Dengrais FLOATEROSE

devoted to polities, news, literature, agriculture, science. And morality.

S B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS

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POSTRY.

equalied in beauty and pathos. " The Consumptives From Graham's Magazine.

To a Cousin, Dying of Consumption.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

They tell me thou art dying-and thy voice. Faint as a broken harp string's dying tone, And the strange spirit beauty of thine eyes, So wild and yet so tender in their gaze, And the bright heetic on thy pale white cheek, Like a red cloud upon the sunset heaven, Confirm the fearful tidings. Yes dear girl,

A few brief days, and earth no more will be The home of thy young spirit. Ah, my heart Shrinks shuddering at the thought. We have not

Sare as we might have loved if thou hadst been My gentle sister, yet I feel that thou Ins been the dear companion of my life, My brightest spirit mate. Proud ones have knel In worship to thee, and have uttered words Of deep, impassioned eloquence to win Thy beautiful affections, but thy heart Preferred my pure and holy spirit love To their wild passion. From our childhood

We've told each other every joy and grief And hope and inspiration. We have smiled And wept together, ay, our smiles and tears lave been each other's. Thou hast formed a part of my heart's gentle thought-my soul Has never had a dream of happiness But thy loved face was pictured in that dream, portion of its beauty. I have known pilgrimage of toil and weariness, ut in thy spirit I have ever found bright isle of life's desert, with its fount, rose-tree, and its song-bird.

Dear one, now, hon soon wilt leave me. Oh, I do not know hat I can bear the parting, Would to God hat we might never part. Would that our sou light intertwine so closely that the one ould ne er be rended from the earth away thout its partner. Though my love for thee not more earthly than the love that I light feel for some bright form of angel birth. ome pure and holy spirit of the skies. let it pervades my being I feel its brobs in my deep heart, ripples in my blood, flows in my smiles and tears, breathes in my breath.

ad lives in all my life. Dear girl, I've felt hat 'lis a grief to be away from thee. hough parted but by forests, hills, and vales. ut oh, the thought, the sad and awful thought, at we must dwell awhile in separate worlds. different states of being, with the gulf f death between us! Earth will be to me ery, oh, very desolate. A cold nd dismal shadow to my eves will seem o stretch from thy lone tomb, and dimly fall In the green earth with all its myriad isles. and the blue sky with all its myriad stars. s chill and darkness will be on my soul ike winter midnight. Yet one blessing still, hy beautiful and holy memory, ill linger with me. Gentle thoughts of thee and of the joys that we have shared will float: pon the gloomy current of my life, ike levely water lillies on the breast Die dark, tuibid stream.

I need not ask hithee, my sweet and lovely spirit mate, hat when thou dwellest in the better land, when thy high home is 'mid the glorious stars, to which thy soul, even in its mortal chains, las nightly wandered off to gather strength or life's great conflict, thou shalt love me still, and sometimes visit me upon this dim And cheerless earth. Ah, dear one, well I kno That thy sweet spirit in my lonely hours, When life is but one mournful memory, Will often stoop from its home to me, For no doll mists, no fogs, no cold drear rains, To driving tempest of the earth can soil Thy bright, angelic wing. And oh, dear love. know that in my closing hour of life, When the last pulse is fluttering in my veins, and the last gleam is fading in my eyes, Thou will be there to bear my company To the bright realms of thy own Paradise, And teach me my first flight upon the wings, The new wings of my immortality.

Some funny body in the Yankee Blade -perhaps the editor, we don't know, gives the following advice gratis, for the benefit of

"When you visit a young lady in a house warmed by hot air from a furnace in the base- heartless answer. ment, as soon as the conversation ceases to be general, throw a mat or rug over the register, as though they were other than I professed; otherwise the kitchen maid will have the benefit of your foolish speeches to retail to her gossips; or perchance, an anxious parent may incline to avail-himself of the advantages of this modern whispering gallery. Being n tion which is paid me at parties, which makes bachelor by experience, we speak by card on

We should not only do our duty when Prepared but we should endeavor to be always prepared to do our duty.

individual dignity, virtue, and happiness.

