Proprietors. Chase to Pan,

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Chursday Morning, May 18, 1854.

Volume 11, Mumber 20.

## Original Poetry

For the Democrat. Last Hours of the Aged. Dear aged ones! living on but witheringly-Just waiting by the stream that skirts Heaven's

For escort thither. Perfect in the robe A Savior's righteousness bath made them, marl Their peaceful end.

Thou seest " an old man and full of years." Now His breath comes painfully, and swollen limbs Give him no hour of case. Speak in his car, (Now dulled, and dim his eye,) "We hope the

Will find thee better than to night," and note His answer:- " If the Lord will, that is well." He wishes not to turn aside the Hand That smites, but in submission bears the stroke Thus he lingers on, till Death comes near

To lay his finger on the feeble pulse And "the wheel at the cistern" moves no more. Didst know the silver-haired, the dear old man With placid brow, and winning, child-like smile Didst mark him as be lay so motionless,

His eye forever closed on thee while yet He lingered on the shores of Time. How near To Heaven he seemed !-Well, vester eve he, too, Was borne to join the silent band.

For pilgrims who have laid aside their staves So earth-worn, arm in arm to walk the streets Of Heaven? Oh, no! Proclaim their spirit birth All cheerfully, as if thou didst BELIEVE The christian's "dying is but going home." Montrose, April 21, 1854.

The following, out of two Bundred and fif ty edes, is the one to which the prize of one hundred dollars has been awarded: PRIZE ODE,

Sung at the re-inauguration of the Crystal Palace New York, May 4, 1854

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE. Lo! the transitory darkness From our Palace floars away;

Lo! the glorious gems of Genius Glitter in the rising day. See again the mighty Nations Meet and clasp each others' palms. And by Labor's glowing altar

Lift on high according psalms Here behold the true Evangel! Not from War may Earth increase

od has stamped his shining patents. Only on the brow of Pence. Only by the arm of Labor

Swinging to Invention's chime Can the Nations build their Eden In the wilderness of Time.

Nations! hear that mighty mus Rolling through the mountain-bar Planting deserts, bridging oceans, Marrying the choral stars:

Telling that our Crystal Palace Glorifies the joyou's sod-Making Man, with Art and Nature. Worthy of the Builder + God!

lations! then rejoice that darkness From our Palace floats away, and the glowing gems of Genius Glitter in the light of day!

## Itliscellaneous.

Or three Years in the Life of a Woman.

> BY MARY FARQUHAR. PART I.

Light streamed through the crimson-curtained windows of a stately mansion; music in sweet and muffled strains, stole out upon the "listening air," while ever and anon, at the arrival of some late, coming guest, the heavy door swung back upon its hinges, and gave a momentary glimpse of the lighted hall, the serrants hurrying up and down, or the gleam of a jewelled hand and flowing robe of some graceful and beautiful woman.

The beauty and fashion of her native city had assembeled at her father's house, to celebrate the entrance of Beatrice Stanton into the gay world. And it seemed not unfitting plendor and gaiety should greet her debut into the charmed circle of fashionable life; for Beatrice was behutiful, and the light of genius slept in the depths of her dark eyes. Nor was the setting of such a gem if you have forgotten the vows we breathed overlooked in the circle of aspirants to her beneath the summer skies of Longwood?—favors; for wealth added, its lustre to youth Was the summer too brief to make those

In a small apartment, commanding view of the suite of magnificently adorned

ineh; how many times have I heard of your Walter, thatcruel remarks upon reigning beauties!"

The handsome Colonel smiled sarcastically,

rentest charm," said the Col., carelessly. | face. The delight she so evidently feels in a new pleasure is natural to her youth, and is charming to one hackneyed in the ways of the world as I am. Beatrice's animated face shows such thorough enjoyment of what is to the utmost her power, awoke within her me a common-place ball, that it makes one wayward nature. half-believe one breathes again the freshness

The lady looked as if she did not half com-"May I wait upon you to supper, Miss

The last carriage had rolled away with its pleasure-tired occupants, and Beatrice and

teenth birth-day ?" said Mr. Stanon, fondly. "Oh! yes, papa, so much. I like a large party a great deal better than I thought I proud parent.

