"You'll learn by and by," said the

widow, in a tone unusually soft for her;

then, as if the sock she held in her lap

had suggested the idea, she continued

Again\_Rose shook her head, feeling

quite ashamed that she should lack this

"Well," the widow went on, "taint

much use to learn now. 'Twould take a year to get one stocking done, but if

when winter comes, that brother of

yours wants socks and mittens, or the

like of that, tell him I'll knit 'em for

"Oh, you are so kind!" cried Rose

thinking to herself, how she'd send

some pineapple preserves, such as she

They grew to like each other very

fast after this, and Rose staid until

the little round table was arranged for

tea and rolled to Annie's bedside. There

was no plate for Rose, the widow hav-

ing deemed it preposterous that she

should stay, but the table looked so

cosy, with its tire black teapot, and its

nicely buttered toast, that Rose invit

ed herself, with such a pretty patron-

izing way, that the widow failed to see

not, however, escape Annie's observa-

tion, but she could not feel angry with

the little lady, touching her bone-hand

led knife as if she were afraid of it,

and looking round in quest of a nap-

kin she failed to find, for Widow Simms had banished napkins from the

table as superfluous articles, which

answered no earthly purpose, save the

putting an extra four cents into the

pocket of the washerwoman, Harry

It was growing late, and the sunset

shadows were already creeping into the

Hollow when Rose bade Annie good-

ye, promising to come again ere long,

and wondering, as she took her home

ward way, whence came the calm. qu'et

peace which made Annie Graham so

happy, even though her husband was

far away in the midst of danger and

death. Rose had heard that Annie was

a Christian, and so were many other

whom she knew, but they were much

join the army and they would make

quite as much fuss as she, who did

ed she, too, could learn from Annie's

teacher, and so have something to sus-

tain her in case her husband should go.

make her resigned; and the tears sprang

handsome, walk to the piazza,

to Rose's eyes as she hurried up the

Will sat smoking his cigar in the hazy

twilight. She told him where she had

been, and then sitting upon his knee

told him of Annie, wishing she could

be like her, and asking if he did not

Will made no direct reply. His

thoughts were evidently elsewhere, and

after a few minutes he said, hesitat-

if I should join Tom at Washington?"

hid her face in her husband's bosom.

"Would it break my darling's heart

There was a cry of horror, and Rose

"Oh, Will. Will, you shan't, you can't,

on mustn't and won't! I didn't know ou ever thought if such a cruel thing.

Don't you love me any more? I'll try

to do better, I certainly will!" and Rose nestled closer to him, holding his

hands just as Annie Graham had once

"You could not be much better, nei-

ther could I love you better than I do now, Rose, darling," Mr. Mather re-plied, kissing her childish brow. "But

Rose, be reasonable once, and listen while I tell you how, ever since the

fall of Sumter, I have thought the

time would come when I should be

needed, resolving, too, that when it

came, it should not find me a second

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hold happiness.

beld her husband's.

Baker's mother.

condescension it implied. It did

Lad with dessert that day.

"Nor your mother, neither?"

"Can you knit?"

ccomplishment.

Rose shook her head.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

-33 64 BY MARY J. HOLMES.

Author of "Lena Rivers." "Edna Browning," "Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc.

Bridget!" and this time the twice was decidedly authorative in its tome, but what more Rose might have added was cut short by the widow, who dropped the griddle with a bang, and turning sharply round replied:

"There's no Bridget here, and if it's me you mean, I am Mrs. Joseph

Rose had good reason for remen bering Mrs. Simms, and coloring crimson, she tried to apalogize: "I beg your pardon, I did not see

year face. I supposed everybody kept girl; and your back looked like-"Don't make the matter any worse, sted the widow, smiling in spite of herself at Rose's attempt to excuse "You thought from my of that I was a hired girl, and so I was in my younger days, and I don't the wus for it neither. Miss faint, is she? She's had over it, I think. Here's the

water," and filling a gourd shell she kanded it to Rose, who, in her admiration of the (to her) novel drinking cup, erme near forgetting Annie.

