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MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

WE JOIN THE PARTY THAT CARRIES THE FLAG, AND KEEPS STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION.

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JOB PRINTING of ALL KINDS,
DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE
DEMOCRAT,
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY,
AND AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.

THE office of the Montrose Democrat has recently been supplied with a new and choice variety of type, etc., and we are now prepared to print pamphlets circulars, etc., etc., in the best style, on short notice.

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The Leaves are Falling.

Silently the leaves are falling,
One by one they fade and die,
Silently they speak to us,
Man, thou too, wert made to die.

And when our memory wanders back,
Through its chambers dim by time,
There we see the forms of loved ones,
Who have gone to another clime.

And the hopes we fondly cherished,
Fondest hopes perhaps of life,
Dead we see them like the leaves,
On the battle field of life.

Silently they speak to us,
Of our happy childhood days,
When we thought of naught but gladness,
In the falling of the leaves.

But now their voice is sad and mournful,
And so solemn are their lays,
That they seem to chant the requiem
Of departed happy days. S.

CATALINA;

OR THE

Adventures of Two Men of Fashion.

BY ROBERT H. SINGLETON.

Paul Wartons was my dearest friend; we had been chums at college, had travelled together during the succeeding year and had returned to the busy scenes of New York in company. The slight diversity in our fortunes, when he, one of the blind goddess' favorites, betook himself to the idle life of a gentleman of leisure, and I settled down to the plodding, humdrum course of a law-student, only added zeal to our friendship, and we still walked Broadway arm-in-arm, playing billiards at Phelon's and conversed confidentially with each other.

Paul, as I have said, lived mostly an idle life; I believe he had some normal duties in his father's counting-room, but I judge that they were not arduous, from the fact that I never found him too busy for any pleasant adventure which I planned, or an occasional holiday; and the additional circumstances that every sunny afternoon I heard of him promenading Broadway, flirting to the best of his decidedly brilliant abilities. Not that Paul was hartless, but then, when a man is handsome, talented, and fond of the ladies, and withal has nothing better to do, is he responsible for flirting?

One bright afternoon in June, Paul strolled into my office, seated himself with a yawn, and looking over to me with a listless, sleepy air, exclaimed—

"By Jove, Harry, something's got to be done. I'm just dying of stagnation—*ennui*, the little darlings call it; but it is just nothing but clear, sheer stagnation.—Business is nowhere; the girls are all getting ready for Newport, and are so busy with their silks and laces and tarletans, they haven't a word to throw to a fellow; the weather is as hot as dog-days, incompatible with any dish but ice-cream and strawberries, which won't sustain life any definite length of time. You see all my resources have failed me. What's to be done?"

"Saratoga or Newport," I prescribe, laconically.

"The devil take them!" replied Paul, a little excited. "Fifth Avenue, diluted with all snobdom. I'm sick of it!"

"Lake Goerge and the White Mountains?" I suggested, more mildly.

"Done to death," was his brief reply.

"Pistols or a charcoal furnace," I exclaimed, with emphasis. It was my last resource, and I thought it might make an impression.

Paul swore.

"See here, my boy," he said. "I've got an idea, but the duce of it is, I don't know what to do with it. I've lived at this end of the social scale long enough. I want to try the other."

"Ah! you contemplate turning missionary to the Five Points, or perhaps you intend to ruralize your moralities, and will Christianize the Cannibal Islands. Excellent!"

"Hang your satire," said Paul; "as if a man of fashion had anything to do with moralities! I'm going to try genuine ruralizing."

"How?"

"That's just what I want you to tell me. You were born in the country and are at home there, while I'm the veriest of cockneys."

"I've got an idea now," I exclaimed.

"Old fellow, what would you give for a *sensation*, a genuine novelty, a new experience? I've hit upon a plan thoroughly to rejuvenate you."

"Good! I knew you'd do it. What is it?"

"Shan't tell you a thing about it. I'll join you in the adventure, and if I don't fulfill my word, you may take my head for a football."

"Go ahead, Harry. When shall we start?" Paul didn't look at all sleepy now.