Mr Stanton smiled.

call up Mrs. Marcy to see to the house," and thus saying, he kissed the fair brow of his laughter, and retired.

piration. Beatrice returned into the apart-

der and fair, demininely so, had it not been bear the test of separation. for the regularity and expression of the wellat that firmly set mouth those deep and bril- tears that welled up from her warm, southern student protract the labors which drew him into her chair, and waving her hand, said, in use words. the light, silken hair, soft as a woman's was fingers. Yet as she wept she softly murmurthrown carelessly back, without feeling a ed, "He loves me, he loves me-I cannot strange power of attraction. He was scarce- doubt, I will not." And still in her dreams ly two-and-twenty, yet the grave character she murmured the charmed words, "He loves of that youthful face gave him the appearance inc, he loves me." of an older man. He looked already like one

who lived for a purpose!

Beatrice formed a striking contrast to this

fair creature. "I have returned, as I promised, Beatrice, to bid you farewell," and the deep, musical voice thrilled the beating heart of Beatrice, as she raised her eyes to his, and murmured

way to my future home."

Beatrice laid her hand quickly on his arm.

and spoke in hurried eager accents as she gazed reproachfully into his face:— "Walter, you are gold and stern to me tonight; to night when every face has smiled upon me, every voice spoken in tones of kind-ness. Yet I waited upsatisfied, for your voice

"You leave me," she continued, in a fal-tering longs, " without a single word of affection, scarcely a hope of re-union. Tell me

view of the suite of magnificently adorned him as a mother might have done a way- one of the most conspicuous seats in the bal- Each measured accent fell like the knell rooms, stood a single couple, contemplating, ward but beloved child. He looked into her converges them. It was but a momentary of a death-bell into the heart of Beatrice. apparently, the gay assembly before them. tearful and troubled face with a longing gaze glance, yet long enough to enable him to "Walter," she exclaimed, in hurried, tremb-The gentleman, a tall, commanding looking of mingled tenderness and sadness.

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The gentleman is tall to the g

tiful Beatrice. Suddenly, he turned to his bearing the added burden of your reproaches. face in her handkerchief, as she murmured, lections of the past? You have believed me of mankind may have prejudiced my judgecompanion, a pretty, but rather silly-looking I have seen you for the first time beneath your with a smile of triumph :—"He remembers false to the deep love which has never ment. girl, with the abrupt question father's roof, and surrounded by the flattering me still!

"Do you imagine, Miss Emma, that your crowd amidst which I must leave you, without was again visible. Walter Lyndhurst had receively love, by all the bitterness of after years, friend Beatrice can possibly be but a single being who will remind you of the one, was again visible, Walter Lyndhurst had re-carly love, by all the butter some hidden impulse seemed to check him, who lonely laboring in a far off clime, will covered his self-possession; and his voice, deep hear my exculpation!"

The would have interru for he stopped as abruptly as he had begun, have no solder save the thought of winning and clear, was filling every ear with the car. He would have interrupted her, but with The lady, whose attention had been diyou. I leave you Beatrice amidst everything nest conviction that gave strength to his own true, womanly impetuosity, she would not
vided between the groups of dameers and that can contribute to your happiness, everyopinions. Each word that fell from those pause. An expression of the deepest pain

has a little—a very little—too much express- her beautiful eyes to Heaven, and then turn- figure Col. Delamere—her husband. ment. I like better the languid ease of Ger- ed them on her lover with a smile. Tears stood in Walter's eyes and he did not seek to "What you consider a defect, is to me her hide them, as he gazed on that handsome

> Beatrice's mood. As she saw those evidences the desire, which a woman always feels to try

"But Walter, you talk as if you were not shall I know that you have not forgotten me kindling eye as you spoke of what a man

should. I could dance another hour yet, tude as she stood within his circling arms, fore him now in solitude. As if gifted with voice whose hollow and sepulchral tones for said the gay girl waltzing round her fould and "Forgive me," she said softly, "I know that you have often told me, and I feel that it is on the image which that glance of a moment ory of Beatrice, slowly uttered these words:

true, that mistrust where I love is my beset- had fixed forever in his memory. Like some "Alas! why has fate thus dealt with us? frue, that mistrust where I love is my beset- had fixed forever in his memory. Like some ting sin. But oh, forgive me, Walter, for it picture of the gorgeous and voluptuous Titian I was never false to you. I wrote at the end ire, and shall like very well to go to bed; so is a fault born of my exacting and too passionate affections."

