The American Volunteer.

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The American Volunteer.

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Professional Cards.

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.

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

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

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

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

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 24, 1866—1y*.

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

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

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

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.

R. NEWTON SHORT, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Mechanicsburg, Pa. Thankful for past favors, would most respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he is still practicing Medicine and Surgery in all their branches. Special attention given to the treatment of diseases of the Eye and Ear, and all other chronic affections. Office in Wilson's Building, Main St., up stairs. Nov. 29, 1866.

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 in Miller's Building. Feb. 22, 1866.—1y.

Photographing.

PHOTOGRAPHS!

The subscriber, after over five years of experience in his profession, begs to inform the public that he still continues his business at his old and well known location, in the building of Jacob Zug, Esq., *South-East Corner of Market Square*, over the Store of Messrs. Leidich & Miller, where he will be pleased to see his friends and patrons; and where he is fully prepared to take

PHOTOGRAPHS, CARTES DE VISITE AND AMBROTYPES,

from miniature to life-like size, and to guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case. The arrangement of my Sky-Light enables me to take perfect *likenesses* in cloudy as well as in clear weather. An experienced Lady Operator is in constant attendance at the rooms to wait on lady customers. Constantly on hand and for sale at reasonable rates, a fine assortment of ROSE WOOD, UNION AND GILT FRAMES.

☞ Negatives of all Pictures taken are preserved and persons wishing duplicates of the same can have them on short notice, either by personal application or by letter. Thankful for past favors, will hope for a continuance of the public patronage. JOHN C. LESHER.

Oct. 11, 1866—6m

POSITIVELY THE BEST!

C. L. LOCHMAN

AGAIN TRIUMPHANT!!

The FIRST PREMIUM has again been Awarded to C. L. LOCHMAN, for the BEST PHOTOGRAPHS.

His long experience in the business and his intimate knowledge of all that relates to the production of a PERFECT PICTURE, in chemistry, art and mechanism, enables him to make Photographs, unapproachable in most galleries, and all work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

FINE LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS, Colored and Plain, CARD PICTURES FOR ALBUMS, old and new size, PORCELAIN PICTURES of exquisite finish.

Every lady should have one of these taken; they give the most charming complexion.

AMBROTYPES

in every style of cases, and all kinds of work done in a First Class Gallery. Copies made in the most perfect manner.

Negatives are registered, and duplicates can be had at any time.

The public is cordially invited to pay a visit to the gallery and examine specimens.

A large lot of FRAMES and ALBUMS for sale cheap.

Photographs made in all kinds of weather equally well. Dec. 13, 1866

MRS. R. A. SMITH'S PHOTOGRAPHIC Gallery South-east Corner Hanover Street, and Market Square, where may be had all the different styles of Photographs, from card to life size.

IVORYTYPES, AMBROTYPES, AND MELAINOTYPES:

also Pictures on Porcelain, (something new) both Plain and Colored, and which are beautiful productions of the Photographic art. Call and see them.

Particular attention given to copying from Daguerrotypes &c.

She invites the patronage of the public. Feb. 15 1866.

Dickinson Commercial College

GREAT EDUCATIONAL INDUCEMENTS.

A First Class Business College at Carlisle, Penn'a.

THIS Institution is now entering upon its third year in its present location; during which time it has received a liberal home support, and also an encouraging share of patronage from six different States of the Union. We feel encouraged from the result of past efforts and shall spare no pains or expense in building up an institution second to none in the country.

Education adapted to all—the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Artisan, the Business or Professional man.

YOUNG MEN of limited education.

YOUNG MEN well educated in other respects, but deficient in the branches taught in a first class Business College;

YOUNG MEN of limited means, who would possess the best requisite to ensure success and distinction.

YOUNG MEN who are desirous of receiving the greatest amount of useful information at the least comparative expense are invited to investigate the peculiar merits of our Model System of practical training and eminently popular course of Study.

BRANCHES TAUGHT.

Single and Double Entry Book-keeping, in its various forms and applications, including General Wholesale and Retail Business, Forwarding, Commission, Exchange, Jobbing and Importing, Railroading, Steamboating, Banking, Partnership Settlements, Business Calculations, Mercantile Law, Correspondence, Practical and Ornamental Penmanship, Phonography, English Grammar, Composition, Telegraphing, &c.

☞ Students enter at any time.

☞ None but competent instructors employed, and a sufficient number to insure individual instruction to all.

