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## MISCELLANY.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

### THE WHITE PLUME.

BY MARY McDONALD.

'And this is your latest style, Mrs. Jerold?'  
The very latest imported, ma'am, received  
by the Atadia on Wednesday. A most beautiful  
thing, I assure you, and so becoming—  
Nothing prettier this season. It will be quite  
the rage, I fancy. Will you try it, Mrs. Dou-  
glass? or stay, I have another that may suit  
you better, and the obsequious milliner moved  
about among bonnet stands and ribbon boxes.  
The pink hat, Miss Gale, did you take it from  
this table?

'It was carried down stairs, Mrs. Jerold—  
Miss Willet felt too unwell to come up to the  
show room.'

'Oh! Miss Willet; she will be sure to fan-  
cy that bonnet. Pray, send Annette to fetch  
it, Mrs. Gale. And Mrs. Jerold, having given  
in this order, returned to her favorite cus-  
tomer, the very pretty and very much admired  
Mrs. Douglass. 'I am sure,' she said, with  
the usuality necessary and usual upon such  
occasions, 'you will consider this the most ex-  
quisite fashion ever introduced. I thought of  
you the moment the box was opened, and in-  
deed I said to Miss Gale, "this will be just  
the thing for Mrs. Douglass, and Miss Gale  
agreed with me perfectly. I felt quite anxious  
you should be among the first to see it, because  
I know that you liked to lead off anything of  
the kind.'

'Of course I do,' replied Mrs. Douglass,  
laughing; 'but for mercy's sake, Mrs. Jerold,  
don't make me a bonnet the face simile of Miss  
Willet! Anything but that. If Miss Willet  
has ordered one of this pattern, I will not have  
one of my own kind.'

'Oh! certainly not,' said Mrs. Jerold, brush-  
ing aside her ringlets.  
'And yet I must have the handsomest in  
your establishment, remember.'

'The very handsomest that can be made, I  
guarantee, ma'am. None shall surpass it—  
We have some splendid Geneva velvets just  
in—the richest ma'am I ever saw. I will  
show them to you, ma'am, and if I am not mis-  
taken, you'll declare they equal anything in  
the market. Ah! here is Annette. Now,  
Mrs. Douglass, try this, if you please.'

'Mrs. Douglass had removed her hat, and as  
she turned toward the little bonnet bearer, the  
pale, sad fearful face of Annette drew her at-  
tention even from the all encompassing subject  
of fashionable head gear. 'Bless me! Mrs. Jerold,  
see exclaimed, as the young girl moved  
away, where did you get such a poor looking  
creature? What is the matter with her, pray?  
I never saw such a pitiful sight in my life.'

'Oh! it is the sad story of poverty,' replied  
Mrs. Jerold, carelessly, pulling out the ribbons  
and adjusting the flowers of the pink hat as  
she spoke. 'I really don't like to keep the  
girl about me, for she is always moping and  
fretting. But Mrs. Langly recommended her,  
and tried my trying to find employment, and  
you know, Mrs. Douglass, that Mrs. Langly  
thinks she is poor, is first-rate genteel, and  
besides she has such a way with her that one  
can't refuse anything she asks, so I took An-  
nette, though, as I said before, I don't like  
having her about me.'

'One of Mrs. Langly's proteges, I suppose,'  
said Mrs. Douglass, 'she has a host of them al-  
ways on hand. But this poor thing actually  
makes my heart ache. Has she parents?'

'A mother, and I believe some younger  
brothers and sisters, but really I never in-  
quired particularly. I have so little time, you  
know, Mrs. Douglass, it is quite impossible  
I should listen to the family histories of all my  
apprentices. One must regard one's business,  
and I am occupied, as Miss Gale can tell you,  
from sunrise till sunset, and indeed a  
great deal longer. The girl has her meals  
here, and something to carry home sometimes,  
which is the best I can do, and she ought to  
think herself very fortunate to get into such an  
establishment.'

'Very fortunate, certainly,' said Mrs. Dou-  
glass, turning to the mirror at which she stood,  
and placing the beautiful Paris hat over her  
glossy curls. 'Rather too large, don't you  
think so, Mrs. Jerold?'