You can never plead in vain, my own too beautiful, too beloved. Never, Beatrice, nev-The door had scarcely closed behind him, or shall I forget you. Look into my face and when Beatrice darted forward, and raising tell me if you think I am likely to change. the heavy cuttain, gazed intently out into the I swear to you that so long as you are Beadarkness. Very soon she discovered the figure of a man on the opposite side of the serect.

As she became aware of the fact, she dropped the curtain as hastily as she had raised piration will tend. Be you as faithful, Beaundisciplined nature of the other, he read the trice, to me, as I to you, and above all never,

Beatrice made him no answer. Even now ment, unconsciously, perhaps, placing herself she was scarcely satisfied. Half a child, half in their spells; but at length, rousing himself, beneath the full blaze of the lighted chandels a woman, he spoke truly, when he said she like one who has dreamed too long, he exier. There she stood; her whole face and did not comprehend him. A notherless girl, claimed, half aloud: figure instinct with expectation.

She did not wait long. The door opened and flattery; and rich and pure as was her trusted to me the guidance of that suscepting and the young man who had attracted Employers attention, entered. He was tall, slen-lowering influences. Let us see who will best at least found peace in your brilliant and en-

nature, were falling fast through the slender

outhful yet severe figure. Below the mid- early hour. Many turned away disappointed, flown its rebellious throbbings; while from gently the hands that concealed their features, de height, her form had all the roundness as they caught a glimpse of the serviced mul-her trembling lips broke words that should and looking down upon that pale and contained that belonged to her years, which the rich, titudes of dark forms that filled every inch of have been stifled into silence in the depths of vulsed face, said, while his own grew bright was simpled transper of the attire well because the noor or that spacious buildings. her own soul: While the flutter of fans, the waving of plumes, the sparkling of jewels, made the galleries, us he seems to all the world and and III mobile, though somewhat irregular features, equally crowded with the beauty and fashion am not free! Oh God! why didst. Thou let and no more partings, and no more distrust, breathed the freshness and light of morn.— of a great city, look like some enormous and me throw away, in one mad impulse, the bles-

mind and manner, had assembled to listen to the voice, and look into the face of one man. Yet amid that vast concourse, few knew more centre of the room, as Walter Lyndhurst ap- that rose, like the murmur of the sea on a unoccupied. A lady in deep mourning sat in sandy beach, over the multitude.

overpowered by their presence, applauded to joy. cacourage him. One alone, of all those beat. W ing hearts, divined the cause of that sudden Walter Lyndhurst's low tones at length broke

"I vow silently then," and Beatrice raised ing to its foundations. It was the majestic what he deemed your heartlessness. My fath

Alone, in a distant and quiet apartment of a hotel, sat the man who a few hours before ad thrilled, by one common impulse, hundreds of different and contradictry natures, He sat leaning on a table, his head resting of emotion in her usually self-possessed lover, on his clasped hands Beside him lay unopened the evening journals containing the report of his oration and complimentary and that I did not learn to love my husband more critical remarks. Cards and notes of invita- What a wretched dream were those years tions, from those who wished the honor of his prehend her companion. However, that appeared to him quite a matter of indifference, you are ambitious. Have I not noted your tions of years!—they had failed to give him ment were the rewards of the laborious exeragain plunging with reckless fervor into every
tions of years!—they had failed to give him
apprinted to give him of regret and despair in my heart, I made no
this respect always contrive to find it out.—

"Beatrice," said the young man, gravely, even the thought that he was gradually carry were lifted from her heart. "I am at last ment. "you have ever been disposed to doubt me. ing out of his individual life the lofty and beau free," and the blush of youth once again rose. The

some magical power of retention, he dwelt up- ever after rang their knell through the memfloated before him that beautiful yet tumultu- of the year, not to you, but to your father. It times, in the very act of blushing when their ous face; its wealth of dark brown tresses, the | was already on the road which I have since | eyes met.

the fair girl in her white robes, standing be-ment" was repented of; in fact, that you were fore him bathed in light—as heshad last seen only withheld by some conscientious scruples the fulfilment he had once imagined.

