



THE LADY IN SCHOOL.
Held on for a moment, teacher!
You had better ignore the rule,
Than punish the little urchin
Who has just laughed out in school.
Had she done it out of malice,
It would be a different thing,
But to could no more help it,
Than a lack can help to sing.
I know by his clouded pocket,
And his shoes tied with a cord,
That a laugh is the only luxury
His boyhood can afford;
And he hasn't much time to let him
For even that trivial joy,
For he'll have to earn a living
While he is yet a boy.
You ask why I defend him?
Well the fact is yesterday
I found a dog-eared primer
That I used when but a wisp;
And in imagination,
As I turned the pages over,
I saw some wonderful pictures
That I never found before.
I saw a certain urchin
(Called by the boys) go
To tiddling into the school-room
Making his share of noise;
And saw him during school-time
Playing pranks upon the floor
With the little Agnes
Till she laughed as she would die.
And this little fellow
When we grow up to be men,
If we have something to make us
Look backward now and then;
And therefore I insisted
You had better ignore the rule
Than punish the little fellow
Who has just laughed out in school.

EDDY'S SEARCH

—OR—
A BRAVE BOY'S BATTLE.

A TERRIBLE MYSTERY.

It was early in June, 1851.

In one of the small, neatly furnished rooms of good Mrs. Brierly's boarding house, at Poughkeepsie, was seated our hero, Eddy Burns.

He was a fair and handsome lad, some fifteen years of age, with bright, fearless blue eyes, a noble forehead, from which was carelessly tossed back his waves of fair hair, and a firm, rosy mouth, just now curved with an expression of almost girlish sweetness and tenderness.

He was a brave, truthful, noble boy, self-reliant beyond his years, first in his class at school, and distinguished among his school fellows for his generosity, unselfishness, and kindness of heart.

His home was at Riverton, some miles further up the river, but he was a student at Professor Butler's school at Poughkeepsie, and it was now several weeks since he had seen his home and his mother.

"He was thinking of his mother at the moment of his introduction to the reader, and while he idly watched the glimmer of white sails upon the shining river. It was the thought of her that brought to his mother's eyes, for Eddy, like most true-hearted lads, blest with a good mother, was a 'mother's boy.'"

His geography lay unheeded on his knees as he wore his boyish plans for the future; how he would achieve wealth and fame; and make his mother proud of him; how he would provide for her every luxury she could desire; and how, as she grew old, he would be her staff and support in the place of her husband, his father, whose death she mourned.

In the midst of his day dreams, a knock upon the door arrested him. He was only aroused from his reverie by the entrance of good Mrs. Brierly, his landlady, a rotund, motherly personage, whose ruddy face beamed with smiles. She held up two letters as she approached the lad.

"From home, I guess, Eddy," she said with a smile.

Eddy's face glowed as he sprang up, receiving the letters in his hands.

"It's about time I had a letter from mother," he exclaimed. One is from her. Who can have written the other? I'll read mother's first, my dear Mrs. Brierly."

"I'll just say that Mrs. Burns is well," remarked Mrs. Brierly, taking a seat. "There isn't a sweeter woman in the world than your mother, Eddy. How is she?"

The boy returned to his seat, tore open the smaller of the two envelopes with boyish impetuosity, and hurriedly perused his mother's letter.

And as he read the glow faded from his lips and the light from his eyes. He read the letter to its close, and when he had finished looked up at Mrs. Brierly with an expression of such utter distress, of such unutterable grief, that the good woman was startled, and made herself anxiously.

"What is it, Eddy?" she questioned anxiously.

"She is sick? Dead?" cried Mrs. Brierly.

Eddy shook his head.

"Not dead," he half sobbed, his features growing convulsed. "No, not dead—but it's almost the same. You can read the letter, Mrs. Brierly. Oh, my mother! my mother!"

He dropped his head to the window sill and sobbed.

Mrs. Brierly, her alarm increasing, caught up the letter from the floor, to which it had fallen, and made herself mistress of its contents.

It was written in a delicate, lady-like hand, and ran as follows:

"Riverton, on Hudson, June 12, 1851.
My Darling Boy: You must have wondered that I have not permitted your usual weekly visits home for the past month, that I have written you less frequently than usual. I am about to write you an explanation. It is not that I love you less, my son, but that my mind has been full of many and grave anxieties concerning both you and myself.