'Just the least bit in the world,' replied the  
milliner, returning with avidity to her usual  
train of thought. 'A little too deep at the  
ears, perhaps, but that is easily altered. Let  
it drop a little in front, if you please, ma'am—  
So—the very thing—exquisitely becoming—  
never saw you look so well in any style of bon-  
net.'

Mrs. Douglass turned her head this way  
and that way, and pulled out her shining tresses  
of pale golden hair, and couldn't make up  
her mind whether she liked it or not. She  
was exactly in the mood when it would be easy  
to persuade her to anything, and Mrs. Jerold  
hastened to take advantage of it. 'We really  
have nothing handsomer than this,' she said,  
'and I think you had better secure it, Mrs.  
Douglass; Miss Willet and Mrs. Newton said  
all of our most fashionable ladies will be here  
to-morrow, and I should be glad to say you  
had ordered one. 'Tis a sweet shape, upon  
my word—a love of a bonnet, a perfect love.'

'Well, then,' said Mrs. Douglass, with an  
air of indifference, 'I suppose I must have one.  
And what shall it be?'

'Velvet, by all means,' said the milliner, e-  
agerly opening a drawer at her left hand, and  
unfolding piece after piece of the costly ma-  
terial. 'Did you ever see anything so splen-  
did, ma'am? Look at that green, it is fairly  
dazzling, but this maroon is my taste. Quite  
superb, isn't it?'

'Beautiful!' exclaimed Mrs. Douglass, en-  
tirely decided upon velvet. 'Now, what will  
you charge me for a handsome bonnet of the  
maroon colored?'

'Mrs. Jerold put her finger upon her fore-  
head, and seemed lost in thought for a few mo-  
ments. 'The price, of course, will depend upon  
the style of trimming,' she said. 'Flowers  
are expensive this season, and then, Mrs. Dou-  
glass, they are somewhat out of vogue. Feath-  
ers are coming in among the first circles, and I  
have one feather, barely one, that I would like  
to put into your bonnet, and that I must show  
you, for to own the truth, I thought of you the  
moment I received it. There isn't that a beauty?'

And Mrs. Jerold shook the white  
plume, and held it above the pink bonnet, till  
the eyes of pretty Mrs. Douglass sparkled with  
delight. 'Elegant,' she exclaimed, 'but I'm  
a little too expensive for me. Mr. Douglass  
gives me a lecture on economy every few days,  
and says I am getting dreadfully extravagant.'

'Well, now, I will let you have this at a  
great bargain,' said Mrs. Jerold, blowing upon  
the feather, 'the maroon velvet, and white  
plume, with French flowers inside, for—let me  
see—as you are an old customer, Mrs. Dou-  
glass, and I feel honored by your patronage, I'll  
say thirty-five dollars, and that will be the  
cheapest ever purchased.'

'Oh! you are an unreasonable woman,' cried the  
pretty lady, lifting her hands in amazement,  
'thirty-five dollars! why, it is perfectly horrid  
to suppose I could pay so much. My husband  
would think me crazy.'

'It is very cheap, ma'am, exceedingly cheap  
I assure you,' said the will milliner. 'I  
thought I would make you the first offer, be-  
cause I knew Miss Willet would take it in an  
instant. Such a bonnet, and especially such a  
feather, won't go begging, and I shall charge  
any one but yourself, Mrs. Douglass, at least  
forty dollars.'

Mrs. Douglass paused, and took the new  
created plume in her own hand. Mrs. Jerold's  
arguments were certainly very conclusive, and  
more so than Miss Willet, between whom  
and herself there existed a constant spirit of  
rivalry, should become the possessor of it—  
Still, Mrs. Douglass, who unfortunately had  
been a proportionless beauty, when she married,  
had no private income, by which she might  
please her fancy in such matters, and both her  
husband and the fear of his displeasure  
deterred her from concluding the bargain with-  
out consulting him.

'If you chose, ma'am,' said the milliner, 'I  
can lay the feather aside for a couple of days,  
quite out of sight, and then I think you'll have  
decided to let me make the bonnet, which shall  
be the sweetest thing of the kind seen this sea-  
son. Quite unique, I assure you, and Mrs.  
Douglass won't object I am certain, when she  
sees how well you look in it.'

