The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1868. VOL. 54.--NO. 44.

The American Volunteer.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

OFFICE--SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

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Dec. 19, 1867.—1y

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Dec. 1 1866

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.

JOHN R. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Hannon's Building, opposite the Court House, Carlisle, Pa.

Nov. 11, 1867.

JOHN LEE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, North Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa.,

Feb. 15, 1868—1y.

JOHN. C. GRAHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office formerly occupied by Judge Graham, South Hanover street, Carlisle, Penna.

Dec. 1, 1865.

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

Dec. 1, 1865.

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Conveyancer, 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.

CHAS. E. MAC LAUGHLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Building formerly occupied by Volunteer, a few doors South of Hannon's Hotel.

Dec. 1, 1865.

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

Dec. 1, 1865.

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March 12, 1868.—1y

Miscellaneous.

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A SAFE, SPEEDY AND RELIABLE CURE FOR THE WORST CASES OF

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STRIPED FOR HALL AND STAIRS,

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1,000 yards of

HOME MADE RAG CARPETS,

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LOOKING GLASSES, &c., &c.,

NEW CARPETS SELLING FOR LESS THAN FIRST COST.

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for early spring trade.

BLACK SILKS, all colors of fancy silks.

ALPACCAS, POPLINS, MOHAIRS, & DELAINES. All kinds of White Cambrics, Swiss, Marsailles, Brilliants and other white goods. A large stock of

NOTIONS.

Housekeepers and all persons are respectfully invited to call. W. C. SAWYER & CO. buy for CASH and sell at the LOWEST market rates.

Feb. 27, 1868.

Medical.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

AND

Hoofland's German Tonic.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Great Remedies for all Diseases OF THE LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Hoofland's German Bitters

Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medically termed, *Extracts*) of Roots, Herbs and Barks, free from Alcoholic admixture of any kind.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of *Santa Cruz Rum*, Orange, etc. making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcoholic admixture, will use

Hoofland's German Bitters,

In cases of nervous depression, when some alcoholic stimulus is necessary,

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC

should be used.

The Bitters or the Tonic are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues.

The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to be deranged. The result of this is, that the patient suffers the several or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhœa, Disease of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY,

Resulting from any Cause whatever: PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM, induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Exposure, Fevers, etc.

There is no medicine are so well adapted to these complaints as Hoofland's German Bitters. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole System, the Appetite is strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes clear and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a healthy glow is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

Persons Advanced in Life,

And feeling the load of time weighing heavy upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find the use of this BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instil new life in their veins, restore to a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

NOTICE.

It is a well-established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are sadly in need of good health; or, in other words, they never feel well. They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.

To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN

Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMUS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. These, it will be observed, are men of note and of such standing that they must be believed.

TESTIMONIALS.

Hon. Geo. W. Woodward.

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pa., writes:

Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.

"I find 'Hoofland's German Bitters' a *valuable medicine* in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.

Yours, with respect,

JAMES THOMPSON."

From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, *for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.

Yours, very respectfully,

J. H. KENNARD,

Eighth, below Coates St.

From Rev. E. D. Fendall,

Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly,

E. D. FENDALL.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Principal Office and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH Street, Philadelphia.

CHARLES M. EVANS,

German Druggist, Proprietor,

Formerly C. M. Jackson & Co.

For sale by a. Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICES.

Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle $1 00

" " " half dozen 5 00

Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles, 1 50 per bottle, or a half dozen for 7 50

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Jan. 1868.—1y

Miscellaneous.

A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

THE SURGEON'S STORY.

'Asmodeus,' said I, 'was but a dull knave after all, to have been able to suggest no crafticr mode of spying out the inner life of families than unroofing their houses, and so to mark their sayings and doings when society is shut out from observing them. A poor device that, Mr. Rochford!'

Mr. Rochford is a surgeon in good practice, whith whom I, ——, a solicitor of tolerably extensive practice, sometimes indulge in a long gossip when neither of us has anything better to do. Upon this occasion we had been talking over the Sadleir tragedy, with the details of which the papers were just then full.

