The American Volunteer.

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Professional Cards.

C. P. HUMRICH. | WM. B. PARKER

HUMRICH & PARKER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Office on Main Street, in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa.

Dec. 21, 1868—

CHAS. E. MAGLAUGHLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Building formerly occupied by Volunteer, a few doors South of W ely's Hotel.

Dec. 1, 1865

UNITED STATES CLAIM AND *REAL ESTATE AGENCY!* M. B. BUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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July 11, 1867—tf

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, *ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,* CARLISLE, PA.

☞ Office on South Hanover Street, opposite Bentz's dry goods store.

Dec. 1, 1865.

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

Dec 1, 1865.

W M. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed his office to the hitherto unoccupied room in the North East corner of the Court House.

Jan. 28, '69—1y

W. KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW Carlisle, Penna. Office same as that of the "American Volunteer."

Dec. 1, 1868

E. H. SHRYOCK, Justice of the Peace, Office No 3, Irvin's Row, Carlisle.

April 29, 1869—1y

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

Dec, 1 1865.

DR. J. S. BENDER, Homœopathic Physician, Office No. 6, South Hanover st., formerly occupied by John Lee, Esq.

Jun 3, 1869—1y.

WES. B. HIRONS, ATTORNEY AND *COUNSELOR AT LAW,* FIFTH STREET, BELOW CHESTNUT, Cor. Library, PHILADELPHIA.

Oct 14, 1869—1y

ROBERT OWENS, **SLATE ROOFER,** *AND DEALER IN SLATE,* LANCASTER, PA.

All Work Guaranteed.

☞ Orders Left at this Office will receive prompt attention. October 14, 1869—1y.

Hats and Caps

FRESH SUMMER ARRIVAL OF ALL THE *NEW STYLES* OF HATS AND CAPS.

The subscriber has just opened at *No. 15 North Hanover Street,* a few doors North of the Carlisle Bank, one of the largest and best Stocks HATS and CAPS ever offered in Carlisle. Silk Hats, *Cassimere* of all styles and qualittes, of firms, different colors, and every description of Soft Hats now made.

The Dunkard and Old Fashioned Brush, constantly on hand and made to order, all warranted to give satisfaction.

A full assortment of MEN'S, BOY'S, AND CHILDREN'S, HATS.

Have also added to my Stock; notions of different kinds, consisting of LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS, *Neck Ties, Suspenders, Collars, Gloves, Pencils, Thread, Sewing Silk, Umbrellas, &c*

PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO ALWAYS ON HAND.

Give me a call, and examine my stock as I feel confident of pleasing all, besides saving you money.

JOHN A. KELLER, *Agent,* No. 15 North Hanover Street.

May, 1869.

HATS AND CAPS!

DO YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP? IF SO, DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON J. G. CALLIO, *NO. 29, WEST MAIN STREET,* where can be seen the finest assortment of HATS AND CAPS ever brought to Carlisle. He takes great pleasure in inviting his old friends and customers, and all new ones, to his splendid stock just received from New York and Philadelphia, consisting in part of fine SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS, besides an endless variety of Hats and Caps of the latest style, all of which he will sell at the *Great Cash Prices.* Also, his own manufacture Hats always on hand, and HATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER. He has the best arrangement for coloring Hats of all kinds of Woolen Goods, Overcoats, &c., at the shortest notice (as he colors every week) and on the most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of choice brands of TOBACCO AND CIGARS always on hand. He desires to call the attention of persons who have COUNTRY FURS to sell, as he pays the highest cash prices for the same. Give him a call, at the above number, his old stand, as he feels confident of giving entire satisfaction.

May, 1869.

Boots and Shoes.

DAVID STROHM, W. D. SPONSLER, JOHN W. STROHM, NEW AND POPULAR BOOT, SHOE, TRUNK AND HAT STORE. NO. 13, SOUTH HANOVER STREET, CARLISLE, PENN'A.

Few doors South of Inhoff's building. We have just opened the largest and best stock of BOOTS AND SHOES ever offered in Carlisle, and continue almost daily to receive such goods in our line as everybody wants. Our stock consists in all kinds and qualities of Women', Misses and Childrens' strong Leather Shoes; Womens' Misses and Childrens' Lasting Gaiters; Womens' Glove Kid, Turkey and French Calf Boots; Mens' and Boys' Calf, Buff and Kid Boots; Mens' and Boys' Calf and Buff Congress Gaiters; Mens' and Boys Lasting Gaiters and Shoes; Mens' and Boys' Calf and Buff Oxford Ties; Gum Sandals, Buskins and Overshoes; Misses and Womens' Goat, Welt and Carpet Slippers; Mens', Boys' and Childrens' Fur and Saxony Hats.

