

the most perfect harmony and sweet content. After the war, however, Walker found himself almost without a penny in the world, and, thinking to better his fortunes removed to New York, where he managed to make a poor living as a subordinate in the Custom House. Margery regretted this change of circumstances very much, but, being thoroughly devoted to her father, she did not repine, but did all in her power to make his home as happy as could be under such conditions. She missed her accustomed amusements very much, and although in New York she saw many things and found many opportunities which would have been altogether unknown to her in the country, yet she was a long time in becoming reconciled to the close and stifling atmosphere of a great metropolitan city.

One night her father promised her a great treat, they were to go to X\* \* \* \* 's theatre to see Mademoiselle B— in *Romeo and Juliet*. Margery sat with strained eyes gazing wistfully at the play, laughing and weeping by turns as the great master's power was exerted on the audience by the artists engaged, and at the close she heaved a deep sigh, consequent upon having held her breath so long, and without thought exclaimed aloud:—"Oh, what would I not give to be able to act like that." The manager who was close by, and who had been watching the attentive beauty for some time, overheard the remark, and intercepting the pair on their way out of the theatre said:—"I noticed that you were favorably impressed with the piece; would