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NO. 18.

### ORIGINAL STORY.

Seeking A Home.

BY VIVIAN.

CHAPTER X.

"I am awaiting your answer, Clau-

There was a thrill in the words which jarred on Claudia Grant as she stood apart in the stadow of the draperied window, She moved with almost a gesture of impatience, and glanced round at the speaker. There he still leaned against the mantle, his head bent just as it had been when she rose up from the low seat facing him, and come away to gaze out on the beautiful grounds of the old Manor, and the valley which it overhung. She moved from her retreat until she came and stood also on the hearth opposite

He raised his head, shading his eyes

from her still. "This Phil my friend is pacted. I have now shared your home for six months. I had feared an avowal of your love sooner. You say you are awaiting my answer. Oh! Phil why will you force me to this, why break the spell of holy friendship, whiich has been one of my greatest treasures? You were next to Mrs. Vane the first friend in my need, and I love you for giving me your friend ship; but now Phil I can love nothing, my heart is almost cold within me."

deep twilight, " You may well find a better wife

Her voice came once again in the

than I would be."

He looked down on her steadfastly. He was paler than his wont, and the grey eyes h d a strangely wistful, yest yet pained tenderness within their depths. He answered nothing, hardly seemed to have heard her last words, but started as from a reverie, when the library clock chimed the hour through the deserted hatls between.

Her brow sank on her folded arms, and she did not lift her head again, although she could hear Phil's lonely tread across the room, and could at every turn, feel his gaze fixed upon her. Life seemed a more perfect blank to Claudia now than ever before. She knew at first how pained Mrs. Ashley would be when she knew that her proud and high born nephew, had offer ed his heart and fortune to this penniless girl,

Phil could no longer stand the presence of the woman dearer to him than life, he walked out into the open air there he could breathe more freely and strode up and down a grey bleak

He had not determined what to do how to act, a calm of hopelessness settled over him, everything was misty and vague, a broken hearted man he would wander where time and tide would take him.

The next day Mrs. Ashley come coldly and proudly to Claudia's room She hesitated to speak, Claudia could see she had visited her room on no pleasant errand. .

"My son," she said at length, "has been the object of my life, and my lov has only been shared by him and Phil Next to my boy, Phil Raymond, my brother's son has been my object of love and interest. And now Phil, who could believe me! Phil has repaid my affection with neglect, my confidence with deception. His love for you can assure you can be a mere fancy, tell to the girl things of her life, when for he can never so far bemean himself as to marry a woman of your con-

nections." Such a concentration of scorn and contempt as darkened her face, and flashed in her eye, one could not have

thought possible,

"You have forced him into this .-Your arts and beauty have dazzled, but nothing is more certain than that your marriage can never take place. What is your love to Carrie Bryan's, who for the past year has loved Phil, and whom he would have loved, had you not come

respect."

For the first time Claudia spoke-"Madam" her voice tuough low was vehement, and her passion made itself felt in her whole figure, "you condemn me unheard, I have never sought to win either by my pretty face or vain arts your nephew, as for my family connections, they are to-day I know as worthy as yours. It may be be Mrs. Ashley that you are ignorant that only yesterday I gave your nephew a most decided answer, when I said

I would never marry him." At this Mrs. Ashley's anger was without limit. This thought nearly killed her. She had not thought it possible that Claudia Grant could ever refuse to marry Phil Raymond, and to think this, would more than madden

"Enough Miss, no more." "Yes Mrs. Ashley, one word more. Disliking this life of dependence I have been living, I have to-day accepted position as companion for a lady in her travels. My home here has been pleasant and I thank you again and again for the kindness shown by both you and Mr. Ashley. To-morrow I leave. Mr. Ashley whom I can call my friend being away and knowing nothing of this will be surprised, and may say shocked, knowing his nature as I do. Remember me as ever grateful for past favors." And with a stately courtesy she turned, and lifting her rustling silken garments descended

Not once did she invite Claudia to remain with her.

Thus Claudia mused when left

" Homeless and friendless again .-This world is so fickle, or the people in it; but in the last few months I am becoming more like them. One year ago I could not have taken this insult as I have, my tears would have fallen thick and fast, but now I can stand it all, anything may come, and I will take it all patiently and silently. Good-bye old room, to morrow indeed it will be good-bye."

