The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1867. VOL. 54.---NO. 2.

The American Volunteer.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

OFFICE—SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

TERMS:—Two Dollars per year if paid strictly in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid within three months; and after which Three Dollars will be charged. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

Rates for Advertising.

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.

JOB PRINTING.

CARDS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, and every other description of JOB and CARD Printing executed in the neatest style, at low prices.

Professional Cards.

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

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR 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 AND UNITED STATES CLAIM AGENT, CARLISLE, CUMBERLAND CO. PA. Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay, &c., promptly collected. Applications by mail will receive due attention, and the proper blanks and instructions forwarded. In all letters of inquiry, please enclose postage stamp. March 28, 1867—1f

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.

JOHN. C. GRAHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office formerly occupied by Judge Graham, South Hanover street, Carlisle, Penna. Dec. 1, 1865—2y.

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.

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.

DR. J. R. BIXLER offers his professional services to the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity. Office on Main street, opposite the jail, in the room lately occupied by L. Todd, Esq. April 11, 1867—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.

DAVID F. MILLER, SURVEYOR AND DRAFTSMAN, MOUNT ROCK, CUMBERLAND CO., PA. April 18, 1867—3m*

Dry Goods.

1867. SPRING! 1867.

BARGAINS

Now opening in

DOMESTIC GOODS,

DRESS GOODS,

CASSIMERES, SATTINETTS AND JEANS,

WHITE GOODS,

DRESS TRIMMINGS,

ZEPHYRS,

RIBBONS AND NOTIONS

AT

RING'S NEW STORE,

NO. 55 WEST MAIN STREET,

Opposite the Mansion House,

Next door to the Post Office, Carlisle.

April 18, 1867.

LOOK OUT DRY GOODS MEN!

TO THE PUBLIC.

I have just returned from the East with my Spring Stock, and as usual. I am selling Goods a little cheaper than any other Dry Goods House in town. I do not think it necessary to occupy a column of newspaper to endeavor to keep up my reputation for selling Cheap Goods, nor do I wish to resort to any other clap-trap to gull the public. All I ask of them is to call and examine for themselves, and if not satisfied with the prices, not to buy. Remember the stand, No. 23 North Hanover street, next door to Dr. Kleiner's, and Miller & Bowers' Hardware store.

WM. A. MILES.

P.S. I will say nothing about my third and fourth grand openings. April 15, 1867.

628. HOOP SKIRTS. 628.

NEW SPRING STYLES.

"OUR OWN MAKE,"

embracing every New and Desirable size, style and Shape of Plain and Trail Hoop Skirts,—2, 2 1-4, 2½, 2 3-4, 3 1-4, 3 1-2, 3 3-4 and 4 Yds., round every length and size Waist; in every respect FIRST QUALITY, and especially adapted to meet the wants of First Class and most fashionable Trade.

"Our Own Make," of Hoop Skirts, are lighter, more elastic, more durable, and really cheaper than any other make of either Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American Market. They are Warranted in every respect, and wherever introduced give universal satisfaction. They are now being extensively Sold by Retailers, and every Lady should try them.

Ask for "Hopkins's Own Make," and see that each Skirt is stamped "W. T. HOPKINS MANUFACTURER, 628 Arch Street, Philadelphia." No others are Genuine. A Catalogue containing Style, Size and Retail Prices, sent to any address. A Uniform and Liberal Discount allowed to Dealers. Orders by mail or otherwise, promptly and carefully filled—Wholesale and Retail, at Manufactory and Sales-rooms.

No. 628 ARCH Street, PHILADELPHIA.

Skirts made to order, altered and repaired. Terms, Net Cash. One Price Only.

WILLIAM T. HOPKINS.

April 18, 1867—10m.

FUN FOR ALL!!

Full instructions by which any person, male or female, can master the great art of Ventriloquism by a few hours' practice, making a world of fun, and after becoming experts themselves, can teach others, thereby making it a source of income.—Full instructions sent by mail for 50 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Address P. O. Drawer 21, Troy, N. Y. May 16, 1867—1y

Real Estate.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!!