I closed my law-book, locked my desk, and with a hasty brush of my whiskers, and donning my Broadway coat, we set out. First, to buy a couple of rifles and some fishing-tackle. That done, I said to Paul—

"You've half an hour, to pack your valise, and at the end of that time, meet me at the foot of Courtland Street."

"Jarseys!" muttered Paul, irreverently.

"Not a bit of it. Stop your conjectures and submit yourself to destiny."

Paul went off, a fine set of teeth distinctly displayed beneath his jet moustache. It was refreshing to see him laugh, and I didn't care what he laughed at.

Five o'clock found us crossing the North River, to Jarsey City. Paul expostulated with me in regard to taking a foreign tour so unexpectedly, and begged to know his destiny, but I was grim as Fate and as inexorable.

We travelled all night. Paul protested, but I thought it a good preparation for the scenes to which I meant to introduce him the next day. Daylight found him rolling uneasily in his berth, cursing the railroad, and groaning over his aching bones. "A part of the new sensation, I suppose, though!" he concluded.

"Well," said I, "there goes the whistle, and we stop at this station. So tumble out, old fellow, and attend to your luggage!"

It was a quaint, old-fashioned Dutch village in Eastern Pennsylvania, at which we had stoped. There was a tavern, a long, one-story affair, with projecting roof and piazza, and whitewashed ends; the half-dozen houses scattered about it were built much in the same style. To the hotel we repaired, I whistled a gay tune, Paul in silence. However, a confortable breakfast of steak and eggs, and good crisp salad, and a cup of just such smooth, oil coffee as nobody but those good old Dutch grandmothers know how to make, added a new tone to Paul's spirits, and when, after the meal was over, I bade him hang up the fishing-tackle and take a stroll with me among the hills, he only replied, with a goodnatured air of astonishment—

"Are you made of gutta-percha and wire springs, man, that you think of a tramp among those rough-looking declivities, after such a night's proceeding?"

"I came out here to rusticate," I replied, "and you, I believe, are subject to my commands."

Paul groaned, but followed me heroically. Now I had not meant to crowd quite so many adventures into our first twenty-four hours of rustication as actually happened, but the gentleman of darkness is said to be not unmindful of his offspring, and certainly a part of our morning mishaps must be charged to Fate, or another power.

We had wandered along the fine trout-brook which I had felt sure of finding, although the whole country about here was scarcely less than *terra incognita* to me, and basketed quite a creditable number of the shiny, spotted fellows, and Paul, to whom the sport was new, was getting quite excited over it, when an incident occurred which was the salvation of many fish.

We had been sitting in the shade of a great rock, fishing out of a deep pool which lay still and darkling just below us; but the fish were getting wary, and as our object was as much to explore the country as to set ourselves up in the fish-trade, we gathered our tackle, and strolled up the stream—quietly, as is the habit of all trout fishers. Suddenly Paul stopped, and catching me by the arm, uttered a low "hist!" at the same time pointing through a rift in the foliage, to as pretty a picture as one could well fancy.

Upon a smooth, grey boulder, overhung by a canopy of leaves, sat two young girls, the one, a light-haired, rosy-cheeked damsel, with something of the Dutch *en bon point*, to mark her ancestry but withal as pretty and piquant a face as one often sees. The other was more striking, though scarcely less attractive. She was taller, slighter, and paler than her companion, with regular and handsome features, dark, flowing, wavy hair. Her dress, though plain, was singularly tasteful and effective, and there was an air of breeding and refinement about her which was a little surprising in this very primitive country. To add to this effect, she was sketching, and I noticed that her sketch-book was elegant and costly. As we stood peeping, the little blond, looking over her companion's shoulder, uttered an exclamation of delight, and the latter, having seemingly finished her sketch, started with one of those quick, electric motions which belong to finely-organized natures, and looking up, her glance encountered Paul who, in his eagerness, had sepped forward to get a better view of the scene.