Long did the Past and Present hold him

the vain yearning of an empty and linky accents, "

disordered dress, paced to and from as if purchased and humbled figure, and that bowed an errandiscued by some invisible yet avenging demon. head, appealed to the tenderness that lay confirm Alies Allen blushed as he entered, but then Ever and anon she clasped her white and jew-cealed in the depths of his manly beart. He she was social and agreeable to the last de-The hall was crowded to overflowing at an elled hands above her heart, as if to crush arly hour. Many turned away disappointed, down its rebellious throlbings; while from gently the hands that concealed their features, is they caught a glimpse of the serried multiple broke words that should and looking down upon that pale and the bell ring of the serried multiple broke words that should and looking down upon that pale and the bell ring of the serried multiple broke words that should and looking down upon that pale and the bell ring of the serried multiple broke words that should and looking down upon that pale and the bell ring of the serried multiple broke words that should and looking down upon that pale and the bell ring of the serried multiple broke words that should and looking down upon that pale and the bell ring the act; the prettiest row of pearly teeth I event the act; the prettiest row of pearly teet

her own soul:
"He is free—and I can move him yet! cold sedness of a life!"

Though still young, his form was already bowed, as if life weighed heavily on the slenchange passed over that countenance that was Then, as the silence remained unbroken, and

Still, like an accompanyment to this unspohands as if to shut out the sight of some ken drama, the breeze rustled amid the leaves, dreaded object. The audience, thinking him and the birds without warpled their notes of

Without removing that screening hand,

one of the most conspicuous seats in the bal- Each measured accent fell like the knell

whom I can speak your name; but do not the heart of his subject, his voice grow deep ble, to send me some certain information of Why, Col. Delamere, it is possible you think you will ever be forgotten. The gayest fer, his face, illuminated with the light of his grounself and your fortunes. For that one can be interested in the fate of a young lady? scenes the sweetest flatteries will lose their own thoughts, seemed to expand into youth scenes the sweetest flatteries will lose their own thoughts, seemed to expand into youth scenes in the same into your love, I thought you were the most insensible of charm without your presence. Hear me vow, and many beauty.

Amid the breathless silence of those attentions and but all that is passed. I "Oh! Beatrice," interrupted the young live hundreds he concluded. In the pause slid not see you; I watched and waited in vain

er urged, entreated, commanded, and and I

yielded, at last, and became his wife." As she went on with rapid words and im passioned gestures, the grave, stern man lost his composure; conflicting emotions swept had achieved; but Beatrice would allow no

"As years passed on, how I liated myself that I did not learn to love my husband more acquaintance, were thrown carelessly down, that the most unselfish affection could lavish saw her blush—saw her bosom heave with a equally unheeded. What to him at this mo- upon me! Cold and indifferent, and then flutter as she caught his earnest gaze. Frank Emma? I see the company are going down? could achieve by the force of his own will This was something quite comprehensible and the inspiration of genius? You ask and the inspiration of genius? You ask and the inspiration of genius? You ask and the inspiration of genius? I have a particular incompanies. This was something quite comprehensible and the inspiration of genius? You ask and the inspiration of genius? You ask and the impassioned and unhappy woman, with a decided partiality for make no vows!"

Sometimes I feel," said he sadly, "as if you scarcely comprehended me even yet. I never doubt your love for me. I would not have you lind yourself by any promise; but oh, Beatrice, I will bind myself by any oath that the seas.

Beatrice, I will bind myself by any oath that continuous your love may ask."

In that animated and the same of a wasted and frames.

Walter, as moved by a common impulse, had also risen, and the two stood gazing, as if spell-bound, into each other's eyes. At last, and doubt have done the same thing he was done ing.

