Lens Charman sat in her cosy little Lens Charman sath window, dreaming spring sunshine, waiting patiently, yet eagerly, for her expected letter from graletter she fragrance of roses was Ronald. while the fragrance of roses was d in by the fresh morning breeze, ad the sweet notes of a far away robin

shed over the meadows. bright, handsome, brilliant Ronald - who

would not love him? and to think that out of all the gay, write, stylish young ladies in the little intel flower upon which to bestow his time and attention through the short, feeling summer; and when he went away he had pressed his lips tenderly, reverently, to her white hand, and whisred: "I will write you a letter in Sep-

omber, dear Lena!" and now September had come, and he had written—a long, long letter, full of love and tenderness, and asking her, at is close, to be his wife.

It seemed so strange, so unusual to the poor, lonely little girl, that she could garcely believe it. It could not be possble that he loved her!

Why, Ronald was wealthy and tal-ested, and oh! so noble and handsome aperfect "Prince in Fairy-land" he had semed to her, and she was only the daghter of a poor, hard-working me-

hanie! Surely it was a jest! But no, she could not doubt his sincerity, with that dear letter lying open before her, its sweet message of love already driving the dark clouds from her life's horizon, and its tenderness and apture stealing down into her heart.

And only last night, down on the moonlit veranda, Elmer Crawford had whispered the same sweet story in her er, and, though she did not love him, the had almost whispered "yes;" for oh! she had almost whispered yes, for only she was so weary of being poor; so tired of this "shabby-genteel" way of living! She did so long for a beautiful home and all the rare luxuries of life, and Elmer vas rich-he could give her all these. So she had almost said "yes," when, addenly, something seemed to whisper,

"wait!" and the words had died on her ips, and she had promised to give him his answer on Sunday. And, now, she was just sure that it was her "good angel" that had told her to

wait, for here was this letter from Ronald, and she was so glad she had not said 'yes" to Elmer. "Poor Elmer!" she murmured, happi-

ness and sadness struggling for victory within her heart. "He will be so disappointed-but, Oh! I can't marry him iou!" And then happiness won the battle and brought the warm, tender light ack to her eyes.

And, in the gradual waning of that bright September day, she wrote back ber answer-her little, shy, trembling, happy answer-and, ere she dropped it into the letter box, touched it softly to her lips-for Ronald was her first love, and her very thoughts of him were sered.

She counted the days that must elapse letter- almost three weeks! What a long, her. long time it seemed! And then there was Elmer! How she dreaded for Sunday to come; and, when at last it did come, she heard the little gate click, her heart beat so swiftly she could scarcely breathe.

"Dear Lena," he said, "is my answer not wait any longer. Surely, it is 'yes,' or you would not have kept me waiting!" It was harder to tell him, after that, but she gathered up her courage, and managed to make him understand that it could never be-that her heart was not her own, to give.

"And do you mean to say," demanded Elmer, passionately, "that you intended to give me this answer, when you told me to wait?-did you love another

"Yes," said poor Lena, bravely, "I loved another then, but I did not intend to say 'no.' I would have said 'yes,' because you are rich, and I am tired of being poor. But now,"-her voice faltered, for she dreaded to cause him pain, "it is all changed now, for I-am engaged to the man I love!" Just for a moment, Elmer was silent,

his face revealing passion and anger; then he came a step nearer. "Will you tell me his name?" he asked.

"Yes," said Lena, looking up, and unconsciously smiling in her happiness, "it is Rouald Kershaw!" Again Elmer was silent for a moment;

then he held out his hand. "Farewell, Lena!" he said sadly, have loved you fondly and faithfully, and I always will. If ever you need a friend come to me. God bless you and

may you be happy! Farewell!" And Lena was left alone in the twilight.

"But mamma," said Lena Charman in a quiet but decided voice, "there is nothing else for me to do, so it is perfectly useless to talk about it now. I have secured the situation, so, for Heaven's take, let us make the best of it!"

"But the idea of working in a factory!" sobbed Mrs. Charman. "O, Lena, why didn't you marry Elmer when he asked you? What do you suppose Ronald Kershaw will say to this-do you think he will marry a factory girl?"

Lena's face grew scarlet for a moment, and the tears trembled in her eyes, but the forced them proudly back, and bravely returned her mother's reproach-

"Mamma," she said calmly and steadily, "if Ronald will think any the less of me because I am compelled to work in a factory to support my mother and myself, I will be glad to find it out before I married him. For, and her eyes dilated and grew suddenly dark with passion, "if I should marry him and find out after it was too late that poverty could lessen his

regard for me, I should hate him!" Six months had passed away since the morning upon which our story commences, and in that time Lena's father had been laid to rest beneath the daisies, and she and her mother found themselves almost penniless. Then, with the quiet energy and self-will which she had inherited from her father, Lena obtained a situation in the factory, despite the op-position of her friends and her mother, and entered her new field of labor, all ful heart and willing hands; for she told letraelf, as soon as Ronald received her letter telling him of her loss, he would

come and urge a hasty wedding, and all her trouble would be at an end.