She uttered a slight cry, and both sprang hastily to their feet, and as we advanced to apologize for our intrusion, the younger one flew up a narrow, winding path which led out of the ravine, while the other followed more leisurely. Before we could gain the spot, however, she was half way up the ledge. Suddenly her foot slipped upon the perilous pathway, and extending her arm, the sketch-book fell from her grasp and slowly fluttered downward towards us.

Paul caught it, and sprang up the rock, to present it to the fair owner, but she waved him back, and hurried on; and he seeing her evident desire to avoid him, returned.

When the girls were out of sight, we sat down to examine the souvenir which Fate had thrown to us. It was a very elegant affair, inside as well as out, which is more than can be said of most young ladies' sketch-books. The drawings were correct and highly finished.

"She has fine taste, by George!" said Paul. "She's worthy cultivating. We must follow this up."

We returned to our hotel to dine, at the primitive hour of noon, after which stretched on a comfortable bed in our quaint little room, a deep sleep fell up on Paul, the most sweet and profound he confidentially informed me, that he had enjoyed for months, quite worth the jolting he had taken to prepare himself for it.

A week had passed, and Paul and I had made the acquaintance of our two wood-nymphs.

Farmer Van Kliest lived in a beautiful and fertile little valley about a half-mile out of the village. His house was built of stone, and whitewashed, in the most approved Dutch manner. Its stilted granary, and great, round oven, and curiously-shaped barn, were also of genuine Netherland origin. On any fine summer evening, Farmer Van Kliest himself might have been seen sitting on the broad piazza in front of the house, smoking his meerschaum, while opposite him Mother Van Kliest, in her broad ruffled white cap, plied her knitting-needles most industriously. To complete the picture, fancy Annette, the pretty little blonde, sitting on the step, busy with her crocheting, while in the far corner, quite by herself, Catalina stood looking with abstracted, wistful gaze, out into the glowing Western sky. The swallows wheeled and flitted about her, and stood unmoved as a statue. Even the click of the gate, as Paul and I entered, upon our customary evening call, did not arouse her, and it was not until she heard the joyful exclamation of Annette, who was always glad to see us, and knew no reason—the innocent little soul—why she should not manifest her pleasure, that the stately lady slowly turned her head and took cognizance of us; and even then, it was a minute more before she advanced to greet us.

A week, as I have told you, had elapsed since we met the two girls in the wood, and now I knew—what Paul, I think, scarcely suspected—that we were both, in different degrees, in love with her.

Paul drank in her rare spirit, as a fainting man quaffs wine; her purity, her dignity, her clear and lucid intellect, were just what was needed to rouse his own strong character from the lethargy into which it had fallen, and to open to his spiritual perceptions the possible future to which his dumb and blind, yet vital aspirations sometimes pointed. Paul needed her.

I needed her, too, in a different way. Strife, turmoil, and sometime—for I was but a man, and met a man's temptations—a darker destiny were mine; peace, purity, serenity, glowed in her, as the blue night-sky, shining with its far-off resplendence, arches over the groaning, toilsome, polluted earth. I have always been gifted with a kind of clairvoyance in regard to character. I knew that neither of us were worthy of Catalina; Paul was not strong enough—I was not good enough. But then, if men only married women of whom they were worthy!

Catalina was not without her defects, but these time must develop.

In one thing I had the advantage of Paul. I was possessed of a secret concerning her of which he did not dream. In the sketch-book which he had returned long ago, had been a piece of thin blotting-paper, which belonged, evidently, to her port-folio, but which by some chance had strayed out of place. Upon it I had noticed a very distinct impression of *two words* which had been transferred to the blotting-paper.

With an idle and most inexcusable curiosity, I had pricked them through, and astounded at the revelation which they afforded me, had concealed my crime by abstracting the blotting-paper altogether. It was never missed.

It was with a loitering step that Catalina came forward to greet us; yet a faint flush suffused her usually pale cheeks, and I thought she never seemed more lovely. Paul greeted her with cordiality, and kindly inquired how the heat of the weather affected her health—I ought before to have said that all we could learn of Catalina's history was, that she had been at the Farm but a few weeks, and that Annette Van Kleist called her cousin—to all which inquiries she answered politely and with an air of one who is striving to be pleased. In ten minutes, he had drawn her into an earnest tete-a-tete, while I was left to the entertainment offered by Farmer Van Kleist, the little Annette getting only a chance to put in a word now and then between talk of crops and talk of horses. Dutch parents are wonderfully discret about their children.