'A halting, stunted one like its author,' said Rochford. 'The real demeanor of the inmates towards each other would be revealed to the spies on the housetops, but the phantoms which, in so many instances, as we know, haunt the churchyard of Memory, and with sudden, sightless apparition, often evoked by the merest trifle—a chance allusion—the tolling of a bell—the laughter of a child—blanch men's cheeks, and check their mirth at its loudest, would be invisible to the prying demon. Take a case, within my own knowledge, as one instance. I was, as you know, well acquainted with Fauntleroy, the banker, and was in the habit of dining with him twice or thrice in the year at his charming place, near Enfield. Now, a most amiable man was Fauntleroy, and of as varied conversational powers as any man I have ever known. A pattern family man, to outward appearance, in short. Nevertheless he became, during the last two years of his life, a most interesting psychological study to me. The frequent flaws and starts of strange temper which for no assignable cause marred his mirth in the gayest moments—the sunshine of hilarity becoming suddenly eclipsed as it were by the dark shadow of a giant grief or fear—astonished and perplexed me. I especially remember one incident upon which the subsequent discovery threw a lurid light, showing by how ghastly a skeleton that spendid house must have been for long years haunted.'

'I had dined with him for the last time, as it fell out, and with the desert came in a charming little girl, who might be about nine years of age, and, if I remember aright, was his niece. The bright-eyed, spoiled child was taken upon his knee, and her pretty prattle hearkened and replied to with smiling interest till she happened to say—*apropos* of what, I forget—'Ah, your hair will be gray by the time I am old enough to be married.' As the words left her lips, Fauntleroy started from his chair as if struck with a dagger, burst into a passion of tears, and with clenched hands wildly beating the air, staggered out of the room, to the blank astonishment and dismay of every one present. The girl's chance allusion,' added Rochford, 'to the time when his hair would be gray—a time which his forbonding consciousness whispered would never come for him, must, one can now understand, have evoked that manifestation of remorseful despair, though when witnessed it was unintelligible.'

'There are thousands of similar instances,' I remarked. 'How grim a skeleton, for example, must have haunted princely Clarenmont, and have looked down from 'neath the uplifted roof, at the very moment an inexorable and long-dreaded Fate crossed the threshold. He must have seen the great Lord Clive, builder and owner of the splendid pile, with the flush of recent victory over his parliamentary foes upon his brow, acceding with graceful gallantry to a lady visitor's request, that he would mend her a pen.—The door closes and the next moment the tiny penknife has severed the thread of a mighty life upon which had hung the destinies of millions of men!'

'When instances or examples,' said Rochford, 'only confirm an opinion I have long held, that lawyers and doctors are about the only people favored with—scared, I should say by glimpses from time to time of the ghosts which haunt the secret conscience-crypts of the world.

'Divinity—especially Roman Catholic Divinity—if it might but open its reverend lips, would, I suspect, have stranger tales to tell than either Law or Physic.—Your friend D——, whom the autocratic Cardinal silenced a few weeks ago.'

'I dare say. By the bye, the mention of D——'s name recalls to mind a startling chapter in the domestic history of a family which dates from the Conquest; and of which it was my lot to read line by line, word by word. You knew Major —— by reputation?'

'Certainly; he was mentioned with commendation in one or more of Cambermere's Indian dispatches. I have, too, a hazy recollection, founded I suppose upon newspaper report, that a strange catastrophe overtook him, or some portion of his family.'

'Founded upon deceptive echoes rather, of the whispered gossip which circulated at the time amongst the upper Ten Thousand. The newspapers were kept skilfully at fault in the matter. The catastrophe moreover [illegible] enough; though the causes and complications which led to it were in very truth strange—and lamentable as strange.'

'Why did the mention of D——, the heterodox priest, remind you of Major ——? Surely the gallant officer was a sound Protestant.'

'No doubt of it, sound as Spooner, which is saing much. I will not only tell you why,' added Rochford, settling himself *ed permanence* in an arm-chair, 'I will not only tell you why the mention of D——'s name reminded me of Major ——, but give you the chapter of his personal history which I spoke of. If you should ever print it—e same, be pleased to call him Major Wilmot.'

'Be it so; and now for the story.'

