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SELECT POETRY.

A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Her dainty hand had nestled in mine, rich and white,
And timid as a trembling dove;
And it twinkled about me, a jewel of light,
As she garnish'd our feast of love;
'Twas the queenliest hand in all lady land,
And she was a poor man's wife!
O, little ye'd think how that wee, white hand
Could dare in the battle of life.

Her heart it was lowly as maiden's might be,
But hath clim'd to heroic height,
And burn'd like a shield in defense of me,
On the sorest field of fight!
And, startling as fire, it hath often flash'd up
In her eyes, the good heart and rare!
As she drank down her half of our bitterest cup,
And taught me how to bear.

Her sweet eyes that seem'd with their smile sublime,
Made to look me and light me to heaven,
They have triumph'd thro' bitter tears many a time
Since their love to my life was given:
And the maiden-meek voice of the womanly wife
Still bringeth the heaven nigher;
For it rings like the voice of God over my life,
Aye bidding me climb up higher.

I hardly dared think it was human, when
I first look'd in her yearning face;
For it shone as the heavens had open'd them,
And clad it with glory and grace!
But dearer its light of healing grew
In our dark and desolate day,
As the rainbow, when heaven hath no break of blue,
Smileth the storm away.

O, her shape was the lithest loveliness—
Just an armful of heaven to enfold;
But the form that bends flower-like in love's caress
With the victor's strength is soul'd!
In her worshipful presence transfigured I stand,
And the poor man's English home
She lights with the beauty of Greece the grand,
And the glory of regallest Rome.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

From Peterson's Magazine.

MY COUSIN HARRY.

BY CARRY STANLEY

CHAPTER I.

"And this, I suppose, is to be my home for the future, thought I, as I leaned forward to view in the twilight, the old fashioned house before which the carriage drew up; and in spite of the buoyant spirits of fifteen, I shrank from the future.

To live forever with two old maids, and their, cats, and lap-dogs, and worsted work! it was too horrible to contemplate, and I mentally resolved to escape from such single blessedness as soon as possible.

But the door opened, and I was already in a well lighted hall, warmed at the farther extremity by a huge stove, which seemed to be nothing but fiery eyes, as the red coals shone through the isinglass that lined the elaborately cut fancy work of which the upper part was composed.—Before the servant had time to close the door behind me, another had opened, and a kind voice in the parlor said, "this way, dear, do come to the fire and get warm, it's a bitter cold night, and we'll have tea. This is your Aunt Margaret," "leading me up to a fine, elderly lady by the fireside, 'and I'm your Aunt Patty, dear; though we're not much of relatives either, I believe.'

'And I'm your cousin Harry, dear,' said a mocking voice from the corner, into which I had not had time to peer.

A mellow little laugh from Aunt Patty, that seemed to say that the speaker was a privileged person, and a 'Harry, don't you frighten the poor child,' from Aunt Margaret, was all that I knew of cousin Harry at that time, for there was no lamp in the room, and he sat in too obscure a corner for even the dancing, merry light of the hickory fire to illuminate.

How cozy and comfortable everything looked, even the paper flowers, and wax flowers, and dilapidated annuals of the large, tawdry drawing room of the boarding-school. The wonderful twisted legs of the old-fashioned furniture seemed to be dancing quiet little jigs, as the firelight flickered on them; a lion's paw was now and then thrust forward in a kind of rough play, grasping a marvelous looking ball, from some chair, table or escrutoire. The curious, black, old cabinet, in the corner, stood grim and prim, scarcely deigning to smile as the ruddy fire-light played hide and seek over its multitudinous doors and drawers, making one thing of lost wills, and secret springs, locks of hair and faded flowers and all the other romances connected with old cabinets. But the fire-light lingered the cheeriest around the table in the centre of the room, with its snowy damask cloth, its old fashioned glittering silver, led off by the platina tea-urn, with its grim lion's heads, blinking inoffensively at one, as they grasped the huge silver rings which served as handles, and the tiny egg-shell china cups, almost transparent in their delicate beauty.

Orphan and stranger as I was, all this domestic comfort, after three years in a pinched, genteel boarding-school, opened my heart to my unknown relatives.

In the meantime, my bonnet and wraps had been removed by Aunt Patty's own plump hands the bell rung, and lights and tea were brought in.

Aunt Margaret drew her spectacles down to her eyes and scrutinized me for a moment.

