

turned and looked at him, and her hand sought a fine chain of gold round her grand throat, and which she always wore. Indecision was written on her face, and after a moment's sharp conflict with herself, she drew a locket miniature from her bosom, and walked swiftly back towards Maecr.

"Keep it," she said, laying it on the stand at his side; "it is the miniature of our dead child. You loved her. Let her angel face plead with you as no human voice or words may," and before he could open his rigid lips to speak, Valerie was gone like a shadow from the room. The hands of the little bronze clock were pointing to three, and Maecr rose from his chair, in which he had sat motionless since Valerie left him. Without looking at it, he lifted the locket from the stand, and after kissing it again and again, thrust it into his bosom.

"I dare not look upon your face, my loved darling," he muttered, "not until its mute appeal shall be powerless to weaken my resolve. To-night must decide much."

From a pocket he produced a very small dark lantern and a skeleton-key, and noiselessly opening the door, he stood, for some five minutes, listening intently. The house was quiet as the grave. Long bars of pallid moonlight fell into the dim lobbies from the windows, and carefully closing the door behind him, he stole like a shadow towards the stairs. As he crept on, a spectre in the ghostly light, another shadow slipped from behind a projection of the wall close to the apartment he had just left, and, pausing when he passed, glided after him, silent as a snake writhing through dank grass.

(To be continued.)

## IT WASN'T SO WHEN I WAS YOUNG!

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Dame Myrtle looked adown the road,  
Where, hand in hand, two lovers strayed,  
And to the prying villagers  
The secret of each heart betrayed.  
The look of love was in their eyes,  
And love was in the songs they sung;  
"Ah, me!" the good dame said, and sighed,  
"It wasn't so when I was young!"

"For maids were coy, and men gallant,  
And urged their suit on bonded knee:  
Those were the days of modest love,  
Those were the days of chivalry!  
But now a lover's looks and ways  
Are themes for every idle tongue,  
And hearts are not the precious things  
They used to be when I was young!"

"Why, in my time," and here she paused  
To set her cap and smooth her hair,  
"We thought 'twas part of Love's behest  
To keep a lover in despair.  
But now the maid is lightly wooed,  
And lightly won, I must confess;  
Too willing lips can never yield  
The bliss of that reluctant 'Yes!'"

Dame Myrtle took her glasses down,  
And wiped them very clean and dry,  
While, hand in hand, before her cot,  
The happy lovers sauntered by.  
She seemed to hear their whispered words,  
She seemed to know the songs they sang:  
Good dame, confess that you forget;  
'Twas just the same when you were young!

For the Favorite.

## WHO WAS RIGHT?

BY MRS. C. CHANDLER,  
OF MONTREAL.

"John, shall we answer this advertisement, in the paper?" said old Mrs. Wildare.  
"What is it, wife?" said her husband, putting on his spectacles, preparatory to looking over the newspaper, which his wife handed to him—and he read aloud the following:—

"Board wanted for the summer in a respectable farm house, by a young lady, who is in ill health, and requires a change. Address, &c., &c."

"Well, wife," said the old man, when he had finished, "what has this to do with us? We don't want any boarders."

"Why not, John," replied his wife, "we are not over rich, and these city boarders pay well, it will help us considerably, in laying in our winter stores."

Mr. Wildare shrugged his shoulders. "You forget," he said, "there won't be so much to be made after all; for you will have to find dainties; she won't be likely to fancy our homely fare. Mayhap, she will turn the heads of the young fellows around here, our Robert included, with her fine airs, and what good will that do any body. Mark my words, it will be so, if she comes." The old man shook his head sententiously, and looked very wise.

"Tut! tut!" said the old woman, "that is nonsense, John; Robert's head is not likely to be turned so easily; all he cares for is his books, that he's always reading, except he runs down to his cousin Mary's, and you know he thinks no end of her."

"We'll see, we'll see," said the old man, "a willful woman must have her way."

The advertisement was answered and all things satisfactorily settled.

Three days after Miss Ella Traveled—the young lady in question—alighted from a cab, alone with a trunk and band boxes, before the door of Mr. Wildare's pretty farm house.