'D—— and I,' proceeded Rochford, 'are, you must know, Lancashire men, and were somewhat intimately acquainted with each other in Liverpool, where he at that time officiated as priest. I removed to London, and was fortunate enough to obtain, after no very long or severe probation, a lucrative practice at the West End. The knowledged of this induced D—— to give a Mr. Forster Valentine Forster—a letter of introduction to me, which briefly stated that the bearer was a gentleman who had been a fellow-student of D——'s at Stonyhurst, had since studied medicine in Paris, and was desirous of obtaining an engagement as Assistant Surgeon in London. Valentine Forster was a sternly handsome man of about thirty, and of reserved but courteous manners. Happening to be in want of an assistant, and his testimonials being satisfactory, I engaged him at once.

'He did not suit me very well; not from lack of ability, but that, as I was not long in discovering, his heart was not in his business. He was constantly, when he thought himself unobserved, and there was no very pressing duty to be performed, falling into a gloomy reverie, during which I have seen by the flaming, fitful, darkling light of his fierce-ly expressive eyes, that his thoughts were far away, and engrossed by memories, passions, regrets, which touched him nearly. I soon, however, grew to like Valentine Forster so much that I should have been unwilling to exchange him for an assistant of greatly superior business rabits.

'This is rather a common-place prologue to a startling story!'

'I shall wake you up by and by, never fear. Well, not long after Forster's engagement, I paid my first professional visit to Major Wilmot, as we have settled to name him; and was lucky enough to treat him with signal success for an old wound that had irritated and broken out.—He lived, as you know, in splendid style in Berkely Square; his fortune was an ample one; he moved in distingu-shed society; his wife, a singularly amiable woman, was also endowed with rarest beauty, grace and sweetness; he had one child, a mere boy, and was likely to be soon again a father. The Major himself, a fine soldierly man of fascinating manners and spotless reputation, was also an attached husband and doting father.

'Well thought I, when I first made the acquaintance—professional acquaintance, of course—of the Wilmots; here unquestionably are all the elements that make up a blissful, brilliant life; this surely must be the abode of cloudless felicity. I was never more wretchedly mistaken, and had not attended the family a month before I was perfectly convinced that affrightning spectral shadows—whether projected from the past, or the future—chilled and darkened that splendid home. My imagination, though far from being an unusually vivid or creative one, is always more excited by dark, obscure hintings, than by storied circumstances, and hence it must have been that trifles, to which others might have attached but slight significance, created a belief in my mind, which subsequent events confirmed, that there was always, to the mind's eye of Major Wilmot, an avenging Nemesis close at hand, prepared to strike whenever the hand of Time should mark the appointed hour upon the dial of Destiny.

'Major Wilmot, I must explain, was married in India. His wife was the daughter of Jabez Penford, who amassed a splendid fortune by speculating, in concert or rivalry with the late Mr. Joseph Hume, M. P., in commisariat supplies for the Anglo-Indian armies. Mrs. Wilmot was Penford's only surviving child by his first marriage, and was three years old when her mother died. A year only had elapsed when Penford married again. The maiden name of the second wife was Co-ley, and she was some quarter of a century younger than her wealthy husband. The sole issue of this union was another daughter, who was baptized Adeline, after her mother. The second Mrs. Penford would seem to have been a vain, capricous woman, but till Adeline had reached her sixteenth year, no breach of the seventh commandment was imputable to her, nor provable perhaps then; although some indiscretions, flirtations born of idleness and vanity, possessed her husband's mind with a well nigh frenzied jealousy. A compromise ultimately took place; and the formal deed of separation finally subscribed, stipulated that Mrs. Penford should depart forthwith for Europe accompanied by her daughter, for whom the father had never manifested any great affection. Mrs. Penford, dead, was on no account to intrude herself upon her husband's relatives in England, and to assume there any name but his; these conditions, rigorously fulfilled, would entitle her to an income during life of six hundred pounds per annum. In the event of her death, Adeline would receive the same annuity, and be definitely provided for by her father's will.'

'Rather a hard bargain for the lady, the husband being so wealthy, the personality, chiefly in British Consols amounting, as I happen to know, to over four hundred thousand pounds. Especially so, if, as you intimate, the wife's frailty was not provable.'