☞ Send for a Circular giving full particulars.

Address, A. M. TRIMMER, Carlisle, Pa.

Aug. 23, 1866.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The next Term of this Institution, under its reorganization, will commence on the 16th day of January, 1867.

For terms of admission, catalogues, &c., Address,

JOHN FRASER, Pres't. Agricultural College, Centre Co., Pa.

Jan. 10, 1867—4t

Dry Goods.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

AT NO. 18.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS AT

S. C. BROWN'S

NEW DRY GOODS STORE!

GOODS ARE REDUCED FROM 10 to 20 per Cent.

In consideration of the great decline, the undersigned is now offering the greatest inducements offered in the county.

He is selling best Prints at 20 cts.,
Best 1 yd. wide Bro. Muslin at 24 cts.,
1¼ yd. best Cot. Table Diaper at 62 cts.,
1 yd. best Tick at 65 cts.

DRESS GOODS!

American Delaines at 30 cts.,
Lustres,
Alpaccas all colors,
Cobergs all col's. 3 to 6 quars. wide,
Wool Delaines 3 to 5 quarters wide, from 60 to $1 00,
38 inch French Merinoes, best makes $1 25.

MEN'S WEAR! MEN'S WEAR!!

Broadcloths, very cheap,
All Wool Cassimeres from $1 00 upwards,
Sattinets, Jeans, &c., &c.
A full line of
Notions,
Hosiery,
Gloves,
Zephyr Hoods,
Shawls,
&c., &c.

Call and see for yourselves. Remember the place,

S. C. BROWN. No. 18 West Main St., Carlisle.

Nov. 29, 1866.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

SELLING OFF AT COST

AND NO MISTAKE!

I am selling off my entire stock of Dry Goods AT COST, consisting of French, Plaid and Plain Poplins, all wool Repps., French and English Merinoes of the most beautiful colors, all wool and American Delaines, Cassimeres, Black and Colored Alpaccas,

LADIES' CLOAKING AND SHAWLS,

Shirting and other Flannels, Canton Flannels, Checks, Ginghams, Tickings, Table Linen, Ladies' Vests and Under Ware of every description, with a large assortment of Misses and Infants Merino under Vests of every size, Calicoes, Muslins, Balmoral Hoop Skirts, &c., &c.

Also, a large assortment of Gentlemen's Wear, Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets, Jeans, Shirting, Flannels, &c., &c.,

all of which must be sold *at cost* until the entire stock is sold. My goods have all been bought—some at the lowest auction prices, the remainder at the lowest wholesale prices at the New York and Philadelphia markets.

WM. A. MILES,

North Hanover Street, next door to Miller & Bowers' (formerly John P. Lyon's) Hardware Store. Remember the number—32 North Hanover, Sign of the Yellow Fannel. Nov. 22, 1866.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT BOILING SPRINGS

SINCE SAWYER & HURD

HAVE OPENED UP THEIR NEW STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

SAWYER & HURD are now prepared to present to the public a magnificent assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes. SAWYER & HURD respectfully invite the especial attention of the ladies to their elegant assortment of

DRESS GOODS,

containing the latest styles and kinds of goods selling in the New York and Philadelphia markets, Dress Silks, in varieties of colors and styles,

WOOLEN DRESS GOODS

of every kind, Poplins of all colors, barred striped and plain, medium priced goods, Domestic Delaines, Figured and Plain Reps and other cheap goods. SAWYER & HURD invite the attention of the ladies to their beautiful stock of

DRESS SHAWLS

in every color and style. We also invite the special attention of the gentlemen to our select stock of

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN Cloths, Cassimeres, Over Coatings, Cheap Cassimeres, Sattinets, Jeans, &c.

A FIRST CLASS TAILOR

whose reputation is wide spread, will make up at short notice in the best style, any of the above goods. All kinds of notions, Under Shirts, Drawers, Gloves, Hanover Buck Gloves, Ties, Hose, &c. SAWYER & HURD request housekeepers to examine their well selected stock of Oil Cloths, Shades, Blankets, &c. All the various kinds of

DOMESTIC GOODS,

kept in immense supplies, Flannels, Ticks, Calicoes, Shirtings, Sheetings, Table Diapers, and all kinds of White Goods,

BALMORAL AND HOOP SKIRTS,

best and cheapest in the county. In fact everything to induce purchasers to give us a call.

☞ Highest market prices paid for all kinds of Produce.

