

PARNELL AND HARTINGTON.

THE TRISH LEADER'S VIEW OF LIBERAL ELECTIONEERING—CONDEMNING RELIGIOUS ANTAGONISM—GUARANTEE OF IRISH PRUDENCE IN THE CONCESSION OF HOME RULE.

DUBLIN, Nov. 11.—Lord Hartington, in the course of his election address issued to the voters of the county of Lancaster, said:—"The Government of Ireland still continues to present great difficulties. It may be doubted whether the present organization gives the executive division of the Government the strength necessary for the maintenance of peace and order in the island, and the fulfilment of the requirements and wants of the people of the country."

These sentiments were repeated by Lord Hartington at Burslem on Thursday last. He admitted his conviction that Mr. Parnell and the Conservatives were in accord, and said:—"Mr. Parnell is not the man to give his support for nothing. It will be given in return for some price paid in the shape of concessions to be deprecated as much by Irish Conservatives as by Irish Liberals. A Conservative Government can have a majority only by the assistance of the Parnellites. If, therefore, the electors do not desire that Mr. Parnell should practically be the master of the next Parliament and Government the Liberals should be returned to power with a strong majority."

MR. PARNELL'S CRITICISM. Thinking that the Irish leader might throw some light on the subject, I called on Mr. Parnell, at Morrison's Hotel, to request an expression of his views on the noble lord's meteoric visit. Mr. Parnell, with his usual courtesy, admitted me, and in the course of the conversation he made the important criticism which follows below on the noble Marquis and the Liberal policy:—

Correspondent.—What will be the political effect of the speech? Mr. Parnell.—Whether through ignorance or design, the effect will be to alienate the North from the South still further from the Liberal party, and to induce them to vote the Tory ticket. The argument prevailing Lord Hartington's speech is an open invitation to the Nationalists for the purpose of a Liberal independence. He is endeavoring to bring about a coalition with the Conservatives. He is endeavoring to do so, as the Nationalist vote in the constituencies where we find the balance of power is much more valuable to the Orange party than the Liberal vote. In short, Lord Hartington has really deserted his party in Ulster and has done all he could to procure Liberal domination in the future. Under such circumstances which we can not carry ourselves. Our victory in the future is almost certain. The Nationalist, if they vote against the Tories in the four counties, will be referred to, could give half to the Liberals, leaving seven to the Tories. But if we vote for the latter party, the Liberals cannot possibly secure more than three, if even one, which is somewhat doubtful.

PROTESTANT AGAINST CATHOLIC. "Lord Hartington's insinuations in handling the facts of the case in the case of the Protestant Ulster, where as a clear majority of the population of the northern province is Catholic. And from the fact that the Catholics are solidly grouped in their own districts, and from their greater energy and skill in attempting to register, they will secure considerably more than a majority of the seats there. In addition to this, all honest men will condemn the Marquis of Hartington's narrow appeal to Protestant prejudice and his attempt to form a Protestant coalition against the Catholics, suggesting the drawing of a red line which has no political effect."

Correspondent.—What is your opinion of Lord Hartington's insinuations upon your demand for relative independence? Mr. Parnell.—In the first place I do not attach any weight to any of Lord Hartington's insinuations on any subject of religion, since he has on so many previous occasions admitted his insincerity. He is endeavoring to judge an inch without the yardstick. A similar instance of this was his celebrated declaration against the extension of the suffrage in Ireland unless we guaranteed to give up the Irish would use it only for the maintenance of legislative union. This we never returned to give, with the result that his Lordship took up his hat and said "I can't give you his guarantee."

MR. PARNELL'S DEMANDS. Having made this explanation, I shall not be so bold as to attach too much importance to the so-called difficulties raised by the noble Marquis against the concession of a limited control over our own affairs. I fully recognize those difficulties. Lord Hartington asks for guarantees against the possible hostility of an independent Irish Government, colonial, fiscal, foreign or imperial affairs, and asks me unreasonable because while admitting that Wicklow that a demand for guarantees in these matters might not appear unreasonable, I yet deemed to give them. There may have been some obscurity in this portion of my knowledge, which was spoken under considerable physical difficulties, both to the reporters and to myself.

