An American Tale of Real Life.

BY RHODA E. WHITE.

CHAPTER I. "How much there is self will would do,
Were it not for the dire dismay
That bids you shrink, as yo sudd nly think
Of 'What wid my neighbors an ?"
—MARY HOWITT.

d nifficulties may surround our path, but if the difficulties b not in ourselver, they may be generally over end is b not in ourselv

Som after Louisiana became one to the United States, it sent a member of Congress to W shington whose remarkable life proved that "truth is stranger than fiction." We shall call this hero Daniel Courtney. To all the distinguished men of his time he was well known. His wealth was enormous, his plantations numerous and his popularity exceeded both.

He resided in the City of New Orleans, and built a baronial-looking mansion in the suburbs, to which his friends gave the name of Bachelor Hall. Here he presided, on public occasions, with the dignity worthy of a prince, and entertained with prodigal hos-The ordinary life in Bachelor Hall was social, hospitable, and gay. Mr. Court-ney was a tavorite with the old and young of his large circle.

Let us go to the Hall. This "fortunate man," as the world calls him, is at this moment in his magnificent library. He is pacing the fluor with a nervous tread. His countenance is thoughtful and troubled. brows are knit. Now and he pauses at the mantel-piece, then and looks into the large mirror before him but he does not see his handsome face and his manly form that are reflected in it. mind's eye is wandering on into the dim future. Suddenly he covers his face with both hards, as if to shut out a painful sigh. and e sight heavily. The sound of carriage whether he urbs his reverie. He walks slowly to the window and looks at the many car raige, fitted with happy faces, that are passing a a repassing around the large circuit of magionics. It is their favorite afternoon drive Lubia, a negro servant, is summened, He bonds to his mester bis hat and gloves,

and Mr. Courtney leaves the house. In a other part of New Orleans in a house of more rate size; it is the residence of Madana Louise Harper, a woman who had been many years distinguished in society for her trae intellectual gifts and accomplish ments, and for her goodness of heart.

Mr and Mrs. Harper had been friends of Daniel Courtney's mother, and since her death, so far as presible, he has loved them so a non. A little later in the day, after what we h ve seen in the library at the Hall, Mr. Courtney came to the house of these friends. Mos. Hasper's counsels had never mislechim. He came now to open his heart to her.

Would could be had followed her advice!
"Not yet resolved to brave public opinion,
and to respect yourself?" asked Mrs. Har-

Will not the world say it is self abasement, not self respect ?" said Mr. Courtney, looking down. Mis. Harper made no answer, for she was

halt vexed with bim. He continued: 'To day I have been again told that the world expects of me that I will marry one of the most illustrious women of the States.' "Is what I call self-respect, only selfabasement in your own calm judgment, Daniet? Will it be honorable to do otherwise

"Is is not self ab sement, in my judgment, Louise. It would be culpable in me not to adorn his home. keep my promise." "Then why hesitate?"

"But er to face it than to endure the con-

requestive of a different course."
"I see it all as clearly as you do; but this miserable dread I have of the world's judg-ment of my folly, will be my ruin." "I look upon the consequences in a differ-

ent light. You have the wealth and the unbounded influence that dazzle the public You are less liable under these circumstances to meet its condemnation and ill will." Louise, I would condemn any man living,

who, in my position, had been guilty of folly

"Any yet, only yesterday, Daniel, you were raving to me on the beauty, the inno-cence, the fifth in you of Angelina, and you said that nothing could induce you to disloyal to her."

"I was sincere. There seems to be two spirits in me. One is good and courageous: the other sacrifices everything to pride, and is cowardly. And if this be true, which is the master?"

"Sometimes one and sometimes the other. To-day, I am reporting that I over saw Angelina, and I confess to you, as to myself, Louise, that I have gone so far, that in my heart, I have said that her death would be a blessing to us both.'

Mrs. Harper was pained and shocked by this confession. With a sternness unusual to

her, she answered:
"Daniel Courtney, you area lawful husband and a father. When you come to me as your friend, I shall speak plainly to you. Anything tike hesitation longer, in acknowledging Angelina before the world as your lawful wife, will bring upon you endless difficulties and misery; upon your innocent wife, it will bring unspeakable sorrow.