'You are very much like your mother, Isabel,' she said at last.

'Jezebel! what a name for a woman,' put in master Harry, who now came forward, his saucy face lighted up with irrepressible mischief.

Aunt Margaret wound her yarn up systematically to the last inch, stuck the long needles through the ball, and laid it upon the little work stand beside her. Aunt Patty busied herself with the brightly polished copper kettle, which was brought in over a spirit lamp, bubbling away in its merry, domestic manner; herself, it seemed to me, a kind of human kettle, with her cheery fireside hum and bubble of content;—then the servant placed the muffins, as brown as an oak leaf in autumn, and the strangely twisted silver toast-rack on the table, and we took our seats.

'This is poor fare, isn't it, after the sumptuous table you have been accustomed to at boarding-school?' asked Harry as he handed me a second muffin. 'You don't seem to like it.'

It was too bad; for now I knew that my mischevious cousin could have enumerated every mouthful I had eaten, and I was nearly starved yet; but I answered as composedly as possible, 'I like it so well that I'm sorry to see you feeding your dog so soon, 'for I'm not nearly done yet,' and I passed my tiny cup to Aunt Patty for some more of her fragrant tea.

Aunt Margaret drew her lips over her teeth which I afterwards discovered was about as near as her dignity would permit her to come to a smile, while Aunt Patty laughed gracefully, saying, 'So, ho, master Impudence, you have got your match I hope,' and the young gentleman dismissed the dog, which was sitting on his haunches, watching with wagging tail and anxious eyes, every mouthful which Harry took.

When my school-girl appetite was appeased, I had time to look around; and the only modern thing in the room was a portrait which hung over the mantel.

I glanced alternately at it, and at Harry Anstruther. There was the same fair, open brow beneath a profusion of curls, which even at the age of twenty-one, retained the golden hue so rare in childhood; the same laughing, hazel eye, the same well formed mouth, shaded by the down of the first moustache.

Harry at last caught the direction of my glance.

'Yes it's I,' said he nodding gravely, 'but it does not by any means do me justice.'

Indeed I more than half agreed with him, coxcomb, as I thought him.

'Now, Miss Jezebel,' continued he, 'I must give you warning not to fall in love with me. It will be hard work for you, I know, to help it; but I cannot have any more wives on my hands. I'm engaged to six already.

'There is not much danger,' I retorted, as I'm neither a Mormon nor a Turk.'

'Whew! how peppery you are. Have a care or I will take you to season the batch,' was the reply. 'Let me see; there's Nelly Hale, she's a beauty, I tell you; as *petite* as a Fenella, a perfectly bewitching little blonde, that dances in your heart without leave or license. I admire boldness,, and he looked steadily at me, my brunette, complexion growing swarthier, I have no doubt, from my vexation.

'Then there's Clara Heffman, she's two,' counting them on his fingers, 'there was never a Roman empress more stately than she, and her figure rounded like a statue's. Another glance at me who was all angles and corners.

'And there's Alice Brant. Well, Alice is the very personification of grace; she never moves a hand nor turns her head except just when she should; every muscle is in its proper place.'

I had such a superabundance of limbs that I never knew what to do with them.

'Then there's Anne Gray. Ah! *she'd* make a wife! Such sweet, blue eyes, that only live on your own, and such a gentle little heart, that only beats for—well no matter who. And Elizabeth Taylor, let me see, she makes five. Well Elizabeth is rather strong minded. She knows more about the 'ologies' and 'omonies' than any professor in college. But I think you would appreciate Jenny Warren the most. Such pies and puddings as she makes. She'd reach any mans heart through his stomach, I assure you;' and master Harry aired the evening paper before the fire, and settled himself down to its contents.

The evening passed quickly to me, in arranging my plan of studies at home, with my aunts, and tired as I was, the good ladies' early bed-hour arrived long before I expected it. Aunt Patty arranged the blocks of her silk patchwork in her basket, and then left the parlor; Harry followed her. Presently I heard her voice in the next room.

'Harry what a troublesome fellow you are.—You mix up the silver so that I shall never get it counted.'

'Well I won't aunty, replied Harry, 'but what an elfish looking girl that is.'

Aunt Margaret was protecting her geraniums from the cold air of the window, so I had the full benefit of the remarks.

'She's not very handsome now, poor child; but she is very much like her mother was at her age, and she grew to be one of the most beautiful women I ever saw,' replied Aunt Patty, with as much sorrow as her voice could express, coming through a throat made mellow by most generous living.

