

Poetry.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dewdrop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the sky are drawing.

But she has not a moment to look at them.
The men are wanting their breakfast early.

She must not linger, she must not wait;
For words that are sharp and looks that are cruel.

Are what men give them when meals are late.

Oh, glorious colors the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes and here is the churning.

Those things must always yield to these.
The world is filled with the wine of beauty;
If she could pause and drink it in.

But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot and the hands grow weary;
Oh, for an hour to cool her head.

Out with the birds in the winds so cheery?
They only know that they want their dinner.

Plenty of it—and "on time."
And after the sweeping and churning and baking.

And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching.

Till time for supper and "chores" draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says, as she patches their frocks and hose;

For the world is quick to censure mothers,
For the least neglect of children's clothes.

Her husband comes from field or farm,
He gives no praise to his weary wife.

She's done no more than her neighbor,
Tis the lot of all in country life.

Literature.

Wrangled and Righted.

[This is a serial of unusual merit and is by the same author as "The Last Days of Pompeii," "A Life Foursquare," the two last stories published in the FARMER. New subscribers can have the paper from this date, Nov. 9th, until Jan. 1st, for One Dollar. Send subscriptions to LORAN C. MACCARTY, Fredericton, N. B.]

CHAPTER VII.

PEARLE'S PRAYER.

Pearle sat still, with bowed head and clasped hands, until she heard the great door close behind her.

She turned and looked at the sound of his horse's hoofs upon the gravelled drive-way as he rode away.

Then she arose and tottered to her chamber, where, locking herself in, she sat down and tried to conquer her grief.

She thought of the day that had overtaken her at the moment when life had seemed at its brightest.

It could not be possible, she murmured in her misery, that Richard Pryn should be the hypocrite he had just been represented.

He could not be so false to every principle of truth and honor as to have won the love of a pure woman, deceiving her, and then turning from her to make her—Pearle Radcliffe—his second victim.

For such she would surely, become, at every late hour, she discovered these dreadful things regarding him.

"I cannot believe it—I will not believe it!" she cried aloud, with clasped hands uplifted in agony, tearless sob heaving her bosom and exhausting her strength, as hour after hour, refusing the repeated calls of the London milliner, she walked the floor, like some restless, caged animal.

"It cannot be true, they are clear and tranquil as deep water, his voice has no sound of treachery in it. He could not do such dark deeds."

Still she knew that she had been tampered with; some one had changed the amounts they represented. That was a fact she could not dispute; and if they were casted, and the fraud discovered, Richard Pryn alone would be obliged to suffer the consequences.

"Oh, if I had but kept them," she cried, remorsefully, all the blood in her body rather than have acknowledged in the presence of Adison Cheetham.

She could not doubt that the writing in that little expensive book was Richard Pryn's very own. He must have made separate entries, and, according to her must have paid out the money which those figures represented, and for the purposes there described.

What could "lost of honor mean but money lost in gambling? She shuddered at the word; but Pearle was not one to leave anything but the done—this "lost of honor" must be thoroughly considered and sifted before she could rest.

It is better to know all this now than three days later to find out the whole ended with a will so hopeless and so bitter that it would have caused one with a heart of stone to weep in sympathy to her.

What could "family expenses at the Dovecote" mean, but that Richard was secretly supporting some person or person being paid for his services?

Her cheeks grew hot with shame and anger at the thought, her eyes bright and glittering with a feeling she had never before experienced.

Ariel was a fair, beautiful woman; she was the dove for whom her lover—her betrothed husband—had prepared the beautiful little nest in the deep blue eyes, and perhaps, rested upon his bosom—upon the very spot where her own had so often laid.

He had kissed the sweet lips, looked fondly into the deep blue eyes, and caressed the golden hair. The same arms that had so often inhaled her had clasped this other graceful form—oh! it was really too dreadful to think about.

And "Richie"—the black-eyed, black haired, rosy-cheeked cherub—possessing these characteristics of every male member of the Prynholm family whom she had ever seen—he was this fair Ariel's child, and—

Al! the bitterness of that poor, breaking heart, as she sank, shuddering to the floor, with her hands clasped, which she could not give form or expression.

Then all her pride awoke and arose to battle. She was consumed with jealousy, her heart was breaking with its anguish, but no man should cheat her thus and triumph in his hypocrisy and wickedness.

"Where is my spirit that I should tamely submit to this outrage?" she cried, passionately, all the blood in her body boiling with indignation. "If he had been guilty of these things, if he had belonged to him, then he could also be guilty of forgery. If it is all true, I will not spare him."

She had resolved that she would go and see for herself Adison Cheetham's words.

She knew well the little lane that led from the Uppingham road; she could go there by herself to this tiny, vine clad earth, and this nest of a man's, and manage some way to see Ariel and this beautiful black-eyed boy who so resembled the man she loved.

She could not go tonight; it was all ready getting late for the family and guests to return, and more company was expected in the evening. Richard

himself was coming also, and Adison Cheetham would be there to spy upon all her movements.

She could not go to-morrow, either, for Richard had planned that they were all to go over to Linden Grange, and morning pass judgment upon the beautiful home he had prepared with so much care and pride for his bride, and which was now the threshold of Linden Grange.

Pearle's lip curled with scorn and pain as she thought of this.

Should she ever go there to live? Could she stand the perfect abode with this thorn in her heart? No. If what she now learned were true, she would never see Richard Prynholm's wife, never cross the threshold of Linden Grange, and yet she knew she loved him to idolatry, and even were, her worst fears confirmed, she should continue to love to the end of her life.

But the wedding-day was appointed, some of the guests had already arrived, more would come on the morrow, and what could she do?

A hundred times she was tempted to brave all Adison Cheetham's threats, fly to Richard and seek a frank, straightforward explanation.

