

"For Better For Worse."

From Happy Hours.

CHAPTER II.

"The old story, May. Nobody trusts me but you; I cannot command one client. They think that my motive in marrying was a mercenary one, and they hold back from me. Let him live on his wife's money, and leave the profession open to those depending upon it for bread."

"I am almost tempted to echo the wish."

"No, May; there are temptations enough for me to live in luxurious indifference; let your influence bear where it has ever rested, upon something noble, if you can find it in such a wasted nature as mine."

"If I had not found it, should I be your wifew? Who first led me see where my wealth could bring to me the blessings of the poor? Who pointed out to me the secret charities that make lonely hearts glad, and comfort proud poverty without the weight of obligation? Who to'd me of students struggling to support a widowed mother, or sister, or vainly trying to save the means of gaining an education? Whose delicate searching and anonymous letters have sent relief to those tempted to curse the world and die, yet to plead to wear any but a smiling face over a wretched heart? How proudly I say, my husband led me to such deeds, and taught me that wealth is lent to give an account of itself, whether wasted or blessing others!"

"Ah! May your sweet face first made me look into my own heart, and find there only wasted opportunities and a useless life. What wonder I turned from such a sight to try and aid you in your own loving schemes of charity, only bringing to you my own heart's work."

"The things you said a servant girl May spring up in the next breath, and get me out."

"Another day, the fortune of May's life was sealed. Her uncle's name told her the news, and then her stunned, sick with the prospect of poverty, and in spite of herself, should ring at the thought of her husband's dismay. All the weary day passed, and he came not, had he left her to bear her cross alone? Stung, indignant at her own heart for such a thought, would recur as the evening set in, and she came not. Weighed with anxiety, sick with apprehension, she threw herself on the sofa and sobbed in bitterness and helplessness."

"Hark! The walk down step on the stairs, but not showing of one disappointed, but springing and light. 'He does not know, and I must tell him,' she thought."

He came in with such a bright face, his cheek glowing, his eye bright, his lip smiling, that she turned first at the thought that she must blast all this joyousness. 'Crying May?' he said, coming to her side, with his face changing to a look of tender sympathy.

"You are very late!" she said trying to steady her voice.

"Oh! you must get used to it. I shall keep business hours now. Off in the morning—home for an hour at dinner—and then off again till tea time."

"Have you heard?" she whispered.

"Yes. Do I seem hard and unfeeling, darling? Forgive me! But,

May dear, you shall not feel any privation that my love can keep from you. We shall not be rich; many things must be spared; yet, trust me, I will work hard before you shall suffer. Oh! I cannot—I cannot help it, May! I am glad—glad of this! You are mine! Now I can prove to you, and to the world, that your fortune was nothing to me! I have seen your uncle to-day, and, through his kindly exerted influence, I have secured the situation of book keeper in a wholesale grocery store."

"You—you, Arnold, with your refined tastes and luxurious habits?"

"Why, May, the salary is one thousand dollars a year. Just think of earning that!"

"Oh! Arnold, my own love! And here the sobs came too thick for more words. His own voice was husky, as he said:

"But for you, May, I should be now a miserably lounging—a gambler, perhaps, or worse. I feel that I am a man with a true heart, and a willing energy, and the turning point of my life was in your words. I trust you, Arnold! You did trust me, and, God willing, I will win the trust worthily."

Nobly he kept his word. The luxurious home was sold, and in a quiet house they began life again humbly. There is one child, a son, and Arnold, to knit his parent's hearts in a yet closer bond, and May knows that between her and poverty there stands a true heart, a willing, strong arm. Every sorrow is hushed before it reaches her, for it comes told by sympathetic lips, softened by loving tones.

"For better, for worse," they took their path in life together, and the trust of their betrothal will make their life sunny, though sorrow may for a time shade the way.

(THE END.)

The following beautiful poem "William Williams" was given us by William Harvey. It was written in 1870. It first appeared in the Oregonian and afterwards was printed in the old Pacific Coast Fourth Reader. Sam L. Simpson was the author of the poem, also the series of Readers.

From the Cascades, in sun and shade,

Leaping like a child at play,
Winking, widening through the valley,

Fright Williamette glid—glid—glid—

Onward ever,

Lovely river,

Softly calling to the

Time that sears us,

Mains and mars us,

Leaves no track or touch on these

Spring's green witchery is waving

And border for our wide

Utter forever beaute the journey.

Beauty dimples on the tide,

Through the purple gates of morning

Now the roseate ripples drive

Golden, then, when day departing

On the waters trails his lanes:

Waiting, dashing,

Tinkling, splashing,

Limpid, voluble and free—

Always heroic!

To be hurled

In the better, best and worst

In the crystal deeps, inverted,

Singing a picture of the sky,

Like those watering houses of the

Doubt in our dreams that he

Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,

Faint and lovely, far away—

Wreathing sunshine on the morrow,
Breathing fragrance round to day
Love would wander
Here and ponder—
Hither poetry would dream;
Life's old questions,
Sad suggestions,

"Whence and whither?" throng thy stream.

On the roaring wastes of ocean,
Slightly scattered waves shall toss;
Mid the surges rhythmic thunder
Shall thy silver tongues be lost.

Oh! thy glimmering rush of gladness
Mocks this turbid life of mine,
Racing to the wild Forever,
Down the sloping paths of time!

Onward ever,
Lovely river,

Softly calling to the sear,
Time that sears us,

Mains and mars us,
Leaves no track or touch on these!

SAM L. SIMPSON.

Heart Failure.

HOW TO AVOID IT.

The epitaph on many a tombstone is "heart failure." No wonder, when we consider the immense strain which is put on the smallest organ. Marvelous as it is, beating 100,000 times and exerting a force equal to 5,184,000 pounds daily, it has its limit—its endurance often is too severely tested. So common are diseases of the heart—highly often for a considerable time without the suspicion of the afflicted person being in the least excited—that it is stated that persons as young as a girl, Mrs. Frank M. Miles of Elkhart, Ind., has for years made a special study of all diseases of the heart, and his remarkable success has made his name familiar one in all parts of our land. He has found the most common symptoms of heart disease to be pain, distension or puffiness in the chest, head, stomach, bowels, left arm and neck, shortness of breath, muscular weakness, etc.

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