

POETRY.

THE HOMESTEAD.

The wind was on the water,
The waves broke on the shore,
The village trees bowed their heads
The sweeping grass before;

SELECT STORY.

THE HIDDEN HAND

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

ARTHOE OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE CHANGING HERBS," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM THE CAPITAL.

"Thursday he was sent in attendance upon the officer that carried despatches to General Quitman, and did not return until after midnight, when, thoroughly worn out, driven indeed to the extreme degree of moral endurance, he was again, on a sultry, oppressive night, in a still solitary place, set on guard; where a few hours later he was found asleep upon his post—by whom?—the colonel of his regiment and the captain of his company, who seemed bent upon his ruin—as I hold myself bound to establish before another court-martial."

"This result has been intended from the first! If five nights' loss of sleep would not have effected this, fifteen probably would; if fifteen would not, thirty would; or if thirty would not, sixty would!—and all this Captain Zetan had the power to accomplish! His pointed victim should fall into the hands of the provost-marshal and into the arms of death!"

"And now, gentlemen, in view of all these circumstances, I ask you—Was Traverser Locke guilty of willful neglect of duty in dropping asleep on his post? And I move for a reconsideration, and a new ballot!"

"I second the motion!" said Lieutenant Level, rising quite encouraged to believe in his own first instincts, which had been so favorable.

"Gentlemen," said the President, sternly, "this thing is without precedent! In all the annals of courts-martial, without precedent!"

"A new ballot! a new ballot! a new ballot!" was the unanimous cry. The President frowned in spirit, and recorded a vote never to forgive Herbert Greyson for this departure from routine. The new ballot demanded by acclamation had to be held.

The Judge-Advocate called the court to order and began anew. The votes were taken as before, commencing with the young lieutenant, who now responded sonorously: "Not guilty!"

"Not guilty!" "Not guilty!" "Not guilty!" were the hearty responses of the court. The acquittal was unanimous. The verdict was recorded.

The doors were then thrown open to the public, and the prisoner called in and publicly discharged from custody.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE END OF THE WAR.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths, Our bruised arms hung up for monuments; Our stern marches changed to merry meetings.

Our dreadful marches of delightful measures, Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkles from our brows.

And now, instead of rattling halberd-steel, To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber, To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

Ten days later Molino-del-Rey, Casa-de-Mata and Chalupelle had fallen. The United States forces occupied the city of Mexico. General Scott was in the Grand Plaza, and the American standard waved above the capital of the Montezumas!

Traverser Locke fought like a young Paladin. When they were marching into the very mouth of the cannon that were vomiting fire upon them, and when the young ensign of his company was struck down before him, Traverser Locke took the colors from his falling hand, and crying "Victory!" pressed onwards and upwards over the dead and the dying, and springing upon one of the guns which continued to belch forth fire, he threw his cap over his head, and then he planted it upon the battery!

Colonel Le Noir entered the city of Mexico with the victorious army, but on the subsequent day, being engaged in a street skirmish with the leprous or liberated convicts, he fell mortally wounded by a copper bullet, and he was now dying by inches at his quarters near the Grand Cathedral.

It was on the evening of the 20th of September, six days from the triumphant entry of General Scott into the capital, that Major Greyson was seated at supper at his quarters, with some of his brother officers, when an orderly entered and handed a communication from the surgeon of their regiment, begging him to repair without delay to the quarters of Colonel Le Noir, who, being in extremity, desired to see him.

Major Greyson immediately excused himself to his company, and repaired to the quarters of the dying man.

WHAT HE DID.

"Never," said I, "will I drop into any man's mouth like a ripe plum! If a man wants a girl she can refuse him twenty times, and he'll come back again more anxious than ever."

"Twenty is too often," said Cousin Rose Eliza, who was not an agreeable confidante, she took one up so; but I had no one else to confide in that summer.

"Well, several times, at last," said I. "You might do," said Rose Eliza, "if you didn't mean it. He'd like the fun; but I wouldn't give much for a man that would take 'No' and come back. There is Spryngy Ricketts!"

"I know it," said I. "Who ever gave that girl such a frightful name?"

"Her name was not given to her because she was born in March, and her name was Ricketts—so that came natural—and it is Spryngy for a pet name. But, anyhow, she is pretty, and she was young then, and Mr. Jambon, he was very sweet on her, and when he proposed she refused him," said Rose Eliza.