Thus persuaded, Mrs. Douglass yielded, and  
agreed to try her powers of coaxing upon her  
too indulgent husband. The white plume was  
replaced in the box, and Mrs. Jerold assured  
her customer it should not be exhibited to any  
one until she had decided, and with a weak  
and unworthy desire to outshine an associate,  
Mrs. Douglass swept out of the show room,  
which was fast filling up, and where Mrs. Jerold  
and her assistant, Miss Gale, were now fully  
occupied. Our heroine, however, did not pass  
into the street without interruption, for at the  
foot of the staircase, she encountered Mrs.  
Langly, who, unmindful of the glare and glitter  
above, was speaking words of comfort to the  
weeping Annette.

'You must not despair, Annette,' she said  
kindly, while her own handkerchief wiped the  
tears from the cheek of her protegee. 'Keep a  
good heart my child, and though all is so dark  
now, God will send us light presently if we  
trust in Him.'

Mrs. Douglass, kind-hearted, though vain  
and trifling, involuntarily paused, and drawing  
a bright quarter from her glittering purse, slip-  
ped it into Annette's hand. Mrs. Langly  
spoke the thanks which the poor girl could not  
utter, and joined Mrs. Douglass as she ascend-  
ed the steps. I was going to see you this morn-  
ing, she said, 'to ask your assistance for a  
very helpless but very deserving family.'

'Ah! yes,' said Mrs. Douglass, drawing her  
velvet cardinal more close around her. 'At  
this season there are so many demands upon  
charity.'

'But this is really an extreme case,' said  
Mrs. Langly, laying her hand upon the fash-  
ionable friend. 'The mother of that poor girl  
is ill, and with three children beside, has no-  
thing to depend on save the labor of a  
boy of twelve years, and the chance charity of  
strangers. Mrs. Jerold has taken Annette into  
her establishment, and by and by she may earn  
a livelihood there, but at present she can do  
nothing for her mother, and now that the rent  
of their wretched room is due, with no means  
of paying it, the poor child is really crying  
herself sick, lest they should become entirely  
homeless.'

'Ah! poor thing,' said Mrs. Douglass, bow-  
ing to an acquaintance as she spoke, 'she is a  
pitiful object indeed. She quite interested me,  
and I was inquiring of Mrs. Jerold about her.'  
'You will take my word as to their neces-  
sities,' she hoped, pursued Mrs. Langly, 'and if  
you can give something for them, I shall con-  
sider it a personal obligation.'

'I will certainly mention it to my husband,'  
said Mrs. Douglass, 'but we have calls upon  
us daily, I assure you, Mrs. Langly, which we  
find it difficult to answer. Good morning.'  
Mrs. Langly, with a sigh, returned to Annette.  
Mrs. Douglass, her mind entirely engrossed  
with Mrs. Jerold and the new bonnet, met her  
husband at dinner, all smiles and pleasurable

resolved to try her utmost powers, and induce  
him to consent to the purchasing of the ma-  
roon-colored velvet and the white plume—  
Flonied words were on her pretty lips, and good-  
humor sparkled in her blue eyes, and few men  
there are—as our heroine well knew—who can  
say nay to the request of a beautiful woman.

'You have been out this morning, of course,'  
said Mr. Douglass, as they lingered over their  
desert. 'The day has been so fine, you prob-  
ably took advantage of it.'

'Yes, I availed myself of the weather, and  
with the convenience of a cab, accomplished a  
deal of business,' replied Mrs. Douglass, in a  
careless tone.

'And where did you go? inquired her hus-  
band, with affectionate interest.  
'Why, first, to pay my duty to Mrs. Murray,  
mamma's old friend, you know, from Vermont.  
She is to spend the winter here, with one of  
her daughters.'

'Ah! and where next?'  
'Why, next, to the Intelligence Office for a  
cook. A horrid business, by the way, but  
Rebecca tells me she is to be married, and  
must leave in a week.'