What I intended to say, if I did not say it, was this:—That some guarantee against a separation from England already existed in the presence of armed forces of the Crown in Ireland, and that it was not in my power to strengthen that kind of guarantee by any promise. Also that from the example offered us of the results following the concession of similar rights to other communities occupying an analogous position to that of Ireland—such as the concession of an independent Legislature to Hungary by Austria, and the suspension of the right in the British Parliament to legislate for and to tax the larger colonies, coupled with the establishment of independent legislative bodies in those possessions of the Crown—that in view of these results I was entitled to argue that similar peaceful and happy results would follow if similar concessions were made to Ireland.

I argue also that the authority of the Crown would be strengthened instead of being weakened, and that the risk of separation would be diminished instead of increased. Consequently the guarantees required would be obtained by the concession of self-determination, and by my declaration that I could make no addition to or diminish their strength.

Correspondent.—Then the granting of local self-government would not satisfy the Irish people? Mr. Parnell.—I have spoken of Lord Hartington's ignorance of Ulster politics. He appears to be equally uninformed regarding the situation in Ireland generally. His plan for an extension of Irish management over Irish affairs by small beginnings as a work of time

or as a work of sots of Parliament is stamped with failure on its face.

How does he propose to find time for such a tedious and stumbling series of operations in the Imperial Legislature? Parliament is already overtaxed by the burden of imperial and colonial interests. By making what he calls small beginnings he deprives himself of the co-operation of all those whose moderating influence might be effective with the people. I believe I can speak for all my colleagues as well as for all the prominent leaders of the present movement in Ireland when I say that none of us would assume any responsibility or take any part in the working of which such a maimed and ineffective central body as that by which Lord Hartington proposes, under the name of local self-government, to meet our demand for an Irish Parliament.

STONES FOR BREAD. For example, what Irishman of influence or importance would undertake any responsibility in a local legislature which could have no control of the police force? Questions of minor importance, but tending to sow dissensions among us and to break the solidarity of our movement, would be cunningly offered for our jurisdiction, while control over larger matters of vital urgency for the life and prosperity of the nation would be withheld, and the imperial controlling authority which Lord Hartington would set up over our local authority, moved, as it would be, by the landlord interest and other interests foreign to Ireland, would continually thwart and destroy even the limited power given to the elected representatives of the people.

Another preposterous demand of Lord Hartington is that Ireland should become a homogeneous or unanimous country before any settlement between England and Ireland, as between nation and nation can become possible. Why should Ireland be more unanimous than England or any other country? As a matter of fact, she is more unanimous than England, since the result of the forthcoming elections will show a majority of five to one in favor of Nationalist demands, whereas England will exhibit the spectacle of a nearly equal division into two parties at least regarding the political questions of the day.

TWO MONSTROUS CONTENTIONS. The existence of the landlords, also, of the land in forty years has exterminated a population of four millions of our people, and has shown a monstrous perversion of the law. The Nationalist movement is a struggle for the purpose of bringing Ireland back to a normal condition. It is a struggle for the purpose of bringing Ireland back to a normal condition. It is a struggle for the purpose of bringing Ireland back to a normal condition.

I have already disposed of the hypothesis regarding politics and religion by indicating the almost absolute certainty that nineteen out of thirty three seats will be carried by the Nationalist and by quoting the census table to prove that the majority of the inhabitants of the North are Catholics. I absolutely deny that Ulster is our most industrious province. I have never seen anything in any country to equal the indefatigable toil of the Connaught peasant who has reclaimed the mountains and the marshes—the only parts of the country that he is allowed to hold—and who migrates every year to England and Scotland and finds in the corn fields and gardens of those countries the employment which is denied him at home.

