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A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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Select Poetry.

DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

BY FRANK W. COLE.

Don't run in debt—never mind, never mind, If old clothes are faded and worn; Fix them up, make them do it better by far, Than to have the heart weary and worn. Who'll love you the more for the set of your hat, Or your ruff, as the tie of your coat, The shape of your face, or your boots or your hat, If they know you're in debt for the new?

Don't run in debt! If can't pay the bill, Wear the blue if you have not the gold, Or—no matter what—so you let the world know You won't run in debt for a dash. There's no comfort I tell you in walking the street In blue clothes, if you know you're in debt, And feel that perchance you may be made mean, Who will stare at you—"They are not for you."

Good friends, let me beg of you, don't run in debt In the least on the subject of your dress. They will fit you back better than any new set, Unless they are paid for with the old together. If the house is too small, draw the curtains together, Keep it warm with a heavy good will; A big one unpaid for, in all kinds of weather Will send you your warm heart a chill.

Don't run in debt—wear girls take a hint; (Of the fashions have changed since last season, Old Nature has put in the very same suit, And old Nature will keep her some reason, Just say to your friend that you cannot afford To spend time to keep up with the fashion, That your purse is too tight and your honor too bright To be tarried with such silly passion.

Genus, don't run in debt—let your friends, if they can, Have fine houses, and feathers and flowers, But unless they are paid for, be more of a sign, Than to enter their shining hours. If you've money to spare, I have nothing to say; Spend your dollars and dimes as you please; But find you the man who has not his nose to pay In the man who is never at ease.

Kind husband, don't run in debt any more; 'Twill fit your wife's cup full of sorrow, To know that a neighbor may call at your door, With a bill you won't settle to-morrow. Oh! take my advice, it is good for all; (But, least you may some of you doubt it,) I'll whisper a secret now seeing tis you: I have tried and I know all about it.

The chain of a debtor is heavy and cold, It links all correction and met; Gold it ever as it will, it never of gold, Then spurn it aside, with disgust. The man who is in debt is no other a slave, Though his heart may be honest and true; Can he hold up his head and look saucy and brave, When a note he can't pay becomes due?

Choice Miscellany.

THE ESTRANGED HEARTS.

A TALE OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY CLARA MORTON.

CHAPTER I.

Privious and heartless as Margaret Dorrance may have appeared in the preceding chapter, she was not wholly so. Gladly would she have thrown her arms around her husband's neck, acknowledging to him that all the unkind things she had said in anger, she had not meant one, could she have been sure that he, with truthfulness, could have said the same.

Often had she forgiven her impulsive words, and she doubted not he would again; but pride kept her from seeking him. She had educated emotions from his breast which the dust of Time could never bury from her sight; and daily, the knowledge of them grew more and more bitter to her. In acknowledged levity, she raised the workings of her heart; and the standard which with which her husband treated her, she justified her but the more fully that she had forfeited the love which, when she possessed, she had valued too lightly.

At length she ceased to reproach herself. If she had done wrong in not studying her husband's happiness more she had in other respects done better by him than he by her; she had given him a wife who would exchange for a divorce one. This thinking, she determined upon a course of conduct that should awaken in him the jealousy she had disclaimed.

"If he has one spark of love left for me, he shall learn what jealousy is," she thought, as, on the evening of the fancy party, her maid arranged her in the becoming Spanish dress she had selected.

Her long tresses, which were of a glossy purplish black, were folded over high upon her head, and fastened with an immense and elegantly carved comb of the rarest shell. Her velvet dress was relieved by a fast of fine lace around her exquisitely turned throat, and fastened with a single ruby. Jewels glittered on her arms and her fingers, and radiantly beautiful she looked, as standing before the Psycho-glass, she directed her maid in arranging the heavy black lace veil, which, resting on her head, fell in careless folds almost to her feet.

But Mrs. Dorrance was apparently dissatisfied, for she glanced from her mirror to the toilet table, where a profusion of ornaments was scattered in open cases and cases. Her eyes fell on her superb bouquet; seizing it, she tore out a crimson japonica, and removing the jewel which had looked back the veil from her face, she replaced it with the flower.

