

"Child do not set your heart too firmly on him; he may play you false."

"Douglas play me false! Oh no! You do not know him Enis. Douglas is true," she cried with a smile. And I said no more, merely inquiring where Dr. Rathburn was at present.

"In Winchester," was the answer. "You know after his father died he had the practice at Upton; but about six months ago he received an offer of a large practice in Winchester which he accepted at once."

"He is prospering then?"

"Yes was the laughing answer—he says he is getting quite rich. But—if you will excuse me Enis, I think I had better go into the house and see mamma?"

"Excuse you!" I echoed bitterly—"my dear Helen, you surely forget that I am your paid companion."

"You are my very dear cousin," she answered stooping her golden head to kiss me before she went away, and left me to wrestle with this new pain. When at length I re-entered the house, obedient to a summons from Helen, I had steeled myself to suffer with proud composure the almost intolerable pain of listening to Helen's encomiums on her absent lover and to see the almost rapturous happiness in her face, knowing from what source it sprang. The thought occurred to me that there did not seem to be much need for a companion to amuse and interest her now, and I grew almost alarmed lest I should be told some day that my services were no longer necessary. I resolved to ingratiate myself more and more in Helen's affections, and to lose no time in commencing my search for the will. It was about a week later, that one morning as Helen and I sat once more beneath the cedar on the lawn she broached the subject of Upfield and our grandfather's will.

"Where did you get your strange pretty name Enis?" she asked suddenly.

"My mother's maiden name was Enis—she was a Miss Enis. It was nearly becoming Herbert's name, but papa thought it sounded too effeminate, so the idea was given up, and then, when I made my appearance it was bestowed upon me."

"Your brother Herbert was to have been a clergyman was he not?"

"Yes."

"Oh Enis! how you must hate us for taking Upfield from you; I think our grandfather's will was a most unjust one; he should not have disinherited the elder son. But Enis, I have never rightly understood the cause of the quarrel between grandpapa and my uncle; and do you know, I once overheard two of the servants talking about some other will, which was lost, but which if discovered would right your father; I asked my mother, but she knew nothing about it except that at the time of grandpapa's death there was some talk of another will, which, however was never found; would you mind telling me all about it from beginning to end. Oh! How I wish I could find that lost will! then my beautiful, stately Enis you would be Miss Godfrey, of Upfield, and I your little cousin. That would be charming; for you know I have a great deal of money without Upfield Manor and its revenues, and Douglas says he would be better pleased if I were not quite so rich."

"Indeed," I replied sarcastically, for I had a rooted conviction that it was Helen's money Dr. Rathburn loved, not Helen herself; for had he not loved me long ago when I was the richly dowered daughter of Squire Godfrey? But Helen's wealth was greater far than mine would ever have been, for she was sole heiress of Upfield Manor and all its broad acres and now he had transferred his affections to her. In my jealous resentment I did not pause to consider, that when I had last seen Douglas, he was little more than a boy and I a mere child; and in the years that had passed since then he had, perhaps naturally enough, outgrown his boyish love for me and had given the love of his manhood to my fair, baby-faced cousin! I only knew that I loved him now far more passionately than in my early girl-hood, while he—he had forgotten all the past no doubt. Men forget these things so much more readily than women who cherish them in their hearts foolishly, lovingly; as oftentimes sad and ever sweet and tender memories, to be taken anon reverently from their hidden recesses and gazed upon with wistful tear-dimmed eyes, as one looks upon the pictured face of some dear one dead and

gone. Ah! men do not guess how many such exquisitely tender memories are treasured up in the fond, foolish hearts of women.

At Helen's request I recounted to her the story of the inheritance of Upfield, so far as I knew it.

"Our Grandfather, as you know, had only two children, my father and yours. Alex, the elder was his favorite and the heir of Upfield, when they reached manhood, Edward your father entered the army whilst my father chose the profession of the law, for although heir to a large estate he refused to live an idle life. The two brothers were totally different in character and habits of living. Edward was a handsome, careless young fellow, always"—Here I stopped in some embarrassment, remembering suddenly that it was Helen's father of whom I was speaking.

"(To on)," she said gravely, "I know what you were going to say—my poor father was always extravagant and spent more money than he possessed."

So I continued.

"He was always in debt or trouble of some sort, and at length his father refused to pay his debts any more or to have anything further to do with him. You know Grandpa had a very violent temper and was stern and unbending, a very martinet in matters in which his younger son was particularly reckless. Your father, after struggling a while longer in the sea of debt into which he had cast himself, at length sold out of the army and left England without so much as letting his relatives know where he had gone. His father never saw him again, though I have heard that he grieved incessantly at his continued absence and unbroken silence."

"Papa, at the time of his brother's departure from England, was just beginning to succeed fairly in his profession, and Grandpa was pleased, and proud of his talents and his prospects of future success."

You, of course, have heard of Ella Montague, Grandpa's niece, who was killed, poor girl, by a fall from her horse, about a year and a half before her uncle's death. He was passionately fond of this girl, who, I have heard, was remarkably beautiful, besides being an heiress and an earl's descendant on her father's side. Her parents were both dead and she lived with Grandpa, who was her guardian. His most cherished wish, was that his elder son should marry Ella, who, my mother says, was much attached to her cousin Alex, my father. At length, during one of Papa's visits home, he [Grandpa] broached the subject to him, never dreaming that he would oppose the idea! You may imagine then his fury when Papa firmly but respectfully replied that he could never dream of making Ella his wife, as he was already engaged to another lady whom he loved with all his heart. That lady was Margaret Enis, a clergyman's daughter. Grandpa alternately raged and coaxed but all to no purpose. My father remained unmoved. He then threatened to disinherit him if he refused to give up my mother; but not even that had any power to win my father from his allegiance to the girl he loved. But we need not dwell any longer on this subject. Suffice to say, that Alex Godfrey left Upfield that night a disinherited son, forbidden by his father ever to enter its doors again unless he came prepared to carry out his wishes."

To be Continued.

Would you be a man or his shoes?

How much a man is like old shoes;
For instance, both a *soul* may lose.
Both have been *tanned*, both are made *tight*
By cobblers. Both *get left and right*;
They both need *healing*; both *get soiled*,
And both in time turn all to mould.
With *shoes* the *last* is first, with men
The first shall be the *last*; and when
The *shoes* wear out they're *mended* new,
When men wear out they're *men dead*, too.
They both are *trod upon*, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loth,
Both have their *ties*, and both *incline*;
When *polished*, in the world to shine;
And both *peg out*—and would you choose
To be a man or be his *shoes*?