

BY NELLIE LINTON.

I arranged a few articles in the house and then started for home as it was a long ride to Uncle Blake's. I rode up on the ridge and was enjoying a view of the splendid natural scenery that was visible for miles away in every direction; when suddenly my eye rested on the figure of a gentleman, resting on the turf, only a few feet in advance of me, and directly in my path. He had apparently been sketching and was now lying on the cool grass leaning his head against a tall pine tree. He was tall, elegantly proportioned, with a profusion of wavy, golden brown hair, falling carelessly over a broad forehead of marble whiteness. The mouth was one of rare sweetness of expression; though the rare, exquisitely chiseled lip and swelling nostrils of the somewhat prominent nose, dispelled all idea of that ethereal life so disliked. His eyes! Oh could any one ever look on them and forget? They were large, lustrous, violet eyes, with a very slight roguish look, now predominating over a habitual consciousness of expression; calm, dignified eyes that made you tremble, even while you worshipped them. A long, India scarf of variegated colors was tied under a low, square cut, linen collar. His portfolio lay by his side, and one of those comfortable, soft hats conly cushioned by the side of a neat, patent leather bag. As I looked at him, at those great eyes, a thrill of unutterable joy, vibrated every nerve and fibre of my nature, and sick with the depth and intensity of the emotion, I bowed my head for a moment on Bjou's glossy neck. It seemed that, stepping forward ages upon ages, I with my mortal hand had swept aside the impenetrable veil of eternity and recognized in him, as I stood side by side with him in the heavenly fields, my acknowledged and God-wedded spirit groom. For a moment I could have fallen down, and in my passionate Italian nature addressed him in the beautiful Scriptural language, "Whither thou goest, there will I go, etc." But it was only for a moment, for when I raised my head I met only a careless, almost triumphant smile; for he knew in that short time, in my inmost soul I paid him the tribute so justly due such glorious beauty. That one glance aroused all the flickering, unsuspected of my nature; my self-possession was complete, and angry at my weakness I would have striven to regain my lost laurels by hooding past him without further ceremony. On his vision arrested the motion.

"A thousand pardons, Miss, if I have been the innocent cause of your fright and modesty?" But his manner belied his words, he did not change his position and kept on smiling.

"I hope so," I answered, "I am not so much as to be frightened at such a superbly beautiful picture, although I will readily confess when Bjou started so suddenly. — (How he must have been amused at the flimsy subterfuge for it was very evident, I raised my hand to his shoulders the first on my list.) Please lend me one of those tablets and a pencil and I will perhaps be able to make you comprehend. Pray do not do yourself the trouble to rise," I continued, as I rode up and gazed upon him from his outstretched hand. Then he suddenly arose and after stamping his foot to arrange his dress, deliberately proceeded to gather up the contents of his portfolio and place them in it; all the time muttering a popular air! My hand worked with a will, for I was thoroughly vexed and satisfied by his careless manner, and in an incredible short space of time, threw the card white as if it were a hideous caricature of a laughing artist. I expected and hoped to make him very angry or at least to ruffle his composure; but not one whit was disturbed. He only picked it up and after examining it minutely, regarded me with that provoking, amused smile playing over his exquisite lips.

"Would you like to keep it?" he said, "the likeness is so very apparent, or shall I sit to you again?" and he looked handsomer than ever.

"Oh no! no indeed, not for the world would I deprive you, of even your shadow; I hope you will admire it," and laughing a thought, he handed it to me. I looked at it, and my impatience stood the more and the magnificent creature bounded by, while I waved my hand in adieu.

"Splendidly done, by Jove!" I heard him exclaim, but whether the picture or the act he had not told. After a while I felt heartily ashamed of my unsteady hand, but could not plead as an excuse, that he was very good-looking? Suddenly it occurred to me what a stranger coming to visit with us; and what if he and my artist knight were the same? Well it would only be right to apologize; which thing would not be wholly impossible especially, if those great eyes looked at me again. I could only barely congratulate myself on my escape heart whole; angry at I certainly was, for that he, in derision face looked looking at me from every object my eyes rested on. And what of him, I thought? He would never cast a second thought on me, angry gipsy with her dark face and flashing eyes! and somehow I wanted just then to press my hand hard on my heart to still the bitterness the thought occasioned. I hurried Bjou on, and it was nearly sunset when I arrived at home; and I scot him by the groom and ran up stairs to change my dress. I met Alice on the first landing, and she told me the guest had not arrived, but she did not note the expression on my face as I went on, smiling at the idea that perhaps I had already made his ac-

