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VOL. XXI

WEDNESDAY MORNING APRIL 12, 1871.

NO. 50.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

One of Life's Stories.

BY VIOLET. "This true it is a pity! And pity 'tis, 'tis true!" Not many minutes walk from the churches, where upon a pleasant Sunday may be seen the fashion and elite who there congregate, to behold their weekly short-comings and confess themselves "miserable sinners," there has terminated within a few months one of those solemn tragedies which might possibly find its counterpart even in our own goodly city. I much doubt lightly the tragic events, and give but a passing glance, for it will not do to introduce to eyes and ears polite, the darkest shades of the great limner, sin.

kind and gentlemanly that I felt to trust him, and Mrs. —, I didn't know that there was any need of my being careful who I spoke to. He took me to a place, and made his own terms with the woman there; they stood and talked some, and I could not hear what they said. — At last he told me the arrangements were all made. I could have my work sent up to me, and I could do it in my room. If I was lonesome, I could sit with the other girls who boarded there, and that he would come in and show me about my work and see how I got along. I was so pleased, everything seemed made easy for me, and my hopes were so bright. I met at the table several richly dressed girls, who were pleasant to me. Oh, how I longed to be able to dress like them, and how poorly looked my shabby country dress, and I thought as soon as I had earned some money, I would purchase jewelry and ribbons, and make myself look as fine as they did.

and they administered a cordial, but she could only swallow a little. Her mind wandered and she talked of her childhood and mother. Then she slept for a few moments, but roused suddenly, and placing her hand in her bosom, drew out a tiny locket suspended by a cord around her neck. "Must have one more look, just one." She tried to open it, but her numb fingers refused to serve her. Mrs. Maynard opened it for her, and from necessity saw the face enclosed. Whoever it was, it seemed to have some strange spell for her for she sank upon her knees, burying her face in the bed.

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