'*She'll* never be anything but a fright. She puts me in mind of an imp, Aunt Patty.'

'Harry, how, can you? One, two, three—don't mix the large and small folks, Harry—five, six.'

'Why she's got arms like the sails of a windmill, and hands like a bird's claws.'

'Eleven, twelve large ones—she will fill up and be a fine figure yet.

'Yes she will *fill up* mighty soon, if she puts down muffins and tea with the locomotive speed she did to night.'

The clicking of the silver, was all that I heard for a moment, then master Harry commenced again.'

'And such a mouth! Whew! it would take a week to kiss it from one side to the other.'

'What nonsense, Harry—James, silver don't look very bright—you men seem to care for nothing but kissing; it is really underbred to talk so much about it as you do,' and I fancied the little lady drawing herself up to her utmost height.

'Now, Aunt Patty, you *know* you like to be kissed. Don't be jealous because I sometimes bestow my favors on others.'

'Well, sir, all that I have to say is, that Isabel Hadley has a spirit of her own, and you had better not try it on her.'

'My moustache against your 'false front' that I do it to night,' was Harry's rejoinder.

'I don't wear a 'false front,' Harry, and you know it,' and good Aunt Patty's voice quivered with excitement, 'and if you try to kiss her, I hope she'll box your ears for you.'

'Don't be revengeful now, because I made a mistake about your hair. I'm going to try it, at any rate.'

'Harry, you will make the child cry with your nonsense. Don't do it now.'

'Cry! she is not one of the crying kind, I can tell you. Here goes. I hope she will not cut me with all those angles of hers, though,' and the door opened, and Harry walked into the room, looking perfectly innocent of the intended assault.

I was stooping on the sofa, searching for my gloves, when he came and stood by me.

'Good-night,' said he, extending his hand.

I put out mine. As quick as a flash of lightning his arm was around my waist. His mouth was close to mine, when suddenly he sprang back several feet, looking like anything but a conquering hero. I had dexteriously concealed a pin in my mouth, and before his lips could touch mine I thrust it forward, giving him a prick which electrified him. I stooped down and picked up the glove which he had knocked out of my hand again, and then said very quietly,

'It is hardly worth your while to begin kissing me at so late an hour, if it's going to take a whole week to do it. Good night, though,' and I nodded maliciously at him, as he stood lost in amazement.

Dear little Aunt Patty laughed till the tears started.

'You bluffed me off this time, Miss Isabel, but beware of the next,' said Harry recovering himself; and passing his hand over his mouth and then examining it to see if there were any traces of blook.

'Yes I'll beware. But you've lost your moustache, you know, to Aunt Patty,' and throwing this bomb, I followed the two lakies up stairs.

'You must not mind Harry, Isabel,' said Aunt Margaret, 'he is a spoiled child, and as full, of mischief as a kitten. He is always at his pranks with us.'

'Oh! I can take care of myself very well,' I replied, secretly delighted at my success.

CHAPTER II.

Such was the beginning of my acquaintance with Harry Anstruther, and so it continued during the rest of his vacation.

The next year passed happily to me, but the winter vacation did not bring Harry as formerly. He was an orphan and the uncontrolled possessor of a large fortune, and had made up his mind, as he wrote to his aunts to see something of the world.

By-and-bye vague rumors of mad college pranks began to circulate in our little coterie, and the elderly ladies who assembled at Aunt Patty's tea-table, nodded their heads and looked mysterious when master Harry's name was mentioned.

As I entered the parlor one day, I heard a visitor say:

'You should really write to him, Miss Anstruther, and expostulate with him about his conduct. George assures me that he is at the head of all mischief in the college, and he would have been expelled long ago if he had not been so adroit in escaping positive proof. But perhaps George, dear boy, is too severe for his standard is so high,' and Mrs. Welsh arranged her sables with much satisfaction as she spoke.

'His standard is not too high for detraction,' said I, with no little temper, as the lady smiled herself out of the room.

Aunt Margaret made no answer, but sighed as her knitting needles clicked and flashed with unusual rapidity. But the tears came to good aunt Patty's eyes as she said,

'I wouldn't have believed it of Harry. He was always full of fun, and maybe he did just for mischief dress himself up like a robber, and stop the farmers on their way to market, and make them give up their money and things, but I *don't* believe he gambles so,' and the most troubled tears I had ever seen in Aunt Patty's eyes stood there now.

