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Daily Appeal.

MY STEP-SON—HOW I WON HIM.

BY JENNY, THE GREEN MOUNTAIN GIRL.

"Who ever heard of anything so very foolish, so downright absurd, as Molly Brightwell has done? Just think of it! Married a widower who has three children and his father besides to care for. She either fancied he had heart-room a plenty, or was willing to occupy a very limited portion herself, to become a shareholder with such a posse. And then there are all the first wife's relations to please or displease. Oh, what a Fair!"

"I pity her! I wonder at her!" says one.

"I pity him!" says another.

"I pity the children" chimes in a third.

"I pity that poor old man!" exclaims a fourth.

"Spare your pity until it is needed. I do not borrow any trouble about little Molly Brightwell. She is a true woman. She will wear with becoming grace the matrimonial requisition, 'love, honor and obey;' and in return, will be duly loved, honored and obeyed. Don't worry, girls, don't worry about little Molly and her affairs. She is young, I know, younger than any of us here, but she has a sound mind, of strong, energetic will, is very conscientious, and will do right. The wife and mother makes the home and keeps the hearts that gather around the hearth, if they are kept at all. There is no home if woman's heart is not in the right place; but when she is, as she ever ought to be, the angel of the household, all hearts will be sure to cluster around her and rest serenely in the sunshine of her presence."

"Well spoken, Mrs. Brent, well spoken! I am ready to indorse all that you have said. Let Molly alone; let her husband alone; and, above all, do not meddle with the children. Oh, cold suspicion and distrust. Do not make them quake with fear before the shadow of a terror coming. Leave them alone in peace, and you yourselves will soon forget that the shade of a step mother's wings broods over their household. Treat them at all times as you would any other family, and you will soon feel them settled down comfortably to their own fireside enjoyment, as happy as people generally are. Mischief does not make itself; 'tis a miscellaneous compound prepared by meddlers, chiefly for their own amusement and the annoyance of others. So do not meddle. I beg of you to keep yourselves clear of such a heinous crime. I cannot call it anything less than a crime. Meddlers are a domestic nuisance, with whom, as a class of concentrated mean ness, there is no repose, at least I have never found one. I speak from experience. It was in that incomparable school that I was taught this little lesson, that the not only interference of others makes many causes trouble in families where, but for such interference, no discord would ever have existed. For example, I may say to Molly Brightwell, now I pity you, to think you are going into such a family. Such a family! repeats Molly to herself. I was not aware before that they differed materially from the generality of families. Such a family, she again repeats, and, in sallier patience, begins to look out for 'breakers ahead,' and to 'trim her sails' accordingly, as it will be a marvel if, with your assistance, she is not doomed to find it indeed such a family. And so it will be with each member of the family, if you go to prying of your nose uncalled for pity upon them. Now, to elucidate my position, I will give you a wail from my experience, if you would like to have me."

"Indeed we would!"

Grandmother Southside had not lived threescore years without a purpose. She would have had some marked passages in her life history, and we would be very happy if she would point them out to us. It would do us good, we were sure, to listen to the words that dropped from the lips of experience and wisdom. Our hearts always grew tender in her presence, and we have often wished that the gentleness of soul might make our youthful faces as fair and beautiful as hers, with all its wrinkles. There may be handsomer women in the world than Grandmother Southside, but none more beautiful. A living type of pure, spiritual loveliness, she walked among us our guide, counsellor and friend. So calm, so peaceful was her life, we nearly thought she at least had never drunk of the bitterness that is full often mingled with the sweet in the cup of life. We saw her husband, but rather cold and stern, we thought, for such a wife. We saw her children, but what her memory looked back upon was to us a veiled picture.

"It is a simple story, girls, but it may serve to interest you for an hour. If you have fell, what I hope you never may, the awfull chilliness of unrequited affection, you would understand how I felt then.