She was a fragile-looking creature with large soft, blue eyes, an abundance of light brown hair, with a golden tinge, half put up, half falling in loose curls on her neck. Her complexion was fair, almost transparent; but it was not her eyes, hair or complexion which rendered her interesting, but an expression of good nature and intelligence which beamed in her countenance and made her lovely. Ella Traveled had been left an orphan two years before, quite penniless, to the care of an uncle. He was not unkind, but his more worldly wife looked upon Ella as an intruder; likely to "carry off the laurels" in society, from her less favored daughters.

Ella quickly perceived it; consequently, her life was not very pleasant. She withdrew herself almost entirely from the family, to her own room, where she devoted herself to reading and study. This confined mode of life acted on her health. Her uncle noticed with anxiety her pale cheeks and drooping eyes and urged her to accompany his wife to a fashionable watering place to which they resorted every summer; but Ella refused to do so.

However, she gladly accepted his other offer to go into the country for a change; so things came to pass as we have seen.

"What a pretty, polite young lady, Miss Traveled is," said Mrs. Wildare to her husband a few days after Ella's arrival, "but, daintily as you said; it is trouble enough to get her to taste a morsel of anything; the only thing she enjoys is some new milk."

"Well, I am sure, wife, that is cheap enough and it will do her a world of good, and bring a little color in her pale face. She seems a clever looking little witch."

Days glided into weeks and found Ella quite domesticated.

"Did you ever make bread or pies, Miss Ella?" said the old woman one day.

"No, Mrs. Wildare, but I have got a good insight into the mysteries of housekeeping since I have been here;—perhaps, I could do it myself if I tried."

"I'll be bound you never washed a tea cup, nor a pocket handkerchief."

"Not so bad as that, Mrs. Wildare," said Ella laughing; "but I can't say I know much about work—papa and mama did not allow me to exert myself at all; perhaps, I might have been stronger if I had; and I have never been required to do anything of house-work in my uncle's family."

"Well, child," said the old woman, "as long as you can do without it, it is all right; but, you must marry a rich man; you couldn't do for a poor man."

Ella laughed again, and said she had not begun to think of that yet.

Ella enjoyed the beautiful walks in the fields and romantic sports, which she was directed to by Robert, who was not unfrequently her companion in these rambles; and when some wild, beautiful, scenery would burst on her view, she could not resist the temptation of sketching it. This she was not proficient in, but it was still rather pleasing to see her attempts.

Ella had been rather agreeably surprised to find a young man, in the homely garb of a farmer, with such gentleness of manner and extensive information.

His appearance was also very prepossessing; he was about the medium height, with expressive gray eyes, well formed, muscular, and having a cheerful smile. His society was very pleasant. Yes! those were halcyon days for Ella.

"I wish Robert would not always be following about Miss Traveled so much," said Mrs. Wildare, "I am afraid Mary is not overpleased. The last time she was here he hardly took any notice of her, and he scarcely ever goes down to the Rookery as he used to. I know he is making a fool of himself, for doubtless she thinks too much of herself to look at him, in the first place; and, in the second place, she wouldn't be the wife for him. He would be stone mad to think of it."

"Well, wife, who put him in this temptation; wasn't it you brought her here; did he go for to seek her? As for myself I don't blame the young man liking the girl, she understands him better than Mary does; he can talk to her of all the things he reads; and then he's mad after those pictures of trees and ruins she draws when she is out walking."

"What is all that to do with it, will those 'fiddle faddles' make her a useful wife? If he is fool enough to wish for her, he is no son of mine," and the irritated old woman dashed out of the room.

The summer drew to a close. Ella received a letter from her uncle summoning her home on the following Monday. Her visit to the country had had a wonderful effect, in renovating her health; much to the pleasant surprise of her uncle when he met her at the station.

Mrs. Wildare was not sorry at her departure, before her son was "thoroughly lost" as she expressed it.