"Three years ago your father and I were the happiest couple in Riverton. We lived in our own home, a pretty little villa overlooking the river and your father owned his factory which was near. Our property was well situated on a secure foundation, and suddenly—with the suddenness of a thunder-bolt through a clear sky—our prosperity crumbled to ashes. The failure of an extensive firm with which my poor husband was connected hurried us down to poverty.

"I cannot dwell upon the particulars of that terrible failure—too terrible to us all. Your father, surprisingly honorable, gave up all his property to his creditors. Our villa was sold at auction, and was purchased as you know, by Mr. Hart Burgoyne. He removed to the small cottage we have since occupied, and which alone remained to us out of the wreck of our husband's fortune.

"About the time of my husband's failure, I received from the land of gold, and for some portion of his wealth was displayed in our banker's window in the shape of a huge gold brick. His stories found the hearts of the villagers. Your father, smarting under his reverses, restless and out of business, conceived the idea of going to California, and two years ago he went.

"It was Hart Burgoyne who furnished him money for his venture. It was to the care of Hart Burgoyne and his wife that your father committed in the hour of his departure. It was Hart Burgoyne who attended him in New York, who paid his passage, and whose friendly attentions he last saw before setting out upon that ill-fated voyage.

"You know, Eddy, that your father died of fever in California within a week of his landing in San Francisco. A friendly minister wrote me his last words, and last summer the same minister, returning to the East, sought me out at Riverton and told me the whole pitiful story.

"So much you already know. Your father's death was a terrible blow to me. I shall carry a widow's heart forever. You do not know how I loved your father. He was a noble man, but in all my troubles since your father's death, Burgoyne has been a faithful friend, full of kindly and delicate attentions. He was your father's true friend, and has never borne me malice because I preferred another to him. He has but only received his due to me, and urges me to become his wife. He has offered to make you his heir if I will marry him.

"You know, Eddy, that your father died of fever in California within a week of his landing in San Francisco. A friendly minister wrote me his last words, and last summer the same minister, returning to the East, sought me out at Riverton and told me the whole pitiful story.

"So much you already know. Your father's death was a terrible blow to me. I shall carry a widow's heart forever. You do not know how I loved your father. He was a noble man, but in all my troubles since your father's death, Burgoyne has been a faithful friend, full of kindly and delicate attentions. He was your father's true friend, and has never borne me malice because I preferred another to him. He has but only received his due to me, and urges me to become his wife. He has offered to make you his heir if I will marry him.

"I have supported you and myself by giving music lessons and by sewing. I have not the strength to work as I used, I am anxious that you should obtain an education but my earnings are too scanty to pay your way at college. In short, Eddy, I have concluded to marry Mr. Burgoyne. It is for your sake, my boy. Do not believe that any one will come between us—you and me. Your mother will love you as well as ever, even though she bears another name than yours. I respect Mr. Burgoyne—I honor and esteem him, but I have told him that I have no love to give him. My heart is with you, Eddy, and with my mother. No one can ever take your place in my heart. That first love will never leave me. Let us be true to each other all that we have been, my own boy. Remember—that no one can ever take your place in my heart, or come between you and me.

"Come home to us on Saturday. Come with a light heart and a smiling face. God bless you, my boy. I shall be glad to hear your loving mother, though now for the last time I write my name

Julia Burns.

Mrs. Brierly read this letter through, occasionally glancing at the sobbing boy, his conclusion, she exclaimed:

"I don't see anything to fret at, Eddy. It seems your mother has married a rich man, who is going to take you to his home. Surely that ought to please you. One would think that you would be glad to hear of her new home. What is the matter? Don't you like Mr. Burgoyne?"

"No—no!" cried Eddy, with a shudder. "I don't like him, and he doesn't like me. He is rich and honored, but I don't think he has a good heart. My poor mother!"

"What would she say if she could see you carrying on at this rate?" expostulated Mrs. Brierly.

The question aroused Eddy to recover his self-command. He answered bravely with his grief.

"What's done can't be undone," continued Mrs. Brierly. "You must not dwell on the letter three days now. Old that the letter's been so long a coming. If I were in your place, Eddy, I'd make the best of the matter."

"I will make the best of it, Mrs. Brierly," returned Eddy bravely and quite calmly. "I'll never see her again. I shall never know her mother has cost me a pang. I shall like him if he is good to her, and he will be. She is pretty and good and that will worship her. I have shed my last tear over the marriage. I hope, but, somehow, this wedding seems to me only the beginning of a storm of trouble."