If the North is the most prosperous portion of the country it is certainly not because her people are more industrious or because they are Protestants, but rather because their staple industry is the manufacture of linen, which is protected by England instead of being proscribed as was the sister woollen industry of other provinces of Ireland, and because the tenants of the North had by Ulster custom long enjoyed that partial security in their holdings which has lately been legalized over the rest of Ireland.

A RIDICULOUS OPINION. I feel that I have wasted too much of your time and of my own over this examination of Lord Hartington's speech. He may regard my article as a real force in politics. His intention is to have been to attempt to act as the same kind of drag upon the coach of Progress as is exemplified in the case of the little boy who hangs on behind a vehicle and with his feet on the ground tries to prevent it from going down hill. Nothing that the Marquis is now in the habit of saying in opposition to any popular movement is ever serious. It is considered by a political leader.

It will be found that Lord Hartington's speech at Belfast, addressed, as it was, to a few score of politicians about to die, can by no means be accepted as indicating the views and thoughts of the real party leaders in England upon the solution of the question pending between the two nations separated by the Irish Sea.

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WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

An American Tale of Real Life.

BY RHODA E. WHITE.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Although the house of Mr. Crawford was open to hospitality, and the family were obliged to conform to the severe demands of custom during the "gay season" in Washington, yet the good nature had preserved simplicity, and what we call an English comfort, in their private life. This was an inner circle to which only those most respected and loved were admitted. Here they became sharers in the festive joys, so dear to every home. After a grand dinner, and when the guests had departed, the family withdrew to a room they called "The Retreat." It was well lighted, and looked out upon an extensive lawn, bordered by walks, shaded by aged oaks and oaks. The windows were large and draped in colored brocade silk; an inner curtain of lace softened the light. The furniture was of comfort. Soft sofas and easy chairs, covered in rose-leaf green woolen brocade, invited repose. A table upon which there were every kind of material for writing, articles of antique form in silver and bronze, induced one to be occupied if need be. On the other side of this room was a work table, with so many pretty baskets, work boxes, and charming things upon it for a lady to use and admire, that it was impossible to pass it without at least looking at them. Then the old-fashioned large fire place, with its massive brass and iron was, in winter, blazing with the light of its well-seasoned hickory wood, that sent out its heat generously upon all who drew near. At the door of the Retreat, a large crimson screen kept out the cold winter draught, and it was as ornamental as useful. Over the mantel-piece was a painting of Washington crossing the Delaware. The contrast between the heroic suffering of those poor soldiers and the comforts of this room was apparent, and it was often commented on by the young folks. Out of The Retreat Miss Crawford, whom we must now call Emily, went into a lovely boudoir, furnished in rose color and blue, but with great simplicity. It too, looked out upon the lawn, and was at all times cheerily and brightly lit. Emily's piano and harp were here, and her cases and portfolio of paintings. Two or three wall shelves were fitted with selected books, and on a centre table were were a number of valuable and beautiful engravings. In the evening this boudoir was lighted with wax candles in silver lights of silver, and on the table the same were in silver candlesticks. A wood fire here, too, burned on the hearth, and the polished steel and iron appointments were Maggie's pride, who made them shine, for she said, "young Missus liked to see everything look like silver." Such a room only needed, to complete its attractions, an inmate like Emily Crawford, and here she admitted Mr. Courtney and a few others, while the large door of the room adjoining was always open, and members of the family were coming in and out to it.

The outer rooms of this mansion, all elegant and appropriately furnished, were receptacles for visiting and grand dinner apartments, not half so cozy, however, as these family rooms. A greenhouse occupied one side of the building, and was separated from these apartments in order not to obstruct the view of the lawn, but a door from the boudoir, which was a corner room, opened into it, and the perfume of roses and geraniums and tropical plants filled the air. No wonder that Mr. Courtney found it a paradise, and just such a one as he would like to create for himself and Angelina; but when he thought of Angelina, the contrast between her and Emily gave him a pain he could not relieve by any hope, that she would ever be like her. He was sorry that he had known Emily, but it was too late now, the mischief was done, and no power of reason could make him regret Emily less and his own wife more. What he could not do would do to bury this feeling, a second secret, in his heart, and live a martyr to it.