Robert saw Ella to the station, and to the last in spite of all his warm admiration, maintained towards her, the same distant respect he had ever shown her. Some months it had crossed

his brain, that she was very kind, very cordial, to him, which he only imputed to good-nature, yet, when she offered him in farewell her little hand in a warm grasp, and a tear glittered in her eye, he was puzzled at her feeling such regret.

"Come and see me, if you ever come to town," she said, "I have been very happy this summer, I shall never forget you all."

The train steamed off, leaving Robert gazing after it, spell-bound, feeling as if the sun had suddenly been darkened, and life was a blank.

"What do you say, Robert? You are going to the city to live and leave your old father and me, is this the gratitude of my only son?" and the old lady burst into tears.

"Now, mother, listen to me," said her son, "father is strong still, and able to do all with a little help. You would not wish to sacrifice all my hopes in life by staying here. Farming is not to my taste; I like a stirring life, and want to see a little of the world. I will come down often and see you, and write every week."

"You never, never would have thought of this," sobbed the old woman, "but for that girl I was fool enough to bring here last summer. Your father was right, he said I would repent it. I suppose you will go and see Miss Traveled the first thing, and she will make a fool of you. And then what will Mary say?" continued the old woman, not allowing her son to say a word.

"Mother, listen to me. I am not likely ever to see Miss Traveled again, I do not intend to seek her. I do not think of marriage at all just now. Mother, do not interfere with Mary, let her marry whom she pleases."

Robert started for the city a few days after. He got testimonials from the clergyman of the parish, which, united with his frank, intelligent face, soon procured him a situation in a large store. He sought no society, but devoted himself to the pleasure of reading. Often, however, would the image of Ella flit through his brain; in fact, he never forgot her, and, unknown to himself, she really was the guiding star of his life.

Chance one day favored him with a meeting. Coming out of a book-store one afternoon he met a young lady entering the store accompanied by two little girls. At the first glance he was struck with her beauty, but he did not recognize her; however, in a moment after the remembrance of who it was burst on him.

He almost trembled with agitation, but calming himself, he raised his hat. She passed with a slight bow, but almost instantly returned and touched him with her finger.

"Mr. Wildare, I did not recollect you at first, you are so much changed. I am so glad to see you," and she shook his hand warmly. "I am no longer at my uncle's," she continued, "I am governess to these young children. I will be happy to see you whenever you wish to pay me a visit."

She gave her address, got into the carriage which was waiting, and the bright vision departed from his view.

"John Wildare, will you come up and listen to this?" said Mrs. Wildare one afternoon, shaking up her husband from a nap after dinner. "Here is a letter from Robert, and what do you think, he's married to Miss Traveled! He never even told me he had seen her again, the artful fellow. What will Mary say, poor thing, as I was telling her only yesterday that he would be sure to come for her some day, and not to encourage that long gawky fellow that's always dangling after her. Ah! well-a-day, what a useless wife he has got! The little baggage can do nothing; and he to make his way in the world, too."

"Oh! you let him alone, wife; he knows what he is about. The girl is no fool; they'll manage all right. I'm not sorry to hear it if he fancied the girl; let him have her. As for Mary, she wasn't suited to him, and I fancy she won't break her heart about it."

Mr. Wildare was right. Mary did not grieve about it, but soon after gave her hand to the young farmer who was so pertinaciously following her, and was noted for her nice butter and chickens in all the neighborhood.

In the meanwhile Robert and Ella were as happy as falls to the lot of most mortals. His income enabled him to live in a small but comfortable house, and to keep one servant girl.

Two years fled away, and then a most unexpected crash came. Robert fell ill with inflammation of the lungs, brought on by a neglected cold. The situation was kept for him for some time, until his employers could wait no longer; then their income ceased.

There had been but little saved, and gaunt poverty stared the hapless couple in the face.

Robert still continued too ill to leave his room; but Ella had met all the exigencies with a fortitude which her husband had not given her credit for, sent away the servant and did the household work herself.

Failure after failure in broths, gruels, &c., took place, but still, not disheartened, she kept on cheerfully until she succeeded. Many hours a day did Ella have to leave her husband to perform some work which she had undertaken, but which she did not wish to tell her husband until he was better; but she had to work, money was to be had, and the young courageous wife kept on.