W. J. SHEARER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

AND AGENT FOR THE SALE OF

Cumberland Co. Real Estate,

OFFERS THE FOLLOWING VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

AT REASONABLE PRICES:

IN THE BOROUGH OF CARLISLE.

No. 1. SIX of the finest BUILDING LOTS in the Borough, on South Hanover Street.

No. 2. The six most elevated BUILDING LOTS in the Borough, situated at the head of South St.

IN THE COUNTRY.

No. 3. A TRACT OF THIRTY-SIX ACRES, with small but comfortable BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, Frame Stable, &c., and a young and thriving Orchard of CHOICE FRUIT, situate on the Railroad, in North Middleton twp., West, and within a mile of, the Borough of Carlisle. This property as a HOMESTEAD and for general or Truck Farming, is the most desirable tract of its size to be found anywhere in the vicinity of Carlisle.

The certain extension of the town Westward, partly consequent upon the improvements made and contemplated by the Railroad Company in that direction, drawing, as they necessarily will, nearly the whole trade of the town to that end, will very greatly enhance the value of this land to the future owner, for any purpose whatever, rendering it a safe and profitable investment. Feb. 22, 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, Camp Stools, Lounges, Centre Tables, Rocking Chairs, Dining Tables, Easy Chairs, Card Tables, Reception Chairs, Ottomans, Bureaus, What-Nots, Secretaries, &c., &c.,

Parlor, Chamber, Dining Room, Kitchen and Office

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. 43, 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 *Fisk'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.

HOLIDAY AND WEDDING PRESENTS!

A FINE LOT OF GOLD, AMERICAN, SILVER, AND IMPORTED WATCHES,

A Splendid Assortment of SOLID AND PLATED SILVER WARE,

Gold Pens, Gold Chains, Fancy Goods, &c.

FINE SETTS OF KNIVES AND FORKS,

CLOCKS IN GREAT VARIETY,

GOLD RINGS,

GOLD AND SILVER THIMBLES.

Particular attention given to repairing WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.

THOS. CONLYN, *Agt.*

No. 11 West Main St., opposite Marion Hall. Dec. 20, 1866—6m

PIPER'S BOOK AND FANCY STORE, *AND GENERAL NEWS DEPOT,* 33 WEST MAIN STREET, CARLISLE, PA.

A fine assortment of Goods on hand, such as Writing Desks, Port Folios, Ladies Companions, Work Boxes, Satchels, Ladies' Purses, Pocket Books, Segar Cases, Card Cases, Gold Pens, Pen Knives, &c., &c.

A LARGE SUPPLY OF FAMILY BIBLES and PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS, AT REDUCED PRICES.

DIARIES FOR 1867.

Subscriptions received for all Magazines, Fashion Books, Papers, &c., at publishers prices. You save postage and always sure of receiving your Magazines by subscribing at PIPER'S.

Special attention is paid to keeping always on hand a supply of

SCHOOL BOOKS, for town and country schools.

BOOKS and MUSIC ordered when desired. May 23, 1867—tf

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE MILLION!

I will send, post-paid, 50 Photographs of the most celebrated Actors for 60 cents; 50 Actresses for 50 cents; 50 Union Generals for 50 cents; 50 Rebel Generals for 50 cents; 50 Statesmen for 50 cents; 50 beautiful young Ladies for 50 cents; 50 fine-looking young Gentlemen for 50 cents; 6 large Photographs of French Dancing Girls, in costume, beautifully colored, exactly as they appear, for 50 cents; or for 50 cents, 9 of the most beautiful Ladies of the Parisian Ballet Troupe; as they appear in the play of the Black Crook, at Niblo's Garden, New York.

Send all orders to P. O. Box 177, Troy, N. Y. May 16, 1867—1y

Insurance Companies.

GREAT EASTERN DETECTIVE

HORSE AND LIVE STOCK INSURANCE CO. *OF PENNSYLVANIA.*

INSURES HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND SHEEP. AGAINST LOSS BY THEFT, *AND DEATH BY FIRE,* ACCIDENT OR NATURAL CAUSES.