'There must be some truth in it, sister,' replied aunt Margaret sternly, 'Judge Hale has forbidden him his house,' and she turned her back a little more to the light as she spoke.

'Poor boy, and maybe he was in love with Nelly Hale,' said aunt Patty, whose warm heart extending its charities to all sorts of troubles, fell into a reverie.

All further discussion of the subject was stopped by the waiter bringing in an armful of wood for the fire. As he was retiring aunt Margaret said,

'James, I wish while we are out driving you would take down master Harry's portrait from over the mantel piece, and place it in our chamber.'

James was too much astonished to make his usual elaborate obeisance, and stood staring vacantly at his mistress till she reminded him of his duty by adding, 'You may order the carriage now.'

Aunt Patty had looked up with a frightened air at her sister, but the Misses Anstruther were really heroines to their servants, so it was not till after James had certainly closed the door, that she said,

'Oh! Margaret how can you do so; it seems so cruel for us to desert poor Harry because everybody else does.'

'I cannot have his portrait hanging there made an excuse for people like Mrs. Welsh to discuss him as they please,' was the reply.

When we returned from our drive, I could have cried too with Aunt Patty, to miss the gay pleasant face, which had looked down so saucily on me so long, in the cheerful morning light, or in the grey glooming, or flickering firelight, as on the first evening of our acquaintance.

I was now nearly seventeen, and my mirror told me plainly enough that I no longer looked like the elf or imp of Harry's early acquaintance. I was an heiress and a belle; a belle most probably because I was an heiress. I had 'filled up' certainly; whether as my cousin insinuated by tea and muffins, I cannot say; but if George Welsh, who was one of my most devoted admirers, was to be believed, Alice Brant herself would bear no comparison to me in grace.

With poor Harry, in the meanwhile, matters went from bad to worse. The gentleman who had been his guardian, confessed to his aunts that he had spent every cent of his fortune that was available, and this was by far the greater part of it. Then again, through Mrs. Welsh, whom I now looked upon as a bird of ill omen, we heard of grave professors being caricatured to their faces, and reckless midnight orgies, and all the other evils of college life. But our cup of trouble on his account was filled, when we learned that he had fought a duel. We knew nothing positively about it, only that his opponent had been severely wounded, and that a woman had been the cause.

The morning after we heard of this, I was called into the sister's chamber. Aunt Margaret had washed a little table, on which she was standing, up to the mantel, and was endeavoring to detach Harry's portrait from the hook on which it hung. She said,

'Isabel, my dear, won't you please to help me down with this? Sister has refused, and I cannot expose ourselves to the remarks of the servants, by having them do it.'

'Poor boy, I cannot,' said aunt Patty, as she rumaged in her drawer to hide the tears that were falling.

Aunt Margaret looked around sternly as she answered,

'Sister, is it not due to ourselves to forget him?'

I assisted her silently, and helped to carry my cousin Harry's portrait to the lumber room.

CHAPTER III.

It was nearly three years after my first introduction to my cousin. The snow had been falling softly and silently all day, and, as night came on, we drew the curtains in the little parlor, and prepared to pass a cozy evening together. The tea-table was already arranged, and aunt Patty had the silver 'cady' in her hand, debating out, with scrupulous exactness, the silver shell full of tea, which consituted her 'drawing,' when the hall bell rung violently.

'What a dreadful stormy night for any one to be out,' said aunt Patty, as she peered into the tea urn, where she had just thrown the Bohea. A stamping in the hall, as if some person was knocking the snow from heavy boots, aroused all our attention; and, before we had time to speak the parlor door opened, and Harry Anstruther entered. There was the same open, boyish smile as of old on his face. Aunt Patsy dropped the lid of the tea-urn, and sprang forward to meet him with a cry of glad surprise. Aunt Margaret, also, on the impusle of the moment, had risen with unusual activity;—but before her sister's greeting was over, she had resumed her chair, and awaited her nephew's salutation with frigid dignity.

His aunt's manner very perceptibly affected Harry. His greeting was constrained, and I, who had been standing aside, now noticed that his face had a care-worn, sorrowful look, not natural to it.

Presently his eyes rested on me. I enjoyed the look of astonishment with which he regarded me, and I said, with a low curtesy, and in a tone which mimicked the one he had greeted me with three years before,

'I'm your cousin Isabel, dear.'

