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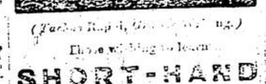

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WOMAN AND WINE.

Pop! went the gay cork flying,
Sparkled the gay champagne,
By the light of the day that was dying,
He filled up their goblets again.
Let the last best toast be woman,
"Woman dear woman," said he,
"Empty your glass, my darling,
When you drink to your sex with me."

But she caught his strong brown fingers,
And held them tight as in fear,
And through the gathering twilight
Her fond voice fell on his ear:
"Nay, ere you drink, I implore you,
By all that you hold divine,
Pledge woman in tear drops,
Rather by far than in wine.

"By woes of the drunkard's mother,
By the children that begged for bread,
By the face of her whose beloved one
Looks on thee when 'tis red.
By the kisses changed to curses,
By the tears more bitter than brine,
By many a fond heart broken,
Pledge no woman in wine.

"What has wine brought to woman?
Nothing but tears and pain,
It has torn from her heart her lover
And proven her prayers in vain;
And her household goods all scattered,
Go tangled up in the vine:
Oh! I pledge pledge no woman
In the curse of so many—WINE."

PRIDE AND PRINCIPLE.

It was a lovely day, the streets were crowded with the gay and fashionable, as William Montclair emerged from his office and proceeded with a firm and resolute step down the street. "I can endure this condition of affairs no longer," he said to himself, as he walked on, intent upon his own thoughts, and scarcely conscious of the many bows and smiles which greeted him from all sides.

Upon reaching his destination, the servant answered, "Miss Vinton is at home, sir," and in a moment more he was ushered into the handsome parlors where the beautiful Madeline Vinton was engaged with other morning calls.

Nothing in her quiet, well-bred manner betrayed to the casual observer that her presence was especially pleasing or otherwise; nevertheless, the slight blush and quickened breathing with which the conversation was resumed, his coming had interrupted, amply made amends for the slight part he was called upon to take in it. Therefore, he sat silent, little heeding the small commonplaces which were poured forth thick and fast by the various members of the circle, and gazing in fond admiration on the lovely face of the fair entertainer, until all had paid their parting compliments, and the lovers were, at last, alone.

Seated side by side upon the sofa, Madeline's face still bright with happiness, while that of the lover's was clouded with anxiety, he said, "Madeline, I have come to make a last effort to induce you to consent that I should speak with your father. I have yielded too long already to your wishes in this matter of keeping our engagement a secret. It is positively repugnent to my feelings and principles, to be acting the part of a clandestine lover, who can snatch but a stolen interview; and day after day is obliged to see the smiles, that are his only, lavished upon others rather than himself."

"Ah, William, you are jealous this morning, I am sure you are," said Madeline, playfully, "and of such a person, too! There now, be quiet like a good boy, and I'll promise you that I will not flirt with Mr. Goldsmith again—no, not for a month." She then added more gravely, "Can't you see it is only done for a blind?"

"But why not let all be fair and open? What need is there of a blind or subterfuge in such an affair as this? Surely your father can have no reasonable objections to our engagement. My family is unexceptionable, my character unquestionable, and, though not rich, my prospects are considerably more than average."

"Oh, William, you don't know my father! All his ambition has been to obtain wealth; his whole soul is bound up in it, and his whole heart is unalterably fixed upon my marrying a person as wealthy as himself."

"In other words, upon your marrying Mr. Goldsmith." Madeline was silent. "And, knowing this, you encourage his love, and if true, to me, would willfully blight his happiness forever. Oh, Madeline, you almost madden me!"

Madeline clapped her hands and laughed heartily as she exclaimed, "Splendid! How perfectly you play the role of jealous lover! I blight Mr. Goldsmith's happiness? You flatter me, William! Oh, no; *his* happiness could only be blighted by setting fire to his houses, or depreciating his stocks."

"Dear Madeline, let us be serious," and William took her hand, while, with his whole soul beaming in his handsome face, he said, "Listen to me, my darling. Through all the months since we plighted our faith at Long Branch, I have yielded implicitly to your will. With all my regard for truth, I have been acting falsely; with all my hatred for deceit, I have stooped to meanness and duplicity; and, what is still worse, have seen you debase your own noble nature by the same disguises. And to what purpose? It will be years before I can acquire wealth, and shall we go on, robbing ourselves of the pleasure in which we glory, and plunge deeper and deeper into the mire and filth of base deception? I can not look your parents in the face without a humiliating sense of conscious guilt, knowing as I do that I have stolen their daughter's heart, while they believe it to be free and unfettered. I can endure it no longer; and have resolved this day to tell your father all."