This is the only *Detective* Live Stock Insurance Company in the State; and, moreover, it COVERS ALL RISKS, while others insure only against certain circumstances.

SAM'L K. HUMRICH, *Special Agent,* Office 23 West Main St., Carlisle.

SAM'L HOOVER, *Local Agent,* Mechanicsburg, Pa.; J. A. C. MCCUNE, *Local Agent,* Shippensburg, Pa. May 30, 1867—6m

SPECIAL INSURANCE AGENCY!

OVER $25,000,000 OF CAPITAL REPRESENTED.

Home, Metropolitan, Manhattan, Artic, Security, North American, Germania, all of New York. Aetna and Phœnix of Hartford, Conn.; North American of Philadelphia, Pa.; Farmers Mutual of York, Pa.; Columbia Mutual of Lancaster, Penn'a.

The main element to be desired in Insurance Companies is

SECURITY.

If wealth, experience, intelligence and probity exist, perpetuity and honorable dealing will be likely to ensue.

Insurance creates independence. A person pays for his own indemnity, and need not be a tax on his friends.

Every man should insure; the burning of whose property would injure or inconvenience himself, his family, or his neighbors.

Insurance effected at this agency, no matter how large the amount, in either Stock or Mutual Companies. Policies issued, losses adjusted and promptly paid at this office.

SAMUEL K. HUMRICH, *Special Insurance Agent.*

Office in Marion Hall Building, West Main street, Carlisle, or to the following local agents; J. E. Ferree, Newville; John R. Shuler, New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.; or S. H. Weidman, Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa. Jan. 3, 1867—6m

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.

CASH ASSETS $15,000,000.

This is strictly and entirely a Mutual Company. It makes its dividends annually and pays them at the end of each and every year. Its assets are not diluted, nor its strength weakened by any doubtful premium notes or stockholders notes.—Doubtful securities find no place in its list of cash assets. It charges to policy holders no interest, and furnishes insurance at exact cost.

Twenty-four years of straight forward, honorable dealing, has made its name the synonym of strength among business men, and is to-day the

LEADING LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

of this continent. Possessing the largest assets, the largest amount insured, the largest income and the largest surplus over liabilities, as shown by the official reports of the Insurance Department of New York, and which will be shown to any persons wishing to determine for themselves the true condition and standing of different companies by applying to the agent.

SAMUEL K. HUMRICH, Office No. 23 West Main St., Carlisle. Jan. 3, 1867—6m

$200 REWARD!

PENNSYLVANIA MUTUAL HORSE THIEF DETECTING AND INSURANCE COMPANY.

From three to five dollars will insure your horse against thieves for five years.

Persons desiring to become members will apply to SAM'L K. HUMRICH, *Special Agent.* Office 23 West Main St., Carlisle. Jan. 3, 1867—6m

THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn., insures against all kinds of Accidents.

CAPITAL $304,800.

For five thousand dollars in case of fatal accident, or $25 Weekly Compensation in case of disabling bodily injury, at 25 cents per day. For sale at

SAMUEL K. HUMRICH'S, Office No. 23 West Main St., Carlisle. Jan. 3, 1867—6m

HARTFORD LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL $500,000.

Horses Insured against death from any cause, or against theft.

Working Oxen, Cows and Sheep may be taken at 3 to 4 per cent on two thirds their cash value. Losses promptly adjusted at the Office of the Carlisle Agency.

SAM'L K. HUMRICH, *Special Agent.* Office No. 23 West High St., Carlisle. March 14, 1867—1y

FIRE INSURANCE.

The ALLEN AND EAST PENNSBORO' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Cumberland county, incorporated by an act of Assembly, in the year 1843, and having recently had its charter extended to the year 1883, is now in active and vigorous operation under the superintendence of the following Board of Managers:

Wm. R. Gorgas, Christian Stayman, Jacob Eberly, Daniel Bailey, Alexander Cathcart, Jacob H. Coover, John Eichelberger, Joseph Wickerss, Samuel Eberly, Rudolph Martin, Moses Bricker, Jacob Coover and J. C. Dunlap.

