

A WIFE'S CONFESSION.

A Tale for Application.

I did not marry for love. Very few people do, so in this respect I am neither better nor worse than my neighbors. No, I certainly did not marry for love; I believe I married Mr. Cartwright simply because he asked me.

This was how it happened. He was the rector of Davenport, and we lived at the Manor house, which was about ten minutes' walk from the church and rectory. We had daily service at Davenport, and I nearly always attended it, and it came to pass that Mr. Cartwright invariably walked home with me. It was a matter of custom now, and I thought nothing of it; it pleased him, and on the whole it was rather pleasant to me also.

One morning, about six months after our marriage, he told me at breakfast that he intended leaving me alone for a few weeks, to stay with his mother, who was not very well. He watched the effect of this announcement on me, but though I was really displeased, I concealed my annoyance, and asked excitedly when he would start.

He replied, the next day if I had no objection, and so it was settled. He was more affectionate than usual that day, and I was colder than ever; I only once alluded to his journey; and that was to ask if I might have my sister Maud to stay while he was gone.

The next morning I was anxious to avoid a formal parting, so I drove to the station with him. As the train moved off, I remembered this was our first parting since our marriage, and I wished I had not been so cold.

When I got home the house looked so dreary and empty and there was no one to meet me; presently one of the servants came for the shawls, and with her, Mrs. Cartwright's sister, which, when he saw that I was alone, set up a howl for his master. I patted him and tried to comfort him, feeling I was his grief, as he followed me, whining, into the house. Every room seemed empty, and each spoke of the absent master in his own way.

Everything I attempted, everything I looked at reminded me of his goodness to me and of my coldness and ingratitude to him. At last I went to bed, where, after working myself into a fever of anxiety lest he should not have reached the end of my journey in safety, I at length cried myself to sleep.

The next morning I went down to breakfast with a heavy heart, for I knew I could not have from him till the next day; it seemed so strange to breakfast alone, and I was so unhappy, that I could not get up. I was so unhappy, that I could not get up.

band's ears; and I had learned from him that he had left me to try what effect his absence would have on me; for he had felt for some time that my pride was the great barrier he had to overcome to win my love.

"So it was," I answered, "but I did not know that she would ever entice my husband away from me in this way, or, of course, I should never have liked her."

"Really, Nell, you are very hard on the poor woman; for, as I understand, Mr. Cartwright went to her of his own free will, because she was not well, and he thought his company would do her good," said Maud.

"What's your business?" asked the Lieutenant. "Do you mean me? I have no business; I am a gentleman of leisure."

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