We are too apt to hate bad men when We are only hating the man

MISCELLANY. From Sartain's Union Magazine

THE ESTRANGED HEARTS. A TALE OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

germs of vanity and of the lave of pleasure, choke the precious but more tardy seeds of de-roted affections. In the midst of the bustle of the world, oted affections. In the miles of the bustle of the bustle of the bustle of the witnessed this night? Dear Margaret, emity arrives scarcely desired, and seems sometimes only isn't it?

There were packages of lotters, aketches of idea that he had added personal violence to the you not let me protect you from him? ternity arrives scarcely desired, and seems sometimes only isn't it? the forced interruption to many pleasures. We believe that such unuatural feelings do not last; but what a loss

Air. Dorrance's face reddened. of happy moments, of sweet sentiment; and what hopes of future wisdom are thus in danger or being thrown to

MADANE NECREE DE SAUSSURE. "In men, we various ruling passions find; In women, two almost divide the kind: Those, only fixed, they first or last obey, The love of pleasure, and the love of sway."

"And you are really expecting to go, Mag-

'To be sure I am; you didn't for a momen think that I was giong to be such a fool as to stay at home, did you?' was the unrefined and hasty answer.

Howard Dorrance's proud lip curled, as he replied,

'I confess that I have been so foolish as to think that you would for once yield your wishes to mine. You know very well how much I disapprove of fancy parties, Mrs. Dorrance, and had you any regard for me and my opinions, you would have spared me the pain of requesting you to desist from any farther preparations, for I shall not accompany you.

Margaret Dorrance's eyes flashed, but look ing up at her husband, she met a glance as resolute as her own. She had never yet openly defied him; and there was something now in that stern unswerving gaze, which checked the words that were already trembling on her lips. With a violent effort, she suppressed the passionate emotions of her heart, and answered, with a calumess that surprised herself still more than her husband.

"Very well, sir, it will be as you say, of course.

There was a long pause. Mr. Dorrance had not met the opposition that he expected, and his heart was softened by the compliance which he never for a moment doubted that his wife had given to his request. He moved his chair nearer to her, and his deep low voice expressed much tenderness, as he said,

'I wish Margaret, that we were better suited to each other. 'I wish we were,' she answered, Inconic-

For a moment he was chilled; but, influenced by the kind and gentle thoughts that now held their sway in his bosom, he contin-

Were I convinced that it would eventually bring you true happiness, my wife, to indulge in the galety for which you have so much inclination, I would not seek to deprive you of any portion of it. I would, for your sake, renounce the home pleasures in which I alone find enjoyment; but, Margaret, such constant dissipation as your tastes would lead you into, would not only deprive you of that greatest blessing which God can give—the blessing of health but your moral nature would become blighted, and the best affections of your heart would wither in the glare and heat of fashionable life. I have seen but too often the effects which it produces, and I would shield the wife of my bosom from them. Will you not, love place your hand in mine as on our weddingnight, and promise again to love, honor, and

bey!"

For a moment, but only for a moment, had Margaret Dorrance relented. That unfortunate word, obey, again aroused the evil within, which her husband's earnest tones had so nearly quelled

She drow the hand he essayed to clasp rude-

ly from him.
You preach well, also said, but no eloquence can disguse to me your motives. Renember, Howard Dorrance, you are ten years older than myself, and, consequently, you have glass she directed her maid in arranging the come—oh, it was too horrible to imagine! at sixteen-foolish school-girl that I was, to throw away liberty and happiness with a breath now, at twenty, you would immure me, nunlike, if you could; but I insist upon six more years of experience. Perhaps by that time, home and abuse them to your heart's content; but now, you ask too much of me.

A wintry coldness settled on Mr. Dorrance face, as he listened to his wife's unkind and

what did you mean by that? Why plainly this, if you will have me expose them. It is your jealousy of me, and of

'You spoke of motives, Margaret, he said

you so selfishly desire to keep me from them. Margaret ! What?

