AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

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American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1866. VOL. 52.—NO. 50.

ADVERTISING TERMS.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Quarterly, half-yearly, and yearly advertisements inserted at a liberal reduction on the above rates. Advertisements should be accompanied by the CASH. When sent without any length of time specified for publication, they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

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Dec. 1, 1865.

WM. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY &c. AT LAW, Carlisle, Pa. Office near Court House, South side of Public Square, in "Inhoff's Corner," second floor. Entrance, Hanover Street. Practicing in all the Courts of this Judicial District, prompt attention will be given to all business in the Counties of Perry and Juniata, as well as of Cumberland.
May 21, 1866—1y*.

CHAS. E. MAGLAUGHLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Building formerly occupied by Volunteer, a few doors South of Hanover Hotel.
Dec. 1, 1865.

W. KENNEDY ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office same as that of the "American Volunteer," South side of the Public Square.
Dec. 1, 1865.

H. NEWSHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with Wm. H. Miller, Esq., South-west corner of Hanover and Pomfret streets.
Dec. 1, 1865—tf.

M. C. HERMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Rheem's Hall Building, in the rear of the Court House, next door to the "Herald" Office, Carlisle, Penna.
Dec. 1, 1865.

W. F. SADLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office in Building formerly occupied by Volunteer, South Hanover street.
Dec. 1, 1865.

N. M. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY AT Law and Real Estate Agent, Shepherdstown West Virginia. Prompt attention given to business in Jefferson county and the Counties adjoining it.
Feb. 15, 1866—1y.

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office on South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's Store. By special arrangement with the Patent Office, attends to securing Patent Rights.
Dec. 1, 1865.

WM. B. BUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office with Wm. J. Shearer, Esq.
Dec. 1, 1865—1y.

JAMES A. DUNBAR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office a few doors West of Hannon's Hotel.
Dec. 1, 1865.

JOHN. C. GRAHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office formerly occupied by Judge Graham, South Hanover street, Carlisle, Penna.
Dec. 1, 1865—1y.

J. M. WEAKLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office on South Hanover street, in the room formerly occupied by A. B. Sharpe, Esq.

JOHN LEE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, North Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa.,
Feb. 15, 1866—1y.

PHYSICIAN AND ACCOUCHEUR. Dr. Louis P. Griffin, (formerly of New York,) having permanently located at Carlisle, solicits the liberal Patronage of the citizens of this place, and surroundings. Particular attention paid to diseases of Women and Children. Office at Mansion House, Room 32.
April 26, 1866—6m*

JNO. W. ALLEN, M. D., (late Surgeon U. S. Army,) having permanently located in Mooreville, Frankfort township, will attend to all professional calls. He respectfully solicits the patronage of the citizens of this place and vicinity. Office at the residence of Mr. Wm. Blosser.
April 19, 1866—1y.

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIST. *From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.* Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther Street, three doors below Bedford, Carlisle, Penna.
Dec. 1, 1865.

DENTISTRY—Dr. W. B. Shoemaker—Practical Dentist, Newville, Pennsylvania. Office one door North of the Post Office.
Feb. 22, 1866.—1y.

DR. I. C. LOOMIS, DENTIST, has removed from South Hanover Street to West Pomfret Street, opposite the Female High School, Carlisle, Penna.

DAVID F. MILLER, SURVEYOR and Draughtsman, Mount Rock, Cumberland County, Pa. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him.
April 5, 1866.—3m.*

City Advertisements.

NEW SKIRT FOR 1865-6.

THE GREAT INVENTION OF THE AGE

IN HOOP SKIRTS.

H. W. BRADLEY'S NEW PATENT DUPLEX ELLIPTIC (OR DOUBLE) SPRING SKIRT.

This Invention consists of Duplex (or two) Elliptic Pure Refined Steel Springs, ingeniously braided tightly and firmly together, edge to edge, making the toughest, most flexible, elastic and durable Spring ever used. They seldom bend or break, like the Single Springs, and consequently preserve their perfect and beautiful Shape more than twice as long as any Single Spring Skirt that ever has or can be made.