We will look at this room. 'It was on the second floor of the mansion. it was a lofty spacious room with four high windows, where all day long the pleasant sunshing entered. These windows were heavily curtained with blue damask looped back with cords and tassels showing rich curtains of lace, the coverings of the two lounging chairs and sofa were of the same color and material. The elegant toilet that stood between the east windows were draped in lace lined with blue silk, and the style of the carpet on the floor was a light running vine of violets over a white ground, a few cheerful looking pictures adorned the wall and pretty quaint looking vases &c., stood upon the mantel piece, and now a giowing coal fire in a polished steel grate added comfort to the room.

Claudia had drawn the low luxurious sofa up to the fire and reclined on it for the last time, for to-morrow all would be given up.

CHAPTER XI.

We now find Claudia companion to one of the best women she had ever known, only companion for she was required to read at times, and oftener would she feel herself entertained by the lady than ever she had imagined At first, Mrs. Ellis was quite sad, and seldom entered into a lively conversation with Claudia, but warmed by the girls bright nature, she would for hours she was ! appy in the love of her husband, but now a widow with an only child, a son of about fourteen years .-She was seeking some relief from her dreary life in travel; and Claudia was enjoying it all so much she was more interested in her new life than she thought that lasd night at Mrs. Ashley's she would ever be in anything

Mrs. Ellis had worn the sables mourning for three years for her husband. She rarely smiled, but when she did her face grew beautiful. She

between them-in marrying her he was delighted to find in Claudia the would marry one his equal in every lady she wanted to make her travels Lleasant.

Arrived in a small, but quaint village they took rooms, and some days they were secure in their privacy, but one morning, bright and warm they decided to visit some of the beautiful grounds they could see lying around

Claudia observed a beautiful tree and proposed that they should go under its shady boughs and rest. Once there she drew from her pocket a little poem and began to read to Mrs. Ellis who had thrown her light shawl near her on the ground, and found a comfortable seat in a rustic chair.

Two gentlemen walking that morning, observed the picture from a distance, attracted by it, they cautiously made their way unobserved in another direction, and after a circuitous route so managed as to pass very near the

"Look my friend. How beautiful My idea of a poets dream,"

"Stop Paul." And the others frame

"What is it. Are you faint?" "That has its share in it, but let us return to the hotel, I will explain when I feel better."

In silence they wended their way to their rooms. Mr. Grant spoke for the

" Paul Ashley I must see one of those ladies, they are stopping at this place, and before another day I will see them."

But let me introduce these friends In the bronzed stranger of fifty years we recognize John Grant of former days, Having been left great wealth by some dying relative he has traveled for two years, to forget if possible hi great suffering in the change, for he has not during these many years forgotten his wife and child. Alone at first he wandered, but meeting with young Paul Ashley of whom our friends have beard before, they in the last three months had visited together many places of interest. hey became fast friends. Each felt drawn to the other by some unseen tie; There was great disparity in their ages, still they were congenial in their tastes.

Paul Ashley, we will introduce to our readers. But altogether his character and appearance are hard to de-

He was a close student and a poet at heart, Some fancied him stern, though a shadow of sterness might sometimes linger aroung the ricu lips when in repose, when he smiled a sad sweetness radiated his whose face, his dark and rather mournful looking eyes, were full of tenderness when mingling with those he loved, yet those same eyes could fissb fire at sfitting moment, Upon his superb brow thought sat enthroned that brow where on was written tha record of stiring, and wayward intellect. It would be a lifetime happiness to be loved by such a man as Paul Asbley,

CHAPTER XII.

"My long lost daughter !" "My father !' Is it indeed you ? and they were clasped in one embrace. Claudia Grant was no longer a fatherless caild. The explanations were given and Mr. Grant was sure that he was pressing to his heart his own child,-He had known her that morning under the trees. He had never seen but one face like that before, and that was the tace of Claudia's mother, By this striking resemblance, he had known her. Faintly could this meeting be de-

Enough, to say that at last father

and child had met. Mr. Grant did not forget his friend Paul Ashley, but he was found, and soon introductions followed. And his admiration for Claudia was unbounded. To him, Mr Grant bad confided his roubles and cares, the loss of his child and he was fully prepared to give to his friend his heartfelt congratulations. That evening passed, and so did many o'hers, until months had sped away on golden wings to this little party of lour. They traveled to-gether, they saw new beauties. Claudia and Paul, they soon learned the secrets of their own souls. Claudia soon awoke to the knowledge that the thousand harp strings of her soul could vibrate to but one name, as woman ever does who loves unsought, I LOR.