In fact he was a man of good feelings, and only that he meant to punish Frank for fall-spell-bound, into each other's eyes. At last, with a violent effort, Walter Lyndhuist, in a well-bound, into each other's eyes. At last, with a violent effort, Walter Lyndhuist, in a wasted line.

"You are just as secure two months hence"

blexion.

So like, yet so unlike his remembrance of He assured me, that your "imprudent attachfrom giving your hand to Col. Delamere, who, with his full consent, had asked it.

"I wrote you, enclosing my letter to your love, with whom he knew not, for it was well fulfilment of the promise, but, oh! how unlike father, releasing you from any fancied vows, known that Mr. Allen had no daughter.and resigning all claims, to what was more. She was a relative, however, for she bore his than life to me then. Beatrice," he continued, in tones whose suppressed anguish agonized her very heart, "I would have told you before if you would have allowed me, that I have at length married a pure-minded and trusted to me the guidance of that suscepti- gentle wonlan who has long known me and my history, and long loved me without the hope of return."

that when the troubled dream of life is over. we may meet where there are no more tears,

He pressed his lips reverently on her brow. and Duatrice was again alone, alone forever-

FRANK HOWARD: Or Getting an Endorser.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

lealer in W-street. When I made his acquaintance he was one of the most active and successful salesmen in the trade, and be ing a prudent man had saved a small sum of money, with which and the credit he might obtain, he proposed to commence business on his own account.

fortune to include a wealthy merchant, whose dreadful whenever an opportunity occurred. udgement had led him to form a lofty estimate of the business capacity of my friend. To him the young aspirant for mercantile

and in a few days, Frank found himself installed in a convenient store on the best part of the street ready to strike for his fortune. The notes had not been signed, and one vening, in some business connected with them, Frank called by appointment, at the princely mansion of his worthy benefactor. He was ushered into the sitting room, where the merchant was reading the evening paper.
By his side sat a beautiful young lady to
whom his patron politely introduced him
My friend belonged to that anomalous class f beings styled handsome men-at least, the ndies all said he was handsome, though for the life of me I could never tell wherein his beauty consisted. But as I have no particular fancy for masculine beauty, it may have

My friend was acknowledged by all the la dies to be a remarkable handsome man; and probably this was the secret of his immense success as a salesman. Whether he reckon ed his beauty as one of the items of his stock in trade, when he went into business, I am unable to say; but I have not the least doubt he based his hopes of success, to a great ex-tent, upon the influence of his prepossessing

ersonal appearance.

Frank fixed his eyes on the young lady as the merchant, who had as he entered half read a money article, turned to finish it. Miss. Allen-such was the name by which she had been presented to him-was busily engaged in crotcheting a little silk purseland:

ry of winking, lest the time so employed cause of my delinquency," said he, with a

vinities of paradise were concentrated in the away the calmness that the struggles of years fair form before him—as though he had been transplanted to an elysium of love.

And the maiden was not altogether unmoved. The embryo merchant several times detected her in the act of stealing a glance at him through the long fringing eye-lashes that adorned her peerless brow. He plainly passed amid splendor, gaiety, and every charm that adorned her peerless brow. He plainly that the most unselfish affection could lavish saw her blush—saw her bosom heave with a

fairy in the act of looking at him, several

a fit of abstraction, and had walked half way chant. across C-bridge before he happened to think that he lived at the south end. It was all up with poor Frank; he had fallen in love-was stark, staring mad with

But if Frank was in love, there was some consolation in the fact that the fair creature

predicament. The next day she came a shopping at his store, and the next, and the next; indeed almost every day. No conversation had bland smile.

Walter Lyndhuist was about to obey her essary attribute of a successful wooer, some-At that same hour, in an apartment whose command, but as he reached the door, he what sulgarly termed spunk. He had no but we could think of no person whose milk very atmosphere, heavy with luxury, wood to turned to take one last look at the being so further business with the merchapt, but then of human kindness was sufficiently abundant repose, a woman with dishevelled hair and long and so vainly loved. Something in that his case was a desperate one, and so he made to prompt him to do such an insane act.