"No wonder," said I. "Jambon is no name to offer to Spryngy."

"And," said my cousin, "he went and—'Drowned himself,' I interrupted."

"No; he proposed to Kate Euton, and she said 'Yes,'" said Rose Eliza, "and all the while Spryngy was attached to him. She's a forlorn spinster now and wears her hair in ringlets, as was the fashion when she was 16. People with sense follow the styles, even if they are disappointed. But Spryngy hadn't much."

"Jambon couldn't have been much in love," said I.

"As much as men ever are," said Rose Eliza. "It is out of sight of mind with them. When Ebenezer Doughwitt proposed to me, I said 'No,' in earnest; and when Deacon Jones wanted a second wife, let him know that matter, that he couldn't hang up his hat on my hall rack, and needn't waste time calling." Cousin Rose Eliza paused there and pulled forth from the aghast she was knitting before her, said: "If you want Robin Barrymore, say 'Yes' the first time."

Robin Barrymore was really in my mind all the while, though how Rose Eliza knew it I can't say.

I had met him in the city, and now that I had come to spend the summer with Rose Eliza Tiffin, my mother's cousin, I found him at the hotel. He had called very often, but as he had other young men, two or three students from the hotel, Mr. Lemuel Spinner from the next farm, and the recently installed young minister, Mr. Smith.

I was rather pretty, had a wardrobe of unusual showiness for I liked color, and I knew that my gray ribbons looked well in the country, and I could sing, dance and flirt as well as most girls.

"Rose Eliza," who was one of the few spinsters who really never had any matrimonial plans or anticipations, and neither envied nor hated girls who were kind to me. She gave me luncheons, teas and garden parties, and was an amiable chaperon on every occasion—jolly and rosy and round.

A contrast, indeed, to Miss Spryngy Ricketts, with her head on one side, and the perpetual memory of her "disappointment" in every fold of her absurd garters, her rank curls and her fluttering odds and ends of finery. If Rose Eliza had only been more sympathetic!

"Robin Barrymore?" said I.

"Don't hint your eyebrows that way; it isn't candid," said Rose Eliza. "I don't think it's Lemuel Spinner; I know it isn't the students. Mr. Barrymore is the kind of man girls like, and as I suppose you're bound to have a lord and master, it must be he."

Just then the door bell rang.

"Perhaps that's Mr. Barrymore," said Rose Eliza.

But it was not; it was Lemuel Spinner. He had come in Sunday-go-to-meetings, and a tall hat of flower pot shape, to ask me to ride. I accepted the invitation, and on the way home Lemuel proposed.

"I had headed this sketch with his portrait, you would never dream of asking what I said. He was the most unprepossessing gentleman who ever grew cabbage—dry, hard and uncomfortable in mind as in person. He had no music in his soul and no ideas in his brain. I gave a very decided 'No,' indeed, and I had no wish that he should repeat his offer. In fact, my horror was very great when he remarked—"

"Well, Miss Fay, my mother is trying to get you, and I shall put it in practice."

"Don't let him, Cousin Rose Eliza," I pleaded—"don't let him!"

"As far as I can hinder him I will," said Miss Tiffin. "But perhaps his pertinacity will win yet. You think it is what a man ought to do, you know."

"But when you have a person it is so disagreeable!" said I.

"And when you like 'em you want to keep 'em on tender hooks," said Cousin Rose Eliza. "If I liked any one I'd say 'yes' in a minute. I had a husband once, and a mouse worth to torment a man that has been honest and right up to the down with you."

"And now, my only idea is that a woman ought to keep her pride up!" said I.

"And now, my only idea is that a woman ought to keep her pride up!" said I.

"I thought I was right. A husband should never say to you, 'You were really enough to have me,' or 'think it. He should know he had been anxious to win me, and had a chance of losing me."

One of the young students proposed to me shortly after this. When I told him that he was not old enough, I grieve to say he wept and said that his life would be joyless for the future, and I was filled with remorse for a space. He got over it shortly, I am sure, and I was very glad and did not wish him to repeat the trying scene.

Neither when the Rev. Mr. Smith asked me to be the lady of the paragon, had I any wish to torment him. I told him very modestly that it was "an honor unto which I was not born," that I never could be good enough, and that Miss Mercy Pills, the doctor's daughter, would make a perfect minister's wife.