The rates of insurance are as low and favorable as any Company of the kind in the State. Persons wishing to become members are invited to make application to the agents of the Company, who are willing to wait upon them at any time.

President—W. R. GORGAS, Eberly's Mills, Cumberland County.

Vice President—CHRN. TAN STAYMAN, Carlisle.

Secretary—JOHN C. DUNLAP, Mechanicsburg.

Treasurer—DANIEL BAILEY, Dillsburg, York Co.

AGENTS.

Cumberland County—John Sherrick, Allen; Henry Zearing, Shiremanstown; Lafayette Pearse, Dickinson; Henry Bowman, Churchtown; Mode Grimith, South Middleton; Samuel Graham W. Pennsboro'; Samuel Lesher, Newburg; J. W. Cocklin, Shepherdstown; D. Coover, Upper Allen; J. O. Saxton, Silver Spring; John Hyer, Carlisle; Valentine Cleaver, New Cumberland; James McCandlish, Newville.

York County—W. S. Picking, Dover; James Griffith, Warrington; T. F. Beardorff, Washington; Michey Clark, Dillsburg; D. Rutter, Fairview; John Williams, Carroll.

Dauphin County—John Houser, Harrisburg.

Members of the Company having policies about to expire, can have them renewed by making application to any of the agents. Dec. 1 1865

GREAT WATCH SALE!

2000 WATCHES, Patent Lever Movements, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, Sterling Silver, Beautifully Engraved and in every respect first class Timers. To be sold at six dollars each, being less than three-fourths the cost of manufacturing.—These watches are retailed by Jewelers at from $15 to $25, the actual cost to the manufacturer being $9 each. This stock of watches was purchased at a Bankrupt Sale in London, and are now offered at such extremely low figures, that all may possess a correct Time-keeper at a merely nominal sum. Every watch warranted for 2 years. Parties ordering them sent by mail, must enclose 36 cents extra to repay postage. Money enclosed in a well sealed letter may be sent at my risk.

Address all orders to MARLIN CONNOR, ALBANY, N. Y. May 16, 1867—1y

FALSE WHISKER AND *MOUSTACHE.*

A BEAUTIFUL PAIR OF FALSE MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS, of French manufacture, so perfect they cannot be detected from the genuine, will be sent post-paid by mail to any address. Great attention is paid in the manufacture of these articles by one of the best artists in Paris, M. L. FOUCHE, who is the best manufacturer in Europe. Moustaches, $1.00; Side Whiskers, $3.00; Full Beard, $5.00.

Address, H. DORR, ALBANY, N. Y., sole Agent for the United States. May 16, 1867—1y

Poetical.

SWINGING ON A BIRCH TREE.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Swinging on a birch tree
To a sleepy tune,
Hummed by all the breezes
In the month of June!
Little leaves a-flutter
Sound like dancing drops
Of a brook on pebbles—
Song that never stops.

Up and down we see-saw;
Up into the sky;
How it opens on us,
Like a wild blue eye!
You and I are sailors
Rocking on a mast;
And the world's our vessel;
Ho! she sails so fast!

Blue, blue sea around us,
Not a ship in sight;
They will hang out lanterns
When they pass, to-night.
We with ours will follow
Through the midnight deep;
Not a thought of danger,
Though the crew's asleep.

O, how still the air is!
There an oriole flew;
What a jolly whistle!
He's a sailor, too,
Yonder is his hammock
In the elm-top high;
One more ballad, messmate!
Sing it as you fly!

Up and down we see-saw;
Down into the grass,
Scented fern, and rose-buds,
All a woven mass,
That's the sort of carpet
Fitted for our feet;
Tapestry nor velvet
Is so rich and neat.

Swinging on a birch tree!
This is summer joy,
Fun for all vacation—
Don't you think so, boy?
Up and down to see-saw,
Merry and at ease;
Careless as a brook is,
Idle as the breeze.

Miscellaneous.

"THE BEST MAN WINS HER."

CHAPTER I.