TRUNKS of all sizes and prices; Traveling Bags, Satchels and Valises, together with a fine line of goods, which we will sell to suit the times. QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS, is our motto. Therefore, in issuing our card, it is intended as a personal invitation to all in need to call and look through our stock without being under obligations to buy unless suited in quality and price. We shall always try to deal with every one in a straight forward manner, and give every customer a full equivalant for his money. We hope all will avail themselves of the first opportunity to call and see us.

STROHM & SPONSLER.

April 8, 1869—1y

JOHN DORNER, MERCHANT TAILOR,

Kramer' Building, near Rheem's Hall, Carlisle, Pa., has just returned from the Eastern cities with the largest and most COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS, consisting of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c. ever brought to Carlisle. His cloths comprise ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN MANUFACTURES, the finest texture and of all shades. Mr. Dorner being himself a practical cutter of experience, is prepared to warrant perfect fits, and prompt filling of orders. Piece Goods by the yard, or cut to order. Don't forget the place. Aug. 26, 1869.

Miscellaneous.

EXTRAORDINARY

INDUCEMENTS!!

Everybody invited to call and see our large and beautiful stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

which is now open for the inspection of purchasers. Remember we closed out all our Summer Goods at auction, and we will now continue to sell all our Fall and Winter Goods at

AUCTION PRICES.

We are determined to close out this stock of goods regardless of cost. We guarantee to save every purchaser twenty-five per cent. on every dollars worth of goods. Now take warning, and don't purchase until you see our goods and prices.

Forty patterns Fancy Silks at $1.50 to $1.75, worth $2.25 to $2.50; French Merinoes, 50c.; best English Merinoes, 50c.; all wool Cashmeres, 50c.; Silk Poplins, $1.25; Black Alpacas, 35c.; all wool double Shawls, $3.50; beautiful cloth Coats, $5.00. A full line

MOURNING GOODS.

that will be sacrificed in prices. Shawls, Furs, Cloths, Cassimeres, Blankets, Flannels, &c., at such prices as will astonish you. 300 yards

BEST HOME MADE RAG CARPET,

very cheap. We are still taking more Carpet Rags at full market prices.

Do not neglect to call and see how much money we can save you.

W. CSAWYER & CO., in the Bentz House, East Main St., Carlisle, Penna.

September 30, 1869.

CITIZENS OF CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

We have now on hand and just received from the cities, and from manufacturers, the largest stock of new, cheap, and good goods to be found in any two stores in the valley.

We have the best assortment of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERS, SATINETTS, JEANS, FLANNELS, TICKINGS, GINGHAMS, PRINTS, MUSLINS.

DRESS GOODS,

Silks, Merinoes, Repps, Delaines, Alpacas, Coburgs, Plaids and Stripes.

RIBBONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES,

Zephyrs, Towels, Yarns, Linen and Cotton Table Diapers, CLOAKINGS, low prices and fine HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS and CUFFS, Velvets, Trimmings and more notions than can be found anywhere under one roof.

FURS AND CARPETS,

Oil Cloths, Druggets, Blinds, Coverlets, Quilts, Hoop and Balmoral Skirts,

SHAWLS,

of every description. In fact a splendid assortment of goods, and more given for the dollar, than any where else,

WOO

at the highest price taken in exchange. Give us a call

BENTZ & CO.

Oct. 28, 1869.

GROCERIES, &c.

The subscriber begs leave to inform the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity that he has purchased the Grocery Store of D. V. Keeny, No. 78 South Hanover Street, Carlisle, where he will carry on the Grocery Business as usual. His assortment is varied, and consists in part of

QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, STONE and EARTHEN WARE, CEDAR and WILLOW WARE TEAS, COFFEES, SYRUPS, SPICES, FANCY SOAPS, ROPES, TOBACCO, FISH, OILS, HALTERS, SEGARS, SALT, POTATOES,

DRIED AND CANNED FRUIT,

CORN MEAL, BUCKWHEAT, FLOUR, FEED, and a full assortment of articles usually kept in a first-class Grocery store. Give him a call, and satisfaction will be guaranteed.

