Literature.

The Old Turnpike Road.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

I easily persuaded my cousin to go to first met Margaret Willoughby. Longwood and take up his residence in I could see it still, the old turnpike for school had a week's vacation. our project.

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ATORS

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St., Lindsay.

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very one.

from this time to November."

"You mustn't make it so pleasant in muster up courage to get out of it."

"Well, if that's all that's wanted to Margaret Willoughby. to get you out, I assure you nothing shall be left undone on my part," with a comical dip of her bright head, and

"And accomplish it, no doubt, be- doing finely."

bright sunshine and dozing winds, but, ers with a fringe box,

God and to man?

got for you!"

the soft patter of a child's feet in the er room and probably a little deaf. room, and a little head with clusters of At last I went up to the house, and Harry perched himself on the other. were always full of the motion of talk surprise. She did not reconize me. flowers they were, their snowy blossoms day. full of heavy passionate fragrance, as green leaves.

get these beautiful roses?"

lisped the voice of six summers. "And who is Miss Willoughby?"

"What do you know about this Miss Willoughby, Annie?" I asked of Har- forgotten us," she said. ry's mother, when she returned to my

"Very little; I've seen her but once. girl with the sprained ankle." She struck me as a quiet, ladylike person; a little over twenty; and, alto- over her face, but I knew a word more gether, her manner pleased me. She would have brought something into her Harry to her, just to get the little "Did you get the books I sent you?" rogue out of the way for a few hours.

old woman." Willoughby!" The name seemed to go | could not have done. in slow, silver liquid echoes up and After this, I have no remembrance of 'speak for myself' on such a subject, or wound through all the years, and called remained three hours. to me, soft and faintly, "Margaret Will-

oughby." phasis, on the table.

had given her.

thoughts."

silken curls around her fingers. And I est thing this side of heaven." And and thinking of that far-off day when I by the will of God! I knew it during about Miss Willoughby, having never

the gray old stone house, which my road, winding away like a brown, We rambled over many subjects, and, you had no serious intentions in that seriously altering its old-fashioned phy- at the toll-gate, with her small, tanned garet Willoughy's conversation left on siognomy, for I am no iconoclast. face and strange, bright eyes. I had me. What struck me at first most proroof. Fred says you ought to pass two- snowy goblets pouring out delicious roses she had plucked for me. thirds of your days under the trees, fragrance in the tall Venetian glass on the table.

the house, then, that a fellow can't ed that not many days should go over soul, and we had frequent rides to- do you think I should care what Mrs. my head before I looked on the face of gether; and there was a little fringe of Peekham or the world said of it?"

CHAPTER III.

you got me outdoors, it wouldn't be far, window of the dainty little white cot- foreign countries. She had read much true and higher purpose; and how her or long;" and I glanced at the crutch tage, as I stood at the gate that June and seen little, and this always gives to sweet, childlike faith had called to mine, A little sadness crept across the tance like a little white cup hidden tory air and manner. She had somebrightness of her face; "Oh, yes, you among the trees. It couldn't have con- thing, too, to tell me of her life; of its will, Bryant;" but the sentence was tained more than five rooms. It was struggles and aspirations, and how, after broken into by an urgent summons from picturesque enough, though all hugged she had attended the village Academy and rejoiced to live for His sake. And some neighbor, which at once took An- round with woodbines; and on either five years, she was offered the situation when I concluded, my cousins came and nie down stairs. I lay still, amidst the side of the grass plot was a bed of flow- of village school-teacher, and since then

