| The state of the

LOUSIANA

17. PARTIE WERKLY MAIL TORONTO PRIDE SO, 1869.

18. Control of the parties of the part

me, ez she will be, mebbe.' Seemed like hed it in his mind ez he warn't long this world. Don't let us cross her nothin'. He never did. He was powful tender ou her, was Elbert."

"I seed Marthy Lureny Nance this crain'," put in Aunt Ca'line, "an' I told ar to come up an' kinder overlook things. he haint with no one now, an' I dessay he'd like to stay an' keep house."

"I don't see nothin' ag'im't," commented Uncle Steve, "i' Louisianny don't. She's a settled woman, an's bin married, an' haint no family to pester her sence Nance is dead."

"She was allers the through-goin' kind," said Aunt 'Nervy. "Things'll be well looked to—an' she thought a heap o' Elbert. They were raised tegether."

ssid Aunt 'Nervy. "Things'll be well looked to—an' she thought a heap o' Elbert. They were raised tegether."
"S'pos'n' ye was to go in an' speak to Louisiana, being spoken to, was very tractable. She was willing to do anything asked of her but go away.
"I should be very glad to have Mrs. Nance here, Aunt Minerva," she said. "She was always very kind, and father liked her. It won't be like having a strange face near me. Please tell her I want her

liked her. It won toe like having a strange face near me. Please tell her I want her to come, and that I hope she will try to feel as if she was at home."

So Marthy-Lureny Nance came, and was formally installed in her position. She was a tall, strongly-built woman, with blue eyes, black hair, and thick black eyebrows. When she arrived she wore ar best alpaca gown and a starched and illed blue sun-bonnet. When she pre-ented herself to Louisiana she sat down

before her, removed this sun bonnet with a scientific flap and hung it on the back of her chair.

"Ye look mighty peak ed, Leuisianny," she said. "Mighty peak ed."

"I don't feel very well," Louisiana answered, "but I suppose I shall be better after a while.

"Ye're takin' it powerful hard, Louisianny," said Mra. Nance, "an' I don't blame ye. I ain't gwine to pester ye atalkin'. I jest come to say I 'lowed to do my plum best by ye, an' ax ye whether ye liked hop yeast or salt rising'?"

At the end of the week Louisiana and Mrs. Nance were left to themselves. Aunt 'Nervy and Aunt Ca'line and the rest had returned to their respective homes; even Jenny had gone back't o Bowersville, where she boarded with a relative and went to school.

The days after this seemed so long to Louisiana that she often wondered how she lived through them. In the first passion of her sorrow, she had not known how they passed, but now that all was silence and order in the house, and she was alone, she had nothing to do but to count the hours. There was no work for her, no one came in and out for whom she might invent some little labour of love; here was no one to watch for, no one to hink of. She used to sit for hours at her think of. She used to sit for hours at her window watching the leaves change their colour day after day, and at last flutter down upon the grass at the least stir of wind. Once she went out and picked up one of these leaves and, taking it back to her room, shut it up in a book.

"Everything has happened to me since the day it was first a leaf," she said. "I

when are trees where bare, and one day when at the Springs, and she went to the place where she had put them, brought them out and tried to feel interested in

them again.

"I might learn a great deal," she said,
"if I persevered. I have so much time."
But she had not read many pages before
the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"If he had lived," she said, "I might "It he had lived," she said, "I might have read them to him and it would have pleased him so. I might have done it often if I had thought less about myself. He would have learned, too, He thought he was slow, but he would have learned, too, in a little while, and he would have been

in a little while, and he would have been so proud."

She was very like her father in the simple tenderness of her nature. She grieved with the hopeless passion of a chile for the wrong she had unwittingly done.

It was as she sat trying to fix her mind upon these books that there came to her the first thought of a plan which was afterward of some vague comfort to her. She had all the things which had furnished the old parlour taken into one of the unused rooms—the chairs and tables, the carpet, the ornaments and pictures. She spent a day in placing everything as she remembered it, doing all without letting any one assist her. After it was arranged, she left the room and lecked the door, taking the key with her.

"No one shall go in but myself," she said. "It belongs to me more than all the rest."

"It pelongs to me more than all the rest."

"I never knowed her to do nothin' actionate but thet," remarked Mrs. Nance, in speaking of it afterwards. "She's mighty still, an' sits an grieves a hesp, but she aint never notionate. Thet was kinder notionate fer a gal to do. She sets store on 'em 'cause they was her pappy's an' her ma's, I reckom. It cayn't be nothin' else, fur they aint to say stylish, though they was allers good solid-appearin' things. The picters was the on'y things ez was showy."

was alless good solid-appsarin' things. The picters was the on'y things ez was showy."

"She's mighty pale an' slender sence her pappy died," said the listener.

"Wa-al, yes, she's kinder peak-ed," admitted Mrs. Nance. "She's kinder peak-ed, but she'll git over it. Young folks allers does."

But she did not get over it as soon as Mrs. Nance had expected, in view of her youth. The days seemed longer and lone-lier to her as the winter advanced, and she had at last been able to read and think of what she read. When the snow was on the ground and she could not wander about the place, she grew paler still.

"Louisianny," said Mrs. Nance, coming in upon her one day as she stood at the window, "ye're a-beginnin' to look like ye're Aunt Melissy."

"Am I?" answered Louisiana, "She died when she was young, didn't she?"

"She wasn't but nineteen," she said grimly. "She had a kind o' love-scrape, an' when the feller married Emmerline Ruggles she jest give right in. They hed a quarrel, an' he was a sperrity kind o' thing an' merried Emmerline when he was mad. He cut off his nose to spite his face, an' a nice time he hed of it when it was done. Melissy was a pretty gal, but kinder consumpshony, an' she hedn't backhone emough to hold her up. She died eight or nine months after they'd quarrelled, Mebbe she'd hev died any-how, but thet sorter hastened it up. When folks is consumpshony it don't take much to set 'em off."

"I don't think I am 'concumpshony,'" said Louisiana.

"Lord-s-massy, no!" was the reply, "an' ye'd best not begin to think it. I wasn't a-meanin' thet. Ye've kinder got into a poor way steddyin' bout yer pappy, and it's tellin' en ye. Ye look as if thar wasn't a thing of ye—an' ye don't take no intrnus. Ye'd oughter stir round' a little as soon as Jake, brings the buggy up," said Louisiana.

"Lord-s-massy, no!" was the reply, "an' ye'd best not begin to think it. I wasn't a-meanin' thet. Ye've kinder got into a poor way steddyin' bout yer pappy, and it's tellin'en ye. Ye look as if thar wasn't a thing', but at

"Toward town."
For a moment Mrs. Nance looked at her charge steadily, but at length her feelings were too much for her. She had been thinking this matter over for some time.

"Louisanny," she said, "you'rea-gwine to the grave-yard, thet's whar ye're a-gwine, an' there aint ne sense in it. Young folks hedn't ought to hold on to trouble thet awaay—'taint nat'ral. They don't gin'rally. Elbert 'd be ag'in it himself of he knowed an' I suppose he does. Like as not him—an' Ianthy's a-worryin about it now, an' Lord knows of they air it'll spile all their enjoyment. Kingdom come wont be nothin' to 'em if they're oneasy in their minds 'bont ye. Now an' ag'in it's 'peared to me that mebbe harps an' crowns an' the company o' 'postles don't set a body up all in a minnit an' make 'em forgit their flesh an' blood an' nat'ral feelin's testeceally—an' it kinder troubles me to