'That is unfortunate, since she suits you so  
well.'  
'And next, I drove to Mrs. Jerold's to look  
at her winter fashions,' pursued Mrs. Dou-  
glass, laughing at once upon the sea of hopes  
and wishes which lay before her.

'And there you saw an abundance of pretty  
things, no doubt, said her husband good-hu-  
morously. 'All sorts of temptations, which it  
was extremely difficult to resist.'

'Oh! a profusion of lovely articles indeed,'  
said Mrs. Douglass, eagerly, 'but I assure you  
Charles, I did not buy one of them.'  
'None! why how did that happen, Emma?  
Was your purse too light, or did your  
discretion preponderate?'

'My discretion, of course,' said Mrs. Dou-  
glass, laughing. 'I looked at nothing but the  
bonnets which are really elegant, and have de-  
cided, or nearly so, upon one which I think  
will suit your taste precisely.'

'Thank you for consulting it,' said her hus-  
band kindly. 'Does it please you?'  
'Entirely,' Mrs. Jerold promises it shall be  
the hat of the season, and I am all impatient  
to receive it. A splendid velvet of the richest  
maroon color, just the shade, neither too dark,  
and—Mrs. Douglass hesitated an instant, and  
then added—the most exquisite white plume  
that ever graced a bonnet.'

Mrs. Douglass looked at his wife with an  
expression of amazement, as he rose from the  
table, and gave a long and very significant  
whistle.

'Hey day! Velvets and feathers,' he ex-  
claimed. 'And what handsome price does  
Mrs. Jerold affix to such a handsome head-  
piece?'

'Price? said Mrs. Douglass, feeling that  
the decisive moment had arrived when she  
must strike boldly—'Why, Charles, she offers  
me the hat at a great bargain. It is the only  
feather of the kind I met, and made of such  
superb velvet that it would be cheap at forty  
dollars, and she will let me have it for thirty-  
five.'

'I hope, Emma,' said Mr. Douglass gravely,  
'you have not been so rash as to order a bon-  
net at that price?'

'No, I have not exactly ordered it, not the  
plume at least, but I told Mrs. Jerold to lay it  
aside till I should consult you. And now, my  
dear husband—and Mrs. Douglass laid her  
white hand upon his arm, and looked beseech-  
ingly in his face—'I hope you will not refuse  
to let me have it. Upon my word, I will not  
ask you for another expensive article for a  
long, long time; I won't indeed; I'll be the  
most economical creature in the world, if you  
will only say yes this once.'

Mrs. Douglass shook her head. 'It is wrong,  
Emma, he said, 'absolutely wrong to throw  
away money at such a rate. I really cannot  
consent to such extravagance.'

'Not when I have set my heart upon it?—  
Indeed, Charles, I must think it a little unkind  
of you to say so. Don't you like to see me  
look well?'

'You always look well in my eyes,' replied  
her husband, fondly, 'always beautiful, even  
in your simple morning dress.'

'Yes—but my dear love, everybody does  
not see with your eyes; and if a man expects  
the world to admire his wife, or even to respect  
her, he must allow her to dress in proper style.'

'I should be sorry if the world's respect  
depended upon your wearing a peculiar bonnet,'  
said Mr. Douglass, 'and as to its admiration,  
Emma, I would be your only world on that  
point.'

'Fie upon you for a jealous husband,' cried  
Mrs. Douglass, gaily, 'why I am quite ashamed  
of you. But come, my dearest, you will not  
refuse to gratify me, I am sure; I never want  
anything so much in my life as that feather;  
indeed, the hat will be nothing without it—  
and worse than all, if I do not take it Miss  
Willet undoubtedly becomes the purchaser,  
which would half kill me—for nothing pleases  
her more than to dress better than I. So do  
say yes, my darling, at once, won't you? that  
is a dear, good husband. Come, I see you  
will.'

'Oh! woman, use well the gift of influence  
with which Heaven has endowed thee. Use it  
not for purposes unworthy of thy nature.'