quaintance in advance of his expected arrival. I threw off my riding habit, and donned a simple dress of black silk, (I had always worn black since my mother's death, plain white collar and cuffs, and no ornaments, except the diamond cross and drops, which were mother's bridal jewels. Tea over, I went into the parlor to play on the new piano, that had been sent that day from the city; while Alice and Auntie adjourned, one to the library to read to Uncle, and the latter to superintend some household affairs. Soon as the lamps were lighted I turned over my notes and commenced playing some grand, old melodies from Beethoven and Mozart. While absorbed in one of these, and singing an accompaniment, the door opened and the servant announced "Frederic Percival!" — The name I was not acquainted with, and consequently felt annoyed at the interruption, and I did not look up for a moment, but whirled carelessly around, my hand still resting on the ivory keys. At the sound of footsteps, I felt the same strange thrill in my heart, and confidently expected to meet my tormentor. Well to be sure the form was the same, but even as I gazed, the mocking smile disappeared from the mouth, and I stood trembling and embarrassed before those mournful, blue eyes.

He said he "presumed I was Miss Alice Blake's foster sister, Miss Somerford, of whom she had told him so much," and gently took my hand and led me to the sofa. I excused myself and arose to ring the bell, and have James inform his mistress of the arrival; but he said, "after our introduction to-day I think any further one, under the circumstances, unnecessary; and no doubt the ladies will be down soon."

Then he soon added, pleasantly, "an apology is due you; but with your leave will say nothing more about it, and will mutually compromise the saucy affair, by adjourning to the piano, and I will listen while you conclude that splendid music you were singing when I interrupted you."

I told him I should only be too happy.

He evidently possesses a will to hight; for I had no power to resist his half apology, half command; and we both laughed gaily, as I took his arm, and seated myself to play. We had only finished the piece in which he joined, when Alice came in. She laughed heartily at the story of our meeting and compromise, given in his inimitable style.

"Oh! you naughty Madge," she said, "how could you treat Fred? so? but it was only like the saucy creature; and Fred, you must learn to indulge her as I do," she added, with a droll attempt at severity.

"I understand," he said; "but another time we will punish her hand, only think how she photographed my phiz! Too bad! young lady, too bad!" and he regarded me mischievously.

"I ought to be very much frightened at such a coquetry; but now really I am not," I retorted.

After this our acquaintance progressed finely, although at times during the evening, I could not divest myself of a feeling of embarrassment as I met his eye fall upon me in the intervals of conversation; after a while I withdrew to a window recess and listened to him and Alice conversing; and as they sat before the warm, mellow fire light, I think I almost loved him even then, as I contrasted the incident of the day, with the scene before me, so quiet and home-like, he holding Alice's hand in both of his, and talking to her in his low, soft tones of the absent Henriette, her lover. Then I understood why she wished me to know him, for they were like brothers.

And I, in my dusky seat, shaded by the heavy, crimson, brocade curtains, I tried to call reason and philosophy, cold counters, to my aid. I said, "he could not, if he would try, care anything for the brown faced orphan girl, dependent on friends; what! he, so rich and talented, would he even—? but all philosophy vanished, as he looked around unseeingly where I was sitting, occasionally, not wishing to call me forward.

It was late when we retired, and I noticed he looked pale and fatigued; but he pressed my hand gently, after bidding Alice "good night," he said, "you must not think too harshly of me, Miss Somerford, I was very rude and unkind to-day, for my sake, do not cherish any bad good feelings!"

"Do not mention it," I said hastily, "I only was rude. In all sincerity, I said, forget it! and in future I will not be so childish."

"Then," he answered, "I will say thanks and good night," and bowed his face for a moment on my hand, while the shining curls swept over my sleeves. The servant came to show him up to his room, and I ran to mine, not daring to stop with Alice for fear that she would see my agitation.