The wonderful flexibility and great comfort and pleasure to any Lady wearing the Duplex Elliptic Skirt will be experienced particularly in all crowded Assemblies, Operas, Carriages, Railroad Cars, Church Pews, Arm Chairs, for Promenade and House Dress, as the Skirt can be folded when in use to occupy a small place as easily and conveniently as a Silk or Muslin Dress.

A Lady having enjoyed the Pleasure, Comfort and Great Convenience of wearing the Duplex Elliptic Steel Spring Skirt for a single day will never afterwards willingly dispense with their use. For Children, Misses and Young Ladies they are superior to all others.

The Hoops are covered with 2 ply double twisted thread and will wear twice as long as the Single yarn covering which is used on all Single Steel Hoop Skirts. The three bottom rods on every Skirt are also Double Steel, and twice or double covered to prevent the covering from wearing off the rods when dragging down stairs, stone steps, etc., etc., which they are constantly subject to when in use.

All are made of the new and elegant Corded Tapes, and are the best quality in every part, giving to the wearer the most graceful and perfect shape possible, and are unquestionably the lightest, most desirable, comfortable and economical Skirt ever made.

Pratt, Bradley & Cary, Proprietors of the Invention, and Sole Manufacturers, 97 Chambers, and 79 and 81 Reade Streets, New York.

For Sale in all first-class Stores in this city, and throughout the United States and Canada, Havana de Cuba, Mexico, South America, and the West Indies.

Inquire for the Duplex Elliptic (or double) Spring Skirt.
March 22, 1866—3m*

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL WORK, THE PICTORIAL BOOK OF ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS OF THE REBELLION: *Heroic, Patriotic, Political, Romantic, Humorous and Pathetic.* Splendidly illustrated with over three hundred fine Portraits and beautiful Engravings. This work for genial humor, tender pathos, startling interest, and attractive beauty, stands peerless and alone among all its competitors. The Valiant and Brave Hearted, the Picturesque and Dramatic, the Witty and Marvellous, the Tender and Pathetic. The Roll of Fame and Story, Camp Picket, Spy, Scout, Bivouac, and Siege; Startling Surprises; Wonderful Escapes, Famous Words and Deeds of Woman, and the whole Panorama of the War are here thrillingly and startlingly portrayed in a masterly manner, at once historical and romantic, rendering it the most ample, brilliant and readable book that the war has called forth. Disabled officers and soldiers, teachers, energetic young men, and all in want of profitable employment, will find this the best chance to make money ever yet offered. Send for circulars and see our terms. Address,
NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.,
No. 507 Minor Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.
May 10, 1866—1m.

GRANT AND SHERMAN!—The two heroes before their tent planning a battle—Great smoking. A beautiful steel engraving by William Sartain. Agents wanted everywhere.—Sample sent by mail for 50 cents. Agents make 50 per cent.
Address, BARTLESSON & CO.,
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May 3, 1866—2m.

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HARRIS & CHAPMAN,
Boston.
May 3, 1866—1m.

WHO? WHO? WHO?—OUR NEXT GOVERNOR!—We have a correct and striking photograph of *the next* Governor of Pennsylvania, which we will send by mail for 25 cents. If we *mistake the man*, the money will be refunded immediately after election next October. Is it Clymer or Geary? Write and see.
Address, BARTLESSON & CO.,
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May 3, 1866—2m.

City Advertisements.

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WATCHES, JEWELRY & SILVER WARE,
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AMERICAN, SWISS & ENGLISH WATCHES.

MY ASSORTMENT OF JEWELRY IS

COMPLETE IN ALL RESPECTS,

Embracing Articles of the Highest Cost,

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A VERY LARGE STOCK OF

PLAIN RINGS ON HAND.

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ALSO FANCY SILVERWARE

SUITABLE FOR BRIDAL PRESENTS.

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Particular Attention Paid to Repairing Watches.

Diamonds and all other Precious Stones

BOUGHT FOR CASH,

AS ALSO,

OLD GOLD AND SILVER.

COUNTRY TRADE SOLICITED.
Feb. 1, 1866—1y.

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MANUFACTURERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
501 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, we are headquarters for the following, viz:

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Of these we have an immense assortment, including

VIEWS OF THE WAR,

Obtained at great expense and forming a complete

Photographic History of the Great Union Contest.