"And without my consent?" said Madeline, her face crimsoning with indignation.

"No, dearest; I hope to have your free consent and entire cooperation. Your father loves you dearly, and if you tell him, as you have so often told me, that your whole heart is mine, he cannot be so cruel as to separate us."

"But he can, and he will!"

"Then, what is to be done? Shall we disgrace ourselves by an elopement, without even one effort to gain your father's favor? commence our wedded life by trampling on our highest honor? No, Madeline; be it far from either of us. I have acted but weakly in this matter thus far; but wickedly, I will not act—so help me Heaven!"

"Trust all to time and secrecy," said Madeline.

"I will *trust* only to time and truth. Supposing your father frowns at first, he might be won over to look favorably upon my suit; I esteem both him and myself too highly to suppose that impossible."

"Again I assure you it is impossible, and insist upon your silence!"

"Insist! After I have shown the wrong, so subtly hidden by our blind love, and how much misery our course inflicts upon me?"

"Yes, I do insist upon it," said Madeline, angrily, "and did you love me half as much as you say, you would beg a great deal more for my sake. I am a much better judge in this case than you can be, and no power on earth will move me to yield my wishes to such ridiculous scruples."

"Madeline," groaned the lover, in a tone that might have touched a less imperious heart than hers, "my detestation of deception seems a ridiculous scruple! Oh, how have I mistaken you!"

"It seems that each has mistaken the other," said Madeline, haughtily, "and the sooner our mistakes are corrected the better it will be for both. I am no weak girl to be led wherever a hot headed domineering man chooses to take me; and your affection is unworthy of return if you are willing to sacrifice nothing to it."

"My dearest Madeline! I can not sacrifice truth and honor even to you. Blinded by my idolatrous passion for you, I have allowed it to lead me."

"No," interrupted Madeline, now highly irritated, "do not mock me with your professions of passion; deeds are louder than words in proclaiming sincere affection to the trusting heart. Rather say, I love you, but I love my own way better. Or, perhaps, your love is settled on the rich portion which my father will bestow on his obedient daughter, and scarcely feel content to marry me without it. It is well I understand you ere it is too late," and the proud beauty burst into a flood of angry tears.

"Do you mean what you say, Madeline?" said the lover, pale with agitation. "Do you really doubt my affection—proven, as God knows, by the most blind submission that every man paid to the caprice of woman, and do you now believe me mercenary?"

Madeline did not reply; but continued sobbing in the corner of the sofa.

The young man rose and stood before her.

"Unsay those cruel words! Do you think me the heartless, mercenary being you describe? And must we part thus, Madeline?"

Still she spoke not, and after a few vain entreaties, that she would break her stubborn silence, he rushed madly from the house.

A few moments later Madeline ran up to her room, where, with but little effort, she succeeded in removing all traces of tears, and by the time she was called to join the family at dinner she was as sunny and cheerful as if nothing had occurred to agitate her.

Madeline Vinton was a spoiled beauty; vain, passionate and impatient of control. Her mother, a weak woman, had indulged her to the extent of her power; but that power was limited. Mr. Vinton, from whom the daughter inherited her pride and willfulness, was absolute master in his own house, and to secure domestic harmony, perfect subservience to his will was necessary. His wife had learned to accomplish her ends by cunning and double dealing; and frequently, when the worthy husband thought his hand was guiding affairs, the wife would take advantage of an under current, and bring things about exactly as she wished. But it was only in small matters that this was ventured upon. Mrs. Vinton's mind was a small one, and in small triumphs her soul delighted. Her daughter, with more intellect than herself, a stronger will and more irritable temper, was most successful in working with the same weapons on both parents, and thus insured to herself a liberty quite surprising, for the daughter of the stern uncompromising Mr. Vinton. Nevertheless, Madeline stood in awe of her father. She knew he loved her; but at the same time she knew also that not one cherished notion would be sacrificed to her happiness.

He was proud of her beauty, of her talents, of the admiration she excited, and, not among the least, was the prospect of the fortune she would bring to his descendants.