But Annie did not care, for the reneounter between the widow and Rose found her laughing the first really hearty laugh she had enjoyed since

George went away.
"It's just like this," Rose said, as she resumed her seat by Anni, listening intently while she told how kind the Widow Simms had been, coming every day to stay with her, and only leaving her at night because Annie insisted that she should.

"I like Mrs. Simms!" was Rose's vebement exclamation, "and I am glad Tem said what he did about Isaac, who used to saw our wood. I did not tell you, did I? And there's something real mice about your husband, too. I mean to call her in while I read it," and Rose zan out to the wood-shed, where the widow was now splitting a pine board for kindling, the newspaper she at Erst had used, having burned entirely

conciliatory as she said:

"Please, Mrs. Simms, come in and listen while I read what brother Tom has written about Mr. Graham and pour Isaac—something perfectly splen-sid. Tom has volunteered and gone to gid. Tom has volunteered and gone to

Washington, you know." It was strange how those few words changed the widow's opinion of Rose. not profess to be anything. And then, The fact that Thomas Carleton, whom the Rockland people fancied was a Secessionist, had joined the Federal army, did much towards effecting this change, but not so much as the fact But he wouldn't go,-and, if he did, that he had actually noticed her boy, all the religion in the world could not

and spoken of him in a letter. "Miss Mather ain't so bad after all," she thought, and striking her axe into the log, she followed Rose to the sitting-room, listening eagerly while she gead the few sentences pertaining to George and Isaac. They were as fol-

"By the way, Will, I find there's a company here from Rockland. Fine appearing fellows, too, most of them ere, and under good discipline. I am especially pleased with the second lieugenant. He's a magnificent looking man, and attracts attention wherever

"That's George, you know," and Rose enite as much pleased as Annie herself, modded towards the latter, whose pale cheek flushed with pride at hearing her Musband thus spoken of by Rose Mather's brother.

"Yes, but Isaac," interrupted the wid-. "Whereabouts does he come in?" "Oh, pretty soon I'll get to him. There's more about George yet," answered Rose, as she resumed her read-

"I had the pleasure of talking to him yesterday, and found him very intelligent and sensible. If we had more men like him, success would be sure and speedy. He has about him a great deal of fun and humor, which go far wards keeping up the spirits of his company, and some of the poor fellows need it sadly. There's a young boy in the ranks. Isaac Simms, who interests

aim greatly. "Oh-h!" and the widow drew a long sigh as Rose continued:

"I wonder he was ever suffered to some, he seems so young, so girl-like; and so gentle Still he does a great deal of good, Lieut. Graham tells me, by visiting the sick and sharing with them any delicacy he happens to have. He's rather homesick, I imagine, for when I asked him if he had a mother, his chin quivered in a moment, and I saw the tears standing in his eyes. Poor boy, I can't account for the interest I feel in him. Heaven grant that if we some to open fight he may not fall a

"Yes, yes, my boy, my darling boy," and burying her face in her hard hands, the widow sobbed aloud. "I thank you, Miss Mather, for reading me that," she said, "and I thank your brother for writing it. Tell him so, will you. Tell him I'm nothing but a cross, sourgrained, snappish old woman, but I have a mother's heart, and I bless him for speaking so kindly of my boy,"

Rose's tears fell fast as she folded ap the letter, and Annie's kept com-pany with them. There was a bond of sympathy now between the three, as they talked together of the soldiers, Mre. Simms and Annie devising varicus methods by which they might be benefited, and Rose wishing, she too,

could do something for them.
"But'I can't," she said, desparingly.
"I never did anybody any real good in all my life—only bothered them," and Rose sighed as she thought how aseless and harmless was her pres

her look of perplexed inquiry, showed that, notwithstanding the fanciful ornament styled a diploma lying in her writing-desk, Sardanapalus had not the honor of being numbered among her acquaintances. But her heart was too full to ask an explanation, and her husband continued:

"Besides that, there was a mutual understanding between Tom and my-self that if one went the other would, and he has gone,—nobly laying aside all the party prejudice which for a time influenced his conduct. Our country heeds more men."

"Yes, yes," gasped Rose; "but more have gone. There's scarcely a boy left in town, and it's just so everywhere."