"I relieved me greatly to hear him say 'You are right. Miss Mercy is an excellent young lady, and her work in the Sabbath school is valuable. Pardon me for agitating you.'"

In fact, I was in every case to get my suitors pleasantly off my hands, felt no triumph in their blighted hopes, and was sorry they had desired what I could not bestow. Neither was I very much pleased by these offers. There were not many young ladies in the neighborhood, and they were rather plain and uninteresting. A new face always pleases a man's eye.

I had a way of being pleasant to everybody that was misleading, and moreover, Cousin Rose Eliza declared me her future heiress. She was not yet fifty, and likely to outlive me, for she was strong and healthy, and not affected with emotions, but still I had expectations.

I did not flatter myself that my charms were unusually overwhelming because of my offers, and the only man whose admiration I valued one whit was Robin Barrymore.

WHAT HE DID.

"Never," said I, "will I drop into any man's mouth like a ripe plum! If a man wants a girl she can refuse him twenty times, and he'll come back again more anxious than ever."

"Twenty is too often," said Cousin Rose Eliza, who was not an agreeable confidante, she took one up so; but I had no one else to confide in that summer.

"Well, several times, at last," said I. "You might do," said Rose Eliza, "if you didn't mean it. He'd like the fun; but I wouldn't give much for a man that would take 'No' and come back. There is Spryngy Ricketts!"

"I know it," said I. "Who ever gave that girl such a frightful name?"

"Her name was not given to her because she was born in March, and her name was Ricketts—so that came natural—and it is Spryngy for a pet name. But, anyhow, she is pretty, and she was young then, and Mr. Jambon, he was very sweet on her, and when he proposed she refused him," said Rose Eliza.

"No wonder," said I. "Jambon is no name to offer to Spryngy."

"And," said my cousin, "he went and—'Drowned himself,' I interrupted."

"No; he proposed to Kate Euton, and she said 'Yes,'" said Rose Eliza, "and all the while Spryngy was attached to him. She's a forlorn spinster now and wears her hair in ringlets, as was the fashion when she was 16. People with sense follow the styles, even if they are disappointed. But Spryngy hadn't much."

"Jambon couldn't have been much in love," said I.

"As much as men ever are," said Rose Eliza. "It is out of sight of mind with them. When Ebenezer Doughwitt proposed to me, I said 'No,' in earnest; and when Deacon Jones wanted a second wife, let him know that matter, that he couldn't hang up his hat on my hall rack, and needn't waste time calling." Cousin Rose Eliza paused there and pulled forth from the aghast she was knitting before her, said: "If you want Robin Barrymore, say 'Yes' the first time."

Robin Barrymore was really in my mind all the while, though how Rose Eliza knew it I can't say.

I had met him in the city, and now that I had come to spend the summer with Rose Eliza Tiffin, my mother's cousin, I found him at the hotel. He had called very often, but as he had other young men, two or three students from the hotel, Mr. Lemuel Spinner from the next farm, and the recently installed young minister, Mr. Smith.

I was rather pretty, had a wardrobe of unusual showiness for I liked color, and I knew that my gray ribbons looked well in the country, and I could sing, dance and flirt as well as most girls.

"Rose Eliza," who was one of the few spinsters who really never had any matrimonial plans or anticipations, and neither envied nor hated girls who were kind to me. She gave me luncheons, teas and garden parties, and was an amiable chaperon on every occasion—jolly and rosy and round.

A contrast, indeed, to Miss Spryngy Ricketts, with her head on one side, and the perpetual memory of her "disappointment" in every fold of her absurd garters, her rank curls and her fluttering odds and ends of finery. If Rose Eliza had only been more sympathetic!

"Robin Barrymore?" said I.

"Don't hint your eyebrows that way; it isn't candid," said Rose Eliza. "I don't think it's Lemuel Spinner; I know it isn't the students. Mr. Barrymore is the kind of man girls like, and as I suppose you're bound to have a lord and master, it must be he."

Just then the door bell rang.

"Perhaps that's Mr. Barrymore," said Rose Eliza.

But it was not; it was Lemuel Spinner. He had come in Sunday-go-to-meetings, and a tall hat of flower pot shape, to ask me to ride. I accepted the invitation, and on the way home Lemuel proposed.

