

apparent calmness: "Anthony I have committed forgery."

"Good God! what tempted you to perpetrate such a desperate deed?"

"Necessity. But don't torture me with questions! The deed is done—and the forfeit must be paid. The Jew in whose name the bill was drawn, has detected the fraud. Fortunately for me, avarice is a more powerful feeling in him, than justice. He perceives that he will gain nothing by hanging me, but something considerable by saving my life at his own price. The sum drawn upon him was for three hundred pounds. Benjamin came to me this morning, and told me that, if I paid him four hundred, within twelve hours, he would stand by the order, and avoid the prosecution; but if I refused to comply with his terms, the law must take its course. I have no money—I know not where to obtain such a large sum in the given time, and if I suffer this day to expire, the season for mercy is past. Rescue me, Anthony, from this frightful situation. Save me from a death of shame—and the rest of my life shall be devoted to your service."

"Alas! Godfrey, I have already borne your shame, and though your own victim has pronounced my innocence, the world still continues to declare me guilty. What can I do in this dreadful business? I have no money—I wish to God I had!"

"But you have a father, Anthony! a rich father!" exclaimed Godfrey, writhing with agony, until the big drops of perspiration trickled down his temples. "Will you, not go to him, and make one effort—one last effort to save my life? Think of our early years. Think of my generous father. Of his love and friendship; of all he sacrificed for your sake—and will you let his son be hung like a dog, when a few words of persuasion might save him?"

The criminal bowed his head upon his hands and wept long and passionately. Anthony was deeply affected by his awful situation, and present distress. Had Frederick been at home, they might have done something to rescue him. They might have gone to the Miser, and together represented the necessity of the case; and, by offering large interest for the loan of the money, have obtained it. What was to be done? Alas, for Anthony! the money which had been left in his hands by Frederick, at that unlucky moment, flashed across his mind. It was exactly the sum. He was sure that Frederick would lend it, in the present emergency. Anthony had yet to learn that we are not called upon in such matters to think for others. He looked doubtfully in the haggard face of the wretched suppliant.

"Have you no means of raising the money, Godfrey?"

"Yes, in a few days—but it will be too late then."

"Cannot you persuade the Jew to wait?"

"He is inexorable, Anthony," he continued;

"if you could borrow the money for me today, I will repay it tomorrow night."

"Can you promise me this?"

"I swear—I will sell the reversion of the legacy left me by my Aunt Maitland, at her uncle's death; you know that it is seven hundred pounds, which will more than meet the demand. But, to accomplish this, more time is required than I can command just now—will this satisfy you?"

"It will. But, Godfrey, you must not deceive me."

"Could you imagine me such an ungrateful scoundrel?"

"I have been betrayed by you once before. If you fail this time, you will ruin us both."

Anthony went to the bureau, and unlocked it with a trembling hand. As he opened the drawer which contained the money, a sudden chill crept through his veins, and he paused irresolute how to proceed. "It is not theft," he argued to himself. "It is but a loan which will soon be repaid." He had gone too far to recede. Godfrey was at his side, and eagerly seized upon the golden prize. With tears of real or feigned gratitude he left the house, and Anthony had leisure to reflect upon what he had just done. The more he pondered over the rash act, the more imprudent and criminal it appeared; and when by the morning's post, he received a letter from Frederick, informing him that he had made a very advantageous purchase in that neighborhood, and requesting him to transmit the notes left in his care, by return of post, his misery was complete. "Unfortunate Anthony!" he cried. "Into what new dangers will your unhappy destiny hurry you?"

Snatching up his hat, he rushed forth in quest of his cousin."

(To be continued.)

## YOUR HEART IS A MUSIC-BOX, DEAREST.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

Your heart is a music-box, dearest!

With exquisite tunes at command,  
Of melody sweetest and clearest,

If tried by a delicate hand;  
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,  
At a single rude touch it would break.

Then, oh! be the magic key mine,  
Its fairy-like whispers to wake!

And there's one little tune it can play,  
That I fancy all others above—

You learned it of Cupid one day—

It begins with and ends with "I love!"

"I love"

It begins with and ends with "I love!"

The patient can oftener do without the doctor than the doctor without the patient.—Zimmerman.