"What shall we do, my dearest?" said Robert one day to his wife, "we must be getting deeply in debt. What shall we do if I do not get better soon?"

"Do not trouble your head about such things, Robert; leave it to me to manage. Try and regain your strength. Your illness is all the anxiety I have. I will save all I can."

"But, my dear, you have but little money to save."

"Not another word, Robert; go to sleep, you are so pale," said Ella.

Oh, dear, dear! just as I said it," exclaimed Mrs. Wildare, bustling into her husband's bedroom one morning; "Robert is very ill, lost his situation. What will become of them, and such a useless creature for a wife. I suppose she will let him starve for something fit to eat, and will sit and wring her dainty little hands, when another woman would know how to use them to some purpose. As you are better, John, we must go to town and see him. Poor boy, if he had only stayed at home and married Mary! It makes my heart heavy every time I see her and Will Denis pass by in their waggon; they look so happy. Well-a-day—"

It was about a month after this that old Mr. and Mrs. Wildare contrived to reach their son's house.

"How in the world, Robert, are you doing for money," said his mother.

"I am sure I cannot tell; I only know that I have every thing I want, and Ella says things are all right."

"Very strange," mused the old lady. "I offered her some help with money, when I came yesterday, to provide for us; but, she told me she did not require it; very strange that she should not tell you where she gets it."

The next day Ella was out on some business, when the postman knocked, old Mrs. Wildare went to the door and received the letters.

"A letter directed to your wife, Robert," she said, handing it to him; "it feels as if it had money in it; who can it be from. You say she would not ask her uncle."

"No, I think not," said her son; "but she will soon be in and read it herself. I do not open her letters."

The old woman said nothing more, but every now and then giving a significant "humph."

Presently Ella came in, looking charming with her cheeks glowing and eyes sparkling after her rapid walk.

"Ella, here is a letter," said her husband, handing her the missive.

She started and looked annoyed.

"What is it, Ella, is it from your uncle?"

"No, Robert, it is not. It is a little secret which I intended keeping from you until you were quite strong; here it is, read it for yourself," and breaking open the letter Ella glanced her eye over it and placed it in her husband's hand, along with the money, which was ten pounds.

The note was from the editor of a monthly magazine sending her the amount for her last articles, and engaging some others for the ensuing month. Robert almost gasped with astonishment.

"My wife, my darling! why did you keep this from me. I never thought you had such a talent."

"I kept it a secret from you, dear Robert, until you were well; I thought you would be anxious and uneasy if you knew that I worked so much; for you would never let me sit long to read or write, you said it made me look ill."

"Bless you, my love, I know that you meant it all for the best; but, remember, dear, the moment I am able to help myself, you must not write too much."

Mrs. Wildare, senior, never once spoke during this scene between husband and wife, but appeared quite dumb-founded at discovering her mistake, that instead of marrying one who would be a burden, her son had become possessed of a jewel, and still more surprised was the old lady before she left to find her daughter-in-law could cook, bake, and wash, almost as good as herself.

"Well, wife," said old Mr. Wildare, when Robert was quite recovered and they were returning home. "Who was right. Didn't I tell you the boy knew what he was about, and had married a clever lassie?"

## THE WISE MAN'S CHOICE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It is a simple story we have to tell, and as it is a story of to-day, with the actors living and moving among us, we will not direct the stars of the multitude by publishing real names.

Let us say that Mr. Beverly, was a merchant, wealthy, respected and influential, doing a business large enough to satisfy the ambition of an Astor or a Billy Grey. Previous to the fall swoop of the fire fiend in Boston, his store reared its granite front on Franklin street, and multitudinous and bulky were the bales and boxes that found daily transit to and from the busy mart.

In Mr. Beverly's employ were three clerks—George Aston, Phillip Lewis, and Clarence Bagboe—who had entered to learn the mercantile business, and who had given promise of proficiency. The fact that they had been retained in the house a year or more, was proof positive to those who knew Mr. Beverly, that