It was all that was needed. Her dress was now perfect, and wonderfully becoming. With her large dark eyes, and their heavy sweeping fringe, and her rich, but transparently clear complexion, she well represented the nation whose costume she had chosen.

A carriage rattled over the stone, and drew up in front of their mansion. Mrs. Dorrance parted the curtains and glanced out. She saw a young man alight and ascend the steps.

"It is all right, Matty," said she; "throw my cloak around me, and tell Mr. Dorrance, when he comes home, not to set up for me."

"Mr. Dorrance is in the library, marm; he came in before the clock struck nine."

"Very well; I will pass through as I go out; and, Matty, you will sit up for me. I would rather have you than Richard. You know you can sit with the children after the other servants have gone to bed."

Matty yawned and after her mistress left the room, she muttered to herself of the hardship it was to work all day and sit up all night; but when she went into the room adjoining, where the children were sleeping, the frown upon her face was chased away by a smile, for she loved the dear little ones fondly. Drawing a low chair near their couch, she leaned her head upon a pillow, and was soon sleeping as soundly as they.

Meanwhile, Mr. Dorrance descended to the library and passed beside the door. Her heart beat quickly; she trembled at the thought of hearing her husband's displeasure; yet she dared not leave the house without his knowledge. Summoning all her courage, she entered the room.

"I am sorry that I am not going with me this evening, Howard, but I looked in to say that you need feel no anxiety about me; your friend, Mr. Graham, is my courier." Her tones were kind, but there was an air of embarrassment generally to that, showed her conscience was not perfectly at ease.

Mr. Dorrance looked sternly upon his wife as he answered, "I did not expect this. You told me you would go to-night."

"No, I did not. I said from the first that I should positively go. You said you would not accompany me, and I answered you that of course that would be as you said."

Selfishness! It was for your happiness full as much as my own, that I have so earnestly sought to give you a glimpse of the amusements of fashionable life. I see that to my love, my happiness is nothing to you; everything is to be sacrificed on the altar of vanity. Ah, Margaret, if you were foolish in throwing away your liberty while still a school girl, I was doubly so in committing my happiness into the hands of one."

"I agree with you entirely, Mr. Dorrance; and I wonder that you ever thought of me, when that prim old maid, Miss Helen Graham, was so exactly suited to you, and came near dying for you, every one said. She was the very one for you, for she detests parties as much as you can, and is always preaching to me about domestic happiness and such fol de rol. It is a pity that you didn't fancy her, isn't it?"

Mr. Dorrance's face reddened. He turned away and paced the room hurriedly.

His wife continued, "They say that before I came home from school you were very attentive to her; now, seriously, don't you think she was better suited to you than I?"

Mr. Dorrance paused before his wife, and meeting her up-turned gaze, he answered calmly, "Yes, Margaret, I do."

Nothing daunted by the serious tone in which this was said, and fully convinced that there had never been any idol she herself on the throne of her husband's heart, and that at any moment she could resume her power, she continued her badinage.

"And now, if you had only taken compassion on her, and married her—"

"I wish to God I had!" broke from Mr. Dorrance's lips; and his wife read truly in his now sad, pale face, that with no idle meaning had those words been rung from his heart.

In a moment she was subdued; she spoke no more, but, faintly, for the feelings which tender words had first awakened, sprang up in all their strength at the first breath of that passion of which she had so unjustly accused her husband.

From that night, Margaret Dorrance harbored a more guest in her bosom—from that night, she felt in her heart the truth of the Scripture passage, "Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as a grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which both a most vehement flame."

Almost unconsciously, as he thought of his children, he turned his steps to their room. He opened their door, and a light gleamed dimly upon the mantle, where two tiny figures were strong enough to reveal to him the sleeping babies upon the couch. Babies they still were; for little Harry, the eldest, was scarcely three years old, and little's second summer was but now approaching.