I was terribly goaded and grew fretful, and finally proposed a walk. Mama Van Kleist, who eyed with no favorable glances the couple in the corner, seconed the proposal, and pointed to where the fragrant hay-cocks lay in the meadow, in the setting sun. With what we all rose, and Mama Van Kleist wrapped her pretty daughter in a grey *bournous*, a blue worsted hood, and gave her in charge of Paul, he was so careful!

How I blessed her!

"And what shall I wear?" asked Catalina, "a bonnet is so stifling."

I looked at her already perfect toilette a gauzy dress of amber, with ornaments of great white agates strung on a thread like pearls, and fastened with curiously shaped pendants, and hoped she was not going to spoil it with any of those dull greys which some women seem to delight in, and which soak out all the life of bright hues, like sponges. She had vanished into an inner room, and now with deliberate and graceful step, reappeared with a crape shawl of bright scarlet wrapped about her, and an airy rigolette of white worsted. It was a perfect picture, though I saw by Paul's eyes, that he thought the assumption of that bright color dangerous; he needed to know, as I knew, what lava heat glowed under that pale, passionless exterior. As I took her hand in mine—somewhat too familiarly she thought—there came a flush of it up into her pale cheek, and her hazel eyes glowed with a light that was like amber.

As she leaned upon my arm and conversed slowly yet with matchless ease and fluency, upon the beauties of that region to which she, like ourselves, was new, I began to feel that it was a desperate game I had to play. The reader, in the sequel, will wonder that I should care to play it at all, but in this world when we meet people who hold what we imperatively need, we feel a strong impulse to win it of them at whatever hazard. I wanted to know the secret of that rare elevation and serenity of character which she displayed, and there was but one way in which to make it mine. Paul, with his sharp intellect, his cultivated and esthetic mind would naturally eclipse me, but I had the more energy, the more practical knowledge of human nature, and perhaps a deeper knowledge of women than he. That night I determined to make her feel my power. I recked little at what hazard.

"You seem very happy, here," I said, at length, after an appreciative remark of hers, in regard to the beauty of the scene; "and yet I can scarcely understand it."

"Indeed!" she replied. "Why not, pray?"

"Such scenes as this—quiet, rural, peaceful, are well fitted to such minds as your cousin Annette's; her pinks and blues and greys," glancing at Miss Van Kliest's costume, "harmonize well with it; but you, with your intense and excitable nature—if I had added passionate, your eyes would have been seas of amber—you would be more at home under the glowing desert skies than here. Properly you belong in those strata of society which overlie the stir and rush of town-life, through which is distilled the pure spirit; the clear, intense and lucid essence of refinement and civilization."

"I live here on crumbs like that," she said, pointing to the glowing West, where the clouds were transfigured to seraphim.

"That feeds the eye, and partially the mind. How do you keep your heart alive?"

I looked into her eyes until she trembled. She would have hated me then, but for a fortunate occurrence. We were standing upon the brink of the river, and Catalina, with her eyes fixed on the glowing West, was suddenly aroused by the sharp rattle of one of those poisonous reptiles which are still occasionally found amid those scenes. She uttered a slight scream, grew pale as death, and her foot slipping, fell into the rushing stream, here quite large enough to be dangerous. It would have been the work of a moment to rescue her, but having once caught her firmly in my grasp, I did not care to hasten to the shore. I struggled with the current, she thought, with all my might, and for a moment, she believed me, as well as herself, in imminent danger. I heard Paul scream, and knew he was rushing to the spot, and with that I quickly bore my precious burden to the shore.

"Beware! Stay where you are!" I shouted to him; "there is a snake here, somewhere."

