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she traveled alone, as Mr. Maillard's business engagements were of that nature to detain him at home at that season.

When the merchant, evening after evening, returned to his handsome house, deserted save by the servants, he began to grow more dissatisfied with his cheerless aspect than he thought could be possible, or would have acknowledged to himself. Once, entering the drawing-room, so dreary and empty looking, on an evening after he had visited his club, he passed before an exquisitely-crayoned portrait on the wall, and said, with more feeling than he had shown for many a month:

"Home is lonely without you, Alice! Ah, if he had but thought himself to write such a sentence to her!"

The days went by, and in her girlhood hours the trio watched around the bed of their dying mother. The summer vines clustered up against the walls, the roses reddened in the garden, the June grass grew tall, and waved in the warm south winds; while the hectic depended on the consumptive's cheek, and the life-light ebbed more faintly through her heart.

At the close of one of those perfect days, when the last sunset rays slanted through the windows, the end came; the death-life passed into the better, and the meek eyes, closing here with maternal love lingering last in their gaze, opened again to look upon the glories of the beautiful land where illness never comes, nor Death's dark prison droops.

On the day following the funeral, Mr. Maillard bore his wife back to their home again. At the parting, Alice wept unrestrainedly upon the bosom of her twin brother, then turned to receive her sister's farewell kiss.

"I must be mother to you now," said Hester—faithful, devoted woman, ten years older than the weeper she held in her arms—and then she whispered, "In your trial I will come to you. Keep up a good heart, darling, and don't brood too much on our grief for the sake of your own health, now."

After the carriage had rolled away, Horace stood by the window a long time in deep thought; then he turned suddenly to his sister, and said, in a somewhat restrained voice:

"Hester, do you think Maxwell Maillard makes Alice happy?"

"Certainly—why not, Horace? What a question! No one could fail to see how attentive he is; and I wonder such a thought could enter your mind."

Good Horace's answer was quickly rendered; but in a line that corrugated her own brows betrayed that which she would not allow her lips to utter even to her brother.

"They say that twins have a magic sympathy for each other. I seem to feel that Alice is not as light hearted as she was when she left us. Nineteen months ago, and she looks full five years older than when she left us, a year and a half ago. If Maillard don't make her happy, I shall hate him!" and a stern, bitter expression settled on the youth's handsome face.

"Why, Horace, how strangely you talk!" persisted Hester. "Of course Ally wouldn't seem as usual. Mother's death, you know"—and here the usually calm, self-centered woman's lip quivered.

Horace's own deep hazel eyes filled. The boy had a tender, womanly heart. "It may be my fancy only. I hope so, Hester!" But he stood long in thought.

After their return home, Mr. Maillard's main softened toward his wife. He could not see her going about in her mourning robes, with her pale, sad face, and quiet ways, without relaxing from his olden manner. But still his pride, so long dominant, mastered him sufficiently to withhold him from the manifestation of his returning tenderness, save by constant watchfulness, and by surrounding her with such luxuries as wealth could procure. Books, pictures, the latest music, flowers, every dainty of the season, these came to her. Ah, if he had only known that a tender-

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word to a hungry heart is better than any gift that gold can buy!

Alice accepted all with a sweetness that never failed her now. In fact Mr. Maillard married her to see how subservitive she had become. There was no rebellion now; no flunkeys up of the old high spirit; no passionate outbreaks—also no pessimistic yearnings for tenderness. Her eyes never sought his with wistful eagerness for the food, answering glance; her slender hand no longer laid caressingly into his. That time with her was last.

One evening, sitting in that same library where she had stooped upon him once, the windows open to the hot air of the August night, and the smoke of his cigar floating out into the garden, Mr. Maillard fell to thinking of this.

"How different Alice is from what she was last winter! My course was most judicious. Her disposition has improved. But she has grown so pale lately. I think the sea air would have helped her, if she had thought best to have gone home at this time."