Mr. Dorrance bent over them, tracing in his boy's fine countenance the features of his wife; while lightly roused the plump and dimpled cheeks of a baby, fell curls that would have matched his own in a boyhood.

As he looked upon the beautiful in their dependent and helpless infancy, he questioned whether all his worldly might and power, when even "the profound joys of maternity" had failed to give his wife a fondness for home pleasures.

And now, unfortunately, another change came over him. "I will not stop to plead," he said. "In marrying, she assumed the duties of a wife and mother. I will hereafter be responsible for her fulfilling them properly. My name shall not be disgraced, nor shall these children receive a heritage of shame. I have tried kindness in vain, and will now see what a husband's authority can accomplish."

In this mood, he returned to the library; he drew his chair up to his writing-desk, and un-locking a drawer, lifted from it, one by one, the souvenirs of the past, that long had lain there hidden and undisturbed.

There were packages of letters, sketches of heads, unfinished landscapes, and beneath all lay a garland of colored autumn leaves. The scrap of paper which lay beside it, bore the words, "From Helen, Egeron woods, Oct. 18th."

Before him rose the noble old forest, where he first had met eyes whose tastes and inclinations exactly accorded with his own. He recalled the graceful flow of her conversation, the innate dignity of her manners, the loveliness of her truthful countenance, as first it impressed itself upon him; and more than all, the well-balanced mind, and the mature judgment, which had afterwards developed to him, as day after day he lingered by her side. He felt the flash that mounted to his temples, as in contrast-distant to such a being, another vision rose before him,—that of the petted, spoiled, vain beauty, who had left her home that little, little dreaming how dangerous would prove the solitude of her husband.

Arising from this reverie, he opened a folded paper. It contained a pale-blue withered flower, and a sprig of myrtle-leaf, and the words, in his own hand-writing, "Woodland, May 20th, Helen."

As he remembered that evening well; and with emblem of constancy, how it smote him now! "Forget-me-not!" the flower spoke as plainly as words could have done, and his heart answered, "By those words of tenderness, those days of joy, those ardent forgotten! Oh, Margaret, save me from these memories!"

And now, unfolding a sheet of tissue-paper, he lifted from it a long tress of soft brown hair which fell from his fingers in spiral curls as he gazed upon it. There was no writing written. He needed none, for his eyes filled with tears as he looked upon it. Carefully he re-folded and closed the paper, almost reverentially he pressed the packages to his lips, and then, with a deep sigh, he leaned his head upon his hands, and mused for hours.

The clock struck one—two—still his wife came not, and with impatience added to displeasure, he went down into the parlor, and for another weary hour paced the long rooms to and fro. Not a sound fell upon his ear, save the low ticking of the French clock in the hallway, and now and then, the distant rumbling of carriages.

He stood in the centre of the suite of rooms, and looked around him. This home that he had fitted up so luxuriously for his young bride—the drawing rooms, with their gorgeous carpets of woven roses; its lofty windows, curtained with satin and heavily wrought lace, its antique and richly-carved furniture, and all the exquisite ornaments that art could furnish, or wealth buy—the music-room, with its splendid instrument, its rare old paintings, and its marble statues—the little boudoir for her own especial use, with its windows of stained glass and rose-colored drapery, its languor-inviting lounges, and its mirror-jined walls—why could she not be satisfied with such prospects to live for him, even as he had hoped to live for her?

He pressed his hands to his head; it was throbbing painfully, and hot with fever. Drawing aside the curtains of one of the front windows, which extended to the floor, he raised it, slid back the ball of the Venetian shutters, and stepped out upon the balcony.

The cool air refreshed him; and now he heard the whirr of an approaching carriage. Nearer and nearer it came, and hastily re-closing the shutters, and dropping the window, he stood listening.

On the carriage rolled, stopping beside the door; and now there was a quick ring, which Mr. Dorrance answered in person. It was well he did, for Matty's alarm was unbroken. He held the door open standing in the shade of it, so that he was not observed. He

heard Mr. Graham say to his wife, in a low familiar tone, "I am glad, my dear Mrs. Dorrance, that you have resolved to appear more frequently in the society which you so adore. [Will you hereafter honor me with any commands that you may have? for I can assure you, that I am but too happy to be entirely at your service.]"