Mrs. Vinton's attention was mostly occupied by the younger children in the nursery, and Madeline, in consequence, had been able to receive her lover, to whom she had engaged herself while spending the summer months at the seaside under the care of a married aunt, her mother's sister, at an hour when the occupation of both would prevent observation.

Ever since the contraction of this engagement, William Montclair, to whom the very thought of deception was abhorrent, had been urging upon the woman, whose beauty and apparent worth had gained his warmest affections, the necessity of revealing its existence to her parents.

But no amount of persuasion could induce Madeline to yield to such a measure. She knew her father had set his heart upon a wealthier suitor; she knew, too, that in this her mother sympathized with him, and if she had not, she wouldn't have dared oppose his will.

We can scarcely imagine to what Madeline looked forward as the termination of her engagement. She had a vague idea that in some way she could get round the father; but just how, she had not thought. Then there was something so delightful in carrying on a secret affair; indeed, clandestine marriage would not in any degree have disturbed her ideas of filial duty, and the horror expressed by William Montclair at the thought of it had been no slight mortification to her vanity. She also loved dearly to feel her power. To see a strong man restive under the galling chain forged by her own will was a satisfaction. The thought of a possibility that he might not yield implicit obedience did not for a second darken her mind; therefore she did not regret their altercation in the least, and, confident that the next day would bring him penitent to her feet, she gave herself up to her usual occupations and pleasures.

When two days had passed, and William came not, Madeline began to be a little uneasy. On the third day he passed her on the street with a distant bow; but he looked wretchedly, and this gave the proud woman no small satisfaction. Still confident in the power of her charms, she had no fear of losing him; but that she should yield, or make the slightest effort toward a reconciliation, was not thought of. It was his business to sue for pardon, and Madeline had, in her own mind, determined upon the time and place for her triumph.

There was to be a large party in a day or two, at the house of one of Montclair's most intimate friends. At this place he was sure to be, and Madeline, who really longed for a renewal of their intercourse, looked forward to the time with the greatest impatience.

Before time for commencing her toilet, she threw herself on the sofa in her own room and indulged herself in bright dreams of future bliss. She thought of William—of the deep and ardant passion she had inspired in him, of the noble and generous nature which must make happiness to all connected with him, of his talents and acquirements, which must work their way to independence, if not to wealth. And with a sigh over his present poverty, and another over his strong self-will, she leaped over the difficulties in their path, and saw herself the presiding genius of his home: the wife that shared his inmost thoughts and feelings, his comforter in the hour of sorrow, and his sympathising friend in that of joy,—until tears of happiness bedewed her cheeks, and she felt then that she could sacrifice anything for his sake.

Just then the maid entered in breathless delight. "Oh, Miss Madeline! Such a magnificent bouquet! The most beautiful this season!" And handed the costly offering to her mistress.

Madeline viewed it in mute admiration, satisfied with this indication of Montclair's anxiety to atone for the offence he had given her; and was indulging some very tender thoughts of the giver, when the maid suddenly re-entered, bearing the card which had fallen on the stairs. She placed it in Madeline's hand, who read, "For Miss Vinton, with compliments of Mr. Goldsmith."

The revulsion of feeling was too great for Madeline's temper. With flashing eyes, and an exclamation of deep disgust, she cast all on the blazing fire before her.

The maid, not unused to these violent demonstrations of her mistress, attempted to rescue them from destruction; but Madeline prevented her, and stood enjoying the ruin until they were consumed.

Her toilet completed, she looked triumphantly at her beautiful face reflected in the mirror, then descending to the parlors was soon in the carriage.

Her eyes wandered in vain over that gorgeous assemblage as she entered the rooms on her father's arm; no William met her view.

About an hour later, after making her way into the back parlor, she perceived him standing in close conversation with a gentleman, and so engrossed was he that he did not see her for several minutes; and then he bowed distantly and continued his conversation.

Madeline's chagrin was unbounded, and Mr. Goldsmith advancing at this point she bestowed on him lavishly her most bewitching smiles and congratulated herself that she need no longer feel that the party was stupid; and on his expressing some surprise at not seeing the flowers he had sent her, she regretted deeply the unfortunate fact that they had not reached her; probably there had been an error in the address. Soon after this she allowed Mr. Goldsmith to lead her to a retired corner of the room, where he detained her the greater part of the evening.