cover the face of the earth every No- cover of red and black, in that quick, ed at the brave, true, strong soul which skillful way which made one feel at it held. broken dreams, and health, and hope; was a stange, contradictory one, for the it," said Cousin Annie, as we all gatherof the slow life, and the crippled limb eyes, of a large deep brown, had the ed in the sitting-room after tea, one that I must carry to the grave; and I look of a child; the look I remembered, evening just in the opening of Septem-And with that last thought a new but there was a certain gravity about dangerously so, but in the state of minmist, and glorified it. Whatsoever my all the oval features which thought, and which required her daughter's care and life was, my death would be better for discipline, and sorrow could alone have society, and Frederick had given his wife to you." the evil that had befallen me. Had I given them. It was not a handsome, "leave of absence" for a month. not learned in that long, wasting sick. pretty, beautiful face, but there was a We all felt sad enough at the thought ness, patience and submission, love to charm about it. So I watched her as of missing Annie's bright face and cheshe arranged the books on the table, ery voice about the house, and I knew "Uncle, Uncle Bryant, see what I've | wiping off the dust with a small cloth, | the lightness of her tones was assumed and humming snatches of old tunes or to hide something deeper in her voice, A slender thread of sound came replying to some question of her grand- as she pushed an ottoman to her husthrough the open door, and there was mother's, who must have been in anoth- band's feet, and, throwing herself on

shining curls, and pretty red lips that she came to the door with a face full of "I expect Bryant and I'll make awk-

of white roses. Large, queenly, luscious little pupil, Harry Mathers, the other "Our case looks dubious, Fred. We little fingers fluttered restlessly against

I went into the parlor and sat down. thousand years." "She's my school-teacher, you see; It was the neatest, plainest, cosiest little Annie lifted her head, and shook with and I went home with her to-day, and spot imaginable. There was a dark in- playful threatening her white hand in my when I saw the flowers growing all grain carpet, and cane seat chairs, green face. "Bryant," she said," I wish you round the front window I spoke right lounge, and a little table covered with would take one of those daughters of out, 'Oh how Uncle Bryant would like books. We sat down on the lounge. Eve you've just maligned so to wife besome of them !' And Miss Willoughby I saw her glance at my crutch and my fore the next twenty-four hours goes over smiled, and said, 'Would he dear?' And crippled limb, and such a sweet sadness your head." were sorrowful.

A smile ran into her lips and then

She answered my question indirectly: I remember, now, that Mrs. Peekham "If you could have seen me the day me, my boy?"-lifting the little fellow told me the school teacher's name was they came, or have known the marvel- on my knee. Margaret Willoughy, that she wrote lous treasures which they opened up to poetry occasionally, and supported her me; if I could tell you the new life der. "I'll ask her to-morrow, and see." grandmother, who is an infirm and very which they nourished in my soul!" She Margaret Willoughby, Margaret ished the sentence as even her voice band's.

Margaret Willoughby was a new And probably Uncle Bryant will revelation to me; for, be it remembered, select a somewhat different 'maiden' "That's it!" I brought my hand I have met with the noblest born and from your school-teacher, Harry, when down suddenly, and with no little em- highest bred, the loveliest and most he does speak for himself." gifted women of both hemispheres, and "What's it?" cried Annie, half I had learned what it takes so many ""Why, I mean different in position, springing from her seat with the start I near a lifetime to learn—that no grace family, fortune, everything. Do you of mien, no gift of mind or person, no know, Bryant, Mrs. Peekham was won-"Something I've found in my outward adorning can make a lady; I dering this afternoon that you could visit

out of her lips as she wound Harry's heart of a Christian woman is the sweet- mother kept the toll-gate!" sat there opening and shutting my eyes, Margaret Willoughby was this—a lady

grandfather built. We had the interior crumpled ribbon through the green pas- though I cannot recall these, I remem- quarter." rejuvenated and modernized, without tures, on either side, and the little girl ber perfectly the impression which Mar-

Early in the preceeding March we had not thought of it for years; but it all minently was a kind of childish artlesssettled down here. It was the only came back now, vivid as a thing of yes- ness which wound its golden thread spot on earth which was home to me. terday, and I recalled now a letter which though her whole speech and manner; Fred and Annie were enchanted with my grandfather had written during my yet it was tempered with a sweet wotheir new residence, and we daily con- first year in Germany, in which he men- manly gravity, and dignity, and thoughtgratulated each other on the success of tioned Margaret Willoughby, stating fulness, just as the expression in her that he had sent her to the Academy, eyes was by the rest of her face. Per-"Bryant," Annie began, in her light, and that she was a remarkably intelli- haps somewhat of this was owing to quick way, while the silk ran in a crim- gent child, and he was much interested her small knowledge of the world, for son ripple over her rapid fingers, "I in her. And that little girl had blos- she told me she had never been thirty think it's high time you were waked up. somed into womanhood, and taught miles from Longwood in her life. But You've just done nothing but settle school, and wrote poetry now; and she she had read, studied, lived; and so she down here over your books, ever since had not forgotten, I had evidence of had bloomed into her young, sweet, we got snugly under this blessed old that in the roses that were like great fragrant womanhood like the white