Mrs Harper paused. Mr. Courtney did not speak. He was agitated, he knew that all she said was true. Mrs. Harper continued, laving her hand on his arm, -he sat

"Be wise, Daniel, in time. Let me go to Angeline and tell her that to-morrow, or the day after, the papers will publish your marriage as having taken place a year ago.

Doniel raised his hands in expostulation for her not to ask it of him. She added: "You can say to your friends that there were reasons which were satisfactory to both parties concerned, for withholding this

announcement from the public." Mr. Cour ney's mind was agitated by his fickle resolves, cowardly dread and fear. His face was alternately flushed and pale. One moment he was cold as ice, and the next, his blood seemed liquid fire. His imagination painted the surprise that such an announcement would cause. He could bear the jeers and see the expression of contempt on the faces of the crowd. "Daniel Courtney on the pinnacle of fame," he heard his friends

' bow could he have debased bimself by a marriage of which he was ashamed." Had he not from month to month promised Augeliua that she should no longer be hidden in seclusion as if she were guilty !

Mrs. Harper broke the silence :--"Have you for one moment an idea of keeping your wife longer

in danger of losing her reputation and of giving an opportunity to others to disrespect Mr. Courtney started. This was a new

view of the case to him.
"No, indeed, Louise," he said. "Let us

there next week to take my place as Member of Congress. I shall not leave home in my present state of indecision. I must, I w.il, settle this matter one way or the other."
"In one way or the other," repeated Mrs.

Harper, surprised. "Surely, Daniel, you are not undecided as to the determination to acknowledge Angelina to be your lawful wife. I cannot believe that you have ever enter-tained so base a thought."

Louise, you knew that I would scone die than to wrong Angelina in that way Since the mistake of concealment was made a vear ago, it has become a question with me, and a serious one, how, and when to make our marriage public. The

birth of Pura adds to the difficulty."
"The longer you defer it, Daniel, the darker will be your road. May I not tell her to-night, that she can go to Washington, as

your wife, with you?"
"Louise, I have already told her that it will be wiser to wait only three months longer, and that on my return she will be my wife before the world, and the mistress at the Hull. She has consented."

Mrs. Harper was cast down by this procrastination. In a trembling voice she answered ·

" Daniel, Angelina loves you so much she yields to your judgment. She is very young, not yet seventeen years old; do not take advantage of her trust in you. Daniel, I see before you both a dark future unless you conquer this one weakness your character, his morbid dread of public criticism. Pray, shake it off. Act conscientiously and fear only God's judgment !"

Mr. Courtney felt that the rebuke was well deserved. He knew, too, that he ought to be guided by this advice, but something whispered to him: "A little later—not yet -bye and bye you can make it all right."
Turning to Mrs Harper, who showed him that she was much depressed, he said:

"At this important period of my political life, Louise, it would seriously injure me to have my conveniment of this marriage the subject of public gossip. You are a woman of the world, and I think you will agree with me in this view of the case."

"I allow, Daniel, that for a time the world would make comments on your conduct not over charitable. This is an inevitable polially; but your doing what is right now, when you enter upon public life, will soon sience the tongue of slander. Who has a right to object, if you were tascinated by the beauty of an innocent young girl, and married

"Ah! Louise, that was my supreme folly To you alone I will say that already that beauty can no longer charm me!

Do not say it even to y urself, Daniel!"
Mr. Couriney looked at his watch, and said: "I must go. To-morrow I will decide." In a retired part of the city, a pretty double cottage stood back from the street and was embowered in orange trees and ros e. It was a fit home for the time and under the circumstances for the young wife and her infant daughter Pura.