Annette clung to him in terror, and then I begged him to leave her and seek the reptile, while I supported the drooping form of Catalina. Bewildered by excitement, jealousy, and the terrific cries of Annette, he hesitated for a moment, during which time Catalina recovered sufficently to sustain her own weight, and I quickly, and with a single blow, dispatched the rattlesnake. By this time Paul had reached us, and insisted upon taking charge of Catalina, while I with a hasty apology, and a look of gratitude from her brown eyes, hastened by a bye-path across the hills to the hotel, where I might change my dripping garments for dry ones. I gained two advantages by this; I left the lady before she was ready to leave me, and this insured a welcome when I returned, and I turned upon Paul, whom I saw playing the devoted most assiduously, as he crossed the fields, all the quiet but not less dangerous stream of Mama Van Kliest's jealousy.

Doubtless the reader is denouncing my unfaithfulness to my friend, and that there was cause for denunciations, I admit. Paul would not so have schemed against me; yet in the end the reader will see that the wrong I did was not so unmittigable as it seemed, and the dregs of my character were then strangely intermixed with its purer qualities; perhaps no incident in my life was more efficient in separating the discordant elements, than just these which I am narrating.

The next morning, as in duty bound, we called to inquire after the health of the ladies. Catalina, I could see, had passed a bad night, and I was not at a loss to guess what some of her waking visions had been. Looking at her, in her unequalled loveliness, as she reclined in her easy-chair, made comfortable by all Mama Van Kliest's motherly devices, her pale cheeks unrelieved by the whiteness of her robe, or its black fastening at the waist, with no ornament save a pair of bracelets of gold—how far my suspicions and half-knowledge were correct. I kissed her hand, as I had a right to do, and then moved away to the window, while Paul sat by her, entranced by the syren utterances of her lips. But I saw her glance follow me wistfully, and I knew that I had probed her heart more deeply than Paul had done. There was witching power in her converse, and excited by it, Paul grew brilliant, rising frequently to heights of pure and dazzling eloquence which I could never hope to attain; but for my comfort, I saw that while she enjoyed with a keen zest his brilliant overflow of talk, her cheeks were not flushed as his were, and her eyes showed with a dark, calm stealiness, very different from those turbulent flashes which I had evoked.

Annette had not yet entered, and I sat alone by the window enjoying the cool shadow and the quaint configurations of the room and furniture. Such odd, old-fashioned chairs, such a queer table covered all over with little pictures cut out of paper, and curiously lacquered upon the black ground; a tall old clock, adorned with strange Chinese devices; in the midst, that strangely exquisite and refined, yet intense nature, glowing like a flame within a crystal vase, and Paul, noble and true, yet unaware of his best attributes, catching the sheen of the crystal and blinded by it; while I—stonger, yet less pure—had I caught a gleam of the vestal flame within?—I wondered.

Presently Annette's light foot sounded on the stairs, and with a bird-like greeting, she entered. Annette and I had been sworn friends these three days, and when she saw that I wished it, she engaged Paul in one of her gay bob-o-link chatters, and left me an opportunity to talk to Catalina. I approached her with such real timidity and palpitations of the heart, as touched her; she had not yet forgotten that I had saved her life. After a few trite remarks there came a pause.

"This room is too cool and dark for you," I said. "If you would venture out upon the piazza, I think the sunshine would improve your spirits as much as it would those amber beads that are sulking in the gloom. Come, let us see how you both light up?"

Paul overheard the proposition and protested, but I knew her nature better than he, and when I gently assisted her to arise; and drew her arm within mine and led her out into the sunshine, she smiled a grateful smile.

"What an intense and electrical life yours is," I said. "It feeds on this almost tropic sun, as if it were its native element. A short experience of dark and damp would kill you."

She replied, with a visible softening of that radiant smile which had shown so brightly yet so coldly upon Paul—

"You make me egotistical, when you talk so much of me; yet I ought not to object, since you study my happiness."

She was growing less averse to my scrutiny than she had been at first, and that sign marked a step gained.