"Nonsense, boy," said Mrs. Brierly cheerfully. "Your prosperity is just commencing. But there's another letter which you haven't opened. Who is that from?"

Eddy took up the second letter from the window ledge, opened it, and read it. He read the letter to its close, and when he had finished looked up at Mrs. Brierly with an expression of such utter distress, of such unutterable grief, that the good woman was startled, and made herself anxiously.

"What is it, Eddy?" she questioned anxiously.

"She is sick? Dead?" cried Mrs. Brierly.

Eddy shook his head.

"Not dead," he half sobbed, his features growing convulsed. "No, not dead—but it's almost the same. You can read the letter, Mrs. Brierly. Oh, my mother! my mother!"

He dropped his head to the window sill and sobbed.

Mrs. Brierly, her alarm increasing, caught up the letter from the floor, to which it had fallen, and made herself mistress of its contents.

It was written in a delicate, lady-like hand, and ran as follows:

"Riverton, on Hudson, June 12, 1851.
My Darling Boy: You must have wondered that I have not permitted your usual weekly visits home for the past month, that I have written you less frequently than usual. I am about to write you an explanation. It is not that I love you less, my son, but that my mind has been full of many and grave anxieties concerning both you and myself.

"Three years ago your father and I were the happiest couple in Riverton. We lived in our own home, a pretty little villa overlooking the river and your father owned his factory which was near. Our property was well situated on a secure foundation, and suddenly—with the suddenness of a thunder-bolt through a clear sky—our prosperity crumbled to ashes. The failure of an extensive firm with which my poor husband was connected hurried us down to poverty.

"I cannot dwell upon the particulars of that terrible failure—too terrible to us all. Your father, surprisingly honorable, gave up all his property to his creditors. Our villa was sold at auction, and was purchased as you know, by Mr. Hart Burgoyne. He removed to the small cottage we have since occupied, and which alone remained to us out of the wreck of our husband's fortune.

"About the time of my husband's failure, I received from the land of gold, and for some portion of his wealth was displayed in our banker's window in the shape of a huge gold brick. His stories found the hearts of the villagers. Your father, smarting under his reverses, restless and out of business, conceived the idea of going to California, and two years ago he went.

"It was Hart Burgoyne who furnished him money for his venture. It was to the care of Hart Burgoyne and his wife that your father committed in the hour of his departure. It was Hart Burgoyne who attended him in New York, who paid his passage, and whose friendly attentions he last saw before setting out upon that ill-fated voyage.

"You know, Eddy, that your father died of fever in California within a week of his landing in San Francisco. A friendly minister wrote me his last words, and last summer the same minister, returning to the East, sought me out at Riverton and told me the whole pitiful story.

"So much you already know. Your father's death was a terrible blow to me. I shall carry a widow's heart forever. You do not know how I loved your father. He was a noble man, but in all my troubles since your father's death, Burgoyne has been a faithful friend, full of kindly and delicate attentions. He was your father's true friend, and has never borne me malice because I preferred another to him. He has but only received his due to me, and urges me to become his wife. He has offered to make you his heir if I will marry him.

"You know, Eddy, that your father died of fever in California within a week of his landing in San Francisco. A friendly minister wrote me his last words, and last summer the same minister, returning to the East, sought me out at Riverton and told me the whole pitiful story.

"So much you already know. Your father's death was a terrible blow to me. I shall carry a widow's heart forever. You do not know how I loved your father. He was a noble man, but in all my troubles since your father's death, Burgoyne has been a faithful friend, full of kindly and delicate attentions. He was your father's true friend, and has never borne me malice because I preferred another to him. He has but only received his due to me, and urges me to become his wife. He has offered to make you his heir if I will marry him.

"I have supported you and myself by giving music lessons and by sewing. I have not the strength to work as I used, I am anxious that you should obtain an education but my earnings are too scanty to pay your way at college. In short, Eddy, I have concluded to marry Mr. Burgoyne. It is for your sake, my boy. Do not believe that any one will come between us—you and me. Your mother will love you as well as ever, even though she bears another name than yours. I respect Mr. Burgoyne—I honor and esteem him, but I have told him that I have no love to give him. My heart is with you, Eddy, and with my mother. No one can ever take your place in my heart. That first love will never leave me. Let us be true to each other all that we have been, my own boy. Remember—that no one can ever take your place in my heart, or come between you and me.