Augelina was, as we have said, not yet quite seventure. She was lovely in features and in form. Her expression of face had a enild like innecence, yet it did not lack in tellectuality. There was depth in her eyes. and marks of a strength of character around her mouth; there was dignity, too, in the pose of her head. A close observer of such indications of character would read in them the great natural gifts that lay dormant in her mind and heart. They would be developed for good or evil, according to the direction given to them by in finences and circumstances that would in future surround her. Daniel Courtney only then you have promised again and again to saw in her a beautiful child wife. He did not know that he could make of her a woman worthy of his best love, and a wife that would

Alas! alas! "Because I have not the courage to face public opinion in this matter."

From the house of Mrs. H Courtney went to this cottage, public opinion in this matter." From the house of Mrs. Harper, Mr. was at the window and saw him on the porch. See bounded to the door to meet aim, and would have received him with open arms, had not a movement of his hand re-

pulsed her. "My dear Angelina," sail Daniel, "will you never learn to be discreet? You promised me the last time I came that you would never meet me again at the open door.

"Oh, so I did! But when I saw you. Danie', I forgot everything but you! you rngry with me? I could not help it. Next time t will remember it."

"No, my love, I am not angry but you endanges your reputation by so doing. I must not allow that, you know. "I do not understand how?"

"I have told you so often, my dear, that uutil I can make our marriage public, you must not appear to be my wife except to Mrs. Harper, Captain Donaldson, and to Mr. Rall.

"I remember all that, Daniel. I never von go out o the cottage until after dark, and then with Marie. I am very lenely. How long must you stay in Washington?"

They had gone into the little reception room, and were seated side by side. Angelina had received caresses from her husband, and he had told her how he loved her and little Pura. He tried to avoid answering her last question by talking of herself and showing her the beautiful necklace he had brought to

Angelina looked at the sparkling gems, but her eyes rested only a moment on them. The necklace feel into her lap, and she clasped her arms around her husband's neck and looked into his face pleadingly, while large tears gathered in her eyes. "My dear Angelina, why are you so

sad?' The poor little wife released him, and wining her eyes, said, reproachfully :

"I am so ungrateful, and you are so good and kind!"

The words stung Daniel.
"Will you forgive me, Daniel? Oh, now you look so troubled!" "Yes, my dear, if you will promise me that

you will be contented till I come back from Washington. Then you and I will live in the Hall. "I will promise you, Daniel, to try to b contented, because I know that you have reasons that I do not understand, for not saying

to the world that I am your wife, but Danie She paused. "Well, my love, what do you wish to say? Ask anything of me that I can obtain, and you shall be gratified, my dear, sweet, beauti-

ful Angelica!" The last words were disagreeable to her. She withdrew from his embrace, saying : " Please do not always call me 'beautiful." Marie says that when men marry for beauty

alone, such love does not last. I hate myself for being beautiful!" " Marie must be dismissed," said Daniel, petulantly. "She is not a good companion

for you, my dear."
"She is very, very good, Daniel, to me, and very kind to Pura. Do you think that

she said what is not true?" The large blue eyes were to him like deep fountains of truth. They rested on him in eager impatience for his reply. He felt as if questioned by an angel in whose presence he

dared not tell a lie. He answered:. "It is true that beauty alone cannot inspire men with lasting love, Angelina. It is say no more to day (looking at his watch). I spire men with lasting love, Angelina. It is a mob! Those reacals who turned out the i distinguished men from one from the spire men with lasting love, Angelina. It is a mob! Those reacals who turned out the i distinguished men from one from the sea-

tory to my going to Washington. I must be not illumined by the soul. But yours is not there next week to take my place as Member | beauty like that. I will always love you!" "And I will never doubt you," she said, reproaching herself for thoughts that had crossed her mind.

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Her face brightened with her husband assurance of his constancy, and he wondered how he could hesitate to present such a woman to the world as his wife. A moment after came the whisper: She is an unknown, a simple, child-like woman without such edu cation as my wife should have; without s fortune or a family; a waif, it may be, some will say.