Bull Run,	Dutch Gap,
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Fairfax,	Nashville,
Richmond,	Petersburg,
Deep Bottom,	Belle Plain,
Monitors,	Chattanooga,
Fort Morgan,	Atlanta,
Charleston,	Mobile,
Florida,	Strawberry Plains,
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We were the first to introduce these into the United States and we manufacture immense quantities in great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to $50. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any other. They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER.

The Trade will find our ALBUMS the most Saleable they can buy.

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Our Catalogue now embraces over *Five Thousand* different subjects (to which additions are continually being made) of Eminent Americans, &c., viz: about

100 Mag-Gens.,	100 Lieut. C'ols.,	650 Statesmen,
100 Brig. "	250 other Officers,	150 Divines,
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40 Artists,	125 Stage,	50 Prominent Women,

3,000 Copies of Works of Art,

Including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, &c. Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp. An order for One Dozen Pictures from our Catalogue, will be filled on receipt of $1.50, and sent by mail, FREE.

Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D., will please remit twenty-five per cent. of the amount with their order.

The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy.
May 17, 1866.—3m

E. REMINGTON & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
REVOLVERS, RIFLES,
MUSKETS AND CARBINES,
For the United States Service. Also,
POCKET AND BELT REVOLVERS,
REPEATING PISTOLS,
RIFLE CANES REVOLVING RIFLES.

Rifle and Shot Gun Barrels and Gun Materials, sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.

In these days of Housebreaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank, and office, should have one of

REMINGTON'S REVOLVERS.

Parties desiring to avail themselves of the late improvements in Pistols, and superior workmanship and form, will find all combined in the New

REMINGTON REVOLVERS.

Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application.
E. REMINGTON & SONS, Ilion, N. Y;
MORSE & NICHOLS, Agents.
No. 40 Courtland St., New York.
April 12, 1866—6m.

MANHOOD: HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc; also, Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents.

The celebrated author in this admirable essay clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife—pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and *radically.*

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post paid*, on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps. Address the publishers,
CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York, Post Office box 4,586.
March 22, 1866.—1y.

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.—Just published, in a sealed envelope. Price 6 cents. A Lecture on the nature, treatment and radical cure of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal weakness, nervous debility and Impediments to Marriage generally, Nervousness, Consumption, Epilepsy and fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity resulting from Self Abuse, &c. By Robert J. Culverwell, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves, from his own experience, that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without Medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials, pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically. This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands, sent under seal to any address, in a plain, sealed envelope, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Also, Dr. Culverwell's Marriage Guide, price 25 cents. Address,
CHAS. S. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York, P. O. Box 4,586.
April 26, 1866—1y.

CLYMER! GEARY!—We have Photographs, large and small, of Clymer and Geary. Agents wanted to sell them. Send 75 cents for specimen copies by mail, postage paid.
Address, BARTLESON & CO.,
611 Chestnut Street, Phila.
May 3, 1866—2m.

Poetical.

I KNOW THY HEART REMEMBERS ME.

BY JAS. G. CLARK.

I know thy heart remembers me
In all its pain and pleasure—
And oft mine own goes back to thee,
Its last and dearest treasure;
'Tis mine to gaze on stormy seas,
And view its wreck of glory there,
And thine to feel life's morning breeze
Unmixed with all its chill despair.

I sometimes call the world my home,
The world which hath bereft me;
And dream awhile that joys will come
As bright as those that left me!
And then some wounded bird will stray
From memory's track of withered flowers,
To flutter o'er my future way,
And sing the dirge of holier hours.

The day that died on yonder height
Shall live again to-morrow—
But when the heart goes down in night,
It finds no morn from sorrow;
The frown of night, the smile of dawn,
Will vainly gloom or gild the sky—
'Tis always night when thou art gone,
'Tis ever day when thou art nigh.

Thou may'st not feel that I have loved
As man no more may love thee—
Until the vows of men have proved,
Vain as the clouds above thee;
But down the burial vale of years
My words will rise with mem'ries rife,
Like grave-stones wet with useless tears,
Which cannot call the dead to life.

Miscellaneous.

A BITTER LESSON.

"Don't go, Helen. Can you not for once sacrifice your pride to your husband's happiness? It may save you years of regret and pain."

"No; Charles is unreasonable, Annie, and I will show him that I am not a child to be driven by frown into his way and wishes."