"Come home to us on Saturday. Come with a light heart and a smiling face. God bless you, my boy. I shall be glad to hear your loving mother, though now for the last time I write my name

Julia Burns.

Mrs. Brierly read this letter through, occasionally glancing at the sobbing boy, his conclusion, she exclaimed:

"I don't see anything to fret at, Eddy. It seems your mother has married a rich man, who is going to take you to his home. Surely that ought to please you. One would think that you would be glad to hear of her new home. What is the matter? Don't you like Mr. Burgoyne?"

"No—no!" cried Eddy, with a shudder. "I don't like him, and he doesn't like me. He is rich and honored, but I don't think he has a good heart. My poor mother!"

"What would she say if she could see you carrying on at this rate?" expostulated Mrs. Brierly.

The question aroused Eddy to recover his self-command. He answered bravely with his grief.

"What's done can't be undone," continued Mrs. Brierly. "You must not dwell on the letter three days now. Old that the letter's been so long a coming. If I were in your place, Eddy, I'd make the best of the matter."

"I will make the best of it, Mrs. Brierly," returned Eddy bravely and quite calmly. "I'll never see her again. I shall never know her mother has cost me a pang. I shall like him if he is good to her, and he will be. She is pretty and good and that will worship her. I have shed my last tear over the marriage. I hope, but, somehow, this wedding seems to me only the beginning of a storm of trouble."

"Nonsense, boy," said Mrs. Brierly cheerfully. "Your prosperity is just commencing. But there's another letter which you haven't opened. Who is that from?"

Eddy took up the second letter from the window ledge, opened it, and read it. He read the letter to its close, and when he had finished looked up at Mrs. Brierly with an expression of such utter distress, of such unutterable grief, that the good woman was startled, and made herself anxiously.

"What is it, Eddy?" she questioned anxiously.

"She is sick? Dead?" cried Mrs. Brierly.

Eddy shook his head.

"Not dead," he half sobbed, his features growing convulsed. "No, not dead—but it's almost the same. You can read the letter, Mrs. Brierly. Oh, my mother! my mother!"

He dropped his head to the window sill and sobbed.

Mrs. Brierly, her alarm increasing, caught up the letter from the floor, to which it had fallen, and made herself mistress of its contents.

It was written in a delicate, lady-like hand, and ran as follows:

"Riverton, on Hudson, June 12, 1851.
My Darling Boy: You must have wondered that I have not permitted your usual weekly visits home for the past month, that I have written you less frequently than usual. I am about to write you an explanation. It is not that I love you less, my son, but that my mind has been full of many and grave anxieties concerning both you and myself.

"Three years ago your father and I were the happiest couple in Riverton. We lived in our own home, a pretty little villa overlooking the river and your father owned his factory which was near. Our property was well situated on a secure foundation, and suddenly—with the suddenness of a thunder-bolt through a clear sky—our prosperity crumbled to ashes. The failure of an extensive firm with which my poor husband was connected hurried us down to poverty.

"I cannot dwell upon the particulars of that terrible failure—too terrible to us all. Your father, surprisingly honorable, gave up all his property to his creditors. Our villa was sold at auction, and was purchased as you know, by Mr. Hart Burgoyne. He removed to the small cottage we have since occupied, and which alone remained to us out of the wreck of our husband's fortune.

"About the time of my husband's failure, I received from the land of gold, and for some portion of his wealth was displayed in our banker's window in the shape of a huge gold brick. His stories found the hearts of the villagers. Your father, smarting under his reverses, restless and out of business, conceived the idea of going to California, and two years ago he went.

"It was Hart Burgoyne who furnished him money for his venture. It was to the care of Hart Burgoyne and his wife that your father committed in the hour of his departure. It was Hart Burgoyne who attended him in New York, who paid his passage, and whose friendly attentions he last saw before setting out upon that ill-fated voyage.

"You know, Eddy, that your father died of fever in California within a week of his landing in San Francisco. A friendly minister wrote me his last words, and last summer the same minister, returning to the East, sought me out at Riverton and told me the whole pitiful story.

"So much you already know. Your father's death was a terrible blow to me. I shall carry a widow's heart forever. You do not know how I loved your father. He was a noble man, but in all my troubles since your father's death, Burgoyne has been a faithful friend, full of kindly and delicate attentions. He was your father's true friend, and has never borne me malice because I preferred another to him. He has but only received his due to me, and urges me to become his wife. He has offered to make you his heir if I will marry him.