The links in the chain are increasing! He had known then that a warm and devoted love filled the heart of his wife for him, what miracles love can work, and what strength of will by dormant in Angelina's nature, he need not have feared that Emily would retain the place in his heart which he acknowledged to himself she now held. Would he break the spell? He had resolved to send his regret to Emily, and remain at home as he told the Colonel, but this resolution was weak and the temptation to see her was strong. He said to himself that he must not discontinue his visits suddenly, but that he would at once be more reserved. It entered his mind, faintly it is true, that if a fitting opportunity presented itself, he would confide to her the secrets that were depriving him of liberty and happiness; but self-love made him shrink from such a disclosure. To a woman, like Emily, how degraded he would appear! How self-love and unwise! No, he could not expose his fault to her. He was a more respectable man before Emily Crawford than before all the world besides. So he yielded to the temptation to spend that evening with Miss Crawford, and he passed with her a delightful one. They amused themselves preparing a poem for the birthday, in which they introduced some humorous allusions to family incidents that created great merriment, and it drew around them the other members of the family, who shared heartily in the enjoyment. At ten o'clock came the social supper, and the genial board increased the spirit of innocent hilarity. Daniel, for the time, was unmindful of the weight of responsibility that was depressing him. What responsibility is more weighty than the care of a good conscience?

The conversation was full of repartee and that natural vivacity which is the outcome of genial social happiness. The time for parting came, and Miss Crawford:—"To-morrow night we will wait for you to go with us to the house of Miss Blair."

"Do not wait for me," said Mr. Courtney, "I may be obliged to remain away till late. I will meet you at the house, not here," he said, addressing Emily. It had occurred to him that after what Colonel Keane had told him of the reports abroad, it were better not to be seen too often in public with Miss Crawford.

When he reached the hotel the fire in his grate had nearly gone out, and everything looked uncomfortable. It was cold, too, and the wind and sleet beat unpleasantly at the window panes. What a contrast to the house he had left! He had received a pile of letters that must be read before going to bed. The following morning he had promised to make a speech on the subject of an important bill. His State depended upon him to see it carried through, so he muffled himself in his fur-lined cloak, and though shivering with cold, opened letter after letter. One that he took up he let fall upon the table, and sat irresolute before it for several moments, and then, while breaking the seal, he said, in a whisper:—"Poor Angelina! You come to me to-

night in an unhappy moment. I am out of humor with myself."

Glancing at the contents of the letter, he saw that it was not reproachful, and it gave him courage to read it. What care she had taken in the writing! The paper was tinted and perfumed, but here and there the sheet was blotted by her tears, which she had endeavored to remove, but Daniel could see them, and they were a severer rebuke to him than the harshest words could have him. He read:—

"DEAR DANIEL,—I have received one letter only from you since you left me, but I know you have written oftener than that, for if I was not afraid of tiring you I would write to you every day. I love you so much, I can't say I am alone, because, in my mind, I see you all the time, and I hear you call me, as you often did, that you are not sorry you married me, but that you love me better every day. I will do every thing you wish, and in time I will please you, as well as anyone else could. I promised to tell you all that troubled me, and now what I am going to say must not make you angry with me. I have found out lately that I have a very jealous disposition. When Captain Donaldson, who comes often to see me, tells me all about the grand ladies who invite you to their houses, I think they are handsome and wiser than I am, and my face burns and my heart beats, and if the Captain was not here, I would cry, but I only laugh, and I tell him I am glad you are so well treated, when all the time I am not. Then, when he goes, I go to bed and I can't sleep. I am so sorry I was jealous and so wicked to think you would ever love any one of these fine ladies. No, dear Daniel, I do not and I never will again, no matter what Captain Donaldson tells me. Another wicked thought that I have is, that if he loved you, he would not say some things he says of you about my living alone here so long, for you have done so much for him, he ought not to do so. May I tell him I do not like to have him come here? Little Para does not look quite so well. Maria says it is because I cry so much, but don't be troubled about that, I will not do so any more. I love you so much, Daniel, that I want to please you, and I know it will not please you, if I cry too much. You don't mind it, do you, if I cry just a little? Tell me all you wish me to do. I am trying to study as I promised, but I can't remember well. Maria says it is because I think all the time of you. I can't promise to do that, so I had better not study till you come again to teach me. I suppose these ladies in Washington know everything, but no one can love you like your own wife."