Mr. Dorrance did not wait for his wife's reply, but stepping forward into the light, he met them face to face. He forgot his usual courtesy, his studied self-possession, as, drawing his wife's hand rudely from the arm on which it rested, he said,

"I will excuse you, Mr. Graham, from all future attentions towards my wife; she will not go into society, hereafter, without my protection."

It was so sudden, so unexpected, that both stood speechless. The next moment, Mr. Dorrance had closed the door upon Mr. Graham, without even exchanging the civilities of parting. And now his wife's dark eyes flashed vehemently, as breaking from his grasp, she entered the drawing room, and threw herself upon a velvet fauteuil. Her small foot beat the rich carpet nervously, and the soft color of her cheeks deepened, until they flowed like the heart of the crimson rose which her white fingers were now feverishly tearing to pieces.

As her husband followed, she turned her head disdainfully from him. Each time that she assayed to speak, she answered him with scornful taunting words; until at length, stung to madness, he seized her arm, burying his nails in the flesh.

"Margaret! will you have no mercy upon me? do you not see that you are making a fine of me?"

She did not scream, although her arm quivered with pain; she did not seek to shake off as before; but rather exulted in the idea that she had added personal violence to the mortification he had inflicted upon her, by his ungentlemanly treatment of Mr. Graham, so she smiled coldly, and answered, mockingly,

"Your own evil passion, sir, have converted you into the fiend which you allow you are, and which I cannot dispute—no, not even doubt," she added, as glancing at her arm, which he had now released, she saw a drop of blood trickling down its polished surface. Around it she wound a fine cambric handkerchief, and rising, would have left the room.

Mr. Dorrance stood between her and the door.

"Margaret, you understand me," he said. "I did not know that I was so violent—listen to me—we must have an understanding."

"I understand you now, thoroughly," she answered; "let me pass."

"No, I will not. You must first promise me that—"

"Must! I'll attend to that," said she, "I shall promise you nothing." Then, subduing herself, she added, with more dignity, "When you are over your passion, and can treat me properly, I will listen to you; not before."

"You will listen to me now," said Mr. Dorrance, determinedly, and clasping her hands, he held them firmly between his own.

"I will not; I will not listen to one word. Let me go; let me go, Howard Dorrance. I hate you! Oh, heaven! I wish I never had married!" and, exhausted by the effort she had made to free herself, she sank back upon the fauteuil, and burst into an hysterical fit of weeping.

But her tears were not solitary. They arose from wounded pride, from mortified vanity, from excess of passion; and when her husband, subdued by them into a comparative state, sat down near by and tried to soothe her, she would have him from her with her hand, sobbing out, "Go away, go away. I wish I were dead, and then I would be out of the reach of your tyranny."

Mr. Dorrance answered not a word, but went straight from the room to his chamber.

And now, showing herself across the fauteuil, Margaret buried her face in its cushions, and, for a few moments, gave way to the most violent emotions—there were no self-consciousness mingled with her bitter upbraidings of her husband's conduct. She was the latter of one, and she resolved that her husband should confess it, and sue for pardon before she would restore him to favor. What had she done? Nothing. But he! no words were sufficient to express the measure of his condemnation. A noise startled her. She looked up. Her husband had fallen from her head, bearing with it the heavy veil, and now her rich black tresses fell in masses over her opera cloak, contrasting strongly with its snowy whiteness. She flung back her hair from her temples, which were throbbing painfully; she pressed her small jeweled hands over them, and rising slowly, while her cloak fell to her feet, she caught the reflection of her symmetrical and richly rolled form in the mirror opposite—Fascinated by her own wild, gleaming beauty, she drew nearer, craving, as she did so, her fallen bouquet.

Alas! thus destructively was she trampling down her life's happiness.