Do not forget the place and well known stand formerly kept by A. M. Leidich, Esq., Boiling Springs. Dec. 6, 1866—3m

NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS!

RING'S

NEW DRY GOODS STORE,

MAIN STREET,

Opposite the Mansion House,

Next door to the Post Office,

Having rented the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Wm. A. Miles, the undersigned invites the attention of the ladies of Carlisle and its vicinity to his WELL SELECTED STOCK of

DRY GOODS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, AND NOTIONS,

Just received from the Eastern Cities.

By strict attention to business, and a careful study of the wants and tastes of his customers, he hopes to obtain a share of the public patronage.

J. G. H. RING.

☞ Special attention given to DRESS TRIMMINGS.

Nov. 8, 1866—1y

DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!

FALL 1866.

A. W. BENTZ, South Hanover Street, CARLISLE.

I have just made my second fall addition to my already great and extensive stock of DRY GOODS. I have selected the most desirable goods that could be obtained in the Eastern Markets, paid most special attention to variety and taste, and am fully assured that after a thorough investigation is made, my numerous patrons (the ladies, of course!) will have all their wishes gratified.

I have a variety of Ladies' DRESS GOODS, such as Plaid and Plain Poplins, Lukins' French Merinoes, of every shade and quality, Coburgs, Mons de Laines, and Alapacas, all colors. A full line of

MOURNING GOODS!

Mourning Silks, Bombazine, Repp, double and single width, all wool, De Laines, Alpacas, English Crape Veils and Collars, London Mourning Prints, &c.

MUSLINS! MUSLINS!

very cheap and good. A large invoice of Clothes, Cassimeres, Jeans, Velvet Cord. A variety of Ballardvale, Shaker and heavy twilled Flannels Mode, Solferino, Blue, Brown, Wine, Green and Scarlet Saque Flannels, White and Col'd Home-made Flannels; good Canton Flannels; Prints; Gloves, Hosiery and Buttons of every kind; Shirts and Drawers; HOODS; Nubias and Breakfast Shawls; Blankets at lowest prices.

Don't forget the well known stand, south of the Court House, as we are prepared and will sell at the lowest prices. A. W. BENTZ.

October 11. 1866.

Furniture, &c.

A. B. EWING,

CABINET MAKER AND UNDERTAKER,

WEST MAIN STREET, CARLISLE, PENN'A.

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF

NEW FURNITURE

for the Holidays, comprising

Sofas, Lounges, Rocking Chairs, Easy Chairs, Reception Chairs, Bureaus, Secretaries, Parlor, Chamber, Dining Room, Kitchen and Office

Camp Stools, Centre Tables, Dining Tables, Card Tables, Ottomans, What-Nots, &c., &c.,

FURNITURE,

of the Latest Styles.

COTTAGE FURNITURE IN SETTS,

Splendid New Patterns.

BEDSTEADS AND MATTRESSES,

GILT FRAMES AND PICTURES,

in great variety.

Particular attention given to Funerals. Orders from town and country attended to promptly and on reasonable terms. Dec. 45, 1866—tf.

CABINET WARE HOUSE.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he still continues the Undertaking business, and is ready to wait upon customers either by day or by night. Ready made COFFINS kept constantly on hand, both plain and ornamental. He has constantly on hand *Fitz's Patent Metallic Burial Case*, of which he has been appointed the sole agent. This case is recommended as superior to any of the kind now in use, it being perfectly air tight.

He has also furnished himself with a new Rosewood HEARSE and gentle horses, with which he will attend funerals in town and country, personally, without extra charge.

Among the greatest discoveries of the age is *Wolf's Spring Mattress*, the best and cheapest bed now in use, the exclusive right of which I have secured, and will be kept constantly on hand.

CABINET MAKING,

in all its various branches, carried on, and Beaureaus, Secretaries, Work-stands, Parlor Ware, Upholstered Chairs, Sofas, Pier, Side and Centre Tables, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Washstands of all kinds, French Bedsteads, high and low posts; Jenny Lind and Cottage Bedsteads, Chairs of all kinds, Looking Glasses and all other articles usually manufactured in this line of business, kept constantly on hand.

His workmen are men of experience, his material the best, and his work made in the latest city style, and all under his own supervision. If will be warranted and sold low for cash.

He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. For the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him he feels indebted to his numerous customers, and assures them that no efforts will be spared in future to please them in style and price. Give us a call.

Remember the place, North Hanover street, nearly opposite the Deposit Bank, Carlisle.