There was no answer, and she continued. Don't look at me in that way, I beg of you A certain degree of disregard for pub. Margaret! you cannot mean what you say!

we should only pity them, and we often flatter love, my happiness is nothing to you every

was so exactly suited to you, and came near as soundly as they.

way, and paced the room hurriedly. His wife continued, 'They say that before ! tive to her; now, seriously, don't you think

she was better suited to you than I? Mr. Dorrance paused beside his wife, and meeting her up-turned gaze, he answered calm-

'Yes, Margaret, I do.' Nothing daunted by the serious tone in any moment she could resume her power, she that would be as you said!

continued her badinage. And now, if you had only taken compas sion on her, and married her

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

In a moment she was subdued; she spoke no more tountingly, for the feelings which tender words had failed to awaken, sprang up in all their strength at the first breath of that passion of which she had so unjustly necused her husband.

From that night, Margaret Dorrance harboured a new guest in her bosom-from that night, she felt in her heart the truth of this Scripture passage, Love is strong as death; jeniousy is cruel as the grave: the coals there ing of the past. of are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.

CHAPTER IL

" Vain tears are very apt to breed pride." Frivolous and heartless as Margaret Dorance 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 of 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

Often had he forgiven her impulsive words, and she doubted not he would again; but pride kept her from seeking him. Slid have caused ally, the knowledge of them grew more disguised the workings of her heart; and the studied coldness with which her husband treated her, convinced her but more fully that she had forfeited the love, which, when she pos-

sessed, she had valued too lightly. At length she cossed 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 by her; she divided onc. Thus thinking, she determined upon a course of conduct that should awaken in him the jealousy he had disclaimed.

'If he has one spark of love left for me, he had selected.

her head, and fastened with an immense and which she had chosen to pursue. slegantly enved comb of the rarest shell. Her He thought of the homage which she would velvet aress was relieved by a fall of fine lace around her exquisitely turned throat, and fas, she would receive, and which no woman can sened with a single ruby. Jewels glittered on listen to without inhaling its taint; and the reher arms and her fingers, and radiantly beau- flection smote upon his heart, that his wife, tiful she looked as standing before the Psyche- now only frivolous and thoughtless, might be-But Mrs. Dorrance was apparently dissatisher face, she replaced it with the flower.

It was all that was needed. Her dress was beauty. 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.

up in front of their mansion. ed out. She saw a young man alight, and as-

A carriage rattled over the stones, and drew

cend the steps. he comes home not to wait up for mc.

Mr. Dorrance is in the library, marm; he matched his own in boyhood. came in before the clock struck nine.

lic opinion is absolutely necessary for one's Jealousy! Selfishness! It was for your hap and, Matty, you will sit up for me. I would closed whether his words might not prove individual at the province of th

The result of the man.

The re

girl, I was doubly so in committing my happi- where the children were sleeping, the frown mother, I will hereafter be responsible for her head disdainfully from him. Each time that you that I may have some excuse for intrudupon her face was chased away by a smile for fulfilling them properly. My name shall not be essayed to speak, she answered him with *Lagree with you entirely, Mr. Dorrance; she loved the dear little ones fondly. Draw- be disgraced, nor shall these children receive scornful, taunting words, until at length atung and I wonder that you ever thought of me, ing a low chair near their couch, she leaned a heritige of shame. I have tried kindness in with madness, he seized her arm, burying his when that prim old maid, Miss Helen Graham her head upon a pillow, and was soon sleeping vain, and will now see what a husband's au nails in the flesh:

very one for you, for she detests parties as library, and paused beside the door. Her heart drew his chair up to the writing-desk, and unimaking a fiend of me ! much as you can; and is always preaching to beat quickly; she trembled at the thought of locking a drawer, lifted from it one by one the She did not acream, although her arm quiv. you to go with me! Why will you stay to me about domestic happiness, and such fol de bearing her husband's displeasure, yet she dar- souvenits of the past, that had long lain there ered with pain; she did not seek to shake subject yourself to such treatment as I have

came home from school, you were very attent that you need feel no anxiety about me; your the words, From Helen, Edgerton Woods, ingly, friend, Mr. Graham, is my courtier, Her tones Oct. 18th. were kind; but there was an air of embarrass. ment unusual to her, 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 the innate dignity of her manners, the leveli-ling down its polished surface. Around it sife ham, he does not leve me; he never has; there told me you would not go to-night."