> The lady was a niece of the merchant. twenty-one years of age, and an heiress. In mustering a sickly smile. "But you know

won the victory, and it was understood that they were engaged.
The merchant did not like it. Being somewhat exclusive in his ideas of social intercourse the prospective marriage of his

wealthy niece to a poor retailer, was repugnant to the last degree, 12 resolved to thwart the loving couple. At first he appealed to the lady, but she only laughed at him, and told him bluntly that she loved Mr. Howard and would have

ingratitude to him his benefactor. The young man was touched, and promised to consider it. He did consider it, and his loving inamorata helped him to consider it. After a hasty kissed away his mortification.

deliberation it was unanimously agreed to Mr. Allen was informed of the decision

CHAPTER II. A year after my friend went into busines

"How's this, Frank?" I asked, and I never was more surprised in my life. "Bust up, don't you see ?" replied he, rath-

er petulently. "But what does it mean ?"

were doing a rushing business," wall "So I was and had the money to pay the note six weeks ago, and let Smith have it at two per cent a month," replied he, with a

meantime ?" "If I could stave Mr. Allen off a couple of months, I could come out of the scrape in flying colors." "Won't he wait?"

est degree.
"Chu't you raise the money?"

"No, times haven't been so hard for years, fathers."

he she bent over her work Frank was perfect—store looking sterne and severe like one who on his face as he spoke.

It satisfied that he had never seen so pretty has the power in his own hands, and is dis—"I have succeeded, Mr. Allen, and Tam inly satisfied that he hall never seen so pretty has the power in his own hands, and is disposed to use it. I seated myself near the

doleful expression.

"Smith was always supposed to be good,"
The merchant shook his head.
"But, Mr. Allen, give me a short time, and

I can pay the note, Smith assures me that he shall recover himself." "Mr. Howard, I certainly wish you well: I

have done all I could to give you a fair start.
"So you have, sir, and I am very, very grateful to you." "Are you" and the merchant fixed a keen

glance upon the young man.
"I assure you that I am." "How have you manifested it !" continued the merchant sternly. But no matter: we meet now as business men-

"Well, what shall be done? You have ment.

The lady had already found out that he was handsome, and if the stupid fellow had prudence would justify it," said Mr. Allen,

"You are just as secure two months hence as now" pleaded Frank.
"I have not that confidence in you, Mr. Howard-I say it frankly-which I had once You have lost a thousand dollars. I doubt if your stock under the hammer, would pay

my notes." Frank looked savage, for though he was crest fallen, he was Frank Howard yet, and he got into the street, went straightway into felt keenly the unjust imputation of the mer-

"I wish to be fair, and even indulgent," continued Mr. Allen, before Frank had time to utter the ungracious sentiment that rose to his lips. "Here is the note; give me one good endorser, and I will wait two months." Frank looked up and smiled contempt at the miserable subterfuge of the merchant. who meant to crush him, and still preserve an appearance of fairness. He knew it would be impossible for the young man, with his stock encumbered, to procure the security. "Will you take Smith?" asked Frank hur-

riedly. Of gourse no," replied Mr. Allen, with "I will see what can be done: but I think

mind that his revenge was sure, and his reputation safe, at the same time.

While we were debating the matter, Frank was struck up by the entrance of Miss Allen.

"We are glooray, indeed,, replied Frank "Why, what reason?" asked she, her mer-

ry expression relapsing into a serious one. "You see that man?" "He is a keeper !" replied Frank, with trag-

"A keeper of what? Are you insone? replied the lady, playfully, for it must be confessed she was not acquainted with the lechnicalities of business. Frank laughed, and explained the disaster

"Poh P exclaimed she with an appearance of relief, and I really believe if the keeper and myself had not been in the way, she would have thrown her arms round his neck; and I had before been introduced to the lady.

and at this moment advanced to join in the "And my uncle is the wretch?" continued she merrily. "But what can you do how Frank explained the proposition to procure

an endorser for the note. The light hearted maiden appeared to have but little sympathy for the misfortunes of her as I passed his store one morning I was not lover, and asked all sorts of questions about "Where is the note you are to have endor-

sed I" asked she "Mr. Allen has it." "How can you have it endorsed then?" "I can write another," replied Frank, smi-ing at the innocence of his betrothed. Then write one," said she promptly.