Hid away in the loveliest part of Perthshire, nestling among the often-sung Braes of Balquhidder, lies Loch Voel, upon the shores of which Rob Roy lived and died; and where, in the quiet, lonely kirkyard rests "Clan Alpin's" omen and her aid." There are M'Gregors still in the clachan of Balquhidder, M'Gregors who speak with glistening eye and heightened color of the chief, and amongst whom no tales are so popular as those which treat of the wild days when the clan with the "name nameless by day" was at once the terror and protection of the country. Every child knows the story of the feuds between the M'Leans and the M'Gregors, and how the Stewarts of Appin, coming to help their kinsmen, were met by the clansmen at the clachan, where Rob Roy challenged any one of Appin to single combat, eager, by even such personal hazard, to avert the horrors of a battle. They will tell you, too, how the great Duke of Athol exhausted his time and patience trying to catch Rob Roy; and the story of the funeral, when Lady Glenfalloch, thinking her brother was slain, sprang upon the Duke, and, dragging him from his horse, gave him such a taste of the tenderness of the M'Gregors that he took timely warning and retired, leaving Rob to bury his mother in peace and quietness.

Some ten years ago a descendant of Rob Roy's, Helen M'Gregor, was the beauty of Balquhidder. Helen was a fair, blue-eyed, golden-haired lassie, with whom life had been one long laugh, and to whom the world seemed to bear neither frowns nor clouds. Her father, Tam M'Gregor, was a farmer, and well-to-do for his station; his sons helped him on the hills, and Helen was a tidy hand in the house, quite able to take many cares from her mother's shoulders.

Their cottage stood away from the clachan, near the foot of the Meal-mach. A lovely little steading it was too, with high gray rocks on one side, on the other an oak and birch wood, among the branches of which the soft summer breezes, when they had kissed the lake into a ripple of delight, would sigh, and whisper their pleasant songs of brighter and warmer lands.

Tam's cottage had served the wants of many a generation of M'Gregor's, here a little and there a little being added, as the owner's family increased or his fortunes prospered. The thatch was matted together by a flourishing growth of various plants, wallflowers and house-leek predominating. Roses and honeysuckle flourished in the narrow border, and clustering round the windows, met gay and thriving geraniums, votive offerings from the gardener at Glenbuckie, who was one of Helen's many admirers. Helen, being fancy-free herself, was wont to make a joke about love; and not caring for either fairs or gatherings, escaped much of the gossip which attaches to other girls.—Yet, quietly as the little maiden lived she could no more avoid lovers than can the violet hide away her treasures from the bee. "Love will venture in whar he darna weel be seen," and accordingly Helen's lovers were neither few nor slack in making their way to the farm; while, much to the girl's discomfort, her mother took pride to herself in counting the stalwart, well-to-do lads who would take a place by the ingle-nook, and while talking to the farmer of the ewes, wool, and markets, would hope to catch a stray glance, kinder than usual, from Helen; who, however, went on with her spinning as if no eyes were seeking hers, and there were no such thing as love or wooing. And many a lad doubtless thought with Hobbie Elliott, that "whirling a bit stick wi' a thread trailing to it," was but poor and tiresome work.

One man came oftener than the rest, so often that it was whispered about that Helen and Duncan were courting, nor did Duncan attempt to deny what he wished in his inmost heart was true.—He had loved Helen long, and had only waited for a farm to enter the lists openly. Now he had a farm and decent house to take a wife to, he thought the right time had come; and soon, seeing he had the good will of both father and mother, he was content to wait patiently until some happy day when Helen's heart would waken up, and his love meet its reward. And if Duncan was patient, it was because, never having doubted his success, he experienced a sort of gratification in beating down his passion, or anticipating from a distance the time when Helen would spin by his own hearth, and pay him back tenfold for what she made him suffer now.