'Goodness gracious! is it possible? Why, you are not such a dreadful *fright* after all,' and his old manner returned as he spoke.

'No, I'm 'filled up,' tea and muffins, you know,' I replied, nodding my head.

We took our seats at the table, and Harry's quick glance soon detected the vacant space over the mante!. A grave look stole over his face, then he said with an attempt at gaity,

'No longer worthy, eh aunt Patty? But he sighed as he pointed to where the portrait had hung.

Aunt Patty was very much embarrassed as she replied,

'We had it carried up to our chamber, Harry—'

'And from there to the lumber-room,' interposed Margaret, sternly.

The look which overshadowed the handsome face of my cousin, made my heart ache for him; and I retired to my room as soon as tea was over, that I might be no restraint upon him and his aunts.

The next day aunt Patty told me there was something about Harry she could not find out; only that he had acknowledged that he had lost nearly all his money; that he was going to Europe for awhile; but that she believed he was still engaged to Nelly Hale.

My cousin was not to sail till the Spring. In the meantime we were constantly together, and I began to wonder about Nelly Hale. But he never mentioned her name.

Aunt Margaret's manner towards her nephew softened in spite of herself, and had it not been for shame, I verily believe that the portrait would have been restored to its original place.

The last week of his stay with us had arrived. Our aunts were entertaining a circle of friends in the drawing-room, and we were alone together in the little parlor. I was crocheting a purse for my cousin, talking busily the while of his anticipated tour.

'How I envy you, Harry; I wish I was going too,' I said, enthusiastically.

'Will you go, dear Bell?' he said, suddenly. 'Could you love such a worthless good-for-nothing scamp as I am?'

Nelly Hale, and the gambling, and the duel, all crowded upon my mind. I rose indignantly.

'What do you mean, sir, by offering me the remnants of a heart, and reputation, and fortune? Me?' And I confronted him as I spoke.

Alas! had I been more indifferent, probably I should not have been so angry.

I think he was paler, though his laugh was light as he asked in his old, mocking way.

'Mercy Bell! What would you have said if I had been in earnest?'

I was so astonished, that for a moment my heart seemed to cease beating; but I quickly answered:

'*Then* I should have informed your aunts who would have speedily rid me of the annoyance,' and I picked up the purse and went on with my crocheting.

I know not what demon prompted that ungenerous reply. My cousin looked at me so reproachfully, that I could scarcely restrain my tears. He arose, walked up and down the room once or twice, as if conquering some emotion, and said,

'Forgive me, Isabel. You were justly angry at my supposed trifling; but do not rob me of my aunt's love. It is all I have left now.'

My tears were gushing fast. I dared not trust my voice to answer. I would not look up lest I should betray myself. In a short time Harry left the room.

That evening, at the tea-table, he told us that he should leave early next morning, as he had some business to settle in New York bef re he sailed. His aunts expressed their astonishment, scanned his face narrowly, and no doubt wondered what new scrape Harry had got in; but I swallowed my tea with a great gulp that nearly choked me. I sat up half the night to finish the purse. I had foolishly wrought blue forget-me-nots on the crimson ground. When I handed it to him the next morning, I tried hard to steady my voice and lip, as I said with averted eyes,

'Do not think too unkindly of me, cousin Harry.'

Aunt Margaret's spectacles were blurred by the tears which she could not help falling, when she bid Harry good-bye, but poor aunt Patty cried as if it were the one great sorrow of her lifetime. As for myself, my eyes burned, but there was no tears even of sympathy in them now; but my trembling limbs almost refused to support me, and the hand which he took at parting must have sent an icy chill through his veins. I saw the carriage drive from the door, then I went to my room, and the desolation I felt, and the tears and moans that escaped me, told me plainly how indifferent I was to Harry Anstruther.

CHAPTER IV.

A year after my cousin's departure, I was invited to a bridal party at Mr. Welsh's. George and myself were on good terms, although he had ceased visiting me long before. In truth, he was a fortune or position hunter, both of which he had found in the graceful Alice Brant, whom Harry had eulogized on the first evening of our meeting.

I had been in the room but a short time, when a beautiful young girl, with a face as fresh as a rose-bud, and as bright as a sun-beam, left the circle surrounding the bride, and coming up to me with the confidence of one who was never repulsed, said,

'Are you not Miss Hadley, Harry Anstruther's cousin?'