Mr. Mather smiled as he replied: "I know the boys have gone,-boy whose fair, beardless faces should put shame a strong, full-grown man like me. And another class, too, have gone, our laboring young men. leaving behind them poverty and little helpless children whereas I have nothing of that kind for an excuse.

"Oh, I wish I had a dozen children if that would keep you," cried Rose, the insane idea flashing upon her that she would at once adopt a score of more of those she had seen playing in the muddy Hollow that afternoon. Mr. Mather smiled and continued:

"Suppose you try and accustom your self to the idea of living a while with out me. I shall not die until my ap pointed time, and shall undoubtedly come back again. Don't you see?"

"No, Rose didn't. Her heart was too full of pain to see how going to war was just as sure a method of prolonging one's life as staying at home, and she sobbed passionately, one moment accusing her husband of not loving her as he used to, and the next begging of him to abandon his wild project. Mr. Mather was a man of firm deci

sion, and long before he broached the subject to his wife, his mind had been nade up that his country called for him,-not for somebody else,-but for him personally; that if the rebellion were to be crushed out, men of wealth and influence must help to crush it, not alone by remaining at home and urging others on, though this was an important part, but by actually joining in the combat, and by their presence cheering and inspiring others. And Mr. Mather was going, too,-had, in fact, already made arrangements to that effect, and neither the tears nor entreaties of his young wife could avail to change his purpose. But he did not tell her so that night; he would rather come to it gradually, taking a different course from that which George Gra ham had pursued, for where George had left the decision wholly to his wife Mr. Mather had taken it wholly upon himself, making it first and telling Rose afterwards. It was better so, he thought, and having said all to her that wished to say on that occasion, he tried to divert her mind into another channel. But Rose was not to be diverted. It had come upon her like t thanderbolt,-the thing she so much dreaded,-and she wept bitterly, seeing n the future, which only a few hours before looked so bright and joyous, nothing but impenetrable gloom, for she could read her husband tolerably well, and she intuitively felt that she had lost n.-that he was going from her ver to come back, she knew. She should be a widow before she was nineteen, and the host of summer dresses the meant to buy when she went back to Boston, changed into a widow's sombre weeds, as Rose saw herself arrayd in the habiliments of mourning. What a fright she looked to herself in the widow's cap, with which her vivid imagination disfigured her chestnut

hair, and she shuddered afresh as she hought how hideous she was in black. Poor, simple little Rose! And yet we say again Rose was not a fool, nor ye an unnatural character. There are many, many like her, some who will recognize themselves in this story and more who will not. Gay, impulsive, pleasure-seeking creatures, whom fashonable education and too indulgent parents have done their utmost to spoi but who still possess many traits of excellence, needing only adverse circum-stances to mould and-hammer them into the genuine coin of true-hearted woman hood. Such a one was Rose. Reared by a fond mother, petted by an older brother, and teased by a younger, flat tered by friend and foe, and latterly caressed and worshipped by a husband Rose had come to think far too much of her own importance as Mrs. Rose Mather,—nee Miss\_Rose Carleton, of

Boston, and leader of the ton. There was a wide difference between Rose and Annie Graham, for while the attter, in her sweet unselfishness thought only of her husband's welfare both here and hereafter, Rose's first impulse was a dread shrinking from being alone, and her second a terror lest the years of her youth, now spread out so invitingly before her, should be passed in secluded wide v-hood, with nothing from the gay world without wherewith to feed her vanity and love for admiration. Still, beneath Rose's light exterior there was hidden mine of tenderness and love, a heart, which, when roused to action, was ca pable of greater, more heroic deeds than would at first seem possible. And that heart was rousing, too, -was gridually waking into life; but not all at and the tears which. Rose shed the whole night through were wrung out more from selfishness, than from any higher feeling. It would be so stupid living there alone in Rock land. If she could only go to Wash ington with Will, it would not be so bad, but she could not for she waked Will up from a sound sleep to ask him if she might, and he had answered "No." falling away again to sleep, and leaving Rose to wakefulness and tears unmingled with any prayer that the cloud gathering so fast around her might sometime break in blessings on

To be Continued.

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