

him, and knowing at last how he had loved her. Then he stopped at the chemist's window, and saw the bottles with mysterious labels standing in a row, and wondered which of them were poison, and somehow gave up the idea of suicide after all, and went home again; and Jennie, walking with Mr. Prettyman, looked after him with a sigh, and thought how sad and lonesome poor Tom Brown looked, and half guessed why he looked so.

But regret though she might, she could not go back now; and Alfred was so charming, and Tom Brown commonplace in looks and dress, and nothing but a saddler; and if she must break one heart—why it must be, that was all; and then she looked up into Alfred's eyes, and he looked down into hers, and became as sentimental as possible.

Not that the question had been popped yet. Alfred had some faint misgivings. He thought it strange that he had seen nothing of Aunt Bigwiggin, and half disposed to inquire of the object of his adoration as to her relative's intentions. A pretty wife was a good thing, but then the pretty wife should have a fortune.—Still there could be no quarrel, for had he not heard Jennie speak of "Aunt" in the sweetest manner, and an inquiry might awaken suspicion as to his motives. It was Mr. Prettyman's plan to make sure of his conquest without committing himself, and then to discover how money matters really stood.

Tom Brown, the saddler, was a smart young fellow, who used good English, and had read himself into a decent education. He was a man to whom Nature had kindly given a good, solid brain, although there was a soft spot somewhere in his heart where love for Jennie had stolen in.—The wisest man is a little of a fool on the subject of his particular idol in crinoline, and we cannot expect Tom to be superior to his sex in all respects. His love for her was the only fault Jennie could find with his intellect, and that was not the quality of the emotion, but its object.

As for Prettyman, under the elegant curls reposed the meanest brain possible to man—for heart he had a stone. He had a kind of appreciation of beauty, and Jennie pleased his eye. Her voice and manners pleased him also; and, if he could have loved, he would have loved Jennie.—The nearest approach, perhaps, to true feeling he had ever had, had been awakened by her; and whenever he was with her, he felt a glow of gratification in the fact that such a pretty creature was in love with him.

But oh! what a different feeling it was from that with which

Tom's heart throbbed. There was not a glance but he knew by heart—not a change of the cheek, or a fall of the voice; and, pretty as she was, he did not think only of her fair looks: they might have left her, and she would have been his dearest Jennie still. He longed to cherish and protect her—to hide her in his strong arms from every care and trouble of this world—and she had turned from him, and chosen this stranger, with the face of a doll, and the soul of a monkey. So at least said poor Tom, in bitterness of spirit.

One day there was a grand show at Pottsville—a Temperance demonstration, with the Sons of Temperance in regalia, with banners flying, and drums beating, as they paraded the streets. Tom stood at his door looking out—his eyes rivetted on the form of a burly individual on horseback, and his mind with Jennie and his rival, when voices fell upon his ear, and casting a glance toward the spot whence they came, he saw Mr. Prettyman and old Squire Roberts.

"There's Miss Bigwiggin's carriage," said the latter.

"Eh—aw yaas—pretty girl with her."

"Yes—her niece and heiress."

"Heiress! Ah, yes. I suppose she'll divide her property, you know, between the two—eh?"

"Oh dear, no."

"Eh! why?"

"Every cent to this one, sir," said the Squire, pompously.—

"Quarrelled with the mother of the other. I should know, sir I have means of knowing.—Not a cent to Miss Jennie."

Tom Brown saw a blank look of surprise and disappointment cross the face of Alfred Prettyman. He saw him pull his glove off and on with a twitch that tore it in two, and the truth flashed upon him. "He thought she had money and sought her for that," he said, and then his fingers itching to clench themselves and knock the rascal down, while his heart leaped up, full of hope again.

"If he only shows his base heart," he said, "she will despise him, and then—"

What then he did not say.—He watched and waited. He saw very soon what he expected to see. Jennie deserted and her lover at Effie's feet. It was a grand triumph to Effie. She never paused to consider the real worth of Prettyman; to inquire whether she liked him or whether he were the husband she should have chosen; but did all in her power to make him captive at once. She had envied Jennie her fashionable lover; she had felt it a peculiar wrong that he should have admired her cousin,

after seeing them both together and now she had her revenge.