Oct. 10, 1869. JOHN HECKMAN.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

TWO MONTHS GRATIS!

THE LADY'S FRIEND announces the following Novelets for 1870: "*Did He Forget Her?*" by Louisa Chandler Moulton; "*The Cuscamons' Aunt,*" by Elizabeth Stansbury, author of "*Rebecca Dan,*" &c., "*Solid Silver; or, Uncle Deane's Bridal Gift,*" by Amanda M. Douglas, author of "*The Debarry Fortune,*" &c., with numerous *shorter stories* by a brilliant galaxy of lady writers.

A finely executed Steel Engraving, a handsome double-page mind-colored Fashion-Plate, and a large assortment of Wood-Cuts, illustrating the Fashions, Fancy Work, &c., are given in every number.

It will give a popular piece of Music in every number.

PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS—The January number will contain Portraits (engraved on Steel) of Mrs. Henry Wood, Florence Percy, Louisa Chandler Moulton, Elizabeth Prescott, Amanda M. Douglas, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer and August Nell.

NEWSUBSCRIBERS who send in their names for 1870 before the first of November, shall receive the November and December numbers of this year in addition, making fourteen months in all! And new subscribers sending in their names by the first of December shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making thirteen months in all!

TERMS.—$2 50 a year; Two copies, $4 00; Four copies, $8 00; Five copies (and one gratis), $10 00. One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND and one of THE POST, $4 00.

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engraving—"*Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring*"—engraved in England at a cost of $2,000—will be sent to every full ($2 50) subscriber and to every person sending a club. This Engraving is a gem of art. Address

DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies sent for ten cents. November 4, 1869.

NO HUMBUG! NO HUMBUG!!

Christian Inhoff, of Carlisle, has the sole right as agent for Cumberland County, Pa., for the sale, wholesale, of a new Burning Fluid called KING'S NON-EXPLOSIVE BRILLIANT ILLUMINATING FLUID, which is superior to anything ever introduced, and can supply the trade through the County wholesale. This Fluid is cheaper than Kerosene or any other oil or compound in use, emits no bad odor or smell, and is perfectly harmless. Merchants and all others wishing to see and to test the article will please call at my store, in Carlisle.

Oct. 7, 1869.—tf. CHRISTIAN INHOFF.

10,000 Agents wanted for the Priest and Nun. This most exciting and interesting book, by a popular authoress, is now ready, and those who wish to canvass for it should apply immediately for circular, (with stamp enclosed,) stating territory desired, experience, &c. Agents wanted everywhere for this and other first-class books and engravings, by CRITTENDEN & McKINNEY, 1336 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 21, 1869—3m

REMOVAL.—E. SHOWER, dealer in all kinds of FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC LIQUORS, has removed his store to the spacious room in the "Volunteer Building," directly South of the Market House, Carlisle. His assortment of liquors is very complete, and much larger than heretofore. His old customers and the public ingeneral, are invited to give him a call at his new stand.

Oct 7, 1869.

Poetical.

THE LAND OF MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY H. C. ADAMS.

Far beyond the Ocean's bound,
Far beyond the purple West,
Where, in ancient song renowned,
Bloomed the Islands of the Blest;
'Neath the bloom sapphire skies,
Robed in woods forever green,
A wondrous land there overlies,
The "Land of Might have been."

In the Summer's golden hours,
When the sunset hues enfold
All this gloomy world of ours
In their crimson and their gold,
Or when Winter's fire burns low,
Oft by Fancy's eye is seen,
'Mid the embers' flying glow,
The "Land of Might have been."

All unknown in that fair land
Are the ills that hearts endure,
Sinless every tongue and hand
Man is true, and woman pure,
And Misfortune's bitter blast,
Shame, despair and Sorrow keen,
Are but memories of the past
In the "Land of Might have been."

All the dreams our Childhood nursed,
Ere we woke to sin and care,
Which the touch of Life dispersed,
Have their bright fulfilment there,
All the hopes that Earth has crossed,
Wear the freshness of their sheen,
Not one ray of glory lost
In the "Land of Might have been."

There the Friends, whose love beyond
Woman's love, to us was true,
Till our treason broke the bond,
Prayer and scar could not renew,
With his clasp, no longer cold,
With his cheerful voice and mien,
Lo, the friend we loved of old,
I. the "Land of Might have been."