"There now, Daniel, you are looking sad," said Angelina, watching his face. will not dare to tell you what I was going to

say; it will make you angry with me."
"No, my deer, it will not; you must tel me all your thought. I am serious at times because ---- "he was going to give a tale reason, but that face before him, shining with truth, again shamed the lie away, and he added, "because I know how badly I have treated you; how differently I should do, and how much you deserve of devotion and kindness from me! In a little time I will return, my Angelina, and

then we will be happy."
"I am wicked and cross, sometimes,
Daniel. Marie and Pura do not know it. I think that when you go to Washington, some ladies there will love you too much !" "But if I do not love them?" he answered,

laughing at her innocent jealousy. "Oh, then, I do not care," said Angelina, again throwing her arms around him. "My dear, who has put this silly fear into

your mind? It is not like you."
"It was my wicked self, Daniel. can I do to drive away such fears?" "When they come, say that they are your enemies, and that you will not mind them, because if you do not they will take away

your love for me." "If I thought that you did not love me as I love you, Daniel, I would not blame you for that, but if you loved another, and she took my place, I would hate you as much as I love

Daniel was surprised. Her vehemence of tone and manner startled him. He had never seen her placid face disturbed by such emotion since his marriage. He put his arms

around Angelina to calm her. "You, and you alone, my darling, shall be my beloved wife, to the end of my life," he said. "Bear with me a little while and trust me, no matter how circumstances may seem to condemn me. Let me rest with confidence ia yeur Leart, my Angeliua."

Marie brought Pura into the room. They both caress d her fondly. She was more tike her father than her mother. Though only a mouth old, she was bright and play

Marie was not more than twenty five years old; but she had seen much of the world in these few years. She knew that her mistress was wronged, and she could not conceal her want of respect for the master Daniel was, by nature, extremely sensitive He read in Marie's countenance and manner what she thought of him, and he wished An gelina could dismiss her, but this would make Marie an enemy; that would not do; she must be made contented.

"What a slave I am to my guilty consscience," thought Daniel. "While I am honored by thousands, I am afraid of this nursery maid!"

"Angelina, my dear," he said, "a large number of people will gather at the Hall to night, and I must go to bid them farewell. I start for Washington to morrow, as you

Poor Angelina fell upon his neck and wept

"Not to night, my dear wife! We must not say good bye to-night. Be calm; we be eeparated a little time, and then we will be for ever all and all to one another.

"Oh, Daniel there seems to me so many langers in your way when you are away from me, that I am fearing that we shall never be happy. I can't be happy while I must live in this way, can I?"

Tears came to the eyes of the guilty hus

"No, Angelina," he answered, "you can not, but I know what a trustful hears you ave, and you bolieve me when I tell you, that there are reasons that make it better for us that our marriage for a little time should he kept secret."

Angelina was weeping and did not answer. "Are you satisfied to wait and trust me a little longer, my darling ?" he repeated. "I will try to be contented," sobbed the poor wife, "but three months is a long time yet. Daniel, to live in solitude."

"There seems no remedy now, my love; it is too late to change our plans, and we must be joving and true to one another a little longer. Oh, Angelina, do not doubt my love for you. You are my all !"

It was a struggle for the poor wife to part with her husband. She loved him with all the intensity of her ardent nature. But he had wounded her self-love by this demand to conceal his marriage, and her love for him and her self-respect were battling against one another.

Mr. Courtney thought it best to leave Angelina under the impression that he would see her again before leaving home, but his in tention was to spare her the pain of another parting, and he would not come again. The next day he arranged his office affairs