'Well, yes. But Mrs. Penford was as anxious to be quit of her aged, querulous husband, as he of his gay, volatile wife. The parting of the sisters was a painful one. Emily, afterwards Mrs. Wilmot, having always been tenderly attached to Adeline; an attachment, perhaps of the tender solicitude by anxiety for the future—so weakly bucklered!—of one who seems to have been as simple minded and credulous as she was true, and beautiful, and good.

'The anxious foreboding of the elder sister was prophetic. In less than two years after the departure of Adeline and her mother from India, Mr. Penford in a few curt scentences informed Emily that Mrs. Penford was dead, and that Adeline, following the mother's example, had turned to folly. He added a stern injunction to his horrorstricken daughter, never, under pain of his severest displeasure, to mention the outcasts' names, or in the slightest manner allude to the hateful memories associated with them. About two months afterward, Mr. Penford again wrote before his daughter with an open letter in his shaking hand. His face was white and rigid, and in spite of his iron will, the quivering lips could with difficulty articulate the sad tidings, which he came to announce: 'Adeline,' said he, 'has followed her mother. She is dead.'

'In the ensuing hot season Mr. Penford and his daughter left Calcutta for the hill country, where they made the acquaintance of Major Wilmot, to whom, after a brief wooing, Emily Penford was wedded. This event quickened Mr. Penford's desire to return to his native country, and as his fortunate marriage rendered Major Wilmot independent of his profession, he embarked with his wife and sister-in-law for England. Jabez Penford's health was, however, so completely broken down by the climate of India that he died during the voyage.—The tenacity of purpose for which he had been remarked during life was as strongly displayed at the closing scene; almost the last words which trembled from his lips being a whispered injunction to his daughter never to reveal her lost sister's shame to Wilmot—never even to speak of her or her mother. Mrs. Wilmot gave the required promise, and kept it!

'I have no doubt that an amiable woman such as Mrs. Wilmot must have shed some natural tears for her father's death, and no doubt, either, that she wiped them soon, or at all events, that they soon dried in the brilliant atmosphere of wealth and fashion in which she for the first time drew intoxicated breath. Be that however, as it may, a mansion in Berkley Square was bought, splendidly furnished; Major Wilmot was returned to Parliament for a Northern borough, through the influence of the noble family with which he was connected; and his wife safely delivered of a son; all within six months of Penford's decease.

'An incident which occurred about a month only previous to the commencement of my attendance in Berkeley Square, first checked and saddened that triumphant march of life. Mrs. Wilmot, upon returning from the opera, was surprised and alarmed to hear that the Major had been seized with a cataleptic fit, whilst busily engaged in the library, reading and sorting letters and papers.—Medical aid had, however, been promptly obtained, and when Mrs. Wilmot reached Berkeley Square, her husband, though still nervous and shaken, had recovered the free use of his faculties, and spoke of the attack for which he could not, or would not assign any cause, with calmness and equanimity. It was from that time that symptoms of extreme nervous irritability began to manifest themselves. The regimen and general treatment necessitated by the state of the wound, which, as I have mentioned, had broken out afresh, mitigated those symptoms, and I almost began to hope that my opinion that the Major's malady was moral rather than physical, might prove to be unfounded, when other incidents, following close upon each other, confirmed and deepened my first impression.

'Summoned in hot haste one afternoon to Berkley Sugare, I was informed by Mrs. Wilmot that the Major, who had been taking horse-exercise in Hyde Park, had galloped back as if pursued by the Furies hurried to his chamber, and having locked himself in, refused to admit even his wife. After a long parley I prevailed upon him to admit *me*, when I found him in a state of tremendous agitation and excitement. His teeth were clenched an' a cold sweat bedewed his ghastly white face. I administered a powerful sedative, and the next morning found him much calmer. The improvement continued, not, however, without sudden relapses which, as I have already said, could only be accounted for by the hypothesis of a secret dread, an overpowering fear that some terrible calamity would sooner or later overtake him. I have seen him kiss his child with passionate eagerness, sobbing as he did so; the same with his wife; whilst a sudden and louder than usual knocking or ringing at the hall door would cause him to spring from his chair, and hearken with suspended breath and starting eyes!