which this was said, and fully convinced that No, I did not. I said from the first that I there had never been any idol save herself, on should positively go. You said you would not all, the well-balanced mind, and the mature the throne of her husband's heart, and that at accompany me, and I answered that of course judgment, which had afterwards been develop- door.

You mislead me in that answer, Mrs. Dorrance, and I presume, intentionally." Her face crimsoned; but her husband con

tinued. I think you will live to regret the step you home that night, little dreaming how dangerhave taken to-night; I shall not molest you ous would prove the solitude to her husband. hereafter.

Closing the door impatigntly, she swept from the room without answering. He heard the sound of their merry voices. as laughing and chatting they passed out-the carriage rattled off, and Howard Dorrance leaned back in his chair, and in solitude and

heart. The present tortured him the future, he dared not imagine that; and to he fell to think-

silence brooded over the bitter emotions of his

What was there in that to bring a deeper gloom to his brow-a deeper sadness to his yes! There were memories of wrong and injuseves ! .

tice which he had done another—a most cruel within. He needed none, for his eyes filled Wrong.

From that sin was he now gathering its blighted fruit. Heavier and heavier sank wis heart within

him as, he recalled, step by step, the infatua-ation which had lured bim on to break his vows to the noble-minded being whom he first had woed. His breast heaved fremulously, pleasure, he went down into the parlors, and and his strong frame shivered with the storm for another weary hour paced the long rooms of thought that swept through him.

Yes, yes, he muttered, as he kept her from seeking him. She mu crosses with a nearly step patent the from the house of the French clock in the emotions from his breast, which the dust of deserve it all! My punishment is just! How ling of carriages. Time could never bury from her sight; and gladly would I now exchange the wild and He stood in the centre of the suite of rooms, passionate worship which I bore Margaret, for and looked around him. This home that he more bitter to her. In assumed levity, she the calm love that once beat within my heart had fitted up so luxuriously for his young ings of her husband's conduct. She was the

lip quivered with tenderness as he contin- antique and richly-carved furniture, and all the she done? Nothing But he land words

and all changes .—God grant you may never especial use, with its windows of stained glass her rich black tresses fell in masses over her

oval of her face—the perfect regularity of her live for him, even as he had hoped to live for features—the fascinating expression of her her? seem to see Ing moved shall learn what jealousy is, she thought, as, full hazel eyes, and murmuring, 'She is beauti-

in him, as he recalled the temptations to which dows, which extended to the floor, he raised it Her long tresses, which were of a glossy she would be exposed, in the alienation that slid back the bolt of the Venitian shutters, and purplish black, were folded over high up on must necessarily follow the course of conduct stepped out upon the balcony.

command from the world—the flattery which

had ten more years of guiety. I married you heavy black lace yell, which, resting on her He resolved that he would make one more head, fell in careless folds almost to her feet. effort to save her from that vortex of fashion and folly, which too often plunges in shame fied, for she glanged from her mirror to the and degradation, those who have madly trusted toilet table, where a profusion of ornaments to its whirl. He would plead with her for the was scattered in open caskets and cases. Her sake of their children-for his sake; for as he eyes fell upon her superb boquet: seizing it, recalled their bridal days, he could not smother the world's pleasures will pall with me, as eyas fell upon her superb boquet: seizing it, recalled their bridal days, he could not smother have resolved to appear more frequently in the they have with you, and then I will stay at she tore out a crimson japonica, and removing the conviction that beneath all her frivolity society which you so adorn. Will you herethe jewel which had looped back the veil from and worldliness, there smouldered a flame which might yet spring up to warmth and

> the opened their door. A might tamp burned them face to face. He forgot his usual courtly upon the mantel but its rays were strong them face to face. He forgot his usual courtly upon the mantel but its rays were strong enough to reveal to him the sleeping babes upon the couch. Babes they still were; for little Harry, the eldest, was scance three years Mrs. Dorrance parted the curtains, and glanc- old, and Ida's second summer was now approaching.