There the girl we wooed in vain,
Deaf to Passion's last appeal,
Whose remembrance is a pain
Which no after joys can heal,
With her crown of bridal flowers,
On our breast behold her lean,
Ah! her eyes look love to ours,
In the "Land of Might have been,"

All the sons of Adam's line,
Fain would seek to enter there,
Fain would throng its shores divine,
And its sweet joys share;
But the mighty Angel's hand
Waves his fiery sword between,
None may tread the wondrous land,
The "Land of Might have been."

Miscellaneous.

THE BROKEN HOME.

"Truth Stranger than Fiction."

In San Francisco, on the north side of Folsom street, overlooking Mission Bay, stands a palatial residence.

The interior of this house is even more beautiful than its exterior, every apartment being in its way a gem of magnificence and refinement.

The library especially realizes the most perfect ideal of an elegant and cultured home.

And yet, at the moment we look in upon him—one August afternoon, as he occupied his library—the proprietor of all this wealth appeared of all men the most miserable.

He was Mr. ——, one of the leading bankers of San Francisco.

It was in vain that the broad bay-window at the south end of the room had been opened, giving ingress to the sunshine and the fragrance of rare flowers—in vain that the walls were lined with richly carved book-cases and paintings—in vain that soft couches and luxurious chairs had been gathered around him.

He was wretched.

He lay on a sofa, in the depths of the great bay-window, the wreck of a once powerful man. His figure was thin and gaunt; his face white as marble; his eyes having an expression of woful apprehension, of harrowing anxiety, of dreadful expectancy.

It was evident at a glance that no merely physical ailment had made him what he was.

By what withering secret, by what destroying affliction, had he been thus agonized? thus haunted? thus hunted? he so noble and good! he so wealthy and distinguished!

As he moved restlessly upon his luxurious cushions the pretty clock on the mantle-piece struck five, every stroke seeming to fall like a hammer upon the heart of the nervous invalid. He aroused himself, struggling feebly to a sitting posture.

'Oh, will this fatal day never, never pass? he murmured; 'nor bring us relief?'

Noticing with a nervous start that he was alone, he touched a bell upon a table before him, and called:

'Helen, Helen! where are you?'

Befor the echoes of his voice had died out a step was heard, and his wife entered his presence.

'I left you only for a moment, Morton, she said, advancing to the banker's side. 'You were dozing, I think. I wished to send for the doctor!'

She was a beautiful woman, of some six and thirty years, graceful, with broad white brows, and loving eyes, in which the brightness and sweetness of a sunshiny nature were still perceptible, under a grief and anxiety no less poignant than that evinced by her husband.

'The doctor!' he echoed, half-reproachfully.

'Yes, dear,' she said, in a calm and cheerful voice, as she drew a chair to the side of the sofa, and sat down, stroking the corrugated forehead of the invalid with a magnetic touch 'He will be here immediately. Your last nervous crisis alarmed me. You may become seriously ill!'

Mr. Preble bestowed an affectionate look upon his wife, but said despondently:

'The doctor! He cannot 'minister to a mind diseased!' Oh, if these long hours would only pass! If I only knew what the day has yet in store for us!'

'Look up, Morton!' enjoined Mrs. Preble, with a reverently trustful glance upward through the open window at the blue sky, and as if looking beyond the azure clouds therein. 'Let us appeal from the injustice and wickedness of earth to the goodness and mercy of Heaven!'

The banker gave a low, sobbing sigh.

'I *cannot* look up, Helen,' he answered, with a passionate tremor in his voice—'only down, down at the grave that is opening before me!'

Mrs. Preble continued to stroke his forehead softly, while she lifted her pale face to the sunlight streaming into the apartment.

'Look up, Morton—always look up!' she again enjoined upon the invalid. 'During all these fourteen years of agony, I have not once doubted either the goodness or the justice of Heaven. "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." I believe that we shall yet rejoice more keenly than we have mourned, and that we shall come to a glorious day of joy beyond all this long night of sorrow!'

The face of the invalid lighted up with an answering glow, and he murmured:

'Glorious faith! My wife, you are indeed a blessed comforter! Perhaps, after all, you are right!'

A knock resounded on a side-door at this juncture, and the next moment Dr. Hutton, the family physician, for whom Mrs. Preble had sent, entered the room.

He was an old man, portly in figure, with white hair and beard, but with a fresh and ruddy complexion, a pair of shrewd blue eyes, and with an exuberant boyishness of manner that sat well upon him. He had a kind heart and a clear head. He approached the sofa, after greeting the husband and wife, and lifted the thin restless hand of the invalid, feeling his pulse.