for his absence of three or four months. In the goodness of his heart, Mr. Courtney had taken two young men from obscurity and poverty, and finding in them a ood deal of talent for husiness, and ambiion to rise, they had been trained, by his means, to understand the situation of his immense landed estates. He put them into his office to everlook those employed to take charge of his slaves, and also to take his own place in his absence, with power of attorney to make sales when it would be thought by them I profitable to do so. It will not be surprising to those acquainted with human nature to learn, that outsiders had not the same confidence in the honesty and honor of these young men that Mr. Courtney had. There was another friend more particularly taken into Mr. Courtney's private life, who watched the current of its events and hoped to share
liberally in its prosperity. This was Captain
Donaldsox, to whom he had confided what the Captain called "Daniel's Folly." said to him that morning, "Courtney, if you will leave this unfortugate affair in my hands, I will arrange everything for your future benefit." Mr. Courtney the evil intention implied, and showed such dissatisfaction at the proffer | in the cottage of L. street, almost buried in ed aid, that the Captain dared not repeat it, but turned around directly and pretended to bring it forth to the world. What approve of the determination of the husband affair but his own is it if he to be true in the end to his obligations to his wife. At the same time he applauded Mr. Courtney's wisdom in postponing the announcement of the marriage until after the first season of his public life had passed. "By that time, Courtney," he said, "By that time, Courtney," ne said,
"your position will be established in Washington, and you will be less dependent upon what people here at think and say. You are now the local the new comer with lavish demonstrations of homage to his gigantic fortune, his attractive person, and his courteous the House his cloquence and idolized by all classes in Louisiana. By Jove! manner. In the House his eloquence and I never saw such influence as you have over popularity were extolled, and among many a mob! Those rescals who turned out the distinguished men from the North and the

appeared and talked to them!"

"I employ so many men, Captain; that is the reason; and it has gone abroad that I pay, them well, and also that I treat them kindly

when they are sick."
"True; but then you have a way with you that makes these fellows respect you. They think that you never married because you have not seen a woman great enough for you, to be your wife.

A pain shot through the heart of Mr. Courtney. He sighed, and replied, "How tittle the world knows of him whom you chink it bonors !"

The conversation was interrupted by messenger from Mrs Harper, who handed Mr. Courtney a note; he read it hastily and sent a verbal answer.

"Say to Mrs Harper that I shall call on her to day. I shall leave for Washington to-night." Then turning to the Captain when the messenger had gone, he added: "I trust to your friendship, Captain, and I confide in your honor to keep my secret. I know what a fool I have been to be the slave of public opinion so long, but that, I hope, can be repented for in time; now I must only trust the oppor-tunity will be given to me again, meantime nothing shall induce me to be unfaithful to her to whom I am bound for life." Tears were filling the eyes of Mr. Courtney,

and the Captain saw them. "It is not so bad as you think," he said: "the woman is too young to grieve long, and in the end you will make it all right. You must look to your reputation, and prepare the way for the surprise that will fall upon your friends, when they hear that you have concealed your marriage for more than s

Mr. Courtney could have knocked the man down when the Captain added : " And that was my reason for trying to get you out of

this scrape." "We must never again allude to this subject, Captain," said Mr. Courtney, " or we shall cease to be friends."

Two hours later Daniel was at the house of Mrs. Harper. The wise woman and the true friend had prepared statements of the marriage, giving its date, and naming also the date of the birth of the cuild. These sho wished him to sign before his departure, and also to make his will, leaving the most part of his great fortune to

"It is right, Louise," said Mr. Courtney You are more than a mother to me. I am unworthy of such love and care as yours, but you are kind, and will forgive the weakness I nave exhibited in this unfortunate affair."

"You are leaving Angelina exposed to the suspiction of the world that she is not you wife; in case of your death what but your ignature to these papers will prove to the contrary? Therefore I have prepared them for you in order to save your time. It is wise on your part to sign them, Daniel, and simple justice to your wife to prepare for sudden death."

Mr. Courtney leaned on the table near him, laid his head upon his hands, and could not speak for some time. After reading and sign

ing the documents he arose and said :
"Louise, I am overpowered with shame a my conduct, and with humiliation when think what contempt you must have for me Try to find in your heart a little excuse for me, and do not measure my strength to do right by your own. Think of my temptation to shrink from the world's blame for my foolish marriage."

"I will blame you far more for concasting know, my love. It is a pain to me to leave it, Daniel. Is it too late yet for me to influ you." "I have seen Augelina. I parted from he

last night. She is resigned to wait three months longer. Better let things remain as they are."
"It is never botter to continue in the

wrong," said Mrs. Harper, earnestly,
"I agree with you, Louise, that is so." "Why not follow your conscience?"

"I have not the courage "You have courage to brave a fearful future!" "Give me time to think it over. I will

write to you from Washington. Be kind to Angelina. Do not despise me. You are m best friend !" Mrs. Harper was discreet, and saw that it was useless now to press the matter further.