I bowed, and as I glanced at the beautiful creature before me, a sickening realization of who she was stole over me.

'I am Nelly Hale,' she went on, 'but I suppose I am not as well known to you as you are to me.'

Alas! too well known. But I did not say so. I only buried my face in my boquet as I replied that I had often heard my cousin speak of her.

'If he were my brother I could not love him more.' she said.

I suppose not, but asked somewhat ironically if 'she knew what a brother's love was.'

'No, I never had a brother; and when Harry first came to C———, years ago, we had *such* juvenile flirtations. We vowed regularly twice a week to die for each other, and we were very much disappointed that there was no occasion for it, I believe.'

She must have thought me dumb at first. The meeting was so unexpected, that it was some time before I could recover my faculties to speak of *him* to *her*. And I felt most bitterly, for whatever her feelings might have been, I believed that he had loved her sincerely.

She was chatting in her light, gay way, when a gentleman came to claim her hand for a waltz. Her face brightened still more as she exclaimed,

'Oh! Willie, this is Miss Hadley, Harry's cousin you know. Mr. Graham, Miss Hadley.'

At the mention of 'Harry,' the gentleman, whose back was partly toward me, as he was about to lead Miss Hale away, turned suddenly, with his fine face sparkling with emotion, as he tock my hand saying,

'You do not know how glad I am to meet you; to see any relative of Harry's.'

The waltz seemed now to be forgotten, and Harry, and Harry's present doings were fully discussed.

'I wish he would come,' said Nelly, gaily, 'in his last letter he promised me a set of pink coral from Naples.'

I felt some comfort in thinking that I was a kind of woman to whom he could not promise a set of pink coral.

'Do you know, Miss Hadley,' said Mr. Graham, suddenly, 'that I am indebted to your cousin for all the happiness of my life?'

I looked inquiringly at Nelly, in whose blue eyes the tears were standing.

'Not only her,' said he with a happy laugh.

I took Mr. Graham's arm almost unconsciously, for I felt that much of what we had never known of Harry. was now to be revealed; and we left the crowded room for the hall.

'Anstruther is such a generous, noble hearted fellow, that I don't believe he has ever done himself the justice to his friends at home,' said my companion. 'His gay, mischief-loving disposition was always getting him into trouble. He was at the head of all the harmless pranks that drove the professors nearly wild. But unfortunately, his love of excitement took a quieter but more dangerous turn. He became very fond of card-playing. He lost his money like a prince, but that did not seriously impair his large fortune.'

There was a moment's pause in the narrative, and Nelly, who leaned on the other arm, looked up encouragingly in Mr. Graham's face.

'The fellows at the college always said Harry and I hunted in couples,' continued he. 'In truth, I did make him my model, but I soon surpassed him in my fondness for gambling, and the extent of my losses. One night, oh, God! that night in my madness I lost all, more than all I had, and I knew if my widowed mother survived the knowledge of my shame, I had made her a beggar. Nelly, too, to whom I had been engaged for more than a year, I felt would never be allowed to marry a penniless gambler. In my frenzy I was ready to commit suicide; but Harry Anstruther, who had witnessed all, saved me.'

Nelly's tears were flowing fast, and the speaker's voice quivered with emotion.

'He declared that it was his example which had first tempted me—but heaven knows *that* was not true—and he never left me on that horrible night, till from his own fortune he had made arrangements to pay my debts. I sometimes think now I must have been insane to have allowed it—but my old mother and Nelly! As for Harry, he said it was a cause of thanksgiving. It seemed as if our eyes were opened for the first time to the horrible precipice on which we hung, and I believe no earthly power could tempt Harry Anstruther now to touch a card. And with God's help neither will I,' and he bowed his head solemnly as he spoke.

'And to think that papa was so unjust to Harry as to refuse to let him come to our house, till Willie heard of it, and told him the whole truth. I was dreadfully frightened, for fear papa would make me break my engagement with Willie; but he said that after such a lesson, and with such a friend as Harry, there was not much danger,' and as Nelly spoke, the smile had already dried away her tears.

'But the duel? I asked.

'Ah! did you hear of that too?' said Mr. Graham. 'We thought it was kept pretty quiet, for Fuller hardly got a scratch, though he deserved something more. He unpardonably insulted a pretty little milliner girl, and boasted of it, in his cups; and when Harry remonstrated with him about it, high words ensued; he called your cousin a liar and a coward, and it all ended in a duel.'