The two weeks that followed, told visibly upon our acquaintance with Catalina. Paul was treated with marked attention, and upon him she lavished all her intellectual treasures; long and delightful were the conversations they held upon art, and literature, and life; and every moment thus spent added to Paul's infatuation. With me, she was less brilliant but softer, more feminine, and the true and pure affection and respect which I bore her, shrouded from her penetrating eyes those faults which otherwise she must have quickly comprehended. In her presence I was devoted; out of it, gloomy and morose, or reckless, as the case might be. Paul was equally moody. He was just beginning to divine how affairs might stand, while she, I think now, though I could not tell it then, regarded us both at that time as pleasant acquaintances, who might help to while away many an otherwise lonely hour. But there came a change.

Coming in from a hunting expedition late one evening, we found at the tavern a new arrival—a gentleman by the name of Lendrum. He was taking a late supper when we entered, and we soon fell into conversation with him. It appeared he was an artist—as we afterwards learned, of very creditable abilities—and a right good fellow besides. After a half-hour's conversation, we welcomed him heartily to our society, and adjourned together to the piazza to smoke our cigars.

Lendrum was a man of thirty, tall well-formed, with light hair and eyes, and a heavy brown beard in whose curling luxuriance sunbeams seemed forever to play hide and seek. I thought directly, and so I am sure did Paul, of the effect which the introduction of this stranger to our circle might have upon our acquaintance with Catalina. However, neither of us mentioned her name to him. We had talked of her of late; indeed, though we continued outwardly friends, a coolness and restraint had come over our intercourse.

Lendrum accompanied us on our next visit to the Farm. Catalina was in unusual spirits, and Annette, towards Lendrum seemed particularly attracted, flirted with him over our infinite gusto.

It was a lovely evening, and we went out into the orchard to gather the already ripening fruit. Catalina wore a white dress and ornaments of amethysts and pearls. I thought her more charming than ever before, and as I revelled in her innocent gayety, all thought of honor, of danger even, was lost in the rush of more intense emotion. Alas! I forgot the talisman which a propitious fate had granted me, and which, had I heeded it, might have sayed me much pain an some agonizing remorse.

"Catch me that branch!" exclaimed Catalina gaily, stretching her beautiful arm upward toward a pendant bough loaded with golden fruit.

Paul sprang and was but just successful, bringing down the bough with such force that the rough bark grazed the uplifted arm, and marked its way with a scarlet streak. I uttered a quick exclamation, and Paul bemoaned his carlessness, and drew forth his handkerchief to bind up the wound. I pushed him away, caught the half fainting girl in my arms, bound up the bleeding member. I caught Paul's eye as I did so, he was pale as death, and his glance scathed me like lightning. Not till I had finished attending to the wound, did I notice that Lendrum stood just behind me, a hectic spot burning on each cheek, and a strangely solicitous look in his eye. At that time I thought it only the effect of the natural gallantry of a nature so strong and noble as his.

That night as we walked home, we were all silent and abstracted. Affairs had plainly come to a crisis between Paul and myself, and I dreaded th rupture which I dimly foresaw. A slight circumstance precipitated it. As I have said, I had bound up Catalina's arm with my handkerchief, in place of which I had a few minutes later playfully appropriated hers. She had been watching a game of romps between Lendrum and Annette at the time, and I think was scarcely conscious of the theft. As I sat by the window on my return, smoking my last cigar for the night, seeking abstractedly for my own handkerchief, I thoughtlessly produced that of Catalina. Paul started as he beheld it. With a pale cheek and bloodless lips he exclaimed—

"Harry, how came you by that bit of cambric? Was it given to you, or did you steal it?"

He had tried to make the question playful, but his voice was fierce in spite of himself. A hot reply leaped to my lips, but I prudently checked it, and merely replied—

"A fair exchange is no robbery, Paul."

There was a slight pause, during which Paul's breathing was distinctly audible.

"Harry," he said, at length, in a low, husky tone, "you have circumvented me, supplanted me; for that, I do not blame you. I would have outrivalled you could I have done so honorably. She is a gem that any man might proudly strive to win. But I want to know—I have a right to know—for I love her—are you in earnest in this game? I can read men, if I cannot conquer women, and if I were sure that I were not blinded by the rage of jealousy and despair—if I could know that now for the first time I see your nature as it is—unmasked—hollow, treacherous and deceitful, I'd shoot you in your tracks sooner than you should again enter the presence of that pure, unsuspecting being!"

