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### GEORGE CLEMENT'S WIFE.

"Of all things this is the worst! If I ever, in my life, expected to hear such news. Why, our George has gone and got married! d'ye hear!"

Good Mrs. Clement pushed her steel-bowed spectacles off her bright eyes and dropped the letter in her lap, as she turned around to her husband, the stout, clever old farmer, who was contentedly stroking the old white cat.

"Deacon, d'ye hear?"

This time, when she asked the question, there was a touch of sharpness in her voice.

"Yes; what if he is married? I'm sure 'tis natura' enough. It kind o' runs in the family, 'pears to me."

But Mrs. Clement would take no notice of the little pleasantry.

"Well, if you like it, I can tell you I do not. He need't think he's coming here with his fine citified lady, all airs and graces, and flounces and fluttered ruffles. There is plenty of girls hereabouts that wanted him. Right in the middle of the work, too! to talk of bringing a lady here in hog-killing time! I do declare, I think George is a fool!"

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A graceful, dainty little lady, in a garnet poplin and ruffled apron, covered with short, dusky curls, a pair of darkest blue eyes, so wistful and tender, a tiny rose-bud of a mouth, a dimple in one pink cheek. That was Mrs. Marion Clement. Was it any wonder that George had fallen in love with her?

She sat in the bright little parlor close beside the lace curtained window, watching for the loved husband's return, and then when she heard the click of the latch key in the hall, flew for the welcome kiss.

"Have not you the letter this time, George? I've felt so sure of it all day. Indeed I've quite decided what dresses to take with me."

He smiled as he shook his head.

A cloud suddenly came over the pretty face.

"O, George, isn't it too bad? And, I do believe—O, I do believe they won't write because you married me."

He put his arm around her neck.

"And supposing such should be the case, do you think it would make any difference to me?"

"Oh, no! no! only it would grieve me so if I knew I had alienated your own parents from you."

"And a one-sided alienation it would be, too! They never have seen