"I had headed this sketch with his portrait, you would never dream of asking what I said. He was the most unprepossessing gentleman who ever grew cabbage—dry, hard and uncomfortable in mind as in person. He had no music in his soul and no ideas in his brain. I gave a very decided 'No,' indeed, and I had no wish that he should repeat his offer. In fact, my horror was very great when he remarked—"

"Well, Miss Fay, my mother is trying to get you, and I shall put it in practice."

"Don't let him, Cousin Rose Eliza," I pleaded—"don't let him!"

"As far as I can hinder him I will," said Miss Tiffin. "But perhaps his pertinacity will win yet. You think it is what a man ought to do, you know."

"But when you have a person it is so disagreeable!" said I.

"And when you like 'em you want to keep 'em on tender hooks," said Cousin Rose Eliza. "If I liked any one I'd say 'yes' in a minute. I had a husband once, and a mouse worth to torment a man that has been honest and right up to the down with you."

"And now, my only idea is that a woman ought to keep her pride up!" said I.

"And now, my only idea is that a woman ought to keep her pride up!" said I.

"I thought I was right. A husband should never say to you, 'You were really enough to have me,' or 'think it. He should know he had been anxious to win me, and had a chance of losing me."

One of the young students proposed to me shortly after this. When I told him that he was not old enough, I grieve to say he wept and said that his life would be joyless for the future, and I was filled with remorse for a space. He got over it shortly, I am sure, and I was very glad and did not wish him to repeat the trying scene.

Neither when the Rev. Mr. Smith asked me to be the lady of the paragon, had I any wish to torment him. I told him very modestly that it was "an honor unto which I was not born," that I never could be good enough, and that Miss Mercy Pills, the doctor's daughter, would make a perfect minister's wife.

"I relieved me greatly to hear him say 'You are right. Miss Mercy is an excellent young lady, and her work in the Sabbath school is valuable. Pardon me for agitating you.'"

In fact, I was in every case to get my suitors pleasantly off my hands, felt no triumph in their blighted hopes, and was sorry they had desired what I could not bestow. Neither was I very much pleased by these offers. There were not many young ladies in the neighborhood, and they were rather plain and uninteresting. A new face always pleases a man's eye.

I had a way of being pleasant to everybody that was misleading, and moreover, Cousin Rose Eliza declared me her future heiress. She was not yet fifty, and likely to outlive me, for she was strong and healthy, and not affected with emotions, but still I had expectations.

I did not flatter myself that my charms were unusually overwhelming because of my offers, and the only man whose admiration I valued one whit was Robin Barrymore.

WHAT HE DID.

"Never," said I, "will I drop into any man's mouth like a ripe plum! If a man wants a girl she can refuse him twenty times, and he'll come back again more anxious than ever."

"Twenty is too often," said Cousin Rose Eliza, who was not an agreeable confidante, she took one up so; but I had no one else to confide in that summer.

"Well, several times, at last," said I. "You might do," said Rose Eliza, "if you didn't mean it. He'd like the fun; but I wouldn't give much for a man that would take 'No' and come back. There is Spryngy Ricketts!"

"I know it," said I. "Who ever gave that girl such a frightful name?"

"Her name was not given to her because she was born in March, and her name was Ricketts—so that came natural—and it is Spryngy for a pet name. But, anyhow, she is pretty, and she was young then, and Mr. Jambon, he was very sweet on her, and when he proposed she refused him," said Rose Eliza.

"No wonder," said I. "Jambon is no name to offer to Spryngy."

"And," said my cousin, "he went and—'Drowned himself,' I interrupted."

"No; he proposed to Kate Euton, and she said 'Yes,'" said Rose Eliza, "and all the while Spryngy was attached to him. She's a forlorn spinster now and wears her hair in ringlets, as was the fashion when she was 16. People with sense follow the styles, even if they are disappointed. But Spryngy hadn't much."

"Jambon couldn't have been much in love," said I.

"As much as men ever are," said Rose Eliza. "It is out of sight of mind with them. When Ebenezer Doughwitt proposed to me, I said 'No,' in earnest; and when Deacon Jones wanted a second wife, let him know that matter, that he couldn't hang up his hat on my hall rack, and needn't waste time calling." Cousin Rose Eliza paused there and pulled forth from the aghast she was knitting before her, said: "If you want Robin Barrymore, say 'Yes' the first time."