It was partly a feeling of anger at being discovered, and partly a just indignation against Paul's exaggeration of my crime, and his severity in characterizing and resenting it, that animated me, but springing to my feet, quicker than thought I administered a blow which levelled him to the floor.

"That," said I, "for the coward who cannot meet his friend in just rivalry and be conquered, without taking the serpent's nature, and stinging him in return!"

I think Paul's first impulse had been, as he rose to his feet, to return the blow, but his nobler nature triumphed. Curbing his rising spirit with a strong rein, he replied—

"Harry, you know that I am no coward. I am as strong and dexterous as you, and have no need to fear you in a hand-to-hand conflict. I fear no man; no one knows that fact better than yourself. But with a man who has so long been my bosom friend and companion, I will not descend to the most ignoble mode of warfare. But this I warn you of I know—I need not tell you how, perhaps I could not—that you are not the man I have hitherto thought you. You have changed suddenly and inexplicably, but while the cloud rests over you, which now balks my penetration, *you shall not marry that pure and gentle girl*. I swear it by the God that made me!

He stood before me, pale as marble, and as strong; transfigured from his weak and worldly self, to a being of noble courage and determination, by the power of a pure and overweening love. His spirit cowed me, and feeling the immeasurable distance which in that moment separated us, my spirit sank sullen and debased before its own accusations. In that moment I saw the difference between a pure, unselfish passion, and one actuated by low and grovelling motives, as mine had been.

I replied—"You have insulted me; we can no longer be friends. I will not characterize your motives as 'I might,' but I tell you this: I will not be forced to leave this place by your insinuations. I know more than you do or can of the probable result of this game, and in spite of all your taunts and cowardly allegations, I shall stay to see it out. However, after this, I shall not trouble you with my presence. Landrum has found lodgings at a farm-house upon the other side of the mountain, I presume. I can do the same."

Paul took his hat, and without another word walked out.

I finished my cigar, and then fell into a train of troubled meditation. Was not this adventure costing me too much?—Paul's love unworthily lost; my own self respect irretrievably forfeited, and for what? I could not marry Catalina if I wished, and I knew I was not worthy, yet still I felt in that hour, as I had never done before, what a blessed boon it would be to win her love, and be guided out of the slough of these evil passions, and perverted moral notions which now beset me. Paul's love was glorifying his character, making him almost worthy of her; mine had thus far but debased me. Was it yet to be my salvation?

But, then, could either of us win her? Again that curious discovery which I had made, flashed back upon me. Weighing her character and the child-like innocence of her manners, I could not believe it, and the more I pondered, the more I was beset with doubts and perplexities.

It must have been twelve when I heard Paul's nervous tread upon the piazza. It ascended the stairs and approached the door of my room. The moon was at the full, and by its shining I saw him enter. He approached and seated himself upon my bedside. His hair was wet and matted; his clothes were damp with the night air, but in his eye shown a calm and steady light.

"Harry," he said, "it is a sad thing that our friendship should end thus. Human wrongs are forgiven; I never thought don't know why, of appealing to Mr. Watrons, but Cousin Harry,—it was a term which she and Annette had once or twice used playfully—is so different."

That shows how much a woman's instinct is to be trusted in some instances; it is the power to govern which oftenest wins them.

Lendrum at last informed me that Catalina could remain there no longer without exciting suspicions, and making an appointment to meet me at the village, consigned her to the care of Annette. I walked home in a thoughtful mood.

Punctual to the appointed hour, Lendrum came. The story which he told me was in brief this:

Two years ago, at a fashionable watering-place, he had met and wooed successfully the fair Catalina. At that time his prospects had been good, pecuniarily, but at the death of an uncle, who was supposed to have made him his heir, it was found that in consequence of a quarrel, he had cut him off with a shilling. He was therefore left dependent entirely upon his art. The parents of Catalina, who were extremely worldly people, began to oppose the match, and at last forbade him the house. Measures were carried to such extremes, that the young couple decided to elope. A pretended friend participated in their plans, and at the last moment treacherously revealed all, so that at the very instant that the minister pronounced the benediction, the father of Catalina appeared, and claiming his daughter on the ground that she was a minor, bore her triumphantly away.