DAVID SIPE.

Dec. 1, 1865.

Clothing.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

GREAT FALL IN PRICES.

The undersigned is now receiving his complete assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

which for style, beauty and price, cannot be excelled.

His stock consists in part of fine Black and Blue French and English Cloths, Extra Heavy Doeskin, three cut and

FANCY CASSIMERES.

Also, a large variety of Cassinets and Tweeds, Kentucky Jeans, and Cottonnades, and Linen Drillings, in great variety. Also a great assortment of

READY MADE CLOTHING.

of every style and quality, White Linen and Woolen Shirts, Summer Drawers, &c. Constantly on hand a large assortment of Ties, Collars, Hosiery and Gloves, Linen, Silks and Cotton Handkerchiefs.

Also a full assortment of Trunks, Carpet Bags and Valises, of every size.

Clothing made to order at the shortest notice. Call and examine the stock.

Don't forget the stand—South Hanover Street, adjoining Miller & Bowers' Hardware Store, Carlisle.

ISAAC LIVINGSTON.

May 10, 1866.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING!

The subscriber, thankful for past favors, begs leave to inform the public that he continues the

CLOTHING BUSINESS

in all its various branches, at his old stand, East Main Street, two doors west of Saxton's Hardware Store, Carlisle. He will, as heretofore, keep constantly on hand,

MADE-UP CLOTHING

of all kinds, and at prices that defy competition.

OVERCOATS, DRESS COATS, FROCK COATS, PANTS and VESTS,

in every style and variety.

Shirts, Drawers, Gloves, Collars, Stockings, Neckties, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders,

and every other article to be found in a first-class clothing emporium.

Also, the best of French Cloths and Cassimeres, in every variety. He has engaged the services of an experienced cutter, and especial attention will be paid to putting up customer work in the latest and most fashionable styles. JOHN TREIBLER.

Oct. 25, 1866—1y

GRAND DISPLAY OF CHRISTMAS' GOODS!

AT NO. 35 WEST MAIN STREET.

KRIS KINGLE

IS COMING!!

Fond parents look to the interest of your sweet darlings!

John H. Rheem, late of the Firm of Rheem & Spahr, announces to the public, that he has purchased the interest of his late partner, and that he has just returned from the City, with a magnificent stock of

CANDIES, TOYS AND FANCY ARTICLES,

consisting in part as follows:

Drums, Trumpets, Dancing Jacks, Horses, Mules, Tops and Dolls, of all sizes, shapes and colors; Doll Heads, Arms, Shoes & Stockings, Whips, Sleds, Guns, Trains of Cars, Wagons, Wheelbarrows, Nine Pins, Magic Lanterns, Violins, Furniture Setts, Tables, Bureaus, Balls, Monk's on Sticks, Elephants, Dogs, Cats, Mice,

and endless variety of other Toys, suitable to the fancy of both young and old.

I have selected my stock of Fruits and Confections with the greatest care, and have the finest assortment ever brought to Carlisle, among which are

MALAGA GRAPES,

Barbara and other Dates, Crystalized Fruits of all kinds,

LARGE WHITE TOYS,

Candy Apples, Peaches, Pears and Eggs, Tar Drops, St. John's Bread, Cream Cocoa, French Creams of all sorts.

I am also manufacturing and have on hand Clear Candy Toys, such as Baskets, Buckets, Rabbits, Deers, Locomotives, Tubs, Birds, Chickens, and fancy Figures of all descriptions.

Also, a splendid assortment of Taffies, of my own manufacture, such as Rose, Vanilla, Lemon, Butter, Caramel, Walnut, etc.

All the above I now have at the old stand, No. 35, where I will be happy to see and accommodate all who may favor me with their patronage.

J. H. RHEEM.

Dec. 20, 1866—tf

HENRY G. BEIDLER,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

KERSVILLE,

CUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENN'A.

Will attend promptly to the calling of sales, at the lowest rates. An experience of several years, warrants him in guaranteeing satisfaction, in every case. Residence near Diller's Bridge, West Pennsborough township.

Jan. 3, 1867—6m

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Under Shirts, Drawers, Men and Boys Gloves, &c., is at PLANK'S Boot, Shoe, Hat and Cap Ware Room, S. W. corner of North Hanover Street and Locust Alley, midway between Thudium's and Wetzel's Hotels, Carlisle. Nov. 13, 1866—6m

Poetical.