So she worked away in the bright,

Meanwhile, she could not help acknowledging to herself that Elmer Crawford was the best and kindest friend A sort, tender light had found its way she had in the village; he had assisted her clear, blue eyes, and brought a her in obtaining her situation, and shielded her by his quiet attentions and ber letter was from Ronald Kershaw— care, from the carel in the care in the care is a strength of the care in the care is a strength of the care in the care is a strength of the care is a st fruit every morning, and often walked with Lena to, or from the factory; sometimes he even came in to spend an evening; but he was so perfectly cool and friendly, and acted so little like a lover that she grew to trust him, and feel a sense of security from insult and harm when he was at her side.

Three weeks passed, but Lena's letter did not come; at least she was only surprised and disappointed, but, as day fol-lowed day, and still it came not, her heart sank lower and lower, and lower, hope died out of her life. Returning from the factory in the evenings, she would enter the postoffice, slowly and fearfully, her heart throbbing wildly with expectation-but the box was always empty and she would turn away, with a passionate longing to hide herself away from cruel eyes and sob out her grief and disappointment alone-for knew now that Ronald was falsethat he was ashamed to marry a factory

"Well," said her mother one evening, when two months had passed away, "I guess you'll not receive a letter, soon from Ronald Kershaw! Read this, and then I think you will wish you were not a factory girl. I always told you he would not come back!"

Lena silently took the paper from her mother, and, with steady eyes, read the marriage announcement of Ronald Kershaw and Maria Canfield-read it, without a single motion to express the great pain she was suffering.

"Where did you get this paper?" she asked calmly.

'Elmer sent it with some grapes.' Lena arose, and, taking the paper with her, went to her room—all her doubting and expense were ended now-her lovedream was broken and her path through life stretched out before her, blank and cleerless. Perhaps some of my readers have suffered as she did that night—have fought out such a battle with their re-bellious hearts. If so, let them pity my poor little heroine

She arose in the morning, pale and weary, but very calm and self-possessed and went to her toil with a heavy heart, but smiling lips.

Elmer joined her at the gate and she

felt more than ever his considerate and kind attention and care. She was sure he must know her trouble, yet he carefully avoided the subject.

How she lived through the days that followed she never knew; but at last she settled down into a quiet calmness that was worse than grief; and so the days passed slowly by, and summer came.

One evening she was sitting in her little parlor, alone in the twilight, when before she could possibly receive another | Elmer entered and sat down beside

"Lena," he said gently, taking her hand, "I cannot bear to see you work so hard—you are killing yourself, dear! O, Lena, will you not give me the right to take care of you? I know you do not love me, but oh! darling. I am willing capacities are not trained to their highest ready? Tell me now, darling, for I can- to wait for you love, if you will only let me take you from this life of toil! Will you, darling?"

In the silence which followed Lena could almost hear the beating of her

Why should she not say yes? Ronald was dead to her forever—why she not try to forget him, and be happy with Elmer? She would have a beautiful home, a noble, loving husband, and all the luxuries for which she had been yearningwhat more could she ask, now that love was dead?

Slowly, she reached out her hand and placed it in Elmer's.

"Elmer," she began gently, and then stopped suddenly, for a shadow dark-ened the doorway, and there in the twi-light stood Ronald Kershaw, not as she had last seen him, but oh! so white and changed.

"Do not be afraid, Lena," he said, sadly, as she shrank back with a cry of pain. I have come all this way to ask you if this is true. Will you tell me?"

She silently took the paper which he handed her, and in blank astonishment, read the notice of her own marriage with Elmer Crawford.

'Elmer," she said sternly, turning to him, "did you do this?"
"I did," he answere

he answered passionately. "Oh, Lena, forgive me! I loved you so, I could not help it! Your mother told me Ronald had not answered your letter, and I thought it would be so easy to separate you. But, oh! my punishment has been great, for now, at the last moment, when you were almost mine, I must lose you forever! Farewell, Lena. Forgive me, if you can.

And, turning away, he left the house for the last time. They never saw him again.

Ronald turned to Lena, and taking her tenderly in his arms, said : "Oh, my darling, why did you doubt

"How could I help it, Ronald?" she asked, "when I read your marriage in the paper that Elmer sent. And why did you not answer my letter?"

"I have been very ill, dear one," he answered sadly, "and I did not see your letter until I recovered. I read your marriage the same day, and I came at once to-to see if it was true !"

"Oh, Ronald," sobbed Lena, "forgive me. I have thought you false all the time. I thought your pride would not allow you to marry a factory girl."

"Oh, you little goose!" cried Ronald, kissing her tenderly, "have you no more faith in me than that? Why, the dearest little girl in all the world works in a factory now, but shall not work there a week from to-day, for I am going to marry her right off-am I not darling?" But Lena could not answer him for

"I always told you," said Mrs. Char-man the next day, "that there was nothing good about Elmer Crawford! But I always thought that dear Ron was a gentleman; and you remember, Lena, I told you at the time, that something was wrong, for I knew Ronald would

A Chapter on Flirts.