The young wife's beautiful face wore a hard, determined expression, as she stood before the long mirror in her elegant dressing room, fastening a spray of scarlet flowers in her black hair. The gentle eyes of a middle-aged lady regarded her sorrowfully, for Mrs. Tilbury was not naturally willful or unamiable, as she saw in her present action the result of her brother's mistaken policy, in refusing to accompany his wife to a brilliant evening party which she had set her head upon attending. He was domestic and home-loving in his disposition, while she was gay and lively; but she had ever deferred to his wishes, and sacrificed much for his pleasure. Unfortunately, the longing to go out in the olden way had proved so strong as to cause her to plead for the indulgence, and he had refused her without any reasonable grounds for that refusal. She was made to feel that he was selfish in the action, and her proud spirit rose up in rebellion against what she came to regard almost as tyranny, in the excitement of the moment. There had been sharp, bitter words for the first time in the course of their married life, and each felt sorely aggrieved. The result was the non-appearance of Mr. Tilbury at the usual dinner hour, and the firm resolve of his wife to go without him, and against his will. Miss. Tilbury, who was residing with them—an only sister, an invalid, and a quiet, gentle, intelligent woman—had seen and heard all with a heavy heart, clearly perceiving the dangerous ground on which those two young people were standing. Knowing how vain it was to strive with her brother's will when he had declared his purposes, she turned to Helen, hoping an appeal to her better nature might accomplish the desired effect. But she had mistaken the strength of Helen's will when the latter imagined herself wronged, and might as well have appealed to the stars to descend, as to entreat the young wife to leave her purpose now.—The curled, rigid lip—the steadfast, glowing eye spoke a spirit aroused not easy to quell.

"But Helen, dear, think what you hold in your hands. As a woman, the arbitress of a loving man's fate, you are too wholly responsible to act, lightly or wilfully without counting what may be the cost. In all differences of feeling even when men are most unreasonable, it is the woman's place to yield, where so much is at stake. I know Charles so well that I tremble for the result. He will never get over it."

"I can understand, Annie, how natural it is for you to take part with your brother against me in this matter. He is your brother, and has always ruled your yielding, plastic nature to his will. I am not like you. If I have been the slave of his wishes, it was because I loved him too well to set myself up in opposition to him. But I was wrong all the time, and have known myself so. He has presumed upon his power to deprive me of the most harmless enjoyments. I have been cut off from society like a nun, and had the mortification of knowing that my old friends comment upon it to my husband's detriment. In permitting it I do him a wrong as well as myself, and it shall be so no longer. I do not so much care to go out as you may think, though I do often long for change from the constant quiet after so gay a life as I have been accustomed to. If Charles would go with me, I should feel so proud of him—noble, handsome as he appears! But here I have been for more than a year, spending evening after evening at home, without any kind of amusement. He does not even think of taking me to the opera, which I love passionately. If I hint it, he places my music before me and tells me I can myself sing and play as well as those Italians or Germans, who torture music-loving souls with their laborred efforts at acting without ability to succeed. For society, I have you with your crotchet, and your brother with his newspaper, which he never cares to read aloud! Were this not a constant, daily thing, I certainly would not complain.—As it is I cannot longer refrain. His frowns and disapprobation have too long kept me in chains. Now I become myself, and break them in defiance of his unreasonable displeasure. If he cannot care for my pleasure at all, or make some sacrifice for my gratification, I must look to others for what he refuses me. Jenny, ring and ask if brother Arthur is waiting in the parlor."

Miss Tilbury sighed wearily. The long speech which Mrs. Tilbury had just uttered was not devoid of truth. There should not be sacrifice all upon one side and selfishness upon the other, she knew too well. But she was fully conscious also that her brother had not meant to be selfish. If Helen would only allow herself to be influenced in the matter, now that trouble had arisen, she felt persuaded that Charles would see his error and appreciate his wife's forbearance; while, on the contrary, if she persisted in her course, the breach might be irreparable. With a very heavy heart she heard the arrival of Mr. Arthur Orton announced, and saw Helen sweep toward the door with the step of a queen. One great pang forced her to follow and make a last appeal.

"Oh, Helen, you *will go*."

"Yes, Annie, I *will go*."