often after this; for, as the summer than a crowned queen, and holding her I kept my own counsel, but I resolv- grew, I gained strength of body and there, its joy and light and completeness, woods back of the small white cottage where we used to go, and sit, and listen noble and generous impulses that reto the brook, whose silver waters tang- sponded quickly to the right touch. "Grandma, we shall have stawberries led themselves with gurgling leap and "No, a thousand times no!" answered an arch laugh running out of her blue and cream by week after next. I've laughter over the stones; and Margaret the deep, emphatic tones of her husband. been out amongst the vines, and they're was never weary of listening with those bright child-eyes and that womanly face cause you are a woman; but, Annie, if The voice fluttered out of the front of hers to the stories I had to tell her of her grandmother's increasing age and "Bryant, may you be very happy with for awhile, the thoughts which came The next moment she came to the infirmities had rendered her unfit for the wife of your choosing!" over my soul were like those cold mists window, where her voice had just pre- any active cares or duties. I looked at which sail in from the northeast, and ceded her, and she shook out a table- the small, trembling figure, and wonder-

this, rested her cheek on his knee while

ward work, keeping old bachelor's hall,' and laugher, came up to me, and a little "Miss Willoughby," I said, offering laughed the young husband, as he hand, that was like a sea-shell, held up her my hand, "I have come to thank smoothed the yellow silken hair that triumphantly before my eyes a cluster you for the roses you sent me by your lay in its abundant beauty on his knee.

shall have nobody to scold us for not each other, for they had a kind of habit What a leap of surprise, recongnition, being punetual at dinner, or keeping the of motion. The sketch was a very brief they lay half sheltered in a convert of pleasure, and timidity there was in her rooms in disorder—in short for commit- one; a little exquisite, pathetic picture of face! Then she put her hands, her ing any of these numerous delinquencies a country home and hearts made very "Oh, Harry, my pet, where did you little soft, warm hands in mine, and said by which the sons of Adam have manjust as she would have said it thirteen aged to keep the tongues and tempers "Miss Willoughby gave them to me," years before, on the old turnpike, "I am of the daughters of Eve in a constant ciliation. very glad to see you, Mr. Hamilton." state of excitement during the last six

meant 'em for you, though she didn't children's when their mother's faces wishes. If I could only find her now !"

"I thought it most likely you had knee, and pattered up to me, and put his pretty face close to my ear. "Uncle "O no. I remember the old turnpike Bryant," he said, confidentially and swaying back and forth the small, slender road, and the toll-gate, and the little earnestly, "I know of somebody you figure. could get to be your wife."

"Who is it, my pet?"

"Miss Margaret Willoughby." How his father leaned his head back teaches the district school, and I sent eyes besides a smile; so I said, quietly: and laughed, while his mother clapped The tears were held in check upon it. her hands and shouted!

"He nestled his head on my shoul-Another peal of mirth; Annie's sweet stopped here abruptly, but her face fin- laugher tangling in and out of her hus- and holiest meaning of that blessed word.

"No, thank you, Harry; I prefer to

down my thoughts, as though it came what we talked about, but there were I fear that I should meet with no better heart---Margaret Willoughby! from some far country in the past, and few pauses in the conversation, and I success than Miles Standish did with the Puritan maiden, Priscilla."

"How do you mean, Annie?" mean that sweetness and gentleness, Miss Willoughby so often. She says

"Bryant you are the oddest man that tenderness and sympathy which she has never had any position in Longalive," answered Annie, and a laugh ran Luther meant when he said: "The wood, that she's low-bred, and her grand-

"And what did yo tell her, Annie? "Oh, I told her that I knew nothing that morning that we passed together, met her but once, only she was a little protegee of yours once, though I knew

"How did you know it?" She turned and faced me. "Why Bryant, you haven't, have you ?"