"Augustus saw it all, and was planning a way in which to relieve the house of Mrs. Brent's presence, telling her in so many words, that her services were no longer needed by company, when he was called away upon important business, which would detain him from home several weeks. With his kind, encouraging face beaming with hope, he was whispered, "Hope, hope, dear Louisa, and live as cheerfully as you can; your sunshine will shine out yet." I only answer with a sigh, and turn away and weep. It was hard for this sympathizing soul to leave me so miserably situated, but he must go. Then, with a benevolent will with delight when I informed him who would take care of him, and that after she came to live with us we could live together at home all the time. There has surely been mischief wrought during my absence, but Louisa, my love, do not be disheartened. I will teach him obedience to you; while the same power in you that taught the father cannot fail to teach the son respect, confidence and love. Be hopeful, my little wife; my warmest sympathies and desires are with you."

"Thus comforted and encouraged I rested happily upon my hopes. How very confident I was that we should be the best of friendsoons. I, who never yet had an enemy in all my life, who never would not look for one in the heart of a little child. No, the warm, sunny heart of childhood was no place for coldness and distrust. I knew very well how women, when they always want some one to call mother, especially in their hours of sorrow. He would, he must come to me to find a friend and comforter when the heart was weary with its burden of childish sorrows.

"Then I confidently reasoned, but days, weeks and months passed on, still he never gave me even the slightest token that my theory was correct. Edward was always civil and even respectful in his department toward me, but oh! my heart! it longed and wearied for my heart ached painfully beneath its load of crushed and dying hopes.

"Thus the summer passed away, the autumn was nearly spent; all the uncles, aunts, cousins and grandparents had visited us, some spending a week or more with us, and each leaving the effects of their visits with cloud or sunshine, as their natures were cloudy or sunshiny.

"Then we were left to ourselves until the commencement of the Christmas festivities, preparations were without a purpose. Some time before Christmas, Mrs. Bent, a widowed sister of Edward's mother, came to spend the "twelve days" with us, and, liking the accomodations well, concluded to remain during the winter. I was rather sorry she had chosen our home for her winter quarters, for she was very self-willed, and, what was yet worse, said but little honeys at the shrine of truth. She usually found a way for her will, and for this reason I feared her, yet I feared far more for Edward than for myself. Such a fascination over him was almost without limit. She seemed to idolize the child, and would not allow his wishes to be crossed if she could prevent it. I soon learned that I was nobody in her estimation (although by myself I was thought to be quite a fine woman for the times,) and that Edward found no less attractive than ever little Molly was still civil and obedient, but as aimless in all his bearing toward me as the northern side of an iceberg. Dear, girls, do not smile at my apparent folly, if you have fell, what I hope you never may, the awfull chilliness of unrequited affection, you would understand how I felt then.

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"The first evening passed away and he only looked at me once. He had a good night when he retired to his sleeping-room, but his back was toward me. Aunt Easy excused him, saying he was so bashful. I pitied him for his bashfulness. I knew very well how to pity bashful children, and that raised me several degrees in her estimation. I had made the good woman my friend by sympathizing with her favorite nephew. She opened her whole heart and took me in for Augustine's sake, as well as for that of his child. She knew he would get along well after a few days; there was nothing like sympathy to win the hearts of little ones. Children would be children, and we must not look for perfection in them. Edward was a noble-hearted boy, but rather cold about some things. When I came to understand his whole heart, I should almost worship him. So I brought out the kind-hearted lady, and Augustine allowed her to enjoy her opinion while she sat with us, but when we were alone, with a grieved look, he informed me of his son's doings during my absence. I knew very well he would be crossed if she could prevent it. I soon learned that I was nobody in her estimation (although by myself I was thought to be quite a fine woman for the times,) and that Edward found no less attractive than ever little Molly was still civil and obedient, but as aimless in all his bearing toward me as the northern side of an iceberg. Dear, girls, do not smile at my apparent folly if you have fell, what I hope you never may, the awfull chilliness of unrequited affection, you would understand how I felt then.

"Augustine