The young wife paused and turned a royally beautiful haughty face to her sister-in-law. The anguish in the gentle woman's eyes softened her a little, and she hesitated a moment. Then she recrossed a room, put one little jeweled hand over Miss Tilbury's shoulder, and kissed the pale cheek.

"Do not worry and look so miserable, Annie. Am I going to commit a crime, that you should so dread what I do?—Charles must be taught what is due to his wife, if he will not see for himself.—Do not sit up long, but go to bed in peace. I will not be out very late. Now, good-night, dear, silly sister."

Tears rained over that sister's cheeks, and the beautiful vision glided away, not happily, but with that proud spirit of defiance and wilfulness that brings its own punishment. As she entered the parlor, her brother exclaimed in rapture at her appearance, and his eyes danced with pride and fondness as he thought of the admiration she must win. No man entered the brilliant drawing-rooms of the great man of the town that night with such feelings of contentment as swelled in Arthur Orton's breast. The temporary sense of anger Mr. Tilbury's refusal had caused him when his sister apprised him of her need of him as an escort, faded away in the delight of the sensation he created with so lovely a vision before him. It was a failing of the Ortons to take inordinate pride in family beauty and gentle blood. From this one weakness had arisen errors that had marred the happiness of more than one of the unfortunately gifted race.

And yet it is not to be wondered at if his head erected itself more triumphantly, or her cheek kindled as they moved through the crowd, hearing upon all sides the comments and exclamations her beauty excited. Her re-appearance in society was in itself a note-worthy event. Ladies so unusually handsome are seldom known to give up all the attractions of the world for a quiet fireside, and her retirement had occasioned no little wonder. Now the re-appearance of an acknowledged belle, more beautiful than in her first year as a *debutante*, drew scores of eager and curious and pleased friends around her.

In a short time her tablets were filled, and she found herself in the bewildering saloon, gliding through the dance, under a blaze of lights and ravished by the sound of entrancing music. Her eyes burned, her lips wreathed with smiles, while the soft glow on her cheeks deepened to vivid crimson. In the pleasure of the hour, all her unhappy feelings passed away, and she was joyous. Never had she been so witty and brilliant, never so courted, admired, surrounded, flattered. It was all like a bewildering dream, a fairy scene of eastern splendor an delight.

"Mrs. Tilbury, is it possible this can be you?" A tall, stately gentleman had made his way to her side, and bent over her hand, with courtly grace. He had once been her admirer, and report had coupled her name with his as her most favored suitor, a fact which had given her much pain, for he was too unprincipled and calculating with all his wealth, polish and refinement, to win a heart like hers. Many eyes were upon the pair now, conscious of the past in relation to them, and she was compelled to appear cold and unmoved in fear of misconstruction, even while she trembled in every limb.

"Yes, it is I indeed," she laughed. "Were you at a loss to recognize me?—Fie, I had not thought to be so soon forgotten."

In her effort to appear at ease, she had said the very thing she ought not to have said.

"Not forgotten," he murmured. "I was but surprised, for you have so long foresworn society. How could you be so cruel? Or rather, how could Mr. Tilbury be so selfish as to rob us of our queen?—Some valiant champion of society's claims should call him out."

What a pang shot through her heart.—Did this man dare to imply a reproach in his speech about her husband. Was the old leaven of his fierce jealousy at work to mete out an ungenerous revenge for the disappointment she had caused him in wedding another and a better man?—Already the spell was fading and the intoxicating cup was tinged with bitter drops. From another those words might have sounded meaningless badinage; from him they could not be so; and as she trembled more violently with involuntary resentment, his full, fixed eye mercilessly rested on her flushed face.—She had not expected or thought of this trial! And now sprang in her heart the longing for that fireside she had abandoned so wilfully—its safety, security and peace!

"Will you take my arm for a promenade, Mrs. Tilbury? You look warm."

She could not decline, and placed her gloved hand reluctantly upon his sleeve. He quietly drew the little member to a firmer resting place, and walked on ignoring her agitation, and talking, animatedly on indifferent topics until she regained confidence. With her confidence, pride returned, and a sort of sophistical vein of reasoning with it which stifled the thought of going away. How silly she was! Did not her position as Charles Tilbury's wife furnish her sufficient protection; and was not her own brother near her, to shield from misconstruction? Better if she had not thought thus? Far better if she had followed the first natural impulse that rose in this man's presence, and fled the scence at once.