'I could discern no sign of positive cerebral disease; and one morning when he was calmer than usual, I took the liberty of observing that it was marvelous that one so fortunately placed, and having so brilliant a future before him, should give way to such puerile fears or fancies.'

''Ah, my dear sir,' said he, 'You are still far wide. With Hamlet, I can say that I could be bounded by a nut-shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I had bad dreams.'

'Bad dreams! Nonsense! Excuse me, Major Wilmot.'

''You need not believe omens—in the shadows of coming events cast before, which the poet speaks of.?'

'In a qualified sense, I do. If, for example, a man has forged and uttered a bill of exchange, which offense he fears will be brought home to him, the shadow cast before of the gibbet, formerly,—and now-a-days of the model prison—would, I dare say, loom upon him in both his waking and dreaming hours.'

'Major Wilmot was silent for a few moments, and then said, in a quick, quivering voice, fixedly regarding me the while, 'Is it not an established fact in medical science that in certain conditions of the brain we may firmly believe ourselves to see some object or person, when that object or person could not be possibly visible,—at all events, to mortal eyes.'

'It is so asserted by eminent authorities, and I can believe them, though such a case has never occurred in my own experience.'

'My answer seemed to please the Major, and he was about to add something more, when a servant came in with a sealed parcel in his hand.

''Ah,' said Major Wilmot, as he glanced at the address and postmark, 'From our Calcutta agents. Excuse me, Rochford.' He then hastily broke the seal, and I in rising to withdraw could not avoid seeing that the parcel contained several letters.

'I had not been home more than an hour when Hopkins, Major Wilmot's valet, brought a verbal message from his master.—The Major wished to see me at my earliest convenience. Hopkins added that his master had had another fit, and would have downright fainted but for a huge draught of brandy which he had justst rougth enough to ring for and swallow. He was then got to bed, and spoken comfortably to by the servants. Hopkins said, had been cautioned not to mention the circumstance in the hearing of Mrs. Wilmot, who was gone out at the time for a carriage airing; and I was requested to be equally silent on the subject.

'Can it be,' mused I, after dismissing the valet with a promise to see his master as quickly as might be, 'can it be that those letters from India, from his Calcutta agents, which he was about to read when I left, contained disastrous news? Are the Major's terrors caused by losses, ruinous money losses in India?—Has Fortune madly invested the immense fortune, said to have been left him by his wife's father, in some bubble scheme out there?

'He was reading letters,—thus ran the current of my thoughts. He was reading letters when he had the extraepistle; letters it may be from India; the latter intimation, perhaps of the tempest of ruin which has now wrecked his fortunes. And when he rode madly home from the Park, might he not have met and spoken there with some one who had earlier new than he of what had occurred? Well, yes, but why in that case did he ask me if I did not sometimes occur that people, in certain conditions of the brain, fancy they see things or persons impossible to be seen by mortal eyes?

'I could make nothing of it—gave up the attempt, and hastened to Berkely Square.

'I found Major Wilmot in the library. He was very pale, but calm—unnaturally calm. The expression of his face was similar to that which I have many times seen in the faces of men who have long refused to believe that it would be necessary to submit to a painful and dangerous surgical operation, but who, when at last convinced that there is no, or no chance of life in the knife alone, nerve themselves to undergo it. He shook me by the hand with unusual warmth and requested me to be seated. I noticed that he also placed his chair partly within a window recess that the heavy cloth curtains shadowed his features.

''You have published a work,' said he, 'have you not, upon the phenomena of insanity, and its proper mode of treatment?'

''I have, and sold, I think, a dozen copies. The M. D's were indignant at my presumption, and effectually hunted my pamphlet; it was little more.'

''I have more confidence in you than in all the M. D's in London. Look you, Rochford,' he went on with unusual precipitation to say, 'look you, Rochford, I have pressing need of your services as a friend, as much or more than a medical adviser. The case is this: I received this morning a number of letters from India, one of which had been addressed to Mrs. Wilmot's father, and which he, having left India, and indeed the world, was forwarded to me. It relates to a tragic story,' continued the Major, with emotion, 'of which it is essential that I should give you a brief outline. Mrs. Wilmot's father married a second time, an unfortunate fact, known to me only a short time since. The morally divorced wife left India with her daughter nearly four years ago, and ultimately settled at Haeytree, near Liverpool. One of the conditions under which she was to receive a considerable annuity from her husband was that she should not continue to bear his name; a strangely, one may say an eccentrically vindictive man was Jabez Penford.'