Robin Barrymore was really in my mind all the while, though how Rose Eliza knew it I can't say.

I had met him in the city, and now that I had come to spend the summer with Rose Eliza Tiffin, my mother's cousin, I found him at the hotel. He had called very often, but as he had other young men, two or three students from the hotel, Mr. Lemuel Spinner from the next farm, and the recently installed young minister, Mr. Smith.

I was rather pretty, had a wardrobe of unusual showiness for I liked color, and I knew that my gray ribbons looked well in the country, and I could sing, dance and flirt as well as most girls.

"Rose Eliza," who was one of the few spinsters who really never had any matrimonial plans or anticipations, and neither envied nor hated girls who were kind to me. She gave me luncheons, teas and garden parties, and was an amiable chaperon on every occasion—jolly and rosy and round.

A contrast, indeed, to Miss Spryngy Ricketts, with her head on one side, and the perpetual memory of her "disappointment" in every fold of her absurd garters, her rank curls and her fluttering odds and ends of finery. If Rose Eliza had only been more sympathetic!

"Robin Barrymore?" said I.

"Don't hint your eyebrows that way; it isn't candid," said Rose Eliza. "I don't think it's Lemuel Spinner; I know it isn't the students. Mr. Barrymore is the kind of man girls like, and as I suppose you're bound to have a lord and master, it must be he."

Just then the door bell rang.

"Perhaps that's Mr. Barrymore," said Rose Eliza.

But it was not; it was Lemuel Spinner. He had come in Sunday-go-to-meetings, and a tall hat of flower pot shape, to ask me to ride. I accepted the invitation, and on the way home Lemuel proposed.

"I had headed this sketch with his portrait, you would never dream of asking what I said. He was the most unprepossessing gentleman who ever grew cabbage—dry, hard and uncomfortable in mind as in person. He had no music in his soul and no ideas in his brain. I gave a very decided 'No,' indeed, and I had no wish that he should repeat his offer. In fact, my horror was very great when he remarked—"

"Well, Miss Fay, my mother is trying to get you, and I shall put it in practice."

"Don't let him, Cousin Rose Eliza," I pleaded—"don't let him!"

"As far as I can hinder him I will," said Miss Tiffin. "But perhaps his pertinacity will win yet. You think it is what a man ought to do, you know."

"But when you have a person it is so disagreeable!" said I.

"And when you like 'em you want to keep 'em on tender hooks," said Cousin Rose Eliza. "If I liked any one I'd say 'yes' in a minute. I had a husband once, and a mouse worth to torment a man that has been honest and right up to the down with you."

"And now, my only idea is that a woman ought to keep her pride up!" said I.

"And now, my only idea is that a woman ought to keep her pride up!" said I.

"I thought I was right. A husband should never say to you, 'You were really enough to have me,' or 'think it. He should know he had been anxious to win me, and had a chance of losing me."

One of the young students proposed to me shortly after this. When I told him that he was not old enough, I grieve to say he wept and said that his life would be joyless for the future, and I was filled with remorse for a space. He got over it shortly, I am sure, and I was very glad and did not wish him to repeat the trying scene.

Neither when the Rev. Mr. Smith asked me to be the lady of the paragon, had I any wish to torment him. I told him very modestly that it was "an honor unto which I was not born," that I never could be good enough, and that Miss Mercy Pills, the doctor's daughter, would make a perfect minister's wife.

"I relieved me greatly to hear him say 'You are right. Miss Mercy is an excellent young lady, and her work in the Sabbath school is valuable. Pardon me for agitating you.'"

In fact, I was in every case to get my suitors pleasantly off my hands, felt no triumph in their blighted hopes, and was sorry they had desired what I could not bestow. Neither was I very much pleased by these offers. There were not many young ladies in the neighborhood, and they were rather plain and uninteresting. A new face always pleases a man's eye.

I had a way of being pleasant to everybody that was misleading, and moreover, Cousin Rose Eliza declared me her future heiress. She was not yet fifty, and likely to outlive me, for she was strong and healthy, and not affected with emotions, but still I had expectations.

I did not flatter myself that my charms were unusually overwhelming because of my offers, and the only man whose admiration I valued one whit was Robin Barrymore.

WHAT HE DID.