For a time she was kept in rigid confinement; and then, her health beginning obviously to fail, she had been sent to the country, consigned to the care of Mrs. Van Kliest, a distant relative of the family, and a cautious, prudent woman. Catalina had, however, found means to despatch a letter to Lendrum on her arrival, and it was the signature to this—your "unhappy wife," which I had traced upon the blotting paper.

Catalina was now of age, and if the marriage could be again performed, it would be legal in spite of all impediments; but a combination of untoward circumstances rendered this extremely difficult, and Lendrum found himself much in need of the services of a friend.

Looking back upon the past, it seemed to me that I owed Catalina a debt which I should probably never have a better opportunity to repay. I did not feel called upon to confess to her all my machinations against her peace of mind, but I made amends for them, so far as I was able, by myself giving her away to Lendrum, within the next week. She makes, as I always fancied she would, a very happy wife.

For myself, it was long before I outgrew the impression made upon me by that summer's adventures. Some of its effects, I am happy to say, I have outgrown, and my own wife, to-day, owes an obligation to Catalina, which she, doubtless, is not aware of.

Paul took his disappointment more to heart than I did; but in the end the experience did him good. He turned his attention to active business, became an industrious and enterprising man; he is now, as ever kind at heart and foremost in good deeds; but there hangs over the mantel of his bachelor library, a little engraving, at which he often looks and sighs, as he sits with his feet crossed upon the fenders and puffs away at his cigar. I always thought he bought it because it bore a strong resemblance to Catalina.

pain and impatience prefaced his reply, which was simply—"The devil!"

After that I was fain to keep quiet. I don't know of what Paul dreamed that night, but I know my bed was a thorny one. But destiny was nearer to me than I had dreamed.

The next morning I rose early, and shouldering my rifle, and taking with me a lunch, went out in search, ostensibly, of game—in reality, of peace of mind. Well, I found it.

It was a queer time for adventures, but suddenly, passing through the thickest piece of woods for miles around, I caught sight of something red. A hunter's eye is ever on the alert, and advancing cautiously, and putting aside the boughs, what was my amazement at seeing Lendrum seated on an old log—and beside him a figure wrapped in a scarlet shawl which bore a striking resemblance to one which Catalina had worn on one eventful night. Her head was lying on his shoulder, and she was weeping violently. At a little distance I could see Annette pacing restlessly up and down a cleared space in the woods. To do myself justice, I should have made known my proximity at once, but I was thunder-struck, and could not move for an instant. Those two strange words which I had deciphered upon the blotting-paper flashed across my mind with such alarming and convincing certainty, that I was lost in the strangeness of my own reflections. When my senses returned, I became convinced that there was no possibility of retracing my steps undiscovered; indeed, nothing but the perfect absorption of the lovers in their own affairs had prevented my discovery already. At the same instant I heard Lendrum say—

"If I could only get you ten miles from this place without discovery, it would be possible; but if Van Kliest suspects me, we are lost."

I waited for no more, but with a sudden plunge through the underbrush, confronted them. The lovers started to their feet. Lendrum uttered a strong exclamation, and Catalina, too much frightened to scream, grew pale as death.

I think for a moment I was as pale as she, but it did not last long.

"I know your secret," I exclaimed; "you are married; and you find yourselves encompassed with difficulties. I am your friend—let me aid you."

If you are at all sensitive, I advise you to never do so rude a thing as that was, for you will probably receive as severe a rebuff as that which Lendrum administered to me. However, a moment's consideration sufficed to assure him of my sincerity. Catalina, too, plead for me—

"I have always thought he would be friendless if I ever thought don't know why, of appealing to Mr. Watrons, but Cousin Harry,—it was a term which she and Annette had once or twice used playfully—is so different."

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