

the household, her father had employed the best medical faculty to be had, without regard to distance, or expense. To do this for two years, had obliged him to add mortgage after mortgage upon his farm, his only property, until, failing to meet even the interest when due, the sheriff had sold him out of house and home, and left him upon the world with his charge, little better than a begger.

But he could hardly believe his ears when he heard the sheriff announce, "Sold, to Charley Van Orden, for thirty-four hundred and forty-dollars."

The truth was, "The Brothers" had found Charley a good situation, as travelling agent for a manufacturing house, the "Gurnee Calico Works," and he had saved, by close economy, \$1,000 a year, from his salary. With this, and \$1,500 more advanced him by his employer, upon security furnished by one of his Masonic brothers, he bought the Brownell farm; one of the best, thought not one of the largest, in the country. And everybody said it was nearer worth \$6,000 than what it brought.

"As. Brownell" was humbled, and as Charley's praise was upon everybodys's lips, he sought an interview with the rising young man. He wanted to rent the farm of him, as he could not persuade himself that Charley intended to leave his present lucrative business, to occupy it himself. Note his surprise, when informed that he had bought it as a home for Sarah, while she lived. That as he could not have the privilege of caring for her personally he could not endure the thought of her being cast forth from the home of her childhood, in her sad extremity.

"Remain here, Mr. Brownell, without rent, while she lives, and take good care of *her*, is all the remuneration I ask," said the noble man, no longer a "boy," nor "the young man."

There are motions which cannot be described; and of this character where those which heaved the bosom of the Brownell family.

"That is all the business you had with me, Mr. Brownell?" said Charley, rising.

No," was the answer; "Stay; be seated again." These words came forth sepulchral, and it choked utterance, while suffused eyes baptized what he said.

"Mr. Van Orden, I am confident we have done you great injustice: however bad as Masonry may be, in the abstract, you certainly are not a bad man, though a Mason; and deep as my prejudices have been burned into me against that institution, I am prepared to declare that, in my opinion, so good a man as you are, would not remain in it communion, if there was anything radically bad about it. Nay more; I am fully persuaded that you would not remain in it an hour, if it was not absolutely good. What can we do, Mr. Van Orden, to repair the injury I have done you? For it all rests on me, I have never heard another member of my family say aught against you."

Charley caught these last words eagerly. "Do you mean to say," he eagerly inquired, "that Sarah never spoke against me, sir?"

"Never, sir, to my knowledge."

"A renewal of her love, Mr. Brownell, will more than repay me for all I have suffered. Oh sir! the privilege of watching by her bedside, in her last sad hours; no price could be put upon such a privilege. Where is she? Can I see her?"

Mr. B. led him to her room, through the open door of which she had listened to this conversation. Oh! how pale and emaciated she was,