It is all right, Matty, said she; throw my boy's fine countenance the features of his wife; tection cloak around me, and tell Mr. Dorrance when while lightly round the plump and dimpled face of baby Ids, fell curls that would have

As no looked upon them, so heantiful in ing. And now his wife's dark eyes flashed.

Very well; I will hass through as I go out; their dependant and helpless infancy, he quest vehemently, as breaking from his

heads, unfinished landscapes, and beneath all mortification he had inflicted upon her, by his this evening, Howard, but I looked in to say The scrap of paper which labelled it, bore so she smiled coldly, and answered mock. You are very kind. I am sorry that you

pressed itself upon him then; and more than lug would have left the room.

ed to him, as day after day he lingered by her temples, as in contradistinction to such a being, me-we must have an understanding. another vision rose before him that of the petted, spoiled, vain beauty, who had left her swered, let me pass.

Arousing from this revery, he opened a folded paper. It contained a pale blue withered flower, and a sprig of myrtle leaf, and the words she added with more dignity, When you are near, and approaching him, asked permission in his own hand-writing, Woodlawn, May 20th over your passion, and can treat me properly, to cut a lock of hair from his head, he could Helen.

Ay, he remembered that evening well; and this emblem of constancy, how it smote him now! *Forget-me-not! the flower spoke as be held them firmly between his own. answered. By those hours of tenderness, those days of joy, thou art not 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 with tears as he looked upon it. Carefully he refolded and closed the paper, almost reveren-band, subdued by them, into a calmer state, it will explain to you, interrupted Graham, tially he pressed the package to his lips, and sat down near her and tried to soothe her shie. When your husband shut me out so radely, I refolded and closed the paper, almost reveren-

The clock struck one two still his wife to and fro. Not a sound fell upon his ear,

for another. But it is too late! too He pansed boside a crayon sketch of his carpet of woven roses, its lofty windows, cur should confess it, and sue for pardon before wife which hung upon the wall; and now his tained with satin and heavily-wrought lace, its she would restore him to favor. What had exquisite ornaments that art could furnish, or were sufficient to express the measure of his Ah, Margaret, how carefully would I have wealth buy—the music room, with its splendid condemnation. A noise startled her. She gnarded you from unhappiness! How fondly instruments, its rare old paintings, and its mar. looked up. Her comb and fallen from her would I have cherished you through all trials ble statuary—the little boudoir for her own had given him a whole heart in exchange for a need the love which you have sacrificed to and rose-colored drapery, its languor-inviting open closic, contrasting strongly with its your vanity. lounges, and its mirror-lined valls—why could He gazed long upon it noticing the faultless she not be satisfied within such precincts to

He pressed his hand to his head; it was on the evening of the fancy party, her maid ar- ful! he turned away,
ranged her in the becoming Spanish dress she

And now his heart grew cold and dead withing aside the curtains of one of the front win-

The cool air refreshed him : and now he heard the whirl of an approaching carriage. Nearer and nearer it came, and hastily reclasing the shutters, and dropping the window, he

stood listening. On, on the carriage rolled, stopping beside the door, and now there was a quick ring mise to study only Mr. wishes and now, be- Mrs. Dorrance's large eyes first dilated with which Mr. Dorrance answered in person. It cause I persovered in the accomplishment of surprise then dropped beneath the steady and was well his did, for Matty's slumber was un one desire, he has voited his passion thus in- burning gaze that met her own. broken. He field 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,

tesy, his studied self-possession, no drawing his wife's hand rudely from the arm on which it rested, he said.

