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I Wonder Why.

"I wonder why this world's good things
Should fall in such unequal shares;
Why some should taste of all the joys
And others only feel the cares?
I wonder why the sunshine bright
Should fall in paths some people tread,
While others shiver in the shade
Of clouds that gather overhead!

"I wonder why the trees that hang
So full of luscious fruit should grow
Only where some may reach and eat
While others faint and thirsty go!
Why should sweet flowers bloom for some,
For others only thorns be found?
And some grow rich on fruitful earth,
While others till but barren ground?"

"I wonder why the hearts of some
Overflow with joy and happiness,
While others go their lonely way
Unblest with aught of tenderness!
I wonder why the eyes of some
Should ne'er be moistened with a tear,
While others weep from morn till night,
Their hearts so crushed with sorrow here!

"Ah! well; we may not know indeed;
The whys, the wherefores of each life!
But this we know—there's One who sees
And watches us through joy or strife.
Each' t'fettis mission here fulfils,
And only He may know the end,
And loving Him we may be strong
'Thoug storm or sunshine He may send."

(Written for the Family Circle.)

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATTERSON.

CHAPTER XI—(continued).

"H A T woman again! I'll put an end to this; I hold a weapon now, which will bring my lady to terms." He touched the pocket in which lay Dorothy's letter, along with the one he had written to Judith, and smiled at the thought of the triumph which awaited him.

"You here! I did not hear you come in," said Augusta, coldly, and was passing on to the inner room; when her husband stopped her.

"Augusta, did I not forbid you to receive Mrs. Bullion in this house?" he began, blusteringly.

"Forbid!" she drew herself up and confronted her lord and master, haughtily. "You forget that this house is mine, not yours."

"I don't care a d— whose house it is; you are my wife and will obey me. I forbid you receiving that woman or appearing in public with her!"

"Obey you!" exclaimed Augusta, with intense scorn. "Once for all, understand me, Mr. Thorpe, I do not intend to obey you in this or in any other matter. I shall certainly receive Mrs. Bullion in my house and shall visit at her's whenever I choose; and—indeed I may as well inform you while we are discussing this subject, that I have promised to go to the opera this evening with Mr. and Mrs. Bullion."

Scarlet with rage, Clarence strode up to his wife and laid his hand heavily on her arm.

"You have carried things with a high hand long enough, Mrs. Thorpe; now listen to me; unless you give me the obedience due from a wife to her husband, I swear, by heaven! that before the week is ended, Donald Standfield and Dorothy Brown shall know of the letter you intercepted nine years ago, as also of the one you forged in answer to it, and which he believes to this day was written by Miss Brown. Now choose!"

If Clarence had felt any lingering doubt of his wife's guilt in this matter, one look at her face as he made the accusation for ever dispelled it. Pallid as death, she started violently and uttered no word. Utterly taken by surprise she accused herself as plainly as though she had spoken the words, "I am guilty." He felt her start violently, for his hand still rested on her arm; he saw the momentary convulsive working of her white lips and he almost laughed aloud in his triumph.

But not for long was she crushed; her pride, or rather let us say her inextinguishable self-assurance, returned to her. She did not attempt to deny the charge—perhaps she deemed a denial useless, not knowing how much had been surmise, how much actual knowledge of facts in her husband's accusation. The act of having left her desk open had escaped her memory for the moment; it was only when she entered her writing room a few moments after that she lamented her own carelessness.