Charles Douglass idolized his beautiful wife,  
and as she gazed upon the ruby tips, which  
pleaded earnestly, though for a gewgaw only,  
how could he resist their winning tenderness?  
He shook his head, but less resolutely than at  
first; parted the golden hair upon Emma's  
forehead; pressed her to his heart as she stood  
beside him; and—alas! for the sometime  
weakness of the bolder sex; despite their boast-  
ed strength—his Ddilah conquered. A few  
brief strokes, a little further expostulation,  
and the dutiful husband consented that an im-  
mediate order should be given for the velvet  
bonnet.

Elated with success, and pleased as a child  
would be with the prospect of an expensive  
toy, it was not until the hour of ten arrived,  
that Mrs. Douglass recollected Annette, or the

urgent appeal of Mrs. Langly in her behalf—  
'Poor Annette! Her pale, sad face, and eyes  
so red with weeping, how they now came be-  
fore the mental vision of Mrs. Douglass, and  
as she looked upon the comfortable tea equip-  
age, and around at the warm, well-lighted par-  
lor, it may be that a feeling of self-reproach  
mingled with the memory of that sorrowful  
countenance, for with the remembrance came  
also the thought of her own willful extravagance,  
when a fellow creature, so young, so unprotected,  
was bending beneath the weight of heart-  
crushing poverty. Her husband was reading  
at the table, and passing her arm about his  
neck as she leaned over him, Mrs. Douglass  
said, gaily,

'Oh! I have a message for you, Charles,  
which I had nearly forgotten. I met Mrs.  
Langly this morning, and she desired me to  
ask if you could spare a trifle for a family who  
are in want—as every body is, I believe, at  
this season—and I promised to do so.'

Mrs. Douglass, in the interim between his  
weak acquiescence in the wishes of his wife,  
and the present moment, had been reflecting  
seriously upon the folly and extravagance of  
himself in general, and his own lovely little  
spouse in particular, and although he would  
not retract, or recall the consent given, he still  
felt confident that Emma could not overcome  
him so easily again; and therefore replied:

'I cannot afford to be very charitable, and  
very lavish, in one day. If I yield to the last,  
I must forego the first.'

'Now don't say so, because you make me  
feel uncomfortable,' said Mrs. Douglass, press-  
ing her lips to his forehead. 'I would not  
have troubled you with Mrs. Langly's request,  
only I had promised.'

Mrs. Langly is an excellent woman,' said  
Mr. Douglass, thoughtfully. 'I wish there  
were more like her.'

'You wish your wife resembled her, per-  
haps,' said the lady, somewhat petulant, with-  
drawing the hand which rested on his shoulder.  
'I love my wife very dearly, just as she is,  
replied her husband.

'But still you wish she was more like Mrs.  
Langly?'

'You mistake me, I did not say so; but I  
think if she would not draw me so largely  
for matters which might be dispensed with,  
we should then, perhaps, be able to imitate  
Mrs. Langly, in good deeds.'

Mrs. Douglass bit her lip, and a shade of  
displeasure passed over her fair face. Her  
husband had drawn a comparison between her-  
self and her more benevolent friend, although  
he would not admit, and few women are there  
—unless it, ladies—who could have borne  
such a comparison untroubled.

'Are those poor people very much in need?'  
asked Mr. Douglass, kissing away the frown  
which he believed so.

'And will you renounce the white plume in  
your bonnet, and give the price of it to them?'

'Nonsense, Charles; do you suppose I would  
be so foolishly philanthropic! Charity is all  
very proper in its place, but really such a sac-  
rifice would be asking rather too much, and  
Mrs. Douglass turned away with a careless  
laugh.

'Such sacrifices are the test of generosity,'  
Emma, said her husband.

'Which I do not feel disposed to make,' re-  
plied the lady, somewhat tartly. 'A single  
dollar would probably be considered quite  
sufficient; both by your paragon, Mrs. Langly,  
and her poor people; but if you are not in-  
clined to give it, why I presume they are ac-  
customed to such donations.'

Mrs. Douglass sighed, and the subject was  
discontinued.