I will excuse you, Mr. Graham, from all fu-

stood speechless. The next moment Mr. Dorrance had closed the door upon Mr. Graham, without even exchanging the civilities of part-Margaret! you cannot mean what you say and, Matty, you will sit up for me. I would joned whether his words might not prove entered the drawing-room, and three herself to me of the profound jone of upon a velvet fauteuil. Her small foot best on sit with the children after the other ser, and there have you than Richard. You know you powerless, when even "the profound jone of upon a velvet fauteuil. Her small foot best on sit with the children after the other ser, and the soft of the rich carpet nervously, and the soft of the rich carpet

throwing away your liberty while still a school- but when she went into the room adjoining, rying she assumed the duties of a wife and As her husband followed, she turned her Mrs. Dorrance, let me tell you how I worshi,

was so exactly suited to you, and came near as soundly as they.

dying for you, every one said. She was the Meanwhile, Mrs. Dorrance descended to the In this mood he returned to the library, he mercy upon me? do you not see that you are I will go, if my absence will relieve you

Your own evil pissions, sir have converted Before him rose the noble old forest, where you into the fiend which you allow you are, excuse him for my sake. I never saw him so he first had met one, whose tastes and incli- and which I cannot dispute no, nor even rude before. As for me, I could have forgiven nations exactly accorded with his own. He doubt, as glanging at her arm, which he had and forgotten all, had it not been for this, and recalled the graceful flow of her conversation now released, she saw a drop of blood trick, she pointed to the table; see there, Mr. Graness of her truthful countenance, as first it im- wound her fine cambic handkerelief, and ris- lie the hoarded mementoes of a deeper love.

'Margaret, you maddened me,' he said. side. He felt the flush that mounted to his did not know that I was so violent-listen to like brilliancy, as he answered,

'I understand you now, thoroughly, she an-

No, I will not. You must first promise me

mise you nothing. Then subduing herself, taking a pair of scissors from a work-basket I will listen to you-not before. You will listen to me now, said Mr. Dor. features.

rance, determinedly, and clasping her bands, She laid the hair idly upon the table, as she you! I wish I never had married, and ex- him.

burst into an hysterical fit of weeping. ity, from excess of pession; and when her hus you saw it, for I thought the door closed up-

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

And now throwing herself eucl. Margaret buried lier face in its soft cushaccusations mingled with her bitter upbroidhend, bearing with it, the heavy veil, and now snowy whiteness. She flung back her hair from her temples, which were throbbing main fully; she pressed her small jewelled hands over them, and rising slowly while her clock fell to her feet, she enght the reflection of her ymmetrical and righty robed form in the mirfor apposite. Fascinated by her own wild gleaning beauty, she drew nearer, crushing as she did so, Her fullen bouquet.

down her life's flowers. Me! she said, still looking on her image many times before I was his wife, did he pro- well of you in return? sultingly upon mo! put no regard to my feel- . Mr. Graham, she said, I am a wife, and I ings even before mother, adding abuse to in- cannot listen to such words; I beg you to sult? and she glanced down upon her arm. leave me now. Had I over dreamed that your I am glad, my dear Mrs. Dorrance, that you was repeated. A window shutter creaked : if those of friendship, I should never have met is stole from the room, and into the library back. He did not turn his eyes from her, as he an-

have resolved to appear more frequently in the might have been the wind; but terrified, she as I always have after honor me with any commands that you The light was still burning there and the first may have? for, I can assure you, that I am thing her eyes fell upon was the open drawer, but too happy to be entirely at your service. which her husband had forgotten to close. open A package of letters, but she dare not do you cannot lovethat, the ribbon that fastened them was scaled. I do I do love him, broke out Mrs. Dozfoaching.

Mr. Dorranco bent over them, tracing in his not go into society hereafter, without my pro- would have thrown it upon the coals; but that by that evening's conduct, and by her tection.