No one living new better than she did the many good qualities of Daniel Courtney, nor could any one deplore more deeply his self-love and his fear of the world's scorn. With a prophetic judgment she reasoned, that this lack of self respect and the strong love of rectitude, in all things would destroy his independence and leave him a tool in the hands of designing men. She saw that it would end in the utter destruction of his happiness, for he was not a man to lose all sense of morality, and become abandoned unscrupplously to self-irdulgence. He knew he was wrong and he ly like quite so much indifference as he was sorry, but he had not the manimese to do manifested, nor his apparent desire not to right and brave a short period of public condemnation. Alas! how many are lost from

this same cause! They parted affectionately. Like a mother she promised to watch over Angelina and the

With a heavy heart, but with a face that told no tales, Daniel Courtney left the Hall that afternoon late. A large crowd gathered to cheer him on-

ward, and their voices were heard so long as

CHAPTER II.

"There is no action of man in this life which is not

IN WASHINGTON, "Every man's destiny is in his own hands."-SIDNEY

the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, a that no human providence is high enough to give us prespect to the end."—Thomas of Malmesbury. Our hero, Daniel Courtney, is beginning that long chain of consequences mentioned in the above quotation, which were the outcome of a single action—that action, the concealment of his marriage. He feared that the world would think his choice of a wife ought to have been made among the wealthy and high

born. What he and others will suffer, while link after link is forged, we shall see. Whether he will break his bonds and be tree, difficulties. It is fearful to contemplate the inevitable working of the laws of the moral world, so sure to punish the wrong-doer! And now we find the new southern member in Washington. He has left his secret, he thinks, hidden out of danger and public view

seclusion, where, at his own time, he may to require this sacrifice of chooses his wife? And who, or what circumstances, can possibly arise to create difficulties in the way of his guarding this secret three or four short months? So reasons and smiled encouragingly.

Balls, digners, and all kinds of social gatherings were gotten up to secure the acquaintance and to gain the friendship of the "hand-some young Southerner." He was tall and well of good nature and tenderness, prepossessed one in his favor, without further

acquaintance. His finely shaped head and an a undance of soft brown hair finished the manly beauty of this favorite of fortune. His voice was musical and effective, bota in conversation and in public speaking. That the ladies, young and old, of Washing ton, raved about the Louisians Member, is not surprising But how can they account for the indifference with which he receives their attentions? Some frowned, others pouted and said, "he is heartless!" A few concealed their disappointments like "the

worm in the bud," and hoped against hope. In the House, Mr. Courtney become a universal favorite. While he was so eloquent and warm in argument, he never lost patience or self-control. Towards his bitterest North ern opponents, he was invariably courteous. With the Senators and the Diplomatic Corps he was soon on the most intimate terms, but when it was possible he avoided accepting many private social invitations: in future cannot support. You have treated that would lead to an intimacy not them as if they were to be heirs to your in unison with his circumstances. The President and members of the Cabinet were his warmest friends and admirers.

The social life of Washington demanded the slavish service of its votaries day and night. In spite of Daniel Courtney's resolution to avoid excess of this kind, he was, to an ex tent, forced into it, and he soon became a prominent figure in the social circle.

In this whirl of excitement no one looked calmer, more satisfied, or "more to the manner born" than Daniel Courtney. But alas alas! within his breast there was trouble and tiscontent; one of the links of that "long chain of circumstances" was being lorged and made him suffer. Go where he would, work as he might, to kih care, he could not get rid of himself and the humiliating th ught that he was wearing a mask. Soff reprosed, regret and remoces too mented him like so many evil serries, but he lacked the courage to act nocording to the suggestions of his better was are that never described him, though the assist like the advice of his true friend, Mrs.

Harper. A bamily in Washington, pre-eminently bounted and justly distinguished, was the of Mr. Crawford, where Mr Courtney had become a frequent and welcome visitor. With the interesting members of the family ne could, for the time, forget himself. They had been less demonstrative in ungling him to accept their hospitality than others, and Daniel felt more at home with them for the freedom he had to come and go. The ply daughter of Mr. Crawford was a charming and accomplished young lady of about twenty years of age. She was very handsome gay in her disposition, and fond of music and painting. While her mind was well cultivated for one so young, she had the simplicity of a child in many ways that added to her attractions.