She soon began to shun Paul, flying it she heard his foot steps.

'Iwas a lovely night. The air seemel filled with music and was heavy with the fragrance of flowers, but they gave little pleasure to Paul. The musical plash of the fountain be-

neath his window fell unheeded upon Lis ear. The moon calm and gentle as sie ever is, looked down pityingly upon a noble heart whose spirit conflict had been tought beneath het rays.

It was over, and Paul Ashley came out as pure gold from the baptism of sorrow, that had bathed his brow with a clammy sweat.

Wy was she so cold to him, wy avoid him as she did! As he gazed upon the starry night, and watched the clouds scudding like a ship over the blue waters, from his heart arose a prayer, that the father would bless and keep his loved one, his first and only love .-Ere the prayer had died upon his lips, she stood before him, In a moment

she was going, only wanted a book. "Gone, he said, I will go mad he thought, Imust have sympathy. I will tell her all. He looked to find her, and where was she."

Sitting in the low window beneath the stars. The holy mosnlight kissed lovingly the bowed head, lighting it as with glory.

A proud, yet sweet smile radiated his face as he saw her. His words were brief.

"Claudia darling, I leve you, have loved you from the first time we met, Can you love me? Will you be my wife ?"

And Claudia she was happy, so hap-

She would be lonely, never more on earth, and oh, joy, did not Paul know she had loved him long ago. What a change have these few words brought about. A little while ago, the wind sweeping among the trees, sounded like a broken heart, a little while ago the dark lashes swept the pale check beavily, as though lettered by tears, now they flashed back happiness and joy. The beautiful head sank low. lower still until it rested upon his heart and Paul supported it.

Mrs. Ashley received a letter from her son, telling her he would return soon with his bride, Miss Grant, And Mrs. Ashley-tne letter dropped from her hand. It could not be, It should not be. Paul Ashley marry Claudia

Was the man beside himself! She proceeded with the letter. Ah, but Claudia was rich, and her fortune combined with Paui's, was sufficient, All was right now, and money had righted it with her, but did she not think of the time that she had driven her from home -yes, but all that would be for-

gottoo, and Claudia says, "His mother will be proud of me now, and for Paul's sake I will treat her kindly though I can never forge the misery she once caused me." Mrs. Ashley had persuaded Phil that he loved Carrie Bryan, as much as he would ever love, and they would be married about the time that paul returned with Claudia.

It is not petural, that Mr. Grant and Mrs. Ellis should be idlying their time, while the younger couple were enjoying themselves, but they had fancied that such a thing as second love could exist, and they too will be united, but not so soon as Claudia and

Sweet Claudia Grant. She has made her a home in a loving heart, the tired wandering bird is caged, but oh ! how contented in its glad captivity. The earth is brightening around her, flowers which yesterday looked pale and sad, whispered to night a new and loving language ere they folded their tragrance within their bearts and whispered "good might"

And when in their own home, the house that had been Mrs. Vane'e, now Paul Ashley's, the once dear home of Claudia' before. She was happy as her husband whispered, "Mine forever

THE END.

Humility is the most natural cure for anger in the world; for he that by daily considering his own ınfirmi ies makes the errors of his neighbors to be his own case, and remembers that he daily needs God's and his brother's charity, will not be apt to rage at the faults or another, as being greater than those which he feels that he is fr quently and inexcusably guilty of .- JERPMY TAY-

Woman's Will.-Dip the Atlantic ocean dry with a tea spoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot : make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay their printers, send up fishing books with balloons and fish for stars; get astride of a gossamer and chase a comet; when the ram is coming down like the cataract of Niagara remember where you left your umbrella, choke a mosquito with a brickbat; hold Gibraltar out at arm's length;

tempt to coax a woman to say she will when she has made up her mind that she won't. 'Husband. I must have some change. to-day.' 'Well, stay at home and take

care of the children-that will be

change enough.'

pick your teeth with a streak of light-

ning; in short, prove all things hither-

to considered impossible, but never at-

We know what we are, but we know not what we may be.

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