'Quite a high fever,' he said, after a brief pause. 'Worrying again, eh, Mr. Preble? You are wearing yourself out. Medicine will do you no good so long as your mind is in its present condition. I must give you an opiate—'

'Not now, doctor,' interposed the banker. 'I cannot—must not—sleep to-day! I need to be broad awake now, for I cannot tell at any moment what the next may bring forth. I am looking for the culmination of all my years of anguish—for the crowning agony of the whole. Perhaps even now—Ah, what was that?'

He started up wildly, and then, as the sound that had disturbed him was not repeated, he sank back again on his cushions, pallid and panting.

The doctor looked at Mrs. Preble wi an anxious, questioning glance.

'It is the anniversary,' she replied to his unspoken inquiry—'the anniversary of our loss.'

'Ah, yes,' said the doctor. 'I remember.'

'Yes, it's another of those terrible days,' cried the banker, in a hollow whisper. 'Sit down, doctor, and I will tell you the whole story. I can think of nothing else to-day, and am almost wild with apprehension and anxiety. Sit down.'

Mr. Hutton drew up a chair and seated himself, his face expressing the double solicitude of a friend and physician.

'You knew us fourteen years ago, doctor,' said Mr. Preble. 'We lived then where we do now, in a cottage on the site of this great mansion. There were but the three of us—Helen and I, and our three-year old Jessie. And it was fourteen years ago to-day that our little Jessie was stolen from us.'

'I remember it,' said the doctor softly.

'Yet night she not have been lost, Mr. Preble? She went out to play in the garden, if I remember rightly, and was never seen by you again. She might have strayed away—'

'So we thought for a whole year, doctor,' interrupted the banker. 'We never dreamed that she had been stolen. We searched everywhere for her, and offered immense rewards for her recovery. I employed detectives, but all to no purpose. When our little Jessie ran down the steps into that flower-garden, and he pointed to the front of the house, as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up, we never saw her again.'

'She must have found the gate open, and wandered out,' suggested Dr. Hutton. 'She might have strolled down to the waters and been drowned.'

The banker fixed his burning eyes upon the physician's face, and whispered:

'I said we never saw the poor child again. I did not say we had not heard of her. She was lost on the 9th of August, 1854. But on the anniversary of our loss we received a written message concerning her.'

'A message!' cried Dr. Hutton starting.

'A mere scrawl—a single line in a hand evidently disguised,' said the banker. 'Here it is.'

He produced a dingy scrap of paper from a drawer in the table, and held it up to the view of the physician, who read as follows:

'August 9, 1855. Jessie, ha, ha! Jessie.'

Dr. Hutton looked, with a puzzled air, from the scrap of paper, which he turned over and over, to the countenance of the banker.

'I can make nothing of this,' he declared.

'It is merely a date, with the name of your lost daughter. It tells me nothing else.'

'Then that name and that date, with the demon laugh connecting them, set us to thinking. A whole year we agonized over the dreadful problem, and then we received another message, which you shall see.'

He thrust a second slip of paper, identical in shape and appearance with the first, before the gaze of Dr. Hutton, who read it aloud:

'August 9 1856. Your Jessie still lives.'

The physician started, as if electrified.

'Ah! this is something definite—something decisive,' he muttered. 'It convinced you that your daughter was still living.'

'Yes, doctor,' said Mr. Preble, 'and every anniversary of that day has brought us some message. The disappearance of the child, mysterious as it is, does not seem to me half so strange as that the villain who took her away could contrive to communicate with us every year since, and always on a particular day—the anniversary of that on which she was stolen—without our being able to discover who he is. And a still greater wonder to me is what can be his motive. It seems incredible. If it was stated in a novel many people would not believe it. But 'truth is stranger than fiction.'

Mrs. Preble drew from her husband's breast-pocket his note-book, opened it to the proper page, and presented it to the physician.

Dr. Hutton adjusted his spectacles, glanced over the page, and then slowly read the group of entries aloud. The entry the first year is as follows:

'August 9, 1855, Jssie, ha, ha! Jessie!'

And the next year it is—

'August 9, 1856. Your Jessie still lives!'

And the next—

'August 9 1857. She is in good hands!'

And the next—

'August 9, 1858. She is well as ever!'

And the next—

'August 9, 1859. I saw her yesterday!'