The next day, in compliance with Uncle Blake's earnest invitation, he had his trunks brought from the village and prepared to stay a fortnight with us. We enjoyed ourselves, riding, walking over the grounds, and singing; but as the weather became cooler, and Alice was called away to the city to see a friend, we were thrown entirely on our own pleasure-finding resources. For myself, I was content to see him, and know he was near, was enough, all my proud

heart was his, all the light I wanted or cared for was his dear face. Do not console me; it must have been my fate; do not console, dear reader, of unkindly demonstrations, or premature fondness, for what ever else my faults were, that certainly was not one of them. How inconsistent is real nature. I said we enjoyed ourselves; well we did, very much, except when hectoring each other, or quarrelling, yet you see aright, actually quarrelling. His disposition was a strange combination of mirth and sadness, and our first and second meetings were only a fair sample of many others that followed in their wake. The results was, strength pitted vs. strength, a mortal contest, of brains and tongues; steely ire, biting asperity, on one side, and laughing sarcasm, and a natural capacity to tease, on the other. One hour, taxing my patience to the utmost, the next, gravely and sweetly forgetful of all else, doing his utmost to entertain me, so I never knew when I was safe to unloose my fiery temper. Of my wild love he knew nothing, nor could he judge, for generally I was calmly oblivious to his friendly overtures or else meeting out, point for point, item for item, ballancing accounts as near as I an interested party, was able to do. But there came a change in affairs. A few days after Alice left, the house keeper vent for a weeks holiday among her friends before returning to city, and I volunteered to assist Auntie, and save Uncle the trouble of hunting another help in her absence; and so he held me initiated in domestic mysteries. We had been having a beautiful day, but I had not seen Frederic since morning, for immediately after breakfast Uncle rode to the village on business, and Fred accompanied him on Bjou. (I shall note incidents, for from this day I can date the time when all animosities were thrown aside, the grandeur thrown down never to be taken up again; from his nature and mine were shown, free from all distortion, naturally.) All forenoon I was in the store-room with Auntie, helping pot cold meats, preserve fruits, &c., &c., and at we had a luncheon, after that I commenced the self imposed task of chamber work. I put all the other rooms in order, and concluded I would arrange Fred's room before I dressed. I knew he would be tired and dusty when he returned, so I placed a basin of pure, soft water on his stand, towels, &c., put a fresh Jamack cloth on the table, placed his books in order, filled the vases with fresh flowers, and finally after looping the curtains from the bed and windows, opened the blinds and drew his chair near the garden window, which seat, I knew he liked best. After leaving everything immaculate, I thought I would go into the library, and translate a few pages of Spanish, a language I was trying to master with the aid of a lexicon since I left school, but just then the clock struck six, and I went down to arrange the tea table in the dining room. While there I heard Uncle Blake and Fred returning, heard their steps on the walk, in the hall, and their cheerful voices as they separated, the former going into Auntie's room, and the latter into his own, from which I knew he could gaze, refreshed and refreshing, and I knew also that every nook of the old house would be searched until he found me. So not caring to be seen in my morning dress, I hurried through, so as to make myself unseen before tea. A few moments later, I stood before my mirror giving the finishing touches to the coquettish rhapsody I had curled over my low brow, and dark, oval cheeks. To be sure I was dark but I thought I had never looked better; the animated eye, and flushed cheeks evincing an inner beauty I could not hide, I smoothed the sunny embroideries over my plain silk dress, and laughing quietly, and on my white apron, and stepped out into the hall just as the bell rang. As I was running down to be in readiness to preside at table, (a duty Alice or I always relieved Auntie of when she was ill or tired.) I met Fred. He smiled when he saw the white apron, the dining room badge, and complimented me on my matronly appearance, he would have given me his arm, as he said he was coming to find me, but I told him that to persons of my class, such unassisted attentions were embarrassing, and walked on, wickedly demure, by his side.

"Little tormenting Madge," he said, in a tone of remorseful tenderness, that went to my heart; but I could not give up now, although I had been glibly and reflective all day; now I resolved on an entire reformation both in him and myself. I felt that it was only the ocean spray that had dashed and sparkled around me, not the white pearls, which I was sure were buried beneath his waves, but which a masterly hand might draw thence and enrich itself forever; and I was right, I found the gem, but the good master did not allow me to retain long its rare beauty.