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

Oh, for some deep secluded dell,
Where brick and mortar life may cease,
To sit down in a pot of grease—
No—no—I mean a grot of peace.

I'd choose a home by Erin's wave,
With not a sound to mar life's lot,
I'd by the cannon have a shot—
No—by the Shannon have a cot.

How fair that rocky isle around,
That wide expanse to scan it o'er,
I love a shiver by the roar—
I mean a river by the shore.

Romantic Erin's sea-girt land,
How sweet with one you love the most,
To watch the cocks upon the roast—
I mean the rocks upon the coast.

'Twere sweet at moonlight's mystic hour,
To wander forth where few frequent,
To come upon a tipsy gent—
No—no—I mean a gipsy tent.

In that retirement, love, I would
Pursue some rustic industry,
And make myself a boiling tea—
No—no—I mean a toiling bee.

Beneath a shady sycamore,
How sweet to breathe love's tender vow,
Your dear one bitten by a sow—
No—I mean sitting by a bough.

Or sweet with your fond wife to sit,
Outside your door at daylight's close,
While she's hard hitting at your nose—
I mean hard knitting at your hose.

Perhaps on early cares you brood,
While sympathy her sweet face shows;
'Tis good to walk upon one's toes—
I mean to talk upon one's woes.

Ah! still you watch that fairy shape,
A summer dress which does adorn,
Admiring much her laugh of scorn—
No—no—I mean her scarf of lawn.

Miscellaneous.

THE MISTRESS OF MENDENHALL.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

"Greta, the magnificent," people named her, she had such a grand and queenly air—such a fashion of ruling everybody, from Rose Mendenhall, her little heiress cousin, to the highest and mightiest dignitaries of the country. Strangers always took her for the heiress instead of Rose, and most, when they found their mistake, were sorry that it was not as they first thought.

Ah, she was so beautiful, this Greta, she had such a clear, fine complexion, she had such great, bright, strong eyes, her hair was so lone, so silken, so abundant, so wavy and golden, she had such a tall, elegant shape, such feet and hands, such a voice, such a charming way—she was perfection of art, not nature.

Few would look twice at Rose when Greta was near, for all Rose was the heiress and Greta had not money enough to bury her, if she chanced to die among strangers. Some did look at Rose, however, and those who got beyond the crust of shyness and reserve in which she enveloped herself mostly, discovered to their surprise, as much sweetness as pertains to the lovely blossom for which she was named.

Rose Mendenhall was little, and dark-skinned as a gipsy, slender and fairy-like in her proportions, timid and child like in her disposition, devoted in her attachments, and satisfied that her cousin Greta was the most perfect person in the world. Nothing that pertained to Rose belonged to her so much as to Greta. Greta was far more mistress of Mendenhall than Rose was, and by Rose's choice. An imperious mistress she made, too. Greta had lovers by the scores—country squires and red-faced justices—though they were no desirable matches, and Greta, the magnificent, pined for a lover she should be worthy her charms and talents.

Her one dread was lest Rose should marry before she had secured a lordly enough home, to atone for the banishment from the splendors of Mendenhall. She rightly calculated that a lord at Mendenhall would be a very different institution from little Rose.

There was a letter which Rose's father had left behind for her, which troubled Greta much. This letter told Rose that he had a friend so dearly loved that it would almost be happiness to him in his grave to have that love perpetuated by a marriage between his daughter and his friend's son. This son would be of age when Rose was eighteen. He would then, in obedience to his father's wishes, visit her, and if the affections of each remained at their disposal, they might perhaps, bestow them according to the dearest wishes of the two parents. There was nothing authoritive in the letter—nothing binding upon either party. It was only a fondly expressed wish, but, as such, would be law to the generous and impulsive Rose, as Greta well knew.

Rose, however, had never, as yet, had seen this letter, nor did she know of its existence. Greta retained it in her own possession, and looked forward with alternate misgiving and eagerness to the advent of this rival to her rule.

She knew he was heir to a sufficiently barren patrimony, so that to win him from Rose would not be worth her while. But would he be of pliable mould?—of that temper which a wave of her white hand would govern? She knit her graceful brows over this problem indefatigdbly, but nothing came of it until she beheld the young man himself. Alas, then, for Greta, the magnificent! She might put her slender foot on the necks of the country devotees, but there was one who looked more than a match for her wiles.