If, by the term "prospects," as applied to a young lady, you mean the probabil ities of her getting a husband, then she whose admirers may be called legions, has very much poorer prospects than another has whose friends of the opposite sex may be counted on the fingers of a single band. Now, it may be true that everybody patronizes the identical mode and fashion which everybody else supports, for it is the easiest and most useful thing in the world to follow the crowd. But that is not to say that a young man wants for a wife the girl who counts her beaux by the score and her conquests by the dozen.

It is true that every chicken in a a brood will leave a good dinner and go in pursuit of the same object, if it sees one of its flock running away with a large sized crumb, or after an imaginary worm. But it is not true that a young man will forsake the modest, gentle girl whose society he can enjoy without rivalry to compete with a score of others for the company of a young lady whose smiles are free to all. There is indeed a class of men who pay assiduous court to the latter.

This pet of society generally possesses many attractions. She has a fine instrument and plays tolerably. Possibly she sings; invariably she dances. She is always surrounded by the gayest of the gay; and, in consequence of all these advantages, whether she be pretty or plain, her drawing-room is a very agreeable place in which to spend an evening; or as young gentlemen are wont to say, it is extremely pleasant to submit one's self occasionally to be handsomely entertained. But I would not, on any account, have it supposed that I am look-ing in that direction for a wife. By no means. Thus these gallants are wont to speak, and, as a rule, they are not mar-rying men. But when one of them would take to himself a wife, he goes East or West, or North or South-anywhere, to find a girl unspoiled by society, and who has not, in his presence, played the agreeable to a score of others, and whom he strongly suspects any of them could have had for the asking.

The worst thing for a girl, unless she wants to live and die an old maid, is to have too many beaux. She may be pretty, stylish, accomplished, gracefulanything you please—it matters little. The very fact that she has been the recipient of attention from more men than she would need to know in the course of a lifetime, places her on a parallel with a worn out bootjack, desirable only to those who can't get better. If girls would but take the advice of their own sex, as graciously as they receive the attention of the other, some at least would cut loose a few of their worthless acquaintances, and in future guard themselves against the addresses of too many beaux. Such, at least, are the views of a thrifty young farmer, who hopes to find a refined and business young lady, who has not had too many beaux, for his future companion.—[Ex.

Dangers to Young Men. Dr. John Hall delivered, some time

ago, a lecture on "The Perils of the Times, "Among other things he treats of the dangers that threaten young men as young men. He mentions four. First, the dangers of shallowness, which arises perfection. The advice is given to young men that it would be well for them to be masters of some one thing. The second danger arises from a mistaken conception of what success really is. Money has come to be considered the ideal of suc-And allied to this mistake is a false notion of gentility. It is said to be the fact that throughout New England it is extremely difficult to persuade young men to become mechanics, farmers or laborers. The young men are filled with the idea that they must go to the large cities. This is an unhealthy condition of things. All honest work is honorable if done in a right spirit. Another peril is caused by a certain unsettledness in life. It is extremely easy in this country to pass from one line of life to another. The very thought in the minds of young men that they can easily pass to another line of work, if they become dissatisfied with their present employment, disinclines them to direct their whole energies upon the work in hand. Dr. Hall's advice is: Choose slowly, deliberately, with the best advice, and perhaps later than young men are ordinarily acenstomed to do, and then when the occupation has been decided upon, to stick it. Another danger comes from the enervating influences that surround young men. Dr. Hall said he had not a word to say against true pleasures. It is said sometimes that the reins are drawn too tight. But no one who had stood by as many death-beds as he had seen would

say the reins could be drawn to tight. A Presperous Firm.
It has been frequently remarked that the leading business men of Portland are all young, and people from the East are surprised at the energy displayed. One firm in particular, which is composed of young men, has been attended by prosperity until to-day they have a mammoth establishment that would reflect great credit upon any of the old New England cities, and that firm is Thompson, De-Hart & Co., dealers in Hardware, timber, etc. Their store runs through the block from Front to First street and fronts on Salmon the entire length. For years their patronage has steadily increased until it now rolls up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars annually and they find themselves even with their immense store crowded to unpleasantness. In order to give more room for the transaction of business they have just completed a new dock and a 100 foot square warehouse back of the National Hotel. All the heavy articles of machinery, iron and timbers will be stored therein, thereby giving space for the additional stock just received. Farmers will find it to their interest to deal with this firm as they make it a point to give complete satisfac

Fireworks, That enterprising and energetic Port-land firm of Messis, Wm. Beck & Son step to the front again, at the popular time, and announce that they have just received an immense invoice of fireworks of every description. As the glorious Fourth approaches it would be well for the interior merchants to send in their

tion to their patrons.

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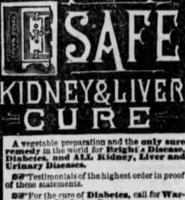
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