Frank looked at her a moment, to ascertain what mischief was lurking in her mind. She smiled apparently without the power to The lover, impelled by curiosity as much as

"Now how do you endorse it !" said she. By writing the name across the back. The lady approached the desk and turning the note, wrote with two dashes of the pen, "Isabella Allen" across it.

"It is endorsed," said she with a smile, that told Frank all she meant "But Isabel-" "Good morning Frank," interrupted she. and hastened out of the store.

"Bravo, Frank," exclaimed L He smiled doubtfully; his pride was a lit-"Would you use it?" said her after a long

"Use it! to be sure," and he did me it. In the afternoon Mr. Allen called, satisfied in his own mind that he should witness the

careful to be present. "Well, Howard, how have you succeeded! and the money men won't trust their own I have really been in hopes you will be able fathers."

I have really been in hopes you will be able to secure the paper," said the merchant, and At this moment Mr. Allen entered the I could plainly discorn the malicious chuckle

vsters and ices.

her father were left alone in the brilliant and "I hope my child has enjoyed her eigh-

"Well, Beatrice, I am not so young as you

With heightened color and quickened res-

Her eyes and hair wore the hues of the darkbrowed night, but the blooming face, with its The play of the countenance, its rapid chan-animated flower-bed.
ges from thought to feeling, from galety to All these human beings, of every degree of tenderness, told in eloquent language, that hers was a soul easily moved by passionate impulses, and capable of all extremes of feel-

proached her, save that the fair eyelids drooped over the bright eyes, and a slight smile played on the full lips. The young man advanced until he stood opposite the motionless their own State, had, alone and unaided, gentleman, forming in appearance a striking figure of the young girl. The light that reachieved a name and fame in a distant part of contrest to the matured and elegant woman revealed, too, the lines of care that had al-they repeated to each other, that this young ready marked the countenance of him who man had raised himself to a high position in

-"So soon, so very soon!" "Nay, I have already lingered longer than I should. To-morrow I shall be far on my

and your smile!"

But quick as thought were the changes in

going to see me in a very long time. How

than the name of the expected orator, and of woodland birds, and the busy hum of insect many were the whispered inquiries and replies life, were distinctly audible. Yet it was not to but this. Walter Lyndhurst, a native of vealed the soft curves of that graceful form, the Union. Wise and good men smiled as

looked down steadily, almost sternly, on the men's regards by the force of an untiring energy, the nobility of a stainless character, and a profound and highly cultivated intellect. Suddenly every murmur was hushed. On the pale, sharply cut features, as he gracefully returned the welcome of his audience,

own great and inspiring thoughts. His quick eye with a rapid glance ran over the upturned faces of the crowd, as he prepared to commence his oration, when a sudden drawing all regards to itself. The pale face the eyes of her companion still fixed upon the grew yet paler, the broad brow contracted, floor, an indignant flash dried up the tears grew yet paler, the broad brow contracted. and the white lips refused to utter the words and banished the tenderness. they formed. He covered his face with his

In that momentary glance, he had met the

the tail figure of a young man, who leanthing that can contribute to your happiness, everyopinions. Each word that iell from those pause. An expression of the deepest pain
that can contribute to your happiness, everyopinions. Each word that iell from those pause. An expression of the deepest pain
that can contribute to your happiness, everyopinions. Each word that iell from those pause. An expression of the deepest pain
that can contribute to your happiness, everyopinions. Each word that iell from those pause. An expression of the deepest pain
that can contribute to your happiness, everyopinions. Each word that iell from those pause. An expression of the deepest pain
truthful and inspired lips, dropped softly down passed like a darkening shadow over his face
into the depth of every individual mind.—
as she continued:—
While refusing to carry on the clandestine
face, with its deeply marked lines drawn, as correspondence which would have quieted and
ousness of surrounding objects, turned a comical look of surprise upon Col. Delamere, as ly, "I shall not, it is true, have one being to
whom I can expression of the deepest pain
truthful and inspired lips, dropped softly down passed like a darkening shadow over his face
into the depth of every individual mind.—
as she continued:—
"While refusing to carry on the clandestine
face, with its deeply marked lines drawn, as correspondence which would have quieted and
all instinctively felt, by labor not by care.