Bruce Oldroyd stood full six feet two; he had an eye like an eagle's. He was as handsome, as gallant, as gay, as chivalrous, as noble of mein and commanding of presence as a prince in a fairy tale—Greta Landsdell saw him as he came up the avenue, and her heart sank like lead; she rallied and donned her bravest attire for him, and her loveliest smiles.

As it chanced, Rose was away for a few days, and young Oldroyd made the same mistake others had done in supposing that he beheld the heiress instead of Greta, she having purposely dropped her voice beyond distinguishing in introducing herself.

Never had such a vision of beauty dawned upon Bruce Oldroyd, as Greta was then seen in the half light of the morning room, her queenly graces exquisitively veiled with just the amount of conciousness his young intended would be expected to display, the color coming faintly in her cheek, golden shadows shimmering adown her lovely head, and scarlet smiles wreathing her moist lips. And then, when she lifted those large white lids, with what strange sweet eyes she looked at him.

He fell madly in love with her in the first half hour. It was not love so much as it was giddy intoxication—swift, sweet, subtle, enthralling. By the next day Greta told him his mistake, and, like those before him, he was sorry it *was* a mistake. It was not so bad, however. He might still love and marry whom he pleased, and it was not likely it would be any other than Greta if she would love him.

But Greta would *not* love him—at least so she told him, standing in the purple evening light, with drooped lids that contradicted most flatly what the scarlet lips had just said; and then she let her white hand flutter to the eager clasp of his, and looking up to him with eyes of mingled sadness and smiling, said softly:

"Wedding joys are not for two such poorlings as you and I. We may love, but we may not marry."

"Why not?" clasping her swiftly to him and looking reproachfully into her dangerous eyes.

She shook her head.

"You may despise me, you will, but I cannot live without this luxury—it is necessary to me; without it I should die like a bird lost in a northern winter.

She had dropped her face to his shoulder, so she did not see the shadowy pain that crossed his face.

She disengaged herself presently from his embrace.

"You will marry Rose, my darling, you ought to marry Rose—she is my niece.

Bruce Oldroyd made a gesture of impatience and extended his arms for Greta to come back to them. But she said no more, retreating from him, and smiling sadly as she went.

That night Rose came; but Bruce Oldroyd had no eyes for her, and she shrank away from him as she did from all strangers. Greta and he were always together, she tightening her coils about him with each day, siren that she was.

Rose watched them, sometimes, through vistas in wood or shrubbery, or through half-closed lattice, and the child's sweet eyes filled with slow tears as she looked. How beautiful Cousin Greta was, and—and Bruce Oldroyd. Would anybody ever love her, she wondered, as Bruce Oldroyd loved cousin Greta? It wasn't likely.

Cousin Greta surprised these musings one day and gave her a queer look. Rose was looking pale—she was always that, but Greta had sharp enough eyes to see that this was something more than usual.

"Why do you hold your hand to your side in that way Rose?" she demanded, sharply.

"I get a little hurting there sometimes," said Rose, simply.

"What sort of a hurting—what makes it?" Nonsense Rose, talk intelligibly can't you?"

"It is nothing," Rose said, "not worth talking about."

Greta watched her a moment.

"Her mother died suddenly," she thought: "I have myself been warned that a sudden shock might develop something. *She* looks more like it than I," with a proud glance in the pier glass opposite at the reflection of her superb beauty.

There was no palor there.

"Rose loves you, Bruce," Greta said softly to her lover, half an hour after.

"Rose? Tush!"

"It is true. You had better marry her."

Bruce Oldroyd turned upon her with a haughty flash:

"I love to so yet, Greta, don't crowd me too hard."

Greta's scarlet lips parted in a slow smile and she watched him languidly through half-closed lids.

"I believe you would not care a heart-throb if I did," he said angrily.

Greta laughed. She meant to provoke him.

"Tell me that over again and I will make you the sorriest——"

"Never threaten a woman, Bruce."

"If you ever tell me to marry Rose again, I will do it so help me—"

That night there was company at Mendenhall—some of Greta's old admirers among them—and she smiled upon them till Oldroyd's blood was on fire with jealous anger, and he looked for Rose in sheer spite.

Darling little Rose. How her face glowed under his look, how her sly, soft eyes trembled away from his, and her cheek grew hot and cold by turns.

Reckless Bruce Oldroyd, madly trifling with one heart that he might wring another, as his own was being wrung.

Greta watched him furtively, and he, thinking she was looking at last, bent lower still to look into Rose's sweet eyes, and cadenced his voice to still more love-like tones.