"It has struck me that I have." "Well, that's cool, old fellow?" It was Fred interposed here, not knowing exactly how to take me.

"Now, Bryant, are you in sober earnest?" asked Annie, coming over to me. "Yes; I think I shall take Harry's advice, and ask Miss Willoughby to be

"Oh, Bryant, what will Mrs. Peekham

-what will the world say?" Do you think I should stop to inquire, Annie Mathers? Do you think when I found a woman whose soul was crowned with those rare and beautiful jewels above all price, which make a loving and Christian womanhood-do you think I I saw the young school-teacher very | would not gather her to my heart sooner

"No, I wouldn't if I were you, Bryant!" out spoke Annie, for her heart was full of

And then I told them a little of all Margaret Willoughby had been to me; how unconsciously, the knowledge and the love of her had wakened my life into and how the great sorrow of my life had taught me, at last, a new submission to the will of God, our father; and how I who once longed to die, was now willing placed their hands in mine, and said: I went up toward evening to the little

white cottage set like a cup among the trees. Margaret was sprinkling a moss rose-bush, in the front yard, with a small watering-pot. She came toward me, her sleeves were looped back from the small white arms. We talked awhile of the sunset clouds, of the flowers in the yard, of laid my head back with a slow, weary full of wonder and wistfullness, with ber. She had been summoned to the the farewell of the summer, and then I heartache, and almost longed to die. endless smiles and variations in them; bedside of her mother, who was ill—not said to her, "I have a book, Miss Margaret, and out of its sweet, fresh, perfumlight and warmth came through the the mouth and a sweet seriousness about gled nervous excitement and prostration ing pager I have selected a little sketch

> "Thank you;" and we went into the parlor together; but when I drew the book from my pocket, she glanced at it and said, with a sudden drawing in of her breath, "Oh is that the book?

"You have seen it, then?" "I-I have heard of it"; and she turned away, and seemed very intent on

smoothing the folds of her dress. The book was the one which I had read that day that she had given Harry the

It struck me that her manner was a little singular, but I sat down and opened the book, and she sat a little way from me, and listened to my reading. She sat, as I said, a little apart from me, her hand lying still in her lap, except when the

sion and parting, and glad unspeakably with the sudden joy of meeting and recon-Isn't it a touching little thing? 'I asked, as I closed. I-do you like it so much?" and her

face was radiant. "Yes-don't you?" She opened her lips-her blushes came and went-suddenly it flashed across me-

"Margaret, you wrote this book." She tried to look astonished but she

was not used to dissemble. She buried then she gave me these, but I knew she came into her eyes as I have seen in "Thank you for your benevolent her face in her hands and broke into sobs. "Margaret, dear Margaret, have I no more, and better than these ?"

She understood me, but only sobs kept

Once, and once only, I tried her. Margaret, you do not answer me. Is is because you cannot love a man who is crippled for life? whose health can never be"-

Her face sprang up from her hands. "Oh, Mr. Hamilton, you do not think "But how do you know she'll have so meanly of me as that !" and I answered. Then, for the first time, I gathered her

to my heart, and kissed the red blossom of her lips, and thanked God that she belonged to me for life; that she would walk by my side, true, tender, sweet, loving till death took us apart-my wife, in the best Two years she has been this-two years

which have taught me how priceless was the pearl I found on the old turnpike road --- the pearl that I found, and wore on my THE END.

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or long; "and I glanced at the crutch which stood at the foot of the lounge. The house looked in the diswoman a kind of a strange, contradiction which stood at the foot of the lounge. The house looked in the diswoman a kind of a strange, contradiction which lay cold and dormant in my soul; a woman a kind of a strange, contradiction which lay cold and dormant in my soul; and this always gives to which lay cold and dormant in my soul; and the cold and the cold and dormant in my soul; and the cold and dormant in my soul; and the cold and th Dominion and United States.

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I thought of my bright, careless afflu-ent youth; of my proud, strong manhood ent youth; of my proud, strong manhood all crushed out of me in an hour; of the

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