

lover and her own, she was struck with the singular coincidence, and thought she could not better show her devotion to the memory of her betrothed, than to bestow her property on him who seemed by his name to be the representative of both.

He left her and returned to Montreal, and within a year afterwards received intelligence of her death, and that by her will he was made sole heir to her estate. He set out immediately for England, and found on his

arrival everything prepared for him. His claim was recognized, and he entered at once into the possession of a large fortune. He is now living in the enjoyment of his good fortune, at Montreal, and is now, or recently has been, a member of the Canadian Parliament.

This is a true sketch of the history of one Vermont boy. The regions of fiction, and the highest flight of the imagination, do not furnish a more romantic adventure.

BIDDY.—A BIT OF COURTSHIP.

BY CHARLES S. CHELTNAM.

I HAD put it off till I was ashamed of myself for being so shamefaced, or what others might have called so, if they had known how I was worrying myself, day after day, and week after week, with Biddy there all the time ready to be spoken to, and too kind a girl to take ill what I might say to her. 'Are you not well,' she said, feelingly.

'Not quite, Biddy,' I said.

'What is the matter with you?' she said.

'Nothing much,' I said; and the next moment wished I could have kicked myself for being such a humbug, but a thousand times more that I could have taken back my foolish words.

'If it isn't much, I dare say you'll soon be right again,' said Biddy, smiling.

'I dare say I shall,' I said; but as soon as I had said so, I could have howled with disgust at my false speaking tongue, that was telling lies by itself without my having any power to stop it.

'Good-by,' said Biddy, holding out her hand.

'Good-by,' I said, taking her hand and holding, without shaking it.

'Good-by,' she said, softly taking her hand out of mine.

I felt that I could not let her go, and yet I could think of no way of keeping her except one, and that was the way of all others I could not force up courage to take. 'She was going, and, in my desperate need of resources, I could almost have taken hold of her to stay her even for a moment.

'Biddy?' I cried.

'What?' she said.

'Biddy, I want to say something to you,' I said.

She laughed and said, 'Why don't you say it, then?'

I desperately tried in my mind half-a-dozen different ways of telling her what I wanted to say; but no way seemed possible to me.

'What is it you want to say to me?' said Biddy. 'Can't you recollect it?'