

Shortly after Marian's school began in Westlake she became acquainted with a young gentleman named Burke, a poor artist, handsome and cultivated, but without money, friends or influence.

He secured board at the house next to the one at where Marian lodged, and he always waited until her school was out for the day, before he took his walk around the park by the lake; and she always went with him.

As a natural consequence, they fell in love with each other, and Marian was so happy in her choice that it never occurred to her to lament the splendors she had lost in renouncing the Hollowell inheritance.

Young Burke was very eager for the wedding not to be delayed; and one summer morning they were married quietly in a little church at Westlake, and then they set out together for her husband's home.

About this home he had never told anything—neither had she inquired; so you may understand she was very deeply in love with him—for now a days the "establishment" is often of infinitely more consequence to the young lady than the man who goes along with it, by way of incumbrance.

Marian was a little puzzled by one thing. As she had stood in the church, and listened to the solemn words of the marriage service, the name of the bridegroom, though uttered by the clergyman in a very low tone of voice, had sounded new and strange to her. She had not understood it; nevertheless, it had not sounded like plain John Burke.

Seated in the train by her husband's side, she asked him about it.

"The name is all right, darling," he replied, squeezing her hand under the folds of her shawl—"new husbands will do foolish things, you know; don't trouble your head about that."

So Marian dismissed it from her mind.

By and by she saw that they were nearing Elmsborough, the town where her fortune had been found and lost. She leaned out of the window to get a look at familiar objects. Her husband bent over her.

"Did you like Elmsborough, dear?"

"Very much. I was very happy here."

"I am glad. It is my home—our home," he said quietly.

Surprise made her silent, and the stopping of the train at the station prevented further conversation. A handsome carriage and pair awaited them, and in a very brief space of time Marian and her husband were driven to Hollowell House.

And there, drawn up in array on the lawn, were old Gilbert and Polly, and all the rest of them, waiting to welcome back their old mistress.

Marian turned to her husband, who, with a smiling face, was presenting his wife to the servants.

"What does it all mean?" she asked, in a puzzled tone.

"Nothing—except that my whole name is Clement Burke Hollowell, and you are my wife. Pardon my deception, Marian, but I fell in love with you before I saw you. I knew that no ordinary woman would have sacrificed what you did from a sense of honor, and I resolved to know you. I felt sure you would not prosper my suit if I was known to you as the heir, so I was a poor artist instead; and, darling, I am a very poor artist, for I never drew a thing in all my life. You know you used to tax me last summer with my miserable laziness, but I was on an entirely different kind of business from picture making. And you say you forgive me?"

She could do no better, she said, seeing that he had already settled everything his own way; and she glided gracefully into her old place as a mistress, and Hollowell House had all its own again.

MASONIC MEMORIES.

BY JEFFERSON.

THERE are undoubtedly numerous incidents in the lives of many of our older brethren of the Mystic Tic which would "afford a moral or adorn a tale," if they would only be gracious enough to relate them. The past was more heroic than the present even in the Masonic life, because the former ages were more dogmatic, more proscriptive, and far less willing to live and let live than at the present day; hence those who became heroes had to fight their way.

In those times everything had to pass the scrutiny of the prevailing creeds, and if any were found defective or of a suspicious character, the dogs of war were at once let loose upon them. Consequently the spirit of the age was hard on all institutions that were few in numbers, and often the members of such societies were compelled by the tyranny of public sentiment to keep in the shade and to hold quiet tongues, or