know it wrong and wicked, and I hate myself for it!"

"We set out to tell a story of the lives of men and women who have lived, and erred, and suffered; but we abstain from chronicling misery, the gloom, the full sins of those who were not strong against, but sinning. We must perform better in the future, but we do not choose to dwell on the unhappy lives of those who have not even their excuse in the force of a resistless temptation."

From that time Mrs. Anson spent no artificial, no pains to entangle and fascinate. She was content to be what she was, and to let her own life speak for itself. She was constantly at the Court, and she was constantly at the Court, and she was constantly at the Court.

"I have come to wish you good-by, Lady Fabian," he said, and he turned to go. "You are not going away from us, Mr. Fairfax?" exclaimed Mrs. Anson, her face pale.

"Perhaps only a few days—but it is uncertain. It depends upon my business."

"Why?" he asked her softly. "Because, if I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget the agony I felt when I saw your horse fall with you," she answered quickly.

"Why should you feel so much; it was not your fault?" "There was a pause, and then the answer came in a low, tremulous voice.

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"And will you dare to say that mine was gained otherwise? If you knew everything, you know that I was in an English boarding house in Paris; that I became a governess in the family of a stock broker who failed—that—"

"Pardon me, those are not the episodes into which I have taken the trouble to inquire."

"Be good enough to tell me what your propinquity has discovered."

"That you lived in Paris as Mademoiselle de la Roche, that when he left you, your mistress God knows what—and that when your good looks failed you, you took only more to a respectable mode of life."

"May I ask your authority for this absurd tissue of lies?" "I have been at the Hotel St. Honore, and I have seen Madame Talons. Will you be content with written proofs?"

Mrs. Anson was completely cowed. A deadly fear took possession of her heart, but her presence of mind did not yet forsake her. With quick tact she accepted the situation. She raised her eyes beseechingly to his face.

"Mr. Fairfax, I deny nothing. I am a man, and you are a man. Do not be too harsh with me. Think how hard my life has been, and do not judge me by the standard of women whose lives have been fair and easy, because they have never known temptation. Think how friendly I was—think of the miserable drudgery, the hopelessness of my weary existence in that foreign school, with no mother to influence me for good, and no one living soul to care what became of me."

"I loved him. I met De la Roche before my eyes, and will cast the first stone at me, because with no one to help me, I chose the broad path."

Such an appeal from most women would have gone straight to Lady Fairfax's generous heart; it stirred some slight emotion of pity, even for the woman who had been so wicked.

"I have nothing to say to your past life," he said, a shade more kindly; "God forbid that I should judge any woman harshly. I have only to do with the present. By your intrigues, your artifices (call it what name you will), you have raised yourself to a position you could never have hoped for—your wealth, your rank, and the love of a man, a gentleman."

You receive sufficient attention and adulation to satisfy the cravings of your vanity—you are not tempted to sin now. If you wish to win a man, you must be a married woman, a good, pure, loving woman, you are branding your self with black vice and wickedness."

"I have no concern with your past life," he said, a shade more kindly; "God forbid that I should judge any woman harshly. I have only to do with the present. By your intrigues, your artifices (call it what name you will), you have raised yourself to a position you could never have hoped for—your wealth, your rank, and the love of a man, a gentleman."

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"Good-by," she said, with tears in her eyes. "I must never see you again."

But Sir George swore with a vehement oath that it should not be good-by. He was one of those men in whom the inherent principle of setting most value on what he could not get was strongest.

When, during the next few days, he saw nothing of Mrs. Anson, and neither met nor heard of her, he worked himself into a perfect frenzy. He imagined that she adored him—that he could not live without her—he grew haggard, restless and ill.

Alas for all human foresight! When seventeen months before, Sir George Fabian and Olive Hamilton had stood together at the altar in the old country church—a fair young couple, with all God's best gifts showered upon them—beauty, love, rank, and wealth—admired and envied by every eye who looked at them—who could tell that in so short a time their hearts would be tortured with disunion, and both their young lives blighted—only with sinning, the other with being sinned against!

(To be continued)

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD.

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