"Helen, you had better shun that man," whispered Arthur once as he passed near and found an opportunity to speak unheard. "His devotion excites comment!"

Mrs. Tilbury lifted her head haughtily.

"Arthur! This from you! Am I first that people should dare to comment upon my actions? Have I not the blood of the Ortons in my veins? I am not a coquette or a coward, and I defy the world, if it dares to criticise my actions."

"Oh, child, be careful! Such a spirit can do you harm only—not good. Your Orton pride and courage will not prove an invulnerable shield against envy and malicious scandal. I am your brother and a man of the world. Be advised by me."

Evidently be was a man of the world, for he covered his earnest words by only a slight show of brotherly attention, and laughingly left her.

Mrs. Tilbury had a great deal of natural delicacy and tact, with which she managed without seeming intent, to keep Mr. Hudson at a distance. If sometimes he got near her after that warning from Arthur, she made him retire in spite of himself, and leave her to others, a course which galled him exceedingly, the more so as he knew that his presence inwardly chafed her, and he was unmanly enough to delight in a triumph born of her fears of public opinion.

But the battle was a severe one, and intensely wearied her. She longed to escape, and looked around for Arthur that she might ask him to take her home. At that moment Mr. Hudson was in conversation with a lady at a little distance, and had not his watchful glance upon her.—Wishing to escape without being noticed by him, she glanced through the crowd eagerly.

"For whom are you looking?" asked a gentleman with whom she had just finished a quadrille.

"My brother. Ah I see him over there by the folding doors. Will you be good enough to conduct me to him?"

"Shall I not bring him here?"

"O, no! I prefer to walk. These rooms are hot, and that is nearer the conservatories."

They made their way through the crowd till they came near him, when suddenly Mr. Orton disappeared. They followed and caught sight of him as he passed on to the green-house with a lady on his arm. Mr. Carleton smiled.

"Shall we disturb him?" he asked.

"I think not this moment. Please to leave me here on this chair. I feel like resting, and when he returns he will be sure to see me. I am much obliged and will not detain you longer."

He would have lingered, but the tone and manner deterred him. With a low bow he withdrew and left her alone. Through the open door came the low splash of a fountain and the odor of spicy plants. She could not resist the desire to enter the delightful place and rest under the leafy shadow, and so arose and glided swiftly within the conservatory.

"I shall see Arthur as he goes back," she said to herself, "and I am so weary!"

She dropped upon a rustic chair and leaned her hot brow against a marble vase which stood upon a pedestal. A shower of rich petals fell over her as she did so, breathing their exquisite fragrance all around her. Amid the cool freshness and beauty, she sat and thought—thought regretfully of the step she had taken, wishing that she had possessed the power to stifle pride and spare herself this heavy heart-ache!

Ah, Helen, not yet is thy lesson complete! Not yet is the cup more than tasted which contains the bitter draught!

"Helen, why do you fly me?"

The young wife started up with a cry, striving vainly to shake the hot, close grasp of Mr. Hudson's fingers from her hand.

"Be still," he said in low, concentrated tones "for you must hear me. I see how it is. You are not happy with your despotic husband. He shuts you from the world as he would imprision a captive, and wastes your superb beauty on senseless walls. He is jealous of you, and wrongs with his want of confidence. Where is your womanly pride, that you submit to it? Oh, Helen, had you been mine, it would not have been thus. A jewel so rare and beautiful I should have been proud to wear before all men, and I should so exalt myself in the honor of your possession, no thought of jealousy could ever enter my mind. He never loved you as I did—as I do still and must—"

Helen struggled, threw up her hands and sank like a crushed thing to the ground. This man's words had seemed to wither and blast her. They had struck her dumb with indignation, and before she could break the spell, a pale face gleamed through the leafy covert between them and the door. That pale face and those gleaming eyes which seemed to blaze upon her, instantly disappeared, and as Charles Tilbury turned his back to hasten from the spot, his wife sank senseless at Mr. Hudson's feet.