"No!" she said, still looking on her image in the glass—"It is possible that Howard Dorrance has treated me so shamefully? How many times before I was his wife did he promise to study only my wishes; and now, because I persisted in the accomplishment of one desire, has he treated his passion thus insultingly upon that paid as regard to my feelings? Yes, before another; adding abuse to insult!" and she glanced down upon her arm.

The sound which had before startled her was repeated. A window-shutter creaked; it might have been the wind; but satisfied, she stole from the room, across the hall, and into the library back. The light was still burning there, and the first thing her eyes fell upon was the open drawer, which her husband had forgotten to close. She lifted the gay wreath, and read the name and date. It dropped from her trembling hands, and hurriedly she looked through the other compartments. Once she thought to tear open a package of letters, but she dared not do that; the ribbon that fastened them was sacred. At length she came to a long curl of chestnut hair, and now her face blanched, and her lips grew pallid—Wrangling it apart, she would have thrown it upon the oak; but a sudden expression of her countenance changed, and a smile of triumph flitted from her eyes, and she replaced it carefully in the paper as she did so, and she looked towards the door. It was ajar, and the blood crept chillily through her, from head to foot, as she met Edward Graham's eyes bent upon her. With his finger upon his lips, he approached her with noiseless footsteps.

"Do not be frightened. I will explain to you in a moment how I came here. There, sit down; you will be ill; you look so now, with your white face and pale lips. My dear Mrs. Dorrance, let me tell you how I worship you, that I may have some excuse for intruding upon you as I have done."

Margaret's voice was hoarse as she answered, "No, you must tell me nothing; what would I say, if he were to find you here? Go—go, I beg of you. I tremble to think of it."

"I will go, if my absence will relieve you any. Oh, Margaret, if I dared to plead with you to go with me—Why will you stay to subject yourself to such treatment as I have witnessed this night? Dear Margaret, will you not let me protect you from him?"

Mrs. Dorrance's mind was pre-occupied? She evidently did not understand his meaning, for she answered calmly,

"You are very kind. I am sorry that you have shared language with me; but you must excuse him for my sake. I never saw him so rude before. As for me, I could have forgiven and forgotten all, had he not been for this," and she pointed to the table; "had he not, Mr. Graham, does not love me; he never has; there he the hearded monument of a deeper love. Tell me, for you

must know, was my husband ever your sister's professed lover?"

Edward Graham's thin lips were compressed tightly, and his gray eyes glittered with a steel-like brilliancy, as he answered,

"Yes, Mrs. Dorrance, when he first saw you, he was Helen's betrothed."

"I will be revenged upon him," she said quickly, while her eyes flashed with their usual fire.

A half-surprised smile wreathed Graham's lips as she spoke; and when she arose, and taking a pair of scissors from a work-basket near, and approaching him, asked permission to cut a lock of hair from his head, he could not restrain the exultant glow which lit up his features.

She laid the hair gently upon the table, as she would had it been a feather or a scented flower, and he saw that, in his eager haste, he had glanced upon the advancement of his purpose, where there had been none for him.

"I must beg you, as the friend of my husband," here Graham's eyes resumed their steel-like glittering, but the unconscious Margaret continued, "not to expose our happiness. I know not how much you have seen, now how you saw it, for I thought the door closed upon you, as I came into the house."

"I will explain to you," interrupted Graham. "When your husband shut me out so rudely, I observed that one of the drawing-room shutters had been but slightly closed, and still remained unfastened. I sent the hackman off, and stationing myself upon the balcony, I watched, fearing that Howard might have been to some club-meeting, and returned under the influence of wine, and that you might suffer from his violence. I could not account for the change in his manners in any other way. I saw all, and after he had left the room, I would have come to you, but at each attempt to open the shutters, wider I saw that I alarmed you. When you went out into the hall, I crept carefully and quickly in, and dividing that you had gone to the library, I followed you. You know the rest."

"How imprudent!" was the exclamation that escaped Margaret's lips.

A frown darkened Graham's brow. "I am nothing to you, Mrs. Dorrance," he said impatiently; "you do not even seem to consider me a friend."