"Never," said I, "will I drop into any man's mouth like a ripe plum! If a man wants a girl she can refuse him twenty times, and he'll come back again more anxious than ever."

"Twenty is too often," said Cousin Rose Eliza, who was not an agreeable confidante, she took one up so; but I had no one else to confide in that summer.

"Well, several times, at last," said I. "You might do," said Rose Eliza, "if you didn't mean it. He'd like the fun; but I wouldn't give much for a man that would take 'No' and come back. There is Spryngy Ricketts!"

"I know it," said I. "Who ever gave that girl such a frightful name?"

"Her name was not given to her because she was born in March, and her name was Ricketts—so that came natural—and it is Spryngy for a pet name. But, anyhow, she is pretty, and she was young then, and Mr. Jambon, he was very sweet on her, and when he proposed she refused him," said Rose Eliza.

"No wonder," said I. "Jambon is no name to offer to Spryngy."

"And," said my cousin, "he went and—'Drowned himself,' I interrupted."

"No; he proposed to Kate Euton, and she said 'Yes,'" said Rose Eliza, "and all the while Spryngy was attached to him. She's a forlorn spinster now and wears her hair in ringlets, as was the fashion when she was 16. People with sense follow the styles, even if they are disappointed. But Spryngy hadn't much."

"Jambon couldn't have been much in love," said I.

"As much as men ever are," said Rose Eliza. "It is out of sight of mind with them. When Ebenezer Doughwitt proposed to me, I said 'No,' in earnest; and when Deacon Jones wanted a second wife, let him know that matter, that he couldn't hang up his hat on my hall rack, and needn't waste time calling." Cousin Rose Eliza paused there and pulled forth from the aghast she was knitting before her, said: "If you want Robin Barrymore, say 'Yes' the first time."

Robin Barrymore was really in my mind all the while, though how Rose Eliza knew it I can't say.

I had met him in the city, and now that I had come to spend the summer with Rose Eliza Tiffin, my mother's cousin, I found him at the hotel. He had called very often, but as he had other young men, two or three students from the hotel, Mr. Lemuel Spinner from the next farm, and the recently installed young minister, Mr. Smith.

I was rather pretty, had a wardrobe of unusual showiness for I liked color, and I knew that my gray ribbons looked well in the country, and I could sing, dance and flirt as well as most girls.

"Rose Eliza," who was one of the few spinsters who really never had any matrimonial plans or anticipations, and neither envied nor hated girls who were kind to me. She gave me luncheons, teas and garden parties, and was an amiable chaperon on every occasion—jolly and rosy and round.

A contrast, indeed, to Miss Spryngy Ricketts, with her head on one side, and the perpetual memory of her "disappointment" in every fold of her absurd garters, her rank curls and her fluttering odds and ends of finery. If Rose Eliza had only been more sympathetic!

"Robin Barrymore?" said I.

"Don't hint your eyebrows that way; it isn't candid," said Rose Eliza. "I don't think it's Lemuel Spinner; I know it isn't the students. Mr. Barrymore is the kind of man girls like, and as I suppose you're bound to have a lord and master, it must be he."

Just then the door bell rang.

"Perhaps that's Mr. Barrymore," said Rose Eliza.

But it was not; it was Lemuel Spinner. He had come in Sunday-go-to-meetings, and a tall hat of flower pot shape, to ask me to ride. I accepted the invitation, and on the way home Lemuel proposed.

"I had headed this sketch with his portrait, you would never dream of asking what I said. He was the most unprepossessing gentleman who ever grew cabbage—dry, hard and uncomfortable in mind as in person. He had no music in his soul and no ideas in his brain. I gave a very decided 'No,' indeed, and I had no wish that he should repeat his offer. In fact, my horror was very great when he remarked—"

"Well, Miss Fay, my mother is trying to get you, and I shall put it in practice."

"Don't let him, Cousin Rose Eliza," I pleaded—"don't let him!"

"As far as I can hinder him I will," said Miss Tiffin. "But perhaps his pertinacity will win yet. You think it is what a man ought to do, you know."

"But when you have a person it is so disagreeable!" said I.

"And when you like 'em you want to keep 'em on tender hooks," said Cousin Rose Eliza. "If I liked any one I'd say 'yes' in a minute. I had a husband once, and a mouse worth to torment a man that has been honest and right up to the down with you."