It was so sudden, so unexpected that both suddenly the expression of her countenance types too well convinced him. changed, a smile of triumph flitted from her eyes, and she replaced it carefully in the paper opening it, said, as she did so, she looked towards, the door -ing. And now his wife's dark eyes flashed her from head to foot; as she met Edward me to consider you in the light of a friend vehemently, as breaking from his grasp she Graham's eyes bont upon her. With his fin again, do not speak another word to me of

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lug upon you as I have done.

Margaret's voice was hourse as she answered. No, you must tell me nothing; what would he say, if he were to find you liere ! Go-go.

him off as before; she rather exulted in the witnessed this night? Dear Margaret, will

Mrs. Dorrance's mind was pre-occupied!-

linve shared his anger with me; but you must Tell me, for you must know, was my husband

Mr. Dorrance stood between her and the uver your sister's professed lover? Edward Graham's thin lips were compressed tightly, and his gray eyes glittered with a steel-

'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 fire. A half-suppressed smile wreathed Graham's "Must! hissed Margaret, must! I shall prc. lips as she apoke; and when she arose, and not restrain the exultant glow which lit up his

would had it been a feather or a scentless plainly as words could have done, and his heart I will not, I will not listen to one word. flower, and then he saw that, in his eager haste Let me go; let me go, Howard Dorrance. I he had gleamed hope for the advancement of will not bear this. You are a brute! I hate his purpose, where there had been none for

hausted with the effort slie had made to free . I must beg you, as the friend of my hasherself, she sank back, upon the fautcuil, and band, here Graham's eyes resumed their steel. like glittering, but the unconscious Margaret But her tears were not a latery. They continued, not to expose our unhappiness. prose from wounded pride, from murtified you. E low not how much you have seen, nor how

then, with a deep sigh, he leaned his head up waved him from her with her hand, sobbing observed that one of the drawing room shutout, out the universe dead, or and been but slightly closed, and still recame not, and with impatience added to dis- and then I should be out of reach of your ty- mained unfastened. I sent the backman off, and, stationing myself upon the balcony, I watched, fearing that Howard might have been to some club-meeting, and returned un-

ions, and, for a few moments, gave way to the for the change in his manners in any other most violent emotions. There were no self- way. I saw all, and after he had left the room, I would have come to you, but at each attempt I crept carefully and quickly in, and divining 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 consider me a friend. How can you say so, Mr. Graham ? and he extended her hand. I have always tho's well of you; but you must see how imprudent you have been to-night what a position you have placed me in if my husband should arpear now. I wish he would though! I with he would! she added engerly, I would not explain one word to him; he should suffer what he deserves to suffer !

. Thought well of me! repeated Edward Graham, 'you have thought well of me, you Alas! thus destructively was she trampling say; Margaret Dorrance, if your whole hears. was freighted with love for another, if his voice was the only music that your ears cared in the glass. Is it possible that Howard Dor- to listen to, his smile your only sunlight would rance has treated Mr. so, shamefully! How you be satisfied that that one should only think

The sound which had before startled her kindness to me arose from other feelings than

awored,

Yes, you are a wife—an unloved wife there papers bespeak you-your own heart tells you Almost unconsciously, as he thought of his children, he turned his steps to their room.

He opened their door. A night lamp burned dimly upon the manual hat its see. He forgot his usual cour.

In too happy to be entirely at your service. Which ner manual forgotten to close.

She lifted the gay wheth, and read the name that it is, so. Alargaret, listen to me; you and date. It dropped from her templing said but now that you would have revenge—

hands, and harriedly she looked through the gay whether the plant of the lighthe met hands, and harriedly she looked through the gay whether the plant is seen to their room.

He opened their door. A night lamp burned that its seen to face. He forgot his usual cour.

> At length she came to the long curl of cheste rence. I love him but too well but he shall At length she came to the long curl of chests never know it; I will convince him to the connut hair, and now her face blanched, and, her trany, and she sighed heavily so the thought She crossed the library to the door, and

> I would have you go this moment; and as It was star, and the blood crept chillily through he approached, she added, if you ever wish