"Oh Greta, such a happy evening," murmured Rose, as her cousin twined her false arms about her that night at the hour of retiring.

For answer, the false red lips kissed her, and went away, smiling cruelly.

In a few days there was company again—Greta again in her role of coquette, and Rose happy in Bruce Oldroyd's smile.—Then they all went to see a review some miles away, and Greta rode with one of her squires, and made such sore work of it, this time that Bruce, maddened by her coquetteries, lost temper and color completely.

He was at her side as she galloped up the bank, crowding between her escort like a crazy man.

"You are trying purposely to vex me," he said, with an ashen face.

"I?" quite innocently.

"Give it over Greta, or—"

"Don't be a simpleton, Bruce. You and I have had our game; let us cry quits, and go our own way each."

"Are you going to marry that blockhead, Greta?"

"Is it not unlikely. You will marry Rose, of course.

Bruce set his teeth and looked swiftly over his shoulder. "That blockhead had gone to Rose's rescue.

"If you say the word, I will," he said, with a stifled imprecation.

"I say it;" the voice clear, sweet, impassive.'

"Cousin Greta, I thought he loved you," Rose whispered that night, hiding her little face on Greta's shoulder.

"He asked you to marry him?" questioned Greta, with an involuntary sinking of heart that she could have shook herself for.

"Yes, Greta; oh, and I am so happy. I love him so it takes my breath."

"She will relent now," thought Bruce Oldroyd; "she will never see me go through this thing without giving a sign. May the pangs of jealousy devour her heart as they have mine."

But Greta was strong. She gave no sign. She suffered some, but she knew too well that one softening look would burst the web she had woven with so much toil. He would have been at her feet, regardless of honor. Rose, everything but the passion with which she thralled him, and the time was not yet come for that. He and Rose must be married first. She would see him Lord of Mendenhall and then—

She caught her breath with a strange, sharp pang, and sat down with a scared look.

"I am agitating myself too much," she thought, gravely. "I did not think I had heart enough to ache. My Prince, if you knew how I loved you, but I love splendor more, and—ugh! this odd pain—I must keep cool. I have not slept enough of late. I must take care of myself, or I may not live to be mistress of Mendenhall."

What a trousseau Rose had, exuberant of taste and vitality, with ample means at her command, and eagerly seconded by Greta, who seemed animated by a feverish excitement of haste, the wedding wardrobe grew to perfectness, the wedding feast was made ready, the priest and the guests summoned.

"She will soften at the last—she must soften before it is too late," said Bruce Oldroyd to himself. "I will go to the end if she does not."

I said she gave no sign. There were signs that even her haughty will was powerless to control. She could not keep the lines of her face from sharpening, her fair, soft flesh from wasting, her eyes from preternatural dilation and brightness. She could not still the pang that ever and anon cleft her heart like a two edged sword, though she might sustain her coward soul with the assurance that it was mere nervousness, and would cease to trouble her when she was lady of Mendenhall.

It was a brave wedding, the bridegroom gallant and handsome beyond most; the bride looking like an angel in her happiness and misty bridal robes. Both were pale, but that is so common at weddings. Greta was first bridesmaid, and looking so handsome that it took one's breath to look at her. If Greta, the magnificent, ever had condescended to such a thing, I should have said she was painted this, night, there was such a deadly palor on her brow, such vivid bloom upon her cheeks; and her lips were like threads of scarlet fire. The bridegroom did not once look toward her, nor she at him; but her eyes burned under their white lids, like tropic suns.

She divided the homage of the room even with the sweet girl-bride. People's eyes followed her as though spelled.—Never had she so charmed and dazzled in a breath. She looked queen of Mendenhall; and so she meant to be. Under all that witching of look and manner lurked no softness. Her heart was hard as the nether millstone, and pitiless as Juggernaut's car. Human it might be, enough to break some time, but it would never melt; never be pitiful of any pain but its own.

A little after midnight the guests began to depart, and presently Greta vanished. The bridal chambers were in the east wing; a suite of grand and stately apartments set apart from time immemorial for the Mendenhall brides. They had been refitted exquisitely for Rose, and now clad in the soft twilight of alabaster shaded lamps, serene and lovely as their mistress, waited her coming.