He had not been quite prepared for this, and for a moment knew not what to do.—But the first thing that occured to him, was to dash water in her face. Seeing nothing near to convey any in to the lady, he dipped his handkerchief hastily in the little fountain, and applied it to the white face. She stirred, gasped, struggled and sat up. He raised and supported her with his arm, not daring to speak, and by the dim light she saw his face as she looked up in bewilderment.—Instantly the color rushed back to her white lips, and with an imperious gesture, she wrung herself from his grasp, sweeping from the place with the air of an insulted empress. He could not see how she trembled, or hear her heart beat with the sudden weakness that had been the result of her illness; he only saw the proud carriage of the beautiful head—the fierce flash of the blazing eyes.

Straight through the crowd to her brother she made her way, and placed her hands upon his arm.

"Arthur, I am ill. Take me home."

He looked down at her in alarm, as well he might, for already the blood had again receded, leaving her as pallid as snow.

"Why, what is it? What has happened?"

"Take me home," she gasped, "and ask me no more questions."

In a few moments he had placed her in her carriage and prepared to follow her. She put out her hand.

"Stay here, Arthur, and do not come with me. I ask it as a great favor, and you *must* obey my wishes."

"Why, Helen, what is the matter?"

"I simply do not want you. Let me go home alone, and at some early date I will tell you why. Now good night."

The carriage drove away the same moment, and the bewildered man stood looking after it in amazement.

"What *is* the reason that all women will be enigmatical?" he muttered discontentedly. "I never saw Helen in such a tantrum. Sick, and will not let me take her home. By Jove, if that Hudson has had anything to do with this I will cane him within an inch of his life!"

In some excitement he returned to the drawing-rooms and passed them in search of that gentleman. It was with a deep sense of relief that he found him in the room farthest from the conservatory, quietly seated beside a lady with whom he was conversing in calm serenity. If anything had occurred between him and his sister, he would not so soon have been there and so coolly engaged. He had forgotton that men of the world are most consummate hypocrites and actors, generally speaking. Satisfied upon this point, he came to the conclusion that it was merely a woman's whim and dismissed it from his thoughts, lingering for half an hour longer in the parlor ere he took his departure.

Meanwhile Mrs. Tilbury had reached home, and hastened up to her room. Had her husband been there, she would have humbled herself at once, thrown herself upon his mercy and acknowledged her fault; but the room was silent, and the gas burned dimly. She could hear the heavy throbbing of her own heart with painful distinctness as she restlessly paced back and forth. What had become of Charles? Why had he not returned? She expected to find him there, and furiously angry, but now a new and terrible fear arose—a fear that he had lingered to demand satisfaction of her cowardly insulter, and that something dreadful would arise out of it. There was no one whom she could send; and if there had been how could she give directions by which her husband could be found? It was a trying hour. Truly was she now beginning to taste the bitter cup of repentence.

Back and forth she paced with hands wrung together in speechless anguish.—The tiara that bound her night-black hair fell off and lay in a glittering heap at her feet, but she did not heed it. Jewels flashed from her arms and bosom—glowed in her dress, sparkled on her fingers, but their powerful beauty had no powerful charm now to still the anguish of her heart. A picture of splendid misery she swept up and down the long room, scorning the peerless beauty that had given her pride—out of which pride had sprung the evils which brought her to this strait.

"Oh, my God," she prayed fervently, "spare me the consequence of my folly."

Save my husband from harm or from rashness. The fault is all mine. Let the punishment come upon me, but not through him my husband! Oh, Charles! Charles!"

She fell upon her knees beside a chair, burying her face in the cushion, smothering the sobs that rose wildly in her throat and struggled for utterance.

Hours passed. The gray dawn was dispelling the darkness of night, when the strained ear of the young wife caught the sound of a cautious step ascending the stairs. She sprang to her feet breathlessly and waited his entrance. In a moment he came in, his hands and linen covered with blood!

"Charles! Charles! oh, my God, have you murdered him?"

The words rang in a wail through the grand room.

"No; you need not be alarmed madam. I have only caned him as he deserved.—I had to wait a long time before I could catch him, but when I did so, I gave him a souvenir of this night's folly he will never forget. So pitiful a poltroon I would never stoop to fight. Caning was all he was entitled to at the hands of an honorable man."

Helen's eyes flashed. Before he was aware of her intention her arms were around him, her kisses on his face.