The honest folks in Balquhidder called Helen a lucky lassie, and watched the courting with general interest, not unmixed with envy, for Duncan was one of the handsomest and steadiest of the young men; more than that, and what perhaps went even further among the girls, Duncan was the champion wrestler, runner, and hammer-thrower, and twice had he carried off prizes from the Braemar Gathering. Duncan's courting had made no further impression upon Helen when the Gathering of 185— drew on.—All the world went to Braemar that year, and Duncan, much to his own surprise and the indignation of the Balquhidder people, was beaten both in wrestling and throwing by a new-comer, a young man who, by his superior style of dress and manner of speech, was evidently from a different part of the country, if not indeed of a different rank in life to that of the irate young Highlander; and when standing hot and angry after his failure, he was by no means comforted by seeing Helen's cheeks redden before the glances of the victor, who, cap in hand, introduced himself to Tam M'Gregor, as the son of his old friend, Neil Lesley, and saying that he had come to the Gathering on his way to Balquhidder, his father having told him of the sheep-farming there, and how, for auld acquaintance sake, he might be lucky enough to get his lesson in the management of flocks from Tam himself, a lesson he meant to put in practice as a farmer in Australia. Tam was pleased to find his friend had not forgotten him, nor was he proof against the compliment neatly offered to his farming skill. Moreover there is never a lack of hospitality among the Celts, and Tam made his young friend welcome to the best his house afforded so long as he liked to stay.

Niel was a fair-haired, blue-eyed man, tall and light-limbed, but with the muscles and sinews of a prize-fighter. He had been at the High School in Edinburg, was well up in modern topics, and able to hold forth upon subjects which rarely reached the ears of the inhabitants of the Braes, except when the shooting season brought down the great folk, and the great folk brought their servants; then politics, parliaments, and the court were familiarly discussed in every shieling.

Niel was no idler, either in work, or play, or love. Everything he set his hand to he did in the manner, we are told, is sure to succeed. No wonder that falling in love, as he did at once, he roused what poor Duncan had watched and waited for in vain; and, waking up the sleeping heart, brought the lovelight into the sweet hazle eyes, that softened and dropped now as they had never done before any man's gaze. There was no question of love speech between the two, and yet, before the summer came, Helen had found out what a different place love could make the world. There had never been such heather on the hills, or bracken and wild roses on the braces, as now bloomed; the love filter was acting, and nature took tone, as it always does, from the heart.

"How bonnie you're growing, Nelly," said Tom one day, as Helen came running up the grass, her hair escaping from the snood, the gay cotton short gown coming half way down the stripee linsey petticoat, which was just short enough to show her neatly-clad feet and shapley ankles, coquettishly arrayed in bright stockings, with elaborately embroidered clocks. "What's come to the lassie, wife? She's breakin' the hearts o' the lads in the place. There's Duncan, puir lad, fleint a smile he'll gie now, but gangs as dour——"

"Wheesht, father!" cried Helen, shutting his mouth with a rosy little palm.—"Here's Duncan comin'."

As she spoke Duncan stalked up to the door. It was easy to see that something had gone against the grain; the expression of his face, the tone of his voice, his very gait were changed; his clothes were thrown on with a carelessness unlike former days, and his eyes, restless and bloodshot, turned uneasily to Helen, as he made some common-place remark to her father concerning the weather.

Helen's color deepened. Something in the man's eyes struck like a knife to her heart, and they then rankling, sinking the hot blood spring to her face, and the hand that had been on her father's mouth clench fiercely as if to beat back some burst of angering indignation. But the flush faded the next moment, and a shudder shook her from head to foot, for Niel came in from the hill, and as he turned the corner of the hedge, and Duncan's eyes fell upon him, Helen saw the black black brows draw together sinuously together, the big veins start like knotted cords, and the strong teeth set hard in the nether lip. She saw this, and even then her heart sank with an undefined fear; but it was not until some days afterwards, when the braces were ringing with the mysterious disappearance of Neil Lesley, that the full significance of that look was revealed to her.

CHAPTER II.