As first bridesmaid, it was Greta's right to enter here first, and she came, pacing slowly the length of the entire suite, till her own maid, a quick, little Frenchwoman came to her, nodded significantly, and was gone. Greta caught her breath and stood still where she was, in the very center of the room, the lamps shimmering white light about her, she drooping like an exquisite statue in their midst. As a step sounded near, and Bruce Oldroyd, summoned by the French maid, came into the room alone, Greta dropped to the snowy carpet, and lay like a piece of sculptured marble. It was superb acting.—Thus she might have looked if her heart had indeed burst with agony; her perfectly moulded arms tossed wildly before her, her features drawn, her face ghastly as death.

The young bridegroom sprang forward with a sharp cry and caught her in his arms, murmuring passionate words of endearment, and showering kisses upon her cold face. She opened her eyes at that, and clung to him with both white hands, giving back kiss for kiss, and calling him all fond names.

In the midst, true to her role, the maid brought Rose noiselessly beside them.

"Bruce! my husband! Oh! my God! why did you marry me, then!" the child said, with a cry that smote Bruce Oldroyd to the heart. For the first time glancing aside at the little white swaying figure, he realized what an unutterably wicked thing he had done—what a dishonest, unmanly, cowardly wrong he had done a woman who had been weak enough to love him.

Wo to the woman who tempts a man to the loss of his own self respect! Wo to the woman for whom a man sells his honor, and loathes himself for his shame! Ten chances to one he will include her in the loathing, soon or later.

Bruce Oldroyd loosened his clasp of Greta with a groan; his arms dropped away from her like lead. He stood with face averted, and stern.

Greta came beside him again, crossed her white hands upon his shoulder, and laid her cheek upon them.

"He has married you, but he loves me, Rose," she said pitilessly. The cruel words stung even him.

He shook her off as though she had been a viper.

Greta stood up and looked at him, a sudden and awful fright in her great eyes.

Then Bruce Oldroyd crossed to where Rose had shrunk, and gathered his wife in his strong arms.

"I have married her and I love her!—So help me God! I will be a true husband to the woman I have chose so long as we both live!"

Greta moved slowly toward them, her face rigid, her hands clasped tightly over her heart.

"She will not live long," she said deliberately. "I knew she had the seeds of sudden death in her bosom, or I should never have urged you to marry her. I will be mistress of Mendenhall yet!"

"It is false!" said Rose's husband, with a look of horror and loathing at the woman who had made such a tool of him.—"I love Rose; she shall not die."

Greta stood a moment, her great eyes slowly dilating with some solemn and awful meaning. Then she turned and crossed the room again with drugging step, and dropped languidly into a great white velvet chair, and shut her eyes. Twice she cried out sharply, and the hand upon the snowy cushion clenched and unclenched itself.

That was all.

"Ah, monsieur—the mademoiselle! she love you so, her heart break!—She have one heart disense dese months! I tell her so, but she not believe me! Now it break! she die!"

It was the little French maid, come in like a shadow to find her mistress dead in her chair—dead of the very fate she had intended for another.

This Greta inherited her father's constitution, not her mother's and she lived to be devotedly loved by her husband a life through.

LIFE INSURANCE.

This is a term which has an uncertain sound to many persons who have a vague idea that it is staking or wagering a sum of money against human life. Repelled by this unpleasant impression, they do not wish to look further into the subject. It is enough for them to live honest and pious lives, making what provision they can by their industry for dependent families while living, and be prepared when it shall please their Maker to call them away from this world. To insure our lives seems like distrusting Providence, a little reflection, however, would dispel this false impression. No Insurance company assumes to keep a man in life a day longer than his appointed time; but it does promise to provide for his family after his death.

Its language is, "We cannot assure you that you will live until you can save from your hard earnings one thousand or five thousond dollars, but we will, on certain conditions, assure those sums to your family whenever you may die."

Thus explained, Life Insurance is seen to be, not an act of presumption, but an act of common prudence, and the best protection against the inevitable calamities of life. There is, surely, no distrust of Providence in a man making such a provision for his dependent family. Of all who labor for their daily bread, few, comparatively, with the greatest industry and economy, are able to save enough to maintain in comforta family suddenly bereaved of its protectors. And even when the head of a family has been able from year to year to lay by a small sum, the temptation to use the savings on some unexpected emergency is very great and too often irresistible; to say nothing of the anxiety arising from the vicissitudes of the business or profession from which a man derives his income, and, chief of all, the uncertainty of life. Now, it is to avoid these difficulties and troubles, and to make a sure provision for dependant ones, in case of death, that Life Insurance comes with its friendly and important