''Who, may I ask, was Jabez Penford?'

''Mrs. Wilmot's father. That condition, I say, having been sternly insisted upon, and as the agent through whom the money was to be paid would, she thought, be sure to report any breach of the contract to his employer, Mrs. Penford and her daughter passed as Mrs. and Miss Copley.'

''Excuse my freedom, Major Wilmot, but pray do not take so much wine. You are, I see, greatly excited already, in spite of your forced exterior calmness.'

''I must to-day, Rochford. My nerves have been rudely shaken. Not by what I am now speaking of,' he added, sharply.

'I bowed, and the Major, having gulped down another bumper, resumed.

''Miss Copley was—I have been told that she was—a very pretty girl. There happened to be then residing at Everton, a suburb of Liverpool, one Captain Serle, home on sick leave from India, from the Cape, I mean. An intimacy took place between him and the Copleys. The usual results followed, and, in short, Capt Serle ultimately abandoned Adeline.—For a time only in intention—upon my soul only for a time in intention! He was offended with her. A rumor had reached his ear that Mrs. Copley had been a kept woman or worse, and in an angry interview with his wife——'

''His wife?'

''Yes—Perdition!—Yes, his wife!' shouted Major Wilmot, starting from his chair, and fiercely pacing to and fro. 'I am a fool,' he presently said, restraining himself, and sitting down; 'I am a fool to take so much wine. Let me see, I was saying that at that last interview Adeline seemed to admit by her tearful silence that the charge against her mother was true. One can see how that Mrs. Copley, or Penford—d—n her!—excuse me, I am getting wild again, and no wonder, for Serle is a fast friend of mine, and will be ruined body and soul by this accursed——I repeat that I can now see that Mrs. Copley had sternly impressed upon her daughter, who stood in great awe of her, never to divulge that she was a *moral dimpsey, so to speak.* Captain Serle flung away in a furious passion, and sailed the very next day for Port Natal.'

''It is indeed a sad, but very common story,' I remarked.

''Common story! Death and Furies, common!' screamed Major Wilmot, again starting from his chair. 'But I forget,' he added instantly mastering himself, 'I forget d—n the wine, that you do not know the infernal upshot.—Serle, there can be no doubt, fully intended to return some day to his wife for whom, however, let the truth be told, he had ceased to feel any very ardent affection, inasmuch as he resented having been duped into marriage by a beautiful liere. That now, if you will, is a common story.'

''Go on, sir,'

''Serle—I have told you how intimate our friendship is—Serle, I once more repeat, intended one day to return to his wife, and meanwhile wrote to, and made suitable provision for her. He was making arrangements with that view, when he received a letter from a fellow whom he knew by name, informing him—may the curse of God rest upon the villain's soul—informing him that Adeline Copley was dead. What motive could have prompted that lie I cannot imagine.'

''Lie!'

''Yes, lie! a horrible, devilish lie! Yes, and there were circumstances artfully set forth in the letter which left no doubt as to the alleged fact.'

'Left no doubt, perhaps you mean, in the mind of a man willing to believe the alleged fact?'

''What do you mean? Willing to believe! Well, well, perhaps it was so.—Pardon my excitement. My excuse is that the unhappy Adeline is, oh God—Mrs. Wilmot's sister! To-day,' unceasingly continued Major Wilmot, 'to-day, as I told you before, I received a letter addressed to Mr. Penford, Calcutta, by which it appears that her mother's death and Serle's desertion drove poor Adeline mad, that she has been till within the last six months an inmate of a *Maison de Sante* near Paris, and is now living with a distant female relative at Brompton. The letter was written to claim the six hundred a year, guaranteed by Mr. Penford to his youngest daughter by the deed of separation.'

''Is her mental health restored?'

''No, but she is perfectly harmless.—O Life! O Time! O World!'