Many and various were the reports circulated, until by the expiration of four days they all settled down into one strong judgment against Niel—a judgment which Helen's outburst of grief and pale stricken face unwittingly strengthened; and it was firmly believed that Neil, having won her love, had grown tired of her, and, to rid himself of her and his debt of gratitude to her father at once, had made a moonlight flitting. Duncan openly took little part in all that was said, so much so, that those busy people who are always, in all ranks, looking after their neighbors' affairs, began to hold him up as an example of unselfish generosity. There was one, however, to whom his silence had a different signification, and that was Helen, who, from the day the alarm was given, had remembered that afternoon when she saw, as plainly as if written in black and white, the hatred unto death stamped in Duncan's face. She alone, watching as none other could, heard the impatient manner of speech, and saw the struggle took place ere come upon the man's face; and a horrible suspicion and dread filled her mind, harder to bear than all the cruel things raised against Neil's character. There was one small ray of comfort left—a colley dog she had given Neil had disappeared the same day he was missed. He must be alive if Moss was with him; and if he had run away, as the people said, he would scarcely take such a continual sting to his conscience, as the faithful dog must be. So, in spite of the deadly fears that would at times overwhelm her, Helen held fast by hope, hiding her anxiety as best she could by getting away amongst the hills, and wandering about where she would meet no one to pity or condole with her.

The fifth day had come; it was a busy time, too, for they were gathering the flocks off the hills previous to the shooting season, and so it came about that Helen fell in with a flock in a lonely pass on the road to Ben Ledi, and eager to escape the shepherds, she scrambled up the banks and disappeared among the whins.

Down the pass came the sheep, filling the air with their voices, stopping now and then to snatch a mouthful of heather. Presently, glancing away to the hillside, Helen caught sight of a dog bounding down over scaur and bush, but not until it was nearer, and diverted by the sounds in the glen, had turned aside and taken its stand upon a rock along the foot of which the sheep were passing, did she recognize her old colley, the very Moss she had given Niel. Helen's heart leapt to her mouth as she leant forward to watch the dog, who falling into his old trade, stood yelping and howling over the flock, waking every echo in the pass, and rousing a perfect storm of bleating.

Helen tried to whistle, but her lips were shaking and dry. Then she called him by name. The dog came rushing up to her, and was soon whining at her side, licking her hands and face. As soon as she could see anything clearly through the tears that were blinding her, she saw that a blue ribbon was tied round Moss' neck, neatly hidden amongst the thick wool. Helen recognized the ribbon; it had once been hers; and she knew no hand but Niel's could have tied it there, and—. But suddenly she ceased thinking. She had unfastened the string, and found a little bit of white calico, and read on it written in blood, the words; "*Help! Reiver's Crag.*"

Helen cannot tell to this day how she got home; but in a little more than half an hour the clachan was deserted, and men and women were all on their way to the Reiver's Crag, a barren rock among the mountains, from which it was said a Cumberland reiver had been flung in the old days. The miles of moss and muirland were soon crossed, and by evening Niel Lesley was rescued from a living death, and safe, but not sound, at Tam M'Gregor's. Sound, poor lad! they whispered he never would be again.

"He had slipped over the Crag, and in going down had caught at a whinbush, which cleeked the impetus of his descent, and instead of going to the bottom of the cleft, he had fallen on a ledge. Here Moss had followed, but it was the fourth day before he could get the faithful dog to leave him, and bear home tidings that might save him."

Such was the account Niel gave, and such was the story that met Duncan as he came home from Callander, whither he had gone early in the day.

Time passed on, and the shooting season brought many a visitor to Tam's cottage, for Neil's story was the romance of the year. He was still unable to walk, but his health was all right, and the doctors said he might get strong again in time. Niel never complained, nor could he, with such a nurse as Helen fluttering round him, propping him up with fragrant pillows stuffed with fresh-gathered heather and bracken, gathered, too, by the little hands that were so strong and ready with their labor of love. It was only when pain kept him restless at night that the thought of being a cripple for life crushed him, and brought out all the training given by a good mother, and the staunch religious feeling inherent in almost every Scotish heart, the spirit that gave the world what Alexander Penden called "the praying folk," who carried their religion triumphantly through those terrible days when a bloody scaffold was thought a good shelter.

It was nearly a month since the day Niel had been carried home from the Crag. Night had just come, still, warm, and almost like twilight. Tam was smoking his pipe preparatory to his early bedtime, the women folk were knitting, and Niel, lying upon a couch the laird's sister had sent him, was reading "Rob Roy" aloud, much to Tam's perplexity, who interrupted many times with denunciations against the text. Suddenly the open doorway darkened, and Duncan stood in the entry.