"ANGELINA." Daniel read over this letter two or three times. There were several points in it that went like sharp arrows through his heart. The simple trust in him, of his child like wife, was the severest accusation of his conscience against him, and for a moment, he again resolved to shake off the chains that bound him, and live in the liberty and light of such pure love as this young and innocent creature gave to him. He would go home at once, and return with his wife. It would only be a surprise of a few days to the wondering crowd. But then, there was Para! What could he say of her birth, but that the marriage had been a year concealed? So, Daniel, with her legions of sinners, came before his mind. He rose from his chair, and restless and troubled, walked to the sideboard and drank too freely of some brandy. No, that resolution was not a good one he now saw. How had he been so foolish as to form it! The only course was the simple one of waiting as his wife had consented to do till his return to N— in the spring. "Poor little bird! It has been cruel in me to cage you where you cannot sing! It shall not last long!"

He then read over again the paragraph in the letter relating to Captain Donaldson. Pounding the table with his fists, he exclaimed, in a loud tone, "D— the rascal! I believe he has evil intentions. If he dares make love to Angelina, or induce others to do so, I'll—" Mr. Courtney sprang from his chair, tore off his coat, paced up and down the room rapidly, and held his hands on his heart. Fortunately a knock at his door recalled him to a sense of the danger of exposing his secret. He hurried to the table, and then opened his door.

Colonel Keane saw he was much excited. "Why, Courtney, what the devil has kept you up all these three o'clock in the morn'g?" said his friend, coming in. "I saw your light burning, and I thought I'd drop in and warm myself by your fire, but I see, like mine, it's out."

"And, may I ask, before answering your question, Colonel, what the devil has kept you out this cold night till three o'clock?" "That infernal committee of lobbyists. They met to-night to discuss the ways and means to carry through that bill you will speak on to-morrow, and they have kept me talking and drinking imprudently till now."

"Are they encouraged?" "No, they are rather downhearted. They have discovered that there will be a stubborn opposition from the Northern members, and they depend solely upon your speech and influence to-morrow."

"I never felt less like successful effort. The truth is some of these letters," putting his hand on the pile on the table, "have cost me down a little. These men at home think we can control the government, I believe. It would make you laugh to read all they expect of me now that they have sent me here to Washington."

"Yes, I know, Courtney, how that is; each man thinks his vote turned the scales in your favor, and that you owe him and his clique eternal gratitude. Make up your mind that you have a hundred enemies to one friend after an election, and so far as you can, stick to the friends. Some men make the mistake of trying their enemies and selling their friends."

"I came in rather late and found the fire low," said Courtney. "I've remained too long reading over all these letters and laying plans how to satisfy my correspondents. Suddenly I felt a death-like chill creep over me. I took some brandy, too much, I fear; and that somehow played the mischief with me. It seemed to send a flame of fire through my being that drove the blood into my head. For a moment I thought I would die of the pain in my heart, and, as you do, I tore open my waistcoat and craved."

"You do look rather badly, Courtney. Better go to bed now and sleep. Good night."

When Colonel Keane closed the door Mr. Courtney congratulated himself on what he had heard, that there would be a stubborn opposition to the bill. This satisfied his conscience for the moment that his duty lay in keeping his secret to himself still longer, and in remaining in Washington till the holiday Christmas time, when, if possible, he would make a flying visit to Angelina, and bring her back with him.