At this period, American women of good family were, as a rule, well educated and accomplished More than one had been married to English noblemen, and atterwards resided in England where they became noted for their womanly charms and intellectual gifts. Mr. Crawford was connected with families in Europe and America of the highest standing, and although young America had become Bepublican in margers of Government, the social rules of the country made the lines of distinction in classes as marked as they were in the old country—the only difference being the absence of rayalty and nobility in America. No inherited titles existed—the road to distinction by merit was open to all classes, but the requirements to reach the goal were

Miss Crawford only appeared at public balls occasionally; at private entertainments

she was the belie. A select number of gentlemen friends were invited to visit at Mr. Crawford's house, and join unreservedly his charmed family circle. To each of those gentlemen Miss Crawford was polite and gracious, but no one in particular could as yet boast of having received such marks of friendship as could encourage a lover; and yet in spite of this reserve, there were some disappointed admirers who had ventured too far ! repreached for her cruelty by her lady friends. Emily denied the charge, and said that only

women die from a broken heart. Miss Crawford admired Mr. Courtney. Perhaps all the more because he was reserved, and did not, like the others, pay an excess of compliments. She did not, however, exact toterfere with the attentions of her other admirecs! Womanlike, she was a wee bit piqued, and she resolved that he should not remain usterly cold in her regard. So, innocently as possible at the time, she set to work to try her skill in awakening in him a moderate sense of her attractions. And right delicately she went about it. "Are you fond of painting?" she asked. Her albums and her port-folios were brought to him, and he admired her exquisite taste and her gifted " Are you fend of music?" penuil. sang divinely; and her sympathetic voice thrilled his soul, he said. He remarked the admirably choice collection of her songs. "Are you fond of poetry?"
They could talk of beautiful poems by the hour, and she could quote sage after passage of their favorite authors without any effort of memory on her part It was dangerous ground for both, but Miss Crawford had no idea of losing her way in the labyrinth of love grove, nor had Mr. Courtney any desire or intention of any thing of the kind. However, she soon began to look for his visits as a real pleasure to be enjoyed, and he was not sorry when an excuse offered for him to pay them; and so things went on till the world of Washington began to put it down as a coming event that the rich and captivating Southerner would lead Miss Crawford to the altar before many months had passed!

But the parties themselves (youth is blind) had no idea of their danger. The rumon had not yet reached them and they continued to enjoy the pleasant intercourse upon which the family looked with infinite satisfaction.

Among the true friends of Mr. Courtney. Col. Kenne was the most interested in notice ing that his boon companion day by day inclined to make Miss Crawford more than an ordinary acquaintance. All the other ladies of Washington whom he met at dinners and balls, and on public oc-casions, were honored and respected by Mr. Courtney, but there was no sign of his admiration of them, although it was the surprise of Col. Keane, that, among so many attractive young girls, Daniel could remain as indifferent to their charms as he appeared to

One day, at twilight, the friends, for good friends they were, sat by the fire in Mr. Courtney's library discussing many subjects of their own confidential affairs.

"Courtney," said the Colonel,

"do you

went home fike whipped hounds when you son. "He is unmarried," mothers whispered know I think you place too much confidence appeared and talked to them!" in the young men with whom you have left

power of attorney in New Orleans."
"Why so?" answered Mr. Courtney. scarcely hearing the remark. He was at the moment thinking that he never saw a more beautiful picture than Miss Crawford had proportioned: his features were regular made on horseback, when riding at a rapid and somewhat of the Italian type. Dark page on the bridle path under the oaks and pace on the bridle path under the oaks and large eyes, sull of intellectual expression, and elms on her father's grounds. He saw her mouth of great sweetness, indicative the day before. "Why so?" repeated Mr. Courtney.

"Many people think they are not faithful to you," replied Colonel Keane, "and I will add, I think they are dishonest."