The cold, piercing wind of an evening late  
in November, was excluded by crimson curtains  
from a room in the second story of a handsome  
house in—street, where the fire burned  
brightly, shedding a genial glow over the ap-  
artment, and where, at a mirror beside which  
a dozen lights were blazing, stood the blooming  
Mrs. Douglass, arrayed in full costume, for a  
fashionable entertainment. How radiantly  
beautiful she looked, the turquoise ornaments  
in her hair, contrasting so exquisitely with its  
golden hue! How the jeweled bracelet sparkled  
upon her white arm; and how her fair figure  
was displayed—so perfectly moulded—in  
the blue tarleton which she wore! Surely  
a lovelier vision never floated before the inspired  
eye of painter or of poet; and even the attend-  
ant waiting-maid, as she surveyed her mistress  
when the task was done, exclaimed,

'Upon my word, ma'am, you look for all the  
world like a real angel.'

'Except that the wings are wanting, Betsey,'  
said Mrs. Douglass, laughing.

'Yes, ma'am, all but the wings—and I think  
it is a mercy you have not them, or you would be  
sure to fly right up to the skies.'

Mrs. Jerold's girl, Mrs. Douglass, with  
your bonnet,' said another servant, at that mo-  
ment opening the door, and admitting a slender,  
shy-looking girl of about fourteen.

'My bonnet, ah, it has been sent at last,  
hey! Why did not Mrs. Jerold let me have  
it yesterday?' inquired the lady.

'I don't know, ma'am.'

'Don't know! I was terribly disappointed,  
you must tell her, and could not go to the re-  
ception at Mrs. Neville's, in consequence. Let  
me see it, Betsey? Betsy untied the box, and  
lifting the hat carefully upon her hand, held it  
up to the admiring gaze of Mrs. Douglass: It  
was indeed a 'love of a bonnet,' the maroon  
velvet looked soft, and lovely, in the mellow  
light—and the white plume, how gracefully it  
drooped on one side, seeming just ready to  
dance out upon the breeze, so light and deli-  
cate was its wavy texture.

'It out-tops the world, ma'am,' said the lo-  
quacious Betsy, turning it round and round.  
'I never saw anything like it in my born days—  
but it must have cost a power of money.'

Mrs. Douglass surveyed the precious piece  
of finery with scrutinizing eyes. 'I think it will  
do,' she said; 'but if any alterations are neces-  
sary, I will send it down.' The young girl re-  
ceived the message, but although her errand  
was done, remained standing in the door-way.  
'Perhaps you are cold,' said the kind-heart-

ed Betsy, observing that she lingered. Mrs.  
Douglass looked up, and again self-reproach  
desired her to come near the fire.

'No—I am not cold,' said the girl, timidly,  
'not very cold—but I was thinking—and her  
eyes glanced wildly around the apartment—I  
was thinking—'

'Of what?' asked Betsy.

'Of mother's dark room. This  
is bright—'

'And what of your mother's room?' said  
Betsy, looking at her mistress in surprise at  
the girl's unusual behavior.

'And mother's bed, and the fire that goes  
out so soon—and the little window, where the  
cold air comes in. Mrs. Langly says God is  
good, but I don't know.'

'Poor thing,' said the benevolent waiting  
maid, while the alarmed Mrs. Douglass ran to  
summon her husband from the next room—  
'Come and warm yourself—may be, it is the  
cold has unsettled her.'

Annette—for it was she—moved instinctively  
towards the fire, to which Betsy's kind hand  
led her, and dropped upon the ottoman before  
it.

'I must not stay, she said, in the same low  
wild tone. 'It is late, Miss Gale? I can't  
think my head feels so strange.'

'Tell me what is the matter, my good girl,'  
said Mrs. Douglass, perhaps I can help you.'

'Help!' said Annette, putting her hand to  
her forehead.

'Some one said there was help in God—  
Mrs. Langly said so; but nobody will help us  
now.'