CHAPTER III. Our hero could not make up his mind to make the plunge, so he tried to keep up his courage by huckle resolutions to make it at a more convenient time, and by persuading himself that the better time to do so had not

yet come. He must sleep now, he said, and get rid of these "wild fancies" that were enough to drive him mad. He would have to appear calm and self-possessed on the following day in the House. Poor Mr. Courtney fell asleep a little before dawn.

The debate was a spirited one, and lasted several days in the House. It was a contest that drew out the best talent for and against the Bill, and at times no one could tell which side would be victorious. "The journals of the day were enthusiastic on both sides of the question, and each side promised their party readers—that the victory would be theirs. However, time that decided great and small events, gave the glory to Mr. Courtney's speech of deciding the question in favor of his party. Even Northern men yielded gracefully to the re-ut, and more than one came and acknowledged to him that his view of the Bill was a right one, and that they were not sorry it had passed. "But," they added, "Courtney, 'till it not in Gosh' that I have said so, I must rail at you in public, you know, and condemn the men who voted with you."

"Yes," said Courtney, "this is an article of political life to which all would submit; one would think, to follow men and not principles."

"Exactly, that is, in public, you know?" "Yes, we all have our own private opinions, in spite of this tyranny of office."

"There are men, Courtney, who are above this slavery. They say that you are one." "In politics," replied Mr. Courtney, "I am wholly independent. I have never sold myself to any office or creed."

"No; but you are so independent in your wealth and your name before the world is on the roll of honor, so you can afford to be honest."

Daniel's conscience showed him as if in a mirror how little he deserved the praise bestowed. He knew what a contemptible coward he was in the presence of public opinion, and that as to honor, he had no claim to the place given him by Colonel Keane and the friends now present in the House, where they had gathered in a private room to congratulate Courtney on the success of the day.

Whenever he went, all that week, everyone flattered and applauded him. His eloquence, his frankness, his complete knowledge of the subject, and above all, his geniality and personal manner, and his high regard, were the cause of admiration every where in Washington. Mr. Courtney became the rising star of the season. The Lobbyists ceased the galleries to hear him speak. He was obliged to have his val at the door of his apartments to keep out the enthusiastic crowd, by saying, "Mr. Courtney is at present too much occupied to see visitors."

When his carriage stood at the door for him to drive out, some of the lower classes took the opportunity to aasty their curiosity to see him; and his servants were obliged to make way for him to pass through. As he bowed to one side and the other, a stouther cheer arose. When he was seated in the carriage with Colonel Keane, who was his only confidential friend, he smiled and said:—"These public honors are most unpleasant to me; far from deserving them, I feel more like a man who they are gazing on out of curiosity."

"You surprise me, Courtney," replied the Colonel. "You are not destitute of that universal ingredient in human nature—vanity, and yet your indifference to all the adulation you receive would make me doubt whether you have too little vanity or too much pride."

"The latter, no doubt," said Mr. Courtney. "One thing you must not doubt, that the crowd that strewed branches one day in a hero's path, would crucify him on the first occasion that he stood in need of their mercy."

"May we never stand in such need," said the Colonel. "All men living stand in need of the kindness and mercy of their fellow beings," said Mr. Courtney.

"Oh,—there they are," exclaimed the Colonel. "Who?" "The Crawford's. They are bowing to you now."

The two carriages passed one another rapidly. Mr. Courtney caught his hat and smiled, and Miss Crawford, with equal grace and much pleasure in her countenance, responded to the salute.

"Was a magnificent woman Emily Crawford?" said the Colonel. "I prefer smaller women," replied Mr. Courtney, carelessly.

"There is something queerly in her face and figure that reminds me of Moore's Hindu. I never saw a woman whom I thought more beautiful," said Colonel Keane.

"Beauty is evaporating, I allow," said Mr. Courtney; "do you not think one soon gets tired of it?" "Not of itself-eternal beauty. As well might you tire of the sun's light that is beautifying the landscape."