And as the orator wound nearer, still nearer one year to see me; or, if that were impossishe exclaimed to the deepth of every individual mind.—

as she continued:—
"While refusing to carry on the clandestine
face, with its deeply marked lines drawn, as correspondence which would have quieted and
all instinctively felt, by labor not by care.

And as the orator wound nearer, still nearer one year to see me; or, if that were impossishe can exclaimed to the depth of every individual mind.—

as she continued:—

"While refusing to carry on the clandesti

PART HE Through the stillness of the room the light rustling of the summer breeze, the faint chirp a cushioned chair of antique workmanship;-All that could be told, however, amounted opposite her, his arm resting on a small table and half shading his face with his hand, was a

der frame that held it, while an expression of great weariness pervaded the whole figure.— Yet the face, though pale, even to the thin lips of the firm grave mouth, was serene, as if the broad platform stood the expected figure. an inward peace drew notes of harmony even Every eye was turned on the tall, slight form, from the tumult of an active and busy life. What a contrast was it to the unsubdued emotions that swept alternately over the flushcalmly and gravely as though alone with his ed and excited countenance of the lady. As she noted the changes that time had wrought in that well-remembered figure, her dark eyes filled with tears and her whole face became instinct with a sort of reproachful tenderness.

the oppressive silence.
"Beatrice," he said, "I have obeyed your The young mandrew her tenderly towards gaze of a lady, richly dressed, who occupied summons; what would you now with me?"

The handsome Colond smiled sarcastically and it is not form at the special control of the s

CHAPTER I. My friend, Frank Howard, was a dry goods

honors stated his case, and the conference

escaped my notice, or the natural selfishness

a face before in his life.

Frank was perfectly sure that he had never he fore felt exactly as he did at this haley let the money to Smith. I could have told on moment. It seemed as though all the divergence of the seemed as the s

The details of the business were discussed. and the papers drawn. While it was in operation Frank more than once detected the

eyes of oriental softness and southern passion, successfully pursued to honor, if not to riches; The business was finished at last, much to the full, red lips, the rich and varying com- and I sued humbly for permission, at least to the regret of my handsome friend, who, when

who had stolen his heart was in the same

The face of Beatrice grew rigid in its ashy passed between them, and though he had One passionate embrace, and Beatrice was As he spoke, he drew his writing-desk to-paleness, as he concluded; and, as if unable been introduced on the evening of his visit, the case is hopeless." defined features. Few ever looked attentively alone, her face bowed in her hands and the wards him, and far into the hight did the pale to support herself longer, she sank back again he had not been too much, overwhelmed to The merchant withdrew, assured in his own

the course of a few months. Frank's energy the reason!"

him. Then he reasoned with Frank on his tha had overtaken him.

lay the whole matter on the table. and, as old fogies always do when they can do nothing else, bit his lips and swallowed Among his acquaintances he had the good his words, fully resolved to do something can you get out of it!

ended in a voluntary proposition on the part a little surprised to find it closed. Before the endorsers, notes and business forms. of the merchant to supply the goods necessative window was that ominous white cloth denoty to stock his store—taking his notes—the first of which would fall due in one year—in payment. The arrangement was completed, at the desk, glancing with a most wo-begone aspect at the pages of his ledger.

> "Mean! Why, that I had a note of a prevent it. thousand dollars due yesterday, which I could not pay; and this morning, early, my amia- any other motive, wrote the note and signed ble friend, Mr. Allen, put in a keeper—that is all." "How does it happen! I thought you

"And Smith has failed ?" "Not exactly—lie has stopped, but every body says he is good, if he has time to turn "And you must make a fail of it in the

ghastly smile.

Frank shook his head; he had mortally offended the proud merchant, and there was no complete humility of the young man who had prospect that he would be lenient in the slight—the audacity to fall in love with an heiress—est degree.

Knowing at what hour he would call, I was

finitely obliged to your good will."