''What would you have me do in this most lamentable case?'

''First hear it out; Serle has since married, has a family, and is himself dying. That is certain.'

''I should think that in his case 'twer almost happiness to die.'

''True, true! To die is always a resource in the worst extremity. What, you ask, would I have you do? Well this: Mrs. Wilmot, you will agree, must never hear of this thrice accursed business. She believes her sister to be dead. That precious belief must not fear the world's wealth be disturbed. In her present state especially, a blast of the terrible truth would be fatal to hear. Serle, as I believe said, is dying, and moreover, is quite incapable of supplying Adeline's needs. I will so do largely, without stint or measure, and you will confer it on me as an obligation which I can never fully repay, by seeling her, adversing her relative and present guardian, a Mrs. Colson, as to the best mode of medical treatment in her case, and announcing that her father has left her two—yes, two thousand pounds a year, subject to no peevish query condition, namely, that she reside out of England. I am, you know,' added Major Wilmot, 'most unnecessarily anxious that Mrs. Wilmot should not by any chance meet her unfortunate sister.'

'I said that in her present state—she was within a week of her confinement—such a meeting might be highly injurious, but that at a future time she ought to be informed that her sister was still living.

'Major Wilmot said that was a matter for future discussion, meanwhile would I undertake the commission he had proposed to me; taking care, of course, that no hint escaped me as to Adeline's sister being in England and married to Major Wilmot. I agreed to do so, and as soon as we had fully matured the details of the arrangement I was to propose, I took leave.

''Very odd it has many times appeared to me that I could have been so dull-witted as not even to suspect, at the time, that—but it's better not to raft up old story. I went to Brompton the next day, saw Mrs. Colson and the beautiful Adeline, and stated the proposal I was empowered to make. It was received with exulted gratitude by Mrs. Colson, and by Adeline with a rapture, infantine in its joyous exuberance, as soon as her shattered intelect could grasp it. 'It was Charles, (Serle's baptismal name), she knew it was Charles that had sent her all that money,' (I had taken a considerable sum with me) 'and who wanted her to leave England and go to him at the Cape of Good Hope—Cape of Blessed Hope! Oh, to be sure it was Charles—beloved Charles,' and the unfortunate Adeline clapped her hands and danced about the room in childish glee. I could have wept for pity.

'It was settled that Mrs. Colson and Adeline should leave England for Italy at the end of about six weeks—there were reasons for the delay which I do not remember, and I returned to report progress in Berkeley Square.

'Mrs. Wilmot was in due time confined with her second child, a girl, and the Major's nervous tremors appeared to be gradually passing away. Adeline once away in Italy, he said, he would, he hoped, be again.

'Matters were in this state when, about a month after Mrs. Wilmot's accouchement, I, feeling myself somewhat indisposed, requested Valentine Foster to see several patients whom he had not before attended, amongst them Mrs. Colson, who was suffering from a bilious attack.

'Foster had been gone more than four hours, and I was wondering what could have detained him so long, when he entered the surgery in a state of flaming excitement. I really thought he was drunk, and said so.

''True,' he exclaimed, 'drunk with rage! I seek your counsel, sir, we continued, after helping himself to an effective drink, 'and shall be brief in stating why I have need of it. You are aware that about three years ago I was an assistant to Mr. Forster of Liverpool. One of our clients was a lady residing at Heavytree, a Mrs. Copley.'

''Good God, are you mixed up in that terrible business?'

''I do not quite understand you, sir permit me if you please to go on. Mrs Copley had a daughter, Adeline Copley whom you have seen, and I need not, therefore describe her. I madly loved her, with all my heart, soul, strength, and should, I firmly believe—and this is the quenchless hell of rage and hate which flames within and sometimes half maddens me—should, I firmly believe, have won her love, had not a Captain Serle—not his real name, I suspect—come between me and my hopes. There was not then any presumption on my part, in a worldly sense, in aspiring to the hand of Adeline Copley. An uncle of mine, since dead, had promised to make me his heir, and would have done so, I doubt not, had the wild dissipation into which I plunged on discovering that Adeline was lost to me, deprived me of his good opinion. Let me pass over the next four months. At the