"Welcome, lad," cried Tam. "Ye're jist in time to hear the havers they buik folk plt in print aboot the M'Gregors.—Read that again, Niel, that whar he says—"

But Duncan interrupted him.

"I didna cross the door to hear lees read. I cam to speak about a lee, to tell ye"—and his voice grew louder and hoarser as he spoke—"to tell ye that ane ye liked weel is a ler. We're a'frien's here," he said, in a different voice, looking around.

"Ay, ay, man. Sit doon," said Tam, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and turning to have a better look at Duncan. "Why, what ails ye man?"

"Mickle ails me, Tam M'Gregor, and I cam on a grousome errand. I nae come to tak' awa' ye're faith in man for evermair, and to shame a hypocrite wi' the fair truth."

Helen laid down her knitting and drew nearer Niel; Tam glanced at him too.—Niel's face was crimson, and his eyes, all dilated and eager, stared up at the great wild-looking man, glowering down upon him, who went on speaking.

"Niel says he slippet doon the Crag.—Ee didna slip. An enemy—"

"Stop him, Helen!" shouted Niel, trying to get up, but falling, he pushed the girl towards Duncan. "Stop him, for God's sake! The lad's mad. He doesn't know what he's saying. Don't listen to him, Tam. He is a fine fellow and you all hear me say it. Duncan, man, shake hands with me, and do go quietly away, and let well alone."

Duncan's answer was to drop down upon his knees by Niel's side, and covering his face with his hands, sob aloud.

"Na, na, Niel, I canna let alane. I maun tell them. Let me bide, lad; it's the fittest place. And when I hae your forgiveness, I'll gang on my knees to the Almighty; but I canna ask Him till I hae confessed my sin."

"Well, let me tell it, Duncan," said Niel, gently laying his hand upon the kneeling man's shoulder.

"No!" cried the other sternly; "I'll not get the warst. Though, Heaven, I am a murderer, or as bad, for I had the thocht in my heart to take his life. Niel cut me oot wi' you, Nelly. Mad wi' jealousy, I said we'd gang to the Reiver's Crag, and fight, and the best man shall win ye.—Niel wad hardly gang till I telt him I'd ca' him through the country-side for a coward and then he went. But when I got to the top o' the Crag, the thief got possession o' me, and catchin' him unaware I hurled him ower, thinking deed men tell nae tales. I never thocht o' the colley. When I heerd tell he was fund, I was like to gang mad. Every fut I thocht was a pollis; but when the days passed, and Niel never tauld, it was war than a'. The hot brain' coals were heaped on my heed, burnin' and smotherin' i' the brain till this gloaming the thocht cam to mak a clean breest, and then gang awa' whar I'd never see a kenned face till the day o' judgment. Oh! Niel man, ye ken what loving her is; but even you canna tell what my heart was, and how neither blind nor damnation were ony worth if I could only ha' won her here. Ye canna forgie me, Nelly lass, for I hae made him a cripple; but just say, 'Duncan, I'll ask the Lord to forgie ye,' and I'll gang awa' content."

Tam was the last to hold out the hand o' forgiveness; but he, too, did so at last, and then Duncan went away.

Upon the top of the bank he turned, and, cap in hand stood looking at the cottage. "Puir lad! he's prayin', may be," thought Mrs. M'Gregor, who had followed her old favorite to the door.

Two years afterwards, and a few weeks after Niel and Helen were married, a letter came to the former—a letter written by a comrade of Duncan's and then they knew for the first time that he had enlisted, and, going to India with one of the gallant regiments afterwards nicknamed "Sir Colin's petticoats," the poor broken-hearted lad had found the death he coveted before the walls of Lucknow, and was lying mortally wounded in the hospital, where he dictated his first and last letter to Niel, bidding him good-by, and telling him to let the Balquhidder folk know the true story of the Reiver's Crag.

OLD FUN.—Three hundred and fifty years ago Wynkyn de Worde, who had his printing office in Fleet street, London, "at the sign of the Swanne" published his "Demandes Joyeus," which will show the notion of fun which prevailed at that time.

Q—How many cow