From this soliloquy Mr. Maillard never used by a call from his housekeeper, was cut with his wife in an airy, spacious upper room of the large elegant mansion.

An hour later, a baby boy's frail life fluttered into existence, but for one brief moment only, then went out again; and the young mother lay dying on her pillows. No kind, motherly, sustaining elder sister was there to close those violet eyes with a kiss, and the twin brother, who loved her with such passionate, enduring tenderness, only came to look upon her white face in her coffin.

Maxwell Maillard stood, mute and dazed, when they told him his wife's moments were pouring into Eternity. There was no time then for confessions, pleadings or regrets—no time to tell her nurse save the few broken sobs that surged in a thick, turbid torrent from his heavily-throbbing heart. Only time to receive the faint pressure of the little outstretched hand, the last meek, loving smile, and to hear the two latest words that fluttered over the pale, lovely lips, as her dying gaze was lifted heavenward:

"Mother! Heaven!"

They buried her in the cemetery of her village home, beside her mother, buried her dead baby on her breast—Hester's sad face—aged ere she had passed into life's full prime—settled into deeper lines, lines that would grow deeper still with the lapse of the years that could never restore the loved ones to the faithful heart of the mourner.

The twin-brother, all afresh with youth and promise, stunned and nearly creased by the terrible blow, felt that half his own bright young life was laid away under the earth-sod.

And Maxwell Maillard—strong proud man, whose imperious will had never yielded before—was smitten by the fat of the Almighty. He was left alone with remorse and regret. No need now to empty heart; she could never enter more. He must sit down in the ashes of his desolation. No need now to relax his iron rule.

It was too late!

Human Suffering.

We are confident that the far greater portion of human suffering is of our own procuring, the result of ignorance and mistaken views, and it is a superfluous and unnecessary mixture of bitterness in the cup of human life. We firmly believe that the greater number of specific diseases to which they are attributed, are really caused by a series of imperceptible malarial influences, springing from corroding cares, griefs and disappointments. To say that more than half of the human race die of sorrow and a broken heart, or in some way fall victims to their passions may seem like advancing a revolting doctrine; but it is, nevertheless, in our mind, simple truth. We do not see the operations of grief upon some one or all the countless frail and delicate constituents of human life. But if physiology could look through the infinitely complicated web of our structure with

the power of solar microscope, it would behold every clingra covering some nerve, paralyzing the action of some organ, or closing some capillary; and that every sigh draws its drop of life-blood from the heart.

Nature is slow in reacting her injuries; but the memory of them is indelibly impressed, and treasured up for a late but certain revenge. Nervousness, lowness of spirits, headache, and all the countless train of morbid and deranged corporeal and mental actions, are at once, the cause and effects of sorrow and anxiety, increased by a constant series of action and reaction. Thought and care become impressed upon the brow. The bland essence of cheerfulness evaporates. The head becomes stout of its locks, and the frost of winter gather on the temples. These concave great influences silently sap the stamina of life; until, aided by some adventitious circumstance—which we call cold, fever, epidemic, dyspepsia—death lays his hand upon the frame, that by his sorrows and care of life was prepared for his dread office.

The bills of mortality assign a name to the mortal disease, different from the true one. Cheerfulness and equanimity are about the only traits that have invariably marked the lives of those who have lived to extreme old age. Nothing is more clearly settled by experience, than that grief acts as a slow poison, not only in the immediate infliction of pain, but in gradually impairing the powers of life, and in subtracting from the sun of our days.

A HUMAN SMILE.—Nothing on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye flash and Mirth flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries upon the stalk. Laughter is day, sobriety, night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and more bewitching than either.

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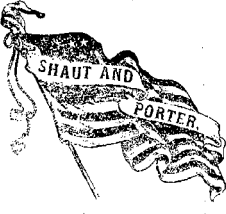
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WELLES SCOTT,
Attorney.



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