"You know, Eddy, that your father died of fever in California within a week of his landing in San Francisco. A friendly minister wrote me his last words, and last summer the same minister, returning to the East, sought me out at Riverton and told me the whole pitiful story.

"So much you already know. Your father's death was a terrible blow to me. I shall carry a widow's heart forever. You do not know how I loved your father. He was a noble man, but in all my troubles since your father's death, Burgoyne has been a faithful friend, full of kindly and delicate attentions. He was your father's true friend, and has never borne me malice because I preferred another to him. He has but only received his due to me, and urges me to become his wife. He has offered to make you his heir if I will marry him.

"I have supported you and myself by giving music lessons and by sewing. I have not the strength to work as I used, I am anxious that you should obtain an education but my earnings are too scanty to pay your way at college. In short, Eddy, I have concluded to marry Mr. Burgoyne. It is for your sake, my boy. Do not believe that any one will come between us—you and me. Your mother will love you as well as ever, even though she bears another name than yours. I respect Mr. Burgoyne—I honor and esteem him, but I have told him that I have no love to give him. My heart is with you, Eddy, and with my mother. No one can ever take your place in my heart. That first love will never leave me. Let us be true to each other all that we have been, my own boy. Remember—that no one can ever take your place in my heart, or come between you and me.

"Come home to us on Saturday. Come with a light heart and a smiling face. God bless you, my boy. I shall be glad to hear your loving mother, though now for the last time I write my name

Julia Burns.

Mrs. Brierly read this letter through, occasionally glancing at the sobbing boy, his conclusion, she exclaimed:

"I don't see anything to fret at, Eddy. It seems your mother has married a rich man, who is going to take you to his home. Surely that ought to please you. One would think that you would be glad to hear of her new home. What is the matter? Don't you like Mr. Burgoyne?"

"No—no!" cried Eddy, with a shudder. "I don't like him, and he doesn't like me. He is rich and honored, but I don't think he has a good heart. My poor mother!"

"What would she say if she could see you carrying on at this rate?" expostulated Mrs. Brierly.

The question aroused Eddy to recover his self-command. He answered bravely with his grief.

"What's done can't be undone," continued Mrs. Brierly. "You must not dwell on the letter three days now. Old that the letter's been so long a coming. If I were in your place, Eddy, I'd make the best of the matter."

"I will make the best of it, Mrs. Brierly," returned Eddy bravely and quite calmly. "I'll never see her again. I shall never know her mother has cost me a pang. I shall like him if he is good to her, and he will be. She is pretty and good and that will worship her. I have shed my last tear over the marriage. I hope, but, somehow, this wedding seems to me only the beginning of a storm of trouble."

"Nonsense, boy," said Mrs. Brierly cheerfully. "Your prosperity is just commencing. But there's another letter which you haven't opened. Who is that from?"

Eddy took up the second letter from the window ledge, opened it, and read it. He read the letter to its close, and when he had finished looked up at Mrs. Brierly with an expression of such utter distress, of such unutterable grief, that the good woman was startled, and made herself anxiously.

"What is it, Eddy?" she questioned anxiously.

"She is sick? Dead?" cried Mrs. Brierly.

Eddy shook his head.

"Not dead," he half sobbed, his features growing convulsed. "No, not dead—but it's almost the same. You can read the letter, Mrs. Brierly. Oh, my mother! my mother!"

He dropped his head to the window sill and sobbed.

Mrs. Brierly, her alarm increasing, caught up the letter from the floor, to which it had fallen, and made herself mistress of its contents.

It was written in a delicate, lady-like hand, and ran as follows:

"Riverton, on Hudson, June 12, 1851.
My Darling Boy: You must have wondered that I have not permitted your usual weekly visits home for the past month, that I have written you less frequently than usual. I am about to write you an explanation. It is not that I love you less, my son, but that my mind has been full of many and grave anxieties concerning both you and myself.

"Three years ago your father and I were the happiest couple in Riverton. We lived in our own home, a pretty little villa overlooking the river and your father owned his factory which was near. Our property was well situated on a secure foundation, and suddenly—with the suddenness of a thunder-bolt through a clear sky—our prosperity crumbled to ashes. The failure of an extensive firm with which my poor husband was connected hurried us down to poverty.