Aunt Bigwiggin smiled approval, and the wooing was brief. Mr Alfred Prettyman was accepted, and in less than three months such a wedding as never had been seen in Pottsville made Effie Blair his wife.

And he had jilted Jennie Doon, poor thing. How she must feel! and had she not been asked to the wedding, or would not she come, poor soul? So the villages' gossips chattered, and Tom Brown heard them. At night he walked up to the village and found her, while the Bigwiggin home was ablaze with lights and ringing with music, sitting alone at a work-table, sewing. Prettier than ever, Tom thought, and he coaxed her out to walk with him. If he knew that his attentions would be more kindly received because of the wound her vanity had had, he made only generous and lover-like use of that knowledge; and it was a singular fact that before the evening was over, Jennie found herself thinking how much more charming a clear musical voice that uttered words worth hearing really was than an insipidly pretty face and the latest style of neck-tie.

Tom wanted to kiss her when they parted, but he knew better. He only made as elegant a bow as he could and held her hand a second longer than was necessary. But he came again and again; and finally summoning up his courage, began to make love.—What we do in earnest we do well.

Jennie discovered that she had never loved Alfred Prettyman when she really began to feel the tender passion for Tom Brown, and when he asked her to be his wife, said "yes" from the very bottom of her heart.

They were married in the same church which saw the grander wedding, very humbly and quietly, and then Jennie went to housekeeping over the saddler's shop. Effie had remained in the Bigwiggin mansion with her spouse.

Mr. Prettyman had policy enough to make a polite husband and dutiful nephew—he was quite beyond the reach of blame but Effie, after the first pride in her husband's moustache and boots and her own bridal bonnet, began to feel a little weary.

Flirtation was no longer to be indulged in, and flirtation had been her joy, and Prettyman never made her laugh; now and then he even looked cross and smoked for hours in silence.—Most husbands did that, to be sure. But then, when she saw Jennie so merry and bright, walking with Tom on moonlight evenings as though courting days had yet gone by, Effie felt envious.

So a couple of years passed.—Effie was a mother, and Jennie soon after dandled a boy on her knee; and after this the saddler's home grew full of children, and with the joy came a good deal of anxiety, for business was not very good nor money plenty.

But love was there, and kept their hearts light despite of all while at the Bigwiggin mansion was much that was bitter. Aunt Bigwiggin was still in splendid health, and duns began to pester Mr. Alfred Prettyman. On the strength of his expectations he had run into debt, and how to get out of it was a question he did not know how to answer. Besides, the sight of Jennie on her husband's arm was a pain to him also. He never loved his wife, and he loved Jennie as well as he knew to love; and she was so beautiful, and his heiress growing plainer every day—losing her complexion and becoming fat, while Aunt Bigwiggin was so dreadfully well.

Once stumbling over an asthmatic poodle, to whom the old lady insisted that every living mortal should do reverence, and believing himself alone, the unhappy Prettyman had ventured on a kick, and exclaimed:

"Confound you!—are you going to live as long as the old woman?"

And he was terrified by the appearance of Aunt Bigwiggin five seconds afterwards.

A week from that day the old lady died in her bed, of too many fried oysters.

When Jennie heard of the event she shed a tear or two from a sense of duty rather than anything else, and wished that she had been a better niece. Then she said:

"We can't afford to wear mourning, Tom; but we must go to the funeral. She was my aunt. Ah! Effie must be heart-broken; aunt was kind to her."

And Tom, after vowing he would not stir, was coaxed with a kiss to mind his wife and go.

Mr. Prettyman and his wife were in sables outwardly, but inwardly the gentleman was jubilant and the lady quite resigned. She was very particular about the depth of the crape veil, and wiped her eyes with a handkerchief bordered inch-wide with black, and no one could accuse her of sparing mourning material for her departed aunt. Yet the first grief that really penetrated Jennie's heart was caused by Effie's manners.

"Aunt was kind to her," she whispered to her husband, "and this mourning of hers is all outside show. Surely it must be hard to die and know that we leave none behind who love us."

At last—it seemed a long while to Alfred Prettyman—the last