

of night? I thought him engaged to Kate's sister."

"I believe he wants my little house in Clinton."

"Ah, then you must live with us and comfort the boys."

"But he wants the owner too."

"And you have consented?"

"Yes, dear Frank; since your comfort is provided for, I thought I might venture."

I think Frank detected the least little flavor of sarcasm in this remark. It was the only revenge upon him I ever permitted myself for having so speedily fallen away from his allegiance to me, the

woman whom Maria had appointed her successor.

Widowers are very soft-hearted. I have no doubt that he felt for the moment as if he would like to marry both of us. I left him with a very womanish blush on his face, when I carried away the dissipated twins to their night's rest.

A stout good-natured nurse was engaged to take my place, and did my work with not a tittle of the wear and tear which I had spent upon it.

I went home to a free and happy life after all, in which Dr. Frye was my conscience-keeper.

ELLA WILLIAMS.

## THE HEART OF JUNE.

DOWN in the heart of the June, my love,  
 Down in the heart of the June;  
 The gold, gold sun, like a bridegroom proud,  
 Lifts the fair sky's veil of summer cloud,  
 While the green, green earth laughs out aloud  
 In the heart of the red, red June.

This is the best of the world, my love,  
 This is the best of the year;  
 Behind is the springtime, cold and sweet,  
 Forward the summer's feverish heat;  
 Stay, then, my darling, thy hurrying feet,  
 For the best of our life is here.

Sip the red wine of the June, my love,  
 Sip the red wine of the June,  
 In May it was white as the fading snow,  
 August's deep purple will darken its glow;  
 Then, with lingering lip and kisses slow,  
 Sip the red, red wine of the June.

The roses, June roses, are red, my love,  
 They hang from your lattice high.  
 Faint was the May-blossom's gentle breath—  
 The orange-flower will be strong unto death;  
 But the rose is sweet, and its sweetness saith,  
 "There are none so lovely as I."

Then live in the heart of this June, my love,  
 Live in the heart of this June.  
 Once we were friends—oh, cold, barren dearth!  
 Soon must our wedded life prove its own worth;  
 But now we are lovers—are gods on earth,  
 In the heart of this red, red June.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.