And the next—

'August 9, 1860. She's growing rapidly!'

And the next—

'August 9, 1861. She continues to do well!'

And the next—

'August 9, 1862. I've seen her again!'

And the next—

'August 9, 1863. She's becoming a woman!'

And the next—

'August 9, 1864. Your child is thirteen!'

And the next—

'August 9, 1865. She's lovelier than ever!'

And the next—

'August 9, 1866. She's really charming!'

And last year it is—

'August 9, 1867. My reward is at hand!'

And what shall we get to-day?

The physician looked up and fixed his thoughtful gaze upon the bereaved husband and wife.

'How did these messages come to you?' he demanded.

'Invariably by post,' replied Mr. Preble. 'Usually to the house, but sometimes to the office!'

'And you have never seen their author?'

'Never!'

'The last of them is dated, I see, a year ago to-day!'

'Yes, yes,' faltered the banker, 'and the time has come for another message. This is the 9th of August, 1868!'

'I see,' said Dr. Hutton. 'And this is the secret of your terrible excitement! You are expecting to receive to day another of these strange messages!'

There was a brief silence. Mrs. Preble's hand fluttered in its task, and her face grew very pale. The banker breathed gaspingly. The physician regarded them both in friendly sympathy.

'We shall hear of her again to-day,' said Mr. Preble; 'and what will the message be?'

The mother averted her face. Her brave heart faltered as that question echoed in her soul.

'The writer of these letters is unquestionably the abductor of your child!' said Dr. Hutton. 'Have you any suspicion as to his identity?'

'Not the slightest,' said Mr. Preble.—'We have puzzled over the problem for many years, but we cannot guess who he is.'

'Think,' said the doctor. 'Have you no enemy? I do not mean people with whom you are not friendly—every stirring man has plenty of these—but a downright enemy! Is there no man whom you knew in the East who hated you? No one against whom you were called upon to testify—no one whom you possibly injured?'

The banker shook his head. He had asked himself all these questions repeatedly.

'I have no such enemy, doctor,' he answered with sincerity of voice and manner.

'And Mrs. Preble?' suggested the doctor, turning to her. 'Have you no rejected suitor who might be revengeful enough to desolate your home?'

'No,' said the lady. 'I was married early. Morton was my first lover!'

'This is strange—very strange!' muttered the doctor. 'You are not conscious of having an enemy in the world, and yet you have an enemy—a hidden foe—a fiend in human form—who is working out against you a fearful hatred! And you have not the slightest suspicion as to whom he is?'

'He started up wildly, and then, as the sound that had disturbed him was not repeated, he sank back again on his cushions, pallid and panting.

'Not the slightest,' declared the banker.

'Not the slightest!' echoed Mrs. Preble. 'My husband had a step-brother who might have been capable of this infamy—but he is dead!'

'The handwriting is not familiar?'

'No. It is merely a rude scrawl, as you see,' said the banker. 'It suggests nothing—except that it is evidently disguised!'

Again there was a profound silence.

'Our child is seventeen years old now,' at length murmured Mrs. Preble, her voice trembling. 'She is on the threshold of womanhood. No doubt, during all these years, she had yearned for us, wherever she may be, as we had yearned for her!'

'But where is she?' asked the physician—and his voice was broken by his deep sympathy with the agonized parents. 'Where can she be?'

'Heaven only knows,' answered the mother. 'Perhaps in San Francisco—perhaps in some rude hut in the interior, with some obscure farmer, and under a name that is not her's! I think her abductor would have carried her to some lonely region of the interior, among the valleys and mountains. Yet I never see a young girl in the streets without turning to look at her. I never hear a girlish voice without listening eagerly, half fancying that it may prove the voice of my lost Jessie!'

'Oh, pitying heaven!' sighed Dr. Hutton, dashing a flood of tears from his eyes. 'Will this long agony never be over?'

'We hope so, and even believe so,' answered Mrs. Preble, with the firmness of an unfaltering trust in God's mercy. 'The last message we received from our enemy seems to point to some kind of a change.'

'True,' assented Dr. Hutton, looking at the message in question. 'It is unlike the others. It says that his 'reward is at hand.' He means either that he intends to marry your daughter, or that he intends to demand money of you for bringing her back—or both.'

'We shall soon know,' said Mrs. Preble, with forced calmness. 'To-day we shall have another message, no doubt.—'What will it be?'

The banker turned restlessly on his sofa, and his face grew even paler.