Three times, in the course of it, her eyes met William's; there seemed to be no jealousy in the glance; his eye rested inquiringly on her, and she at once coldly averted her's.

How great the change in one short week! Even the momentary interchanges of sentiment that a glance conveyed was sweet, yet she was still determined that not even by a look would she make the first advance toward reconciliation; she only flirted the more desperately with Mr. Goldsmith, and had never appeared in more brilliant spirits.

But, oh! The storm of anger, of disappointment, of baffled hope, that raged within that fair and seemingly tranquil breast; yet, amidst it all, she preserved the same gay exterior. But when she was removed from the restraints of society; when, after casting off her rich apparel and precious jewels, she dashed herself upon the bed in a paroxysm of indignation against him, of whom, a few hours before, she had thought so tenderly; all her old love seemed turned to hate, and how to most fully revenge herself was the all consuming passion of her soul.

A few days after the incidents we have related, as Montclair was reading the morning paper in his office, a friend entered in high spirits, with "Have you heard the news, Will? Madeline Vincent is engaged to Frank Goldsmith!"

Fortunately Montclair was seated in his large office chair, else he certainly must have fallen. At last he stammered forth:

"Are you sure of this, Clayton?"

"Sure—why Mr. Goldsmith told me so himself. I never saw a fellow so delighted in my life. Oh, its certain as fate; and I'm sure no one can be surprised after the way in which she has received his attentions the entire season. It's a capital match—she will do the honors of his grand house elegantly; such parties as she will give—such a fine, dashing, spirited creature as she is. But I must be off! I only looked in to tell you the news."

And William was left alone—alone with his breaking heart—the fine fabric of his once imagined happiness torn in shreds at his feet.

Could this indeed be true? He had looked upon her as his plighted wife. He recalled the vows which were still his, and to which, though for a time estranged, he had never dreamed of withdrawing his allegiance. Could she thus give him up, without by a single look endeavoring to recall him?

His first impulse was to rush to her, to reproach her with her cruelty, her treachery, and to let her witness the agony she had caused. But his pride, which she had so wounded at their last interview, and which had determined him on the course he was pursuing, prevented.

Then came the humiliating question—had she ever really loved him? Had he not from the first been a victim of her coquetry? Had she not from the first been sporting with his affections, and leading him to pour out upon her the deepest and best feelings of his heart, only for the pleasure of breaking it at last? Had he any cause to hope for anything more noble or generous, after what he had discovered of her total want of good principle during their last interview? Maddening and painful as was the disappointment, still in this he found consolation; the world knew not of his former happiness or his present misery, and when in a few days he reappeared among his friends, there was no traces of the painful conflict evident, except it might be his face was a shade paler. Thus Madeline was disappointed in one foundly anticipated triumph; but although she saw him unsubdued, she knew he suffered, and this consciousness greatly aided her still to act her part with spirit.

Her acceptance of Mr. Goldsmith was when her anger with Montclair was at its height; her only thought was the blow it would inflict on him. But the delight with which Mr. Goldsmith received her assent, the joy of her parents at the match, and the splendid establishment this marriage would secure, was not without effect on her.

As Mr. Goldsmith had remarkably soft and insinuating manners, and was really much in love with her, she hoped to be able to govern him completely; she, therefore, tried to forget that he was neither young, handsome, nor interesting; and pleased by his constant flattery and perfect submission to all her caprices, and kept in constant excitement by the rapid preparations making for her marriage, she really believed her love for William was completely annihilated by his own misconduct.

But Madeline had miscalculated. The wedding gayeties were hardly over before she began to discover that the quiet, obsequious Mr. Goldsmith was not quite the submissive and obedient husband she had expected him to be. It is true he never tired of admiring his youthful bride; but he showed a strong disposition to monopolize her society himself. He did not choose that she should flirt and dance with gay admirers, as she had done in the days of her unfettered girlhood; or that every evening they had no engagement out, she would assemble around her a young and giddy circle, instead of devoting her time to him.

And as from the first, she showed that his wishes did not influence her conduct in the least, he soon found ways and means to reduce her to obedience.

Their first serious quarrel, which occurred within two months after their marriage, effectually proved who was to be master.