A little more talk of college life, and we entered the parlor. Harry's entire vindication did not give the unalloyed pleasure it should have done; it was all mingled with regrets for my own hasty pride, bitter regrets for the love I had thrown away. I hurried home from the party, and rushed into my aunts' chamber. It was some time before I could make her comprehend the welcome news.

The next day Harry's portrait again hung over the mantel in the little parlor.

My acquaintance with Nelly Hale ripened into friendship during her visit at A———, and I have promised to act as bridemaid for her the next winter. Graham had received an unexpected fortune sometime before from a god-father, and had already refunded the money which my cousin had so generously given him.

CHAPTER V.

We had for a long time eagerly scanned Harry's letter for some intimation of his return home, when one day we read:

'I shall not probably be with you in two months. Graham is going to be married to my little friend Nelly Hale, which prodigious feat he thinks cannot be accomplished without my assistance. Dear Aunt Patty, how often I have mystified you with regard to that same Nelly. I believe I was passionately in love with her for one whole year, the first of my college life, though, alas! the violent emotion exhausted itself, but for all that, I think she is the darlingest little creature living.

'I am twenty-six, sober twenty-six, dearest aunt, but your kind letter about the restoration of my property, *nearly*, mind I say *nearly*, brought the tears to my eyes. I had enough to live upon economically without it, and I feel somehow as if I had no right to that. My example was so near causing a suicide and two broken hearts at least. It was all my fault. It seems as if the sufferings of a century were crowded into that night. There are two things, however that console me, now that Willie has so generously taken all the blame on himself. Aunt Margaret and yourself love me as of old, and if I ever offer my hand to a woman, it will not be with only the remnants of a heart, and reputation, and fortune.'

I was not forgiven.

He came, and we met, not as of old amid gibe and jest, for there was more thought in the sun-burnt brow, and more dignity in the subdued demeanor of my cousin, and my pride had gone into the pride of a proud woman, and I was no longer that of a peevish school-girl, or a petted heiress.

Well, we two stood beside Willie Graham and Nelly when they were married. There was many a silly joke about 'one wedding making another,' and I listened in vain for the gay reparters, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have pained me. Harry only said he was not a marrying man, as long as he could not have Nelly, and I averred that I was so enamored of the single life of my aunt that I should lead it too.

One day I was sitting in the parlor at Judge Hale's alone. My cousin entered and drew a letter from his pocket from Aunt Hatty. After handing it to me he left the room. I watched his retreating figure, and then glancing on the floor at my feet, I saw the purse which I had knit him. He had undoubtedly drawn it out with the letter. I picked it up and examined it. Alas! the forget-me-nots had all faded, and the tears came as I remembered the afternoon and night on which I had finished it. My letter was unopened, and I dreamed on of what might have been, still stroking out the folds of the purse in an absent way.

'What does Aunt Patty say, Isabel? asked Henry, at my elbow. I started up, covered with confusion, and mechanically grasped the purse tighter.

'I think I dropped something,' proceeded my cousin, looking on the floor.

With a woman's quick instinct, I dropped the purse, and let him find it. But my ruse was of no avail, he had been watching me for some minutes, and did not leave the parlor till——

Well, no matter what. But there was to be a sleighing party that night, and I never enjoyed a ride as much as I did that.

Three months after, the large drawing-room of the good aunts were thrown open, and the Holland covers were taken off the old fashioned damask furniture. There was a vast amount of cake and wine consumed, and any quantity of white satin, and wreaths, and veils, displayed; and Harry, with his old sauciness came back, vowing that I was never happy till he gave me a chance to write myself Mrs. HARRY ANSTRUTHER.

INGENIOUS REVENGE.—The Paris correspondent of the New-York Times says:

"The following anecdote of Horace Vernet is amusing to the Parisians, though, I suppose, there is not a grain of truth in it. The artist was coming from Versailles to the city in the cars. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who evidently were acquainted with him. They examined him very minutely, and commented upon him quite freely, upon his martial bearing, his hale old age, his military pantaloons, &c. The painter was annoyed, and determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed under the tunnel of St. Cloud the three travelers were wrapped in complete darkness.—Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth and kissed it twice, violently. On emerging from the obscurity he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him, and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark. As they arrived at Paris, Vernet, on leaving them, said "Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry, 'which of these two ladies was it that kissed me?'"