"I cannot dwell upon the particulars of that terrible failure—too terrible to us all. Your father, surprisingly honorable, gave up all his property to his creditors. Our villa was sold at auction, and was purchased as you know, by Mr. Hart Burgoyne. He removed to the small cottage we have since occupied, and which alone remained to us out of the wreck of our husband's fortune.

"About the time of my husband's failure, I received from the land of gold, and for some portion of his wealth was displayed in our banker's window in the shape of a huge gold brick. His stories found the hearts of the villagers. Your father, smarting under his reverses, restless and out of business, conceived the idea of going to California, and two years ago he went.

"It was Hart Burgoyne who furnished him money for his venture. It was to the care of Hart Burgoyne and his wife that your father committed in the hour of his departure. It was Hart Burgoyne who attended him in New York, who paid his passage, and whose friendly attentions he last saw before setting out upon that ill-fated voyage.

"You know, Eddy, that your father died of fever in California within a week of his landing in San Francisco. A friendly minister wrote me his last words, and last summer the same minister, returning to the East, sought me out at Riverton and told me the whole pitiful story.

"So much you already know. Your father's death was a terrible blow to me. I shall carry a widow's heart forever. You do not know how I loved your father. He was a noble man, but in all my troubles since your father's death, Burgoyne has been a faithful friend, full of kindly and delicate attentions. He was your father's true friend, and has never borne me malice because I preferred another to him. He has but only received his due to me, and urges me to become his wife. He has offered to make you his heir if I will marry him.

"You know, Eddy, that your father died of fever in California within a week of his landing in San Francisco. A friendly minister wrote me his last words, and last summer the same minister, returning to the East, sought me out at Riverton and told me the whole pitiful story.

"So much you already know. Your father's death was a terrible blow to me. I shall carry a widow's heart forever. You do not know how I loved your father. He was a noble man, but in all my troubles since your father's death, Burgoyne has been a faithful friend, full of kindly and delicate attentions. He was your father's true friend, and has never borne me malice because I preferred another to him. He has but only received his due to me, and urges me to become his wife. He has offered to make you his heir if I will marry him.

"I have supported you and myself by giving music lessons and by sewing. I have not the strength to work as I used, I am anxious that you should obtain an education but my earnings are too scanty to pay your way at college. In short, Eddy, I have concluded to marry Mr. Burgoyne. It is for your sake, my boy. Do not believe that any one will come between us—you and me. Your mother will love you as well as ever, even though she bears another name than yours. I respect Mr. Burgoyne—I honor and esteem him, but I have told him that I have no love to give him. My heart is with you, Eddy, and with my mother. No one can ever take your place in my heart. That first love will never leave me. Let us be true to each other all that we have been, my own boy. Remember—that no one can ever take your place in my heart, or come between you and me.

"Come home to us on Saturday. Come with a light heart and a smiling face. God bless you, my boy. I shall be glad to hear your loving mother, though now for the last time I write my name

Julia Burns.

Mrs. Brierly read this letter through, occasionally glancing at the sobbing boy, his conclusion, she exclaimed:

"I don't see anything to fret at, Eddy. It seems your mother has married a rich man, who is going to take you to his home. Surely that ought to please you. One would think that you would be glad to hear of her new home. What is the matter? Don't you like Mr. Burgoyne?"

"No—no!" cried Eddy, with a shudder. "I don't like him, and he doesn't like me. He is rich and honored, but I don't think he has a good heart. My poor mother!"

"What would she say if she could see you carrying on at this rate?" expostulated Mrs. Brierly.

The question aroused Eddy to recover his self-command. He answered bravely with his grief.

"What's done can't be undone," continued Mrs. Brierly. "You must not dwell on the letter three days now. Old that the letter's been so long a coming. If I were in your place, Eddy, I'd make the best of the matter."

"I will make the best of it, Mrs. Brierly," returned Eddy bravely and quite calmly. "I'll never see her again. I shall never know her mother has cost me a pang. I shall like him if he is good to her, and he will be. She is pretty and good and that will worship her. I have shed my last tear over the marriage. I hope, but, somehow, this wedding seems to me only the beginning of a storm of trouble."

"Nonsense, boy," said Mrs. Brierly cheerfully. "Your prosperity is just commencing. But there's another letter which you haven't opened. Who is that from?"

Eddy took up the second letter from the window ledge, opened it, and read it. He read the letter to its close, and when he had finished looked up at Mrs. Brierly with an expression of such utter distress, of such unutterable grief, that the good woman was startled, and made herself anxiously.