No matron of the famous F. F. V. could have feasted her guests more hospitably, than I did our little home circle, that evening. — The fragrant Soufflé and rich cream, were served in Auntie's old fashioned "caddy" and creamer, of massive silver. The golden butter, cold meats, cakes, fruits, pickles, transparent jellies and marmalades were set in a service of china, which Auntie had inherited

from her mother, and which had been in the family nearly a hundred years. She said she had resurrected it from the plate closet, in honor to her guest, and Fred with all his pretensions and elegance of manner acknowledged the compliment and remarked its neatness and good preservation. An hour's pleasant conversation passed before we were aware of it, when we at last arose, Fred and I went into the parlor, and I felt a flush of happiness such as I had not known all day, when he took my hand to lead me in, and said:

"Madge!" (he had long done away with the formal Miss) "You have given me a very great pleasure, I have seen you really at home, exercising the privileges of a mistress. How much sweeter it is to receive a favor from the hands of one!" — he looked at me and smiled sadly but did not continue the sentence. A silence ensued that became almost embarrassing, when he opened the piano and asked me to play. I told him I would rather he would, as I was not in a right mood.

I think there must have been a sympathy between our minds even then, for he had commenced a prelude to a lively air; but hardly sweeping it aside, took up an old plaintive ballad, which he sang, throwing into it all the energy of his powerful, mellow voice, giving it an indescribable melancholy, causing a bitter tide to surge up from my heart and before I could prevent it, a large, bright tear fell on the sheets of music I was turning. He looked up at me regretfully.

"Come, this will not do, I will read for you;" and he drew chairs to the centre table.

"Not that, pray," said I as he took up another Vol. of "Varieties," done in the richest London binding; a collection of best pieces, in poetry and prose, by English and American authors. "See I have it all marked."

"So much the better," he returned, "I can now tell what you fancy most." I have no voice myself, but an extremely fond of hearing any one else read. I felt soothed and relieved as he proceeded, and was completely absorbed, when he began an extract from Festus, speaking of the impossibility of young people thinking that which they once love, can fade or die; and pointing out the error. I felt the true truth of it, but as he read line after line, it seemed such an exact mirror of what my thoughts had been all day, that I whispered hoarsely, "Oh Frederic don't!"

He turned quickly and my face must have been very pale, for he came to my side saying, "Madge are you ill?"

I caught his hand as he reached for the bell rope, "no, but sit, but come and walk with me," and taking his arm we walked up and down the long parlor in the soft light. — At last said "I ought to explain my conduct, will you listen while I tell you what a strange dream or vision I had that night?"

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

St. A Banyan Tree.

There is a tree on the islands of the river Ganges, a single shoot of which if set out soon grows a tree, with branches drooping down to the ground. Each branch on touching the earth takes root and becomes a new tree; this also sends forth branches, which enter the ground and give birth to other trees, until at length that little banyan shoot first planted becomes a thick shaded forest. So it is with every sinful practice, and with every sinful habit. The first sin is the little shoot just planted and springs up with life. Each successive sin is a new branch taking root. Would it not have been an easy task to have pulled up that first banyan tree and thrown it into the Ganges? But it is an easy task when in the course of years that tree is a forest? If a man takes a road that does not lead to Heaven, if the entertainments of sin are allowed to have their alluring charms, if the uncertain riches of this world are preferred to the durable riches of righteousness, if thoughts of the holy God enter the mind only to be thrust out with derision, if the requirements of that holy God are hourly disobeyed or disregarded, if the only welcome and habitual thoughts are not thoughts of holiness, but of sin and worldliness in ten thousand forms, if the character is assuming a darker hue, from familiarity with deeds of darkness, and the outline of an image begin to appear as each succeeding sin adds another stroke, and the portrait grows plainer and plainer, and every day deepens and brings out another texture, and the last earthly tomb is given, and men joy at sin even when done by others, say, what image is that meets your gaze? It is the image of that being who (as the infidel Rollinbrooke says) "is so far from promoting the happiness of others that he makes his own happiness to consist in the misery of others— who endeavor to corrupt the innocent and to enslave the free, whose business it is to seduce or betray, whose pleasure is to damn and whose triumph is to torment."

The way a Taunton (Mass.) husband treated a poor chap he found in his wife's chamber after the light was blown out, was severe. He broke his nose, bruised his cheeks, tore out his hair, and kicked him down stairs. The course of true love never runs smooth, we really believe.

THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.
BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The Sabbath sun was setting slow,
Amidst the clouds of even;
"Our Father," breathed a voice below
"Father who art in heaven!"

Beyond the earth—beyond the cloud
Those infant words were given;
"Our Father," angels sang aloud—
"Father who art in heaven!"

"Thy kingdom come," still from the ground
That childlike voice did pray—
"Thy kingdom come," God's hosts resound
Far up the starry way!

"Thy will be done"—with little tongue
That piping love implores;
"Thy will be done" the angels throng
Sing from the Seraphic shores.

"Forever"—still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer;
"Forever" floats in music sweet
High amidst the angels there!

Thine be the glory evermore—
From thee may man's we're saved;
But every Christian land adore
Jehovah—God forever!

Romance and Reality.
A most extraordinary case is about to occupy the attention of Judge Culver, involving circumstances nearer akin to romance than plain naked truth, as developed by affidavits which, as we are informed, are now in progress of being submitted for legal adjudication. The following are the principal facts as set forth in the document alluded to: About five years ago there came to reside in Brooklyn a lady of remarkably gentle and prepossessing appearance, who represented herself to be a widow from the vicinity of Mobile, Ala., and who evidently had means sufficiently ample to enable her to occupy a respectable social position. She was accompanied by a little boy of seemingly mulatto or negro parentage, then about three years old, which she invariably spoke of as being the only surviving child of a favorite servant of her deceased husband. In the course of time she (being yet young and attractive) was "wooed and won" by a gentleman who formerly was engaged in mercantile pursuits in New York, but who (becoming unfortunate in business) is at present in the employ, as a book-keeper, of an eminent firm across the river. The fruits of this marriage are two fair-haired children, and up to within a recent period the parents have lived harmoniously and affectionately together.

A sad blight has, however, overtaken their dream of happiness! On the morning of the 14th inst., a man of staid proportions, and somewhat handsome presence—but of marked ebony hue—called at the house of the party alluded to accompanied by two New York lawyers, and demanded the possession of the apparently negro boy, alleging himself to be the father of the pretended slave child, and declaring that its female custodian was its mother, and his divorced wife. So startling a disclosure has, of course, created the utmost consternation and alarm among friends of those who are most deeply interested in unraveling the truth of this "strange eventful history"—the lady stating in the most emphatic manner that the statements of her accuser are infamously false, and originated in a plot to destroy her peace. On the other hand, the alleged husband and father of the boy has sworn to the truth of his avowment, and says that witnesses will be produced from St. Louis, Mo., where he is well known as a trader and property-holder, to sustain him in the proceedings which he has (only partially) instituted. The lady is of German extraction, and the person who claims to have once been her "Bige lord" is either of Creole or semi-Indian breed. He states that the separation between them was caused by detecting infidelity on her part, and that until within a short period past, he was led to believe that she was in Europe.

Old Mrs. Studtman says she has taken her darter away from the poultry doctor to the engine doctor, who reckons he can cure her immediately. She says she has no son like Mrs. Parrington has, but will adopt some poor little orful boy soon.

Boy with a Brick Bat Hat.—The following notice was inscribed on the docket at the Hammond Street Station House last night, viz: "Boy Lost—About three years old; has a brick bat hat, and calico shoes, and marked with the small pox on his teeth." How on earth did such a young 'un get lost?

A theatrical company was playing in one of the interior towns on West, Shakespeare's Othello, and Othello demanded of Desdemona "the handkerchief! the handkerchief!" A greeny called out impatiently, "Never mind the handkerchief, blow your nose with your fingers, and go ahead!"

The Lost Darling.—This forenoon a man in search of a child was hailed by a ponderous Hibernian, who thrust his half-naked frame through the window of a dilapidated three-story wooden building. "Is it a child ye want?" "Yes." "About three years old?" "Yes." "Is he fair hair, blue eyes, red stockings, an' smoke colored gaiters?" "Yes." "Had he a plaid dress and white straw hat on 'im?" "Yes! yes! Is he up there with you?" "Ah, no, sir, but I saw his mother awhile ago lookin' for the darlin'."

The editor of the Sankuys Pioneer has been presented with a fine shirt-collar—He is waiting for some one to give him a shirt, so he can put the collar to some use.—At present it is a perfect superfluity to him.