

invalid the greater part of the time. However, I got through with my morning's work, somehow, though mamma remarked in surprise upon my abstraction and unusual awkwardness when I was bathing her head and assisting her to dress. Jane too, regarded me with eyes of suspicion when I had for the third time requested her to repeat something she was saying about household matters; finally I covered myself with confusion, by gravely asking our worthy butcher to send us a will for dinner, and was only recalled to my senses by perceiving the amazement depicted upon his face, and upon those of the other customers who happened to be in the store.

Day by day this idea of the will's being concealed somewhere in the old library at home, took a stronger and deeper hold upon my mind, to the exclusion of almost every other thought.

At last there came a night when the same dream came to me again in my sleep. In this second dream, everything happened precisely as in the first; only that on this occasion the force of my own excitement awoke me and I started up in bed trembling all over, and with a half-uttered cry upon my lips, to find that it was the middle of the night and all was darkness and silence around me. After this nothing could have shaken my belief that the dream had been sent me as a revelation. Hitherto I had laughed at superstition in others, but now I was yielding myself heart and soul, to a wild superstition which was already influencing my whole character; for as Hetty remarked in her characteristic way—"Enis has changed all at once; she used to be as gay as a lark, now she is as mopey as an old owl." And Hetty was right; my whole being was filled with the intense desire to fathom the secret of the will, my whole life turned now upon the pivot of one grand idea, one solemn purpose; namely, to win back Upfield, to establish my father's right to be master there, in fact, to eject the usurpers and bring back my father and mother, my brothers and sisters in triumph to the home from which they had been thrust out so ignominiously three years ago. With this daring scheme filling my mind by day and by night, it is little wonder if all my girlish brightness vanished and a settled gloom and thoughtfulness took its place. But, strange as it may appear, I never once mentioned my scheme to the others, not even to Herbert, who was my confidant upon all ordinary occasions.

Meantime I laid my plans; they were simple and few. I must go to Upfield—go there as an inmate of the manor; and then I must find or make an opportunity of thoroughly examining the two cupboards in the library; if I discovered nothing in either of these, I would search elsewhere in the room, examine every volume separately if necessary, till I found the will, which I was now convinced had been made in favor of Alex. Godfrey, my father. My only fear was, that it had been discovered and destroyed already; for hating my aunt as I did, I was quite ready to credit her with any enormity. Yes, I must go to Upfield; but how?

(To be Continued.)

Total Annihilation.

O, he was a Bowery boot-black bold,
And his years they numbered nine;
Rough and unpolished was he, albeit
He constantly aimed to shine.

As proud as a king on his box he sat,
Munching an apple red,
While the boys of his set looked wistfully on,
And "Give us a bite!" they said.

But the boot-black smiled a lordly smile;
"No free bites here!" he cried.
Then the boys they sadly walked away,
Save one who stood at his side.

"Bill, give us the core," he whispered low.
That boot-black smiled once more,
And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek—
"There ain't goin' to be no core!"

[Written for The Family Circle.]

Wounded Hearts.

A TALE OF PASSION AND PAIN FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JOE LAINBROOK.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

FOR a moment my companion looked steadily at the point where Sweeman had disappeared, and then turned slowly and looked curiously at me.

"Do you never try to think out his reason? Do mysteries come before you and awake no curiosity to fathom them?"

"I can't tell why I've not been more active in this matter," I replied slowly; "but I've felt a curiosity which I thought must be stifled. I have scarcely hoped to unravel the secrets of the case, and I have always felt strangely passive and somewhat cautious in venturing to acquire information in regard to it."

"If you are as cautious in the matter of finding your brother, I'm afraid you'll never fulfil the mission left you to perform."

"Instead of speaking in riddles, you might tell me what you know," I exclaimed, irritably. "Do you know anything about him?"

"Listen," he said; "we may have to wait long before Sweeman's return, so we may as well sit down by the roadside and talk. I may know something that will interest you."

All eagerness, I took a seat on the ground beside him. There was no sign of emotion nor even an uncommon expression on his countenance.

For a few seconds we sat in silence, my companion complacently chewing the end of a straw, as he looked at me with something of a superior air.

"You're not much used to the ways of the world, and you're rather a senseless fellow, anyway, to try to find your brother."

I could not understand him, and he knew it and went on:

"Do you know how much you're worth?"

"I've never troubled myself much about that."

"Well, you're worth enough to live on, anyway, and that you know, I'll warrant you."

"Yes; and more."

"Well, what would you do if your possessions were taken from you, which your ungrateful elder brother would be likely to do if he should be found? Remember they're his legally. Now, what do you think you'd do if you should find him?"

I was dazed and could not reply for a moment.

"He may not be living." And I eagerly sought in the expression of Werbletree's face for a solution of the circumstances surrounding me.

"Do you wish him dead?"

"No! No!"

"You surely do not wish to be driven from your home: you cannot make a living."

"If I can't, I don't deserve one."

"Nobly said; but my dear friend, you never knew, as your brother has, the coldness of the world, the hard and rugged road of a moneyless man."

"Then he might help me, knowing how himself 'twas hard to battle with a cold, relentless world. Come; at any rate if you know of him, 'tis but fair that he should have his rights."

"Keep cool my friend; you are excited now and speak from impulse. You talk as though the law can but be just."

I sat in silent meditation for a time and he quietly watched me. I sank into a sort of reverie and started up, half unconscious, as he pulled me by the arm and whispered—

"He is fooled again."

"Who?"

"Sweeman."

Still in a state of half stupor, with a heavy heart, I looked and saw the miller pass by, not seeing us in the darkness. But an indistinct vision of him and our walking home comes before me, and then I remember getting into bed and sleeping among troubled dreams till morning dawned.