

of his parlour windows through which a bright fire was shining—when he entered and found the clean glowing hearth, the easy chair drawn up in front, and a pair of embroidered slippers waiting for him quite at their leisure, and above all, when he read the quick glance of welcome in a pair of very bright eyes, Mark forgot all about Ben Sandford, and all bachelor friends and allurements whatsoever, and thought himself the happiest fellow on earth.

The evening past off rapidly by the help of music, reading, and the little small talk of which newly married people generally find a supply, and the next morning saw Mark at early business hours with as steady a hand and as cool a head as if there had been no such thing as bachelor frolics in existence.

Late in the afternoon, Ben Sandford lounged in to ogle a few of the ladies, and above all, to rally Mark on losing the glorious fun of the evening before.

"Upon my word, Mark," he began, "we must have you put up for Selectman, you are becoming so extremely ancient and venerable in your ways—however, you are to be excused," he added, "circumstances considered—female influence;—ah!—well!—it's a fine affair this marriage!"

"Better try it, Mr. Sandford," said a bright, saucy girl, who, with her laughing companions, was standing by while Ben was speaking.

"Ah, madam! the wherewithal!" said Ben, rolling up his eyes with a tragic expression.—"If some clever old fellow would be so obliging as to die now, and leave me a few thousands—then, ladies! you should see!"

"But speaking of money," said Mark, when he saw the ladies busy over some laces he had just thrown on to the counter—"what did your 'glorious fun' cost you?"

"Pooh!—nothing!—only a ten dollar bill—nothing in my purse, you know?"

"Nothing in your purse?—not an uncommon incident after these occasions," said Mark, laughing.

"Oh, hang it all!" said Ben—"too true!—I can get no remedy for this consumption of the purse, as old Falstaff says, however, the world owes me a living, and so good morning!"

Ben Sandford was just one of that class of young men of who common report goes, that they can do any thing they please, and who consider this point as so well established, that they do not think it necessary to illustrate it by doing any thing at all. He was a lawyer of talents, and would have had an extensive run of business, had he not been one of the

class of people never to be found when wanted. His law books and law office saw far less of him than certain fashionable places of resort, where his handsome person and various social accomplishments, always secured to him a welcome reception. Ben had some little property left him by his father, just enough as he used laughingly to quote, "to keep him in gloves and cologne water," and for the rest, he seemed vastly contented with his old maxim, "the world owes me a living," forgetting that the world can sometimes prove as poor a paymaster as the most fashionable young gentleman going.

But to return to Mark. When he had settled his accounts at night, he took from a pigeon-hole in his desk, the little book aforementioned, and entered as follows: "To one real wake up, \$10," which being done, he locked his desk, and returned once more to Mrs. Meriden.

Days flew on, and the shop of Mark became increasingly popular, and still from time to time he was assailed by the kind of temptation we have described. Now it was, "Mark, my dear fellow, do join us in a trip to G—'s;"—and now, "Come, my old boy, let us have a spree at F—'s;"—now it was the club, now the oyster supper—but still Mark was invincible and still as one or another gaily recounted the history of the scene, he silently committed the account of the expense to his little book. Yet was not Mark cynical or unsocial. His refusals, though so firm, were invariably good natured, and though he could not be drawn abroad yet he was unquestionably open handed and free in his own home. No house had so warm a welcome—no dinner table could be more bountiful or more freely open for the behoof of all gentlemen of the dining-out order—no tea-table presented more unexceptionable toast, and no evening lounge was more easy, homelike, and cheerful, than on the warm sofas in the snug parlours of Mark Meriden. They also gave evening parties, where all was brilliant, tasteful, and well ordered; and, in fine, notwithstanding his short comings, Mark was set down as a fine open-handed fellow after all.

At the end of the year, Mark cast up the account in his little book, and was mightily astonished at it, for with all his ideas of the power of numbers, he had no idea that the twos, and fives, and tens, and ones, which on greater or smaller occasions, had found their way into his columns, would mount up to a sum so considerable. Mark looked about him—the world was going well—his business machinery