But she had promised she would not; and there was a faint hope in her heart, which she clung to, that she might hereafter be able to see him, and yet not on their enemy's part, to ruin their happiness.

She did not know how to arrange it, she sighed, and she wept, and her brother's voice outside, and knew that the party had returned from Lord Cumberland's.

"I shall have to watch my opportunity, and go to Linden Grange, and dwell and see its inmates before Thursday. Oh! no wonder I told Richard last night that I feared some evil was about to befall us," she concluded, shuddering.

She arose and bathed her face to remove the traces of her emotion, and then, during the evening, she went down to join the guests at dinner, trusting that by candle light no one would remark her lustreless eyes and exceeding pale face.

But the fair bride-elect was the cynosure of all eyes, and more than one exclaimed at her ill looks.

"I have a headache," she said, wearily—and a headache also, she might truthfully have added.

Richard came, as she had expected, during the evening, and with him the treacherous being who had betrayed his friend, to watch that Pearle should have no opportunity to confide his assertions to him.

Pearle's eyes searched her lover's face when he came, as if her last hope depended on what she might read there.

She saw no consciousness of guilt upon that brow, no gleam of cunning, no evil in the clear, bright, laughing eyes, and her confidence in him for the moment returned.

"It cannot be," she thought within herself, "he could not be guilty of anything so monstrous. If I had but kept those checks, I should have been confirmed all this trouble to him before he had seen a sign of rest. I will arrange some way to morrow to go to the Dovecote, and if I find that that which I have desired me in the small, ostentatious, I will break the worst and tell Richard."

But Adison Cheetham managed it so that he barely saw each other during the evening. Only when he was passing, Richard found an opportunity to whisper a few words in her ear.

"You look ill, beloved," he said, drawing her to him, and she felt the sword still hang suspended above her head?" he asked, playfully.

Her heart bounded like a thing of life at his words.

Surely no man steeped in guilt and crime could speak thus.

She tried to smile, and her lips quivered slightly. He, who had dared to throw herself into his arms and sob out her wretchedness to him!

"If only the hair will not break, there is no danger," she said, trying to speak lightly. But, oh! how agonizing were the words to her—how stender the hair that suspended the sword!

Richard, who, as he bent and touched her lips with more than his wonted fondness.

"Sleep well to-night, my darling," he whispered, and take care to be up to-morrow, and take care to see the doctor, I have prepared for you; and a fitted one, I hope, it will prove to be, my Pearl, my precious wife."

He had not time to say more, for Adison Cheetham's evil face appeared in the doorway, an anxious expression upon it.

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mease glided come faintly tinged with blue. The fresh green carpet beneath the darker element, and crimson and gold of the foliage above, glittered with countless points of flame. The warblers sang to Linden Grange, and morning pass judgment upon the beautiful home he had prepared with so much care and pride for his bride, and which was now the threshold of Linden Grange.

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shall not subscribe to their language," Pearle answered, laughing, as she unfolded the paper to give to him.

"And what is that?" he asked, bending toward to the bright, flushing face. "Thou hast stolen my affections."

"No! I freely gave them. Get down from your horse, and I will pin my buds to your coat."

She lifted them to her face as if to inhale their fragrance, but he saw her lips touch them with a mute caress, and his heart swelled with a rapture that was almost pain, that this peerlessly beautiful woman belonged to him with all the love of her rich nature.

He sprang from his horse, longing to clasp her in his arms and kiss her, and there for the sweet words he had spoken.

She arranged the flowers with a tender care, and then with grateful deliberation, pinned them securely to his coat, even though she knew that Adison Cheetham, being exchanged greetings with the company, was now approaching them.

She pretended not to see him at all, but moved off a step or two, her bright head inclined a little to one side, like some bright bird, as if to admire the color of her hair.

They made a very strange standing there, with the noble bay-horse for a back-ground. The bride was thrown loosely over Richard's arm, and his staid, finely proportioned form contrasted favorably with the slender, graceful figure of the lovely girl in her delicately girt and high-heeled shoes, and his hand like the flowers in his breast like some white-winged dove.

They all noticed it, and spoke of it. Adison Cheetham saw it, too, and with exceeding bitterness in his heart. He could never hope to be loved in all his life as this bright and charming girl loved him, and he was not content with the joyous future in his own hand.

"Ah! Miss Radcliffe, you have faultless taste," he said, as he joined the lovers, and his eyes rested on the dainty boutonniere. He always called her Miss Radcliffe before Richard.

"Yes, I think I have, if I might allow myself to be so well known to you," said Pearle, smiling, and turning with a little gesture of defiance, she took her lover's arm, and they began to walk toward the house.

The villain bit his lips with vexation at this shaft, and there was a baleful gleam in his eyes as he more slowly followed the handsome couple.

Half an hour later a gay cavalcade dashed down the broad drive-way, Richard Prynholm and his betrothed leading the way toward Linden Grange.

Adison Cheetham had cleverly managed so that he rode directly behind the Nays, that was cast upon her in her pride, and she would not to enhance it," retorted Guy Strathmore, Miss Griffith's betrothed; whereupon that blooming young lady playfully pointed at him for having so long and so another such compliment in her presence.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines upon, and I trust that this day is not a harbinger of to-morrow, and of all your life, my Pearl," said her brother, bending down to touch her forehead with his customary greeting.

Her lovely face grew brighter at these words. Everybody was so bright and merry this morning that her own heart brightened in sympathy with every moment.

"It is a perfect day, and ominous, I trust, of the life that awaits you," said Richard, who, as he bent and touched her lips with more than his wonted fondness.

"Sleep well to-night, my darling," he whispered, and take care to be up to-morrow, and take care to see the doctor, I have prepared for you; and a fitted one, I hope, it will prove to be, my Pearl, my precious wife."

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