Mrs. Douglass knelt down beside the stricken  
child, and when Betsy had removed the dark  
hood which concealed her features, Mrs. Dou-  
glass started, for it revealed the pale, haggard,  
careworn countenance of Annette. 'How  
young to know so much of suffering,' said Mr.  
Douglass, sorrowfully. 'He defied the clay-  
cold hands; spoke to her soothingly; promised  
that relief should be had immediately; but she  
did not heed him. A deadly faintness suc-  
ceeded the fit of partial insanity, and in a few  
minutes, Annette fell, gasping, into the arms  
of the sympathizing but terrified domestic—  
The whole household was instantly alarmed.  
One ran to the doctor; another to  
bring the usual restoratives; and Mrs. Dou-  
glass, agitated and conscience-stricken, flut-  
tered about the room in her gala dress, affording  
a strange contrast to the pale, meagre, insensi-  
ble form before her.

The physician, who lived near them, was  
specially summoned, and a little skill and  
kindness restored Annette to consciousness,  
and in a short time drew forth the story of her  
wants and sorrows. How her head ached, and her  
pulse throbbled through that long day when  
she deferred made her heart sick, and when  
it was ended, and Mrs. Jerold desired her to  
carry the newly-finished bonnet to Mrs. Dou-  
glass, on her way home, that wretched home,  
of sickness and poverty which might only bear  
the hallowed name one might longer, Annette's  
cup of misery seemed full.

'I thought I should never reach this place,'  
she said, 'for my head was so full of strange  
thoughts about death. I felt as if I could not go  
home to mother, without a single mite, and I  
wondered if it would be a very great sin to tie  
this little handkerchief very tightly around my  
throat, and let her down and die.'

'God forgive us,' said Dr. Warren. How  
unmindful we are of the miseries of our fellow  
creatures! By his orders a little food was im-  
mediately prepared for Annette, who was lit-  
erally in a starving condition, and then she  
was carefully wrapped in Betsy's cloak, placed  
in a carriage with a large basket of eatables,  
and escorted home by the kind-hearted waiting  
maid, who volunteered her services to see the  
poor young thing safe to her mother, and  
bear the good tidings, that certain relief await-  
ed them on the morrow.

When Annette was gone, Mrs. Douglass re-  
turned to her wife, his thoughts fully occupied  
with devising plans for the poor girl's future  
benefit. 'I think your influence with Mrs.  
Jerold may be of use to her,' he said, 'and  
when we get the mother well again—Dr. War-  
ren will see them to-morrow—there may be  
some means found of employing her also.'

Mrs. Douglass replied in a careless tone, for  
she was busy with her velvet bonnet, and her  
husband turned away, almost in disgust. 'How  
could she go back so hastily, so heartlessly, she  
thought, to the follies and fashions of the day,  
after such a scene as they had just witnessed?  
Was the woman whom he loved so ardently, to  
be the puppet of fashionable life? Never  
to feel that God had formed her for a higher,  
nobler destiny? And with a feeling, easily  
imagined, perhaps, but difficult to portray, Mr.  
Douglass gazed moodily on the fire as he stood  
with folded arms before it. In a moment, how-  
ever, Emma joined him.

'Set,' she said, holding the white plume  
which she had disengaged from the bonnet,  
'Charles, I am going to make the sacrifice, if  
you are still willing to give the price of it to  
Annette. I shall not regret it, I am sure, and  
I could not wear it careless and trifling as I  
am—with the knowledge of that child's misery.'

Mrs. Douglass turned, delighted and amazed,  
towards her husband. 'Bless you, Emma,' he  
exclaimed, clasping her in his arms. 'And will you really do  
this?'

'Yes, really, of my own free will, with no  
other bribe than Annette's pale face. And  
then, she said with a smile, you may think  
me a little worse like Mrs. Langly.'

Charmed to find himself mistaken in the esti-  
mate he had just formed of his wife's character,  
Mr. Douglass felt inclined, for an instant,  
to say the sacrifice should not be made, but a  
second and wiser thought determined him to  
accept it. Superior to Mrs. Langly in many  
cases, he said, because she would not consider

it a sacrifice to part with the plume, and to  
give, I know it is a great one. But then, Emma,  
the thought of it will bring you so much  
pleasure by and by; it will make you feel  
lovely in my eyes than you ever were, and this  
bonnet—he took it from the table as he spoke—  
will be 'the hat of the season, after all, at  
least in my estimation. Did Emma Douglas  
dance less lightly, or smile less happily, than  
evening, after wearing such apparatus?'