

have serious apprehensions in regard to the state of her husband's mind. She resolved to treat him with more gentleness in future, and see if he could not by that means be restored to sanity.

What a fierce trial her resolution was destined to have the very next morning, every one knows who has lain awake half the night and tried to get up next morning and be pleasant.

She managed to keep her tongue in subjection during breakfast, but an ominous cloud rested on her brow, which made John hasten to his work, and Lucy and James hurry off to school uncommonly early. Left to herself to do the forenoon's work, everything went wrong. The kettle boiled over and cracked the stove; the pies got burned; and when, to cap the climax, she broke a china plate which had belonged to the grandmother of her great-great-grandmother, her cup was running over.

At this unfortunate moment, James came in from school, and on his unlucky head the storm burst.

"Well," said Betsey, "I should think it was time you got home to do something. But oh no! you must be studying your Latin and algebra, while I am slaving myself to death to keep you in victuals and drink. It's all your fault that china plate got broke; and I wouldn't a had it for five dollars, after being in the family for mor'n a hundred years."

"Did I break it?" said James.

"No; but if I hadn't had run after wood, which you ought to have brought, the pies wouldn't a got burnt; and then I must hop around like a hen with its head cut off, to make some more, and so knocked down the china plate. You can't deserve a mouthful of dinner."

"Mrs. Bolton," said the boy, his face flushed with anger, "you will not be obliged to starve yourself to death for me any longer. I shall never take another meal in this house." So saying he left the room.

He had no sooner gone than Betsey was filled with regret for what she had said. She really loved the orphan-boy, who had come to them three years before; but she had a great dislike to what she called "book-worms," and the studious habit of James was a constant source of irritation to her. By the time John came home to dinner, she was in a very softened mood,

"Lucy," said she, in answer to the inquiries for James, "you go and see if you can't find him."

Lucy did know where to find him. There was a little corner in the barn where she had often found him before. This spot was James's place of refuge. Here he kept his books, and here he and Lucy had formed many bright plans for the future. The cobwebbed beams and