They had returned from a visitation which Mr. Goldsmith wished declined. His wife, after vainly endeavoring to alter his determination, quietly sent an acceptance, hoping some lucky chance might take him out of the way on the appointed evening, and rather enjoyed the anticipation of his discomfiture when all should be over, and he should have proven the utter uselessness of asserting undue authority over her actions.

Contrary to her hopes, however, her husband remained at home, and after presiding at the tea table, she was just going up to dress, when he inquired why she was leaving him.

"To dress for Mrs. Townsend's," said Madeline, carelessly. "You need not go if you do not want to; but as I have a particular desire to be there I shall go alone."

"I thought I requested you to decline that invitation," replied her husband; "did you not so understand me?"

"Oh, I understood you perfectly," said Madeline, "but as I wished to go, I thought proper to accept it," and passing before the husband as she spoke, rang for lights in the dressing room.

"There is no need of dressing, Madeline: you cannot go to this party."

"Can not?" she repeated.

"Why, I pray you?"

"Because I do not wish it. Is not that sufficient reason?"

"By no means," said Madeline.

"If your wishes are unreasonable, you surely can not expect a reasonable woman to yield to them. I have promised to call for Edna and Lucy Arnold, and therefore I *must go*," and with a smile of triumph left the room. "Tell Jones to have the carriage at the door by nine," she said to a servant passing through the hall and then ran up stairs.

When her toilette was completed, she again descended to the parlor, where her husband sat quietly reading the evening paper, and as he showed no signs of displeasure in his face, she concluded he had yielded, and therefore addressed him as if nothing had happened.

"And you think I look well tonight?" she said, as he assisted to clasp a bracelet on her arm.

"Charmingly, my love," he replied. "I am much gratified by your appearance. These gauds are exquisite on your lovely neck.

"But I wonder the carriage doesn't come; I ordered it at nine."

"The carriage!" exclaimed her husband; "what can you want with the carriage?"

"Are you crazy, Mr. Goldsmith? To go to Mrs. Townsend's, of course."

"I told you before, Madeline, that you were not to go there; so make yourself comfortable, my love, and we will have a pleasant evening together."

In vain Madeline scorned; in vain she essayed—finding the carriage countermanded, to set out on foot by herself. The doors were locked, and the servants, deaf to her commands. In vain she tried entreaties, reproaches, tears, and finally hysterics. Mr. Goldsmith was immovable, and, what is more, imperceptible. He sat reading his paper, and did not seem to hear a word. At last his wife threw herself upon a sofa, completely exhausted by the violence of her passions, and wishing—oh, how bitterly!—that she had never married him.

"You, see, my love," he said, when all was quiet save a few hysterical sobs, "how needless it is to agitate yourself in this manner. You have spoiled a very pleasant evening, and gained nothing by it, but a very disfigured face."

"Cruel man, I hate you!" exclaimed the wife.

"You will change your mind to-morrow, my dear," replied the husband. "You hated me when you burned a bouquet I once sent you, and yet next day loved me well enough to consent to marry me. I understand the whole matter perfectly, my love, and I hope by this time you understand that I am master here."

But we need not follow Madeline, former in her wedded career. It was in vain she tried to circumvent her husband by her cunning, or to destroy his happiness by her ungovernable temper. He seemed armed at all points in the most perfect panoply of insensibility; not even a heel was vulnerable to her attacks. She is, therefore, her own tormentor, and by turns a victim to discontent, to ennui, and morbid melancholy. Her beauty is gradually fading, and her interest in life seemingly gone.

She, too, enjoys the misery of seeing Montclair elevated to the highest pinnacles of fame in his profession, to which, after his cruel disappointment, he devoted every energy; and his recent marriage with a beautiful and sweet-spirited woman proves how entirely Madeline is forgotten. In hours when her better nature predominates, not the least of her suffering is the thought that had she allowed principle instead of pride to be her guiding star, how different it would have been with her.

Business Law.

The following brief compilation of business law is worth a careful preservation, as it contains the essence of a large amount of legal verbiage:—

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A note by a minor is void.

A contract made with a minor is also void.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of debts of the firm.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

It is fraud to conceal a fraud.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money is not always conclusive.

The act of one partner binds all the rest.

If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends let others excel you.

It is the nature of the human disposition to hate him whom you have injured.