"I am inclined to think, my good friend," said Mr. Courtney, "that I who can see more than the outside of things, will be more likely to know them, and I cannot agree with you. Colonel 1"

"It would be so, Courtney, if you did not judge of men by your own honest heart more than by your head."

"What temptation have they to cheat me? I give those young men more than they need. Their salaries are ample to give them even luxuries."

"Ah! there has been your mistake. They were obscure boys, born in poverty. You were appealed to by their mothers, and know. ing that they were ambitious to please you and to rise, you advanced them too rapidly, not only to higher trust and confidence in your office, but to a life which their prospects estates, and allowed them equality and privileges in your household that their birth and education and their position do not justi. fy, unless you have adopted them as your BONE.

"No. I never thought of such a thing," answered Mr. Courtney, rising and walking up and down the room rapidly, as was his habit when he was troubled in mind.

"They assume, I am told, in your absence, an air of intolerable superiority over inferiore, continued the Colonel, "and they have made themselves thoroughly cishked, both in the Hall and outside among the over

" You surprise me, Colonel, for in my presence they are directly the reverse or what you describe them to be. Indeed, more like sycophicata. I like better to see more adid, open and frank."

No sooner had Mr. Courtney said tide than the color rose to his face with the shame b telt of his own contemptible disguise # was living a lie before God and mer; how could be dure to condemu others for hypro-

risy! he thought,
"They are arrant hypocrites," sail the
Colonel "O" this I am convinced, and a hypocrite is always a dishonest man! "Yes, in one sense," replied Mr Courtney, "but not necessarily dishonest is money

matters." "I believe," said the Colonel, "that a man who will deceive, who will not regard truth, has not principle enough to resist temptation when the opportunity for theft is

at his hand.' Mr. Courtney looked troubled. The Colonel continued: "You will find in time, if you do not cheek

these young men, they will rob vou. This will be their gratitude for your generosity." "You are rather severe, Colonel I am so surprised to hear such an opinion of them, and it is one so opposite to that which I had formed, that I am unable to say what I ought to decide is the truth in this matter."

"I only wish to open your eyes. You can see enough yourself if you watch them. But you must not do as you have done-judge others by your own true heart!"

Mr. Courtney drew a heavy sigh.
"Would to God!" he said, "that I were all you think of me Some one has wisely remarked that we are all better or worse than what men think of us. I shall be on my guard, Colonel, and your suggestion will not be dis-regarded " Locking at his watch, he added, Upon my word, I had no idea it late. I promised Miss Crawford to be at her house early this evening, to help her to prepare a little surprise for the birthday of her friend, Miss Blain."

"I have kept yea too long," raid the Colonel. "I'll go now. What a charming woman she is! Do you know, Courtrey, the world says that she is the only woman in Washington worthy to be your wife? What a queen she will be in the home you can give her! What a compension for a man of your position and education! How you both would shine in the White House! "Colonel, Colonel, my dear friend, I beg of you have no such idle thoughts! If you hear them expressed, deny the possibility say that you have heard from nie that I have no intention, no wish to marry. As my

"Most assuredly I will not, Courtney. would not do you such injustice, nor would I is sult Miss Crawford in such a manner. Sup pose that she or her father should hear that you are insisting that you will never marry hor,-do you think they ought to receive you after such a boust?" "No, they ought to—her fasher ought to— but never mind, I am a fool, Colone L. I wer

friend, will you do me this favor? Pray

der at my own folly, and yet more still at the folly of the world that flatters me. It is not I; it is my wealth that is the object of attraction." " Now, Courtney, you cannot blind your self to the fact that you are a most attractive

society man in every way, and you are bound to use, and not abuse, such gifts. "Suppose, Colonel, that I have already abused my opportunity and my gifts, if I have any.

"Come, come, you are blue to night. Go and see Miss Crawford. She will chuse away such blue devils. I wish I were ten years younger and had your chance !" "I do not feel well to night. I think! will send my regret to Miss Crawford.'

"If so, do not go. Good bye," said the Colonel, leaving Mr. Courtney. (To be continued.)

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