'Whatever it is, let it come!' he murmured. 'Anything can be borne better than this awful suspense. Let it come!'

As if his impatient words had precipitated a crisis, a step was heard on the walk at this moment, and a ring at the front door followed.

'Another message!' breathed the banker.

A servant soon entered, bearing a letter, which he extended to Mr. Preble, saying:

'The bearer is in the hall.'

'With an eager gaze, the banker glanced at the superscription of the missive.

'It is from *him!*' he faltered.

It contained a slip of paper, of well-known shape and appearance, upon which was scrawled a single line, in an equally well known hand-writing, which the banker exhibited to his wife and the physician.

This line was as follows:

'August 9, 1868. *At six I will call.*'

A shock of wonder and horror shook the three simultaneously.

'Will call!' cried Mr. Pebble, starting to his feet, and glaring wildly around.

'Is coming here?' cried Mrs. Pebble, also arising.

'It seems so,' said Dr. Hutton, his eyes again reverting to the message. 'He will be here at six o'clock, and see! it is six already!'

Even as he spoke, the clock on the mantelpiece commenced striking the appointed hour, and at that instant heavy footsteps resounded in the hall, approaching the library.

'It is *he!*' cried the doctor, also arising.

As the last stroke of the hour resounded, the door leading from the hall again opened.

One long and horrified glance cast the banker and his wife in that direction, and then she fell heavily to the floor.

Her senses had left her. The above we publish as a specimen chapter; but the continuation of this story will be found only in the N. Y. Ledger. Ask for the number dated December 4th, which can be had at any news office or bookstore.

If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 182 William street, N. Y. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other periodical in the world. It will publish none but the very, very best. Its moral tone is the purest and its circulation the largest. Every body who takes it is happier for having it. Leon Lewis, Mrs. Harriet Lewis, Mrs. Southworth, Mr. Cobb, Professor Peck, Mary Kyle Dallas, Fanny Fern and Miss Dupuy will write only for the Ledger hereafter.

Mr. Bonner, like other leading publishers, might issue three or five papers and magazines; but he prefers to concentrate all his energies upon one, and in that way to make it the best. One Dexter is worth more than three or five ordinary horses.

One science only can one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

PEBBLES.—Never stare any body full in the face, it is rudely impertinent.

Insolent or haughty words, even to the meanest, always degrades the person who uses them, in the eyes of sensible people.

Never interrupt a person when he is speaking, wait till he is done and then answer respectfully.

Churlishness will render any man disagreeable, while good humor will gain love and esteem.

Never seek to be witty at the expense of others, it discovers an uncultivated mind.

Avoid unprofitable discussions, they engender strife.

Mere external beauty is of little value, and deformity of person, when associated with excellent qualities of mind and heart, should preclude our respect and approbation.

When we suffer ourselves to be ruled by passion, our minds resemble the puddle in a storm, and as oil poured upon the waters will allay the waves, so reason if we hear her voice will calm the tumultuous ravings of passion.

CRAWLED UP.—Once upon a time a gentleman found in his hen roost a simple-minded soul of the vicinity, who lived without visible means of support. 'What are you doing here, you rascal? Stealing my chickens?' 'No, sir,' was the response; 'I ain't thought of doin' nuthin' of the sort.' It unfortunately happened that the simple-minded individual wore a high straw hat, of the dimensions of a bee hive, and the crown thereof was dilapidated to a serious extent. Just as he had put in his denial, the head of a half-grown pullet was seen to protrude from the aperture. 'See there,' said the gentleman; 'how did that chicken get in your hat?' 'Well!' exclaimed the simple-minded individual, with an air of honest surprise and embarrassment, 'that is the strangest thing that ever happened to me. I suppose the darned critter must have crawled up my trowser's leg!'

TRIPLE MURDER IN HUNTINGDON COUNTY.

An Aged Man and Wife and a Boy Shot—They are Killed while Eating Supper—Their Bodies Committed to the Flames—The Object of the Murder Money—The Perpetrators in Prison—Excitement in Huntingdon Borough.

Pleasant Grove, a quiet place about seven miles from Huntingdon borough, on the Huntingdon and Broad Top railroad, was the scene on Wednesday evening, Nov. 17, of one of the most inhuman murders that have ever been committed. In an humble house there lived an aged man named Peightal, his wife and a boy, the son of a soldier's widow, whose mother had placed him under the charge of the above couple that she might better succeed in combating the adversities of life. While the