"When a woman's mind and soul are not developed, to me her face is not beautiful, no matter how faultless are the features, nor how lovely the complexion," said Mr. Courtney. "You must admire Miss Crawford."

"Do you attend her not regularly receptions?" "No, that is, not regularly; my duties will not permit me to accept many invitations anywhere, and I do not like to make an exception by going frequently to Mr. Crawford's house."

"They say," said the Colonel, "that a young English nobleman has lost his heart in that quarter, and is devoted to Miss Emily." "Ah! I have not met him there."

animated conversation on political questions but poor Mr. Courtney could not drive from his mind the painful idea that even in his most private life the public intruded and as though under every crown of laurel!

He felt that, to refuse, Miss Crawford led to the loss of her love, to himself he had to confess Emily's power over him. He had met her more than a year since he had met her and he found in her society a charm of congeniality that no one else had possessed for him. He could not deny that every look of hers betrayed that she liked him, perhaps loved him; and though he knew the danger he was in, he had not tried to escape. He broke the spell that forced him to submit to her; and now he saw that other ladies had seen that he had attracted her. It ought not—must not be! This course of his would be the cause, by analogy, of greater condemnation than the wrong he had done his wife. "What greater villain is there," he said, "than a married man who wins the affections of an innocent woman whom he cannot marry? No, I must not add another sin to weigh me down," thought Daniel. "I must, no matter what it costs Emily or myself, withdraw from her society. I remember what Louis said to me when I argued that it was better to put off the acknowledgment of my marriage; it is never better to continue in a course, if it is wrong," she said. Had I then followed her advice, I would not have taken this second step downward!"

So reasoned Daniel; and in part, he listened to his own conscience. His visits were abruptly discontinued. He learned after a time that Miss Crawford was engaged to Lord— and that it was reported that they would be married in early spring and would reside in England.

It was a severe struggle for Daniel to absent himself without explanation from the house of Mr. Crawford, and he knew that the family was justified in considering such an act as luxurious and unbecomingly, that he could not tell the truth. As a married man, his previous intimacy in the family was severely reprehended. He had seemed hedged around with difficulties, and he was out of them until the end of his marriage could become public.

One day after this, Miss Crawford looked in vain for the first of the day, and after each day for the next day, she was cured for her absence.

"He is not sick, Emily," said her mother, "he is in the House every day, and you must have been his wife."

"Mamma, he has been absent for three or four days, and you know that death has occurred in his family."

"In such a case, my dear, it is his duty as a gentleman to send his father a note of condolence, and to attend to his duties."

"Yes, mamma, dear, but I must do you not know that such a note is regarded the rules of ceremony would be to give in thanks."

"Not men of the world, Emily, like Mr. Courtney. There is some reason in what he says, that has made him content himself with this. Could it be that he is so much to be married, and think it wrong to give news for gossip in Washington by his visits, mamma?"

"He ought to have thought of this the sooner, Emily. Already your father has been congratulated on the prospect of your marriage with Mr. Courtney."

"Oh, mamma," said Emily, covering her face with her hands and leaning against her mother's shoulder, by whose side she was sitting, "how could such a thing be thought of outside! He has never spoken a word of love to me!"

"Emily, my dear, I have strange news regarding Mr. Courtney. You need laugh at him from your heart!"

"Mamma, do not say that you think him unworthy my love; oh, could I do that, I should die! He may be able to explain to you this absence! Let us give him time. I don't believe he could be dishonest in any way. Everyone is fond in praise of him, and he has done in the South, and even in this winter. Please mamma, do not say that you think him unworthy my love; oh, could I do that, I should die! He may be able to explain to you this absence! Let us give him time. I don't believe he could be dishonest in any way. Everyone is fond in praise of him, and he has done in the South, and even in this winter. Please mamma, do not say that you think him unworthy my love; oh, could I do that, I should die! He may be able to explain to you this absence! Let us give him time. I don't believe he could be dishonest in any way. Everyone is fond in praise of him, and he has done in the South, and even in this winter. 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