"Oh, Charles, my darling! thank you! I am glad, glad! All that I feared was ill to you. If he had injured you I should have murdered him! Oh, that he should *dare* to utter such words to me!"

"Helen!"

He held her off from him sternly.

"I charge you as you value our future, to tell me truthfully if you did not know Clement Hudson was to be at Mrs. Burton's to-night?"

"No; as I live, I did not know he was in America. When did I ever stoop to falsehood that you should thus abjure me?"

Mr. Tilbury took a hasty turn through the room He was much disturbed. Finally he paused and looked at her.

"Helen, I cannot be otherwise than open with you always. I have loved you so, I was jealous of everything. Do you think I did not know that I wronged your feelings in keeping you from the world? But you are so beautiful you cannot help exciting admiration, and to see a set of contemptible puppies following you would make me wretched. It has been unutterably sweet to have you all to myself, safe and free from the horrible polution of a corrupt world, and I could not bear to think of losing this sweetness and peace from my life. Whenever you have mentioned balls, parties or operas, it has filled me with fear Doubly so has it been since you spoke of this one, and I knew that he would be there. I thought you knew it, and my jealous heart whispered that in this lay the cause of your obstinate presistence, and I may be pardoned if it agonized me. I resolved to follow and see for myself. Was what I did see calculated to calm my fears—or what I heard him utter to you soothing? Concealed, I watched your returning counciousness, and saw your manner of leaving him. That saved my faith in you. By a side door I reached the street and saw you leave. Then I watched for him, and castigated him well for the insult. Oh, Helen, I ought to have killed him! To think of the words he dared to utter in your ear!"

"Charles, forgive me! It was my own wilfulness which brought it upon me. I did not dream of harm or danger, and I felt only that you wronged me in your denial to gratify what I thought an innocent wish. God only knows what I suffered this night. The lesson has been enough for a life time, and out of, such folly can come no more like it."

She bowed her proud, beautiful head upon his arm, and wept while he put his other arm around her and pressed a kiss upon her cheek.

It was not a lesson for her only. He had extreted one as much needed, and in after time was less selfish, and more careful of her wishes. He knew that he had not been blameless, and in giving her the protection of his presence, made his own happiness and hers, by securing her from harm, and ministering to innocent desires, which, however sie seldom required indulging by going into gay society.

SOUTHERN WIT

The Petersburg (Va.,) *Index*, provoked by the claim set up by Mr. Wells, in his life of Samuel Adams, that Mr. Adams did more than almost anybody else to produce the Revolution, and was more the founder of Democracy than Jefferson himself, goes into a satrical rampage, which is amusing if not witty. It says:

"Our private opinion and belief is that there are authentic documents now in the library of Yale College—or will be there when needed—to prove that Bunker Hill marks the site of Babylon the mighty, that Carthage was no more nor less than Portland, Ostium, Nahant, and Boston, in fact, Athens; that Homer was professor of belles lettres at Harvard, and Palinurus a member of the Cambridge yatch club; that Priscian taught a grammar school at Montpelier, and Archimedes was a private tutor of chemistry at Concord; that St. Peter was a Cape Cod fisherman, and St. Mathew a collector of the internal revenue at Stonington; that Phidius owned a brown stone quary in Maine, and Socrates founded the *Atlantic Monthly;* that the Academia was the walk under the yew trees at New Haven, and the Colossus of Rhodes a statue which strided from Nantucket to Martha's Vineyard; that Plymouth Rock is all that is left of the Tower of Babel, and the Connecticut river ran through Paradise; that Stonington is the city of Tyre, and Merrimac fast colors the dyes that made that city famous; that the old Temple of Diana at Ephesus was not burned, but is now Faneuil Hall, and that Herodotus and Wendell Phillips were the same person; that the fable of Romulus and his brother being sucked by a wolf (lupus) arose from the circumstance, that their mother was the first Vermonter who looped her dresses; that Mercury was the ancient name of Ben. Butler's family, and that like everything else in New England, the family has gone on perfecting itself from the start; that the sun shone six hours per diem more on that favored spot than on any other spot between the poles; and that Noah's family was so much elated at an alliance with the Websters of Massachusetts that they got up a dictionary to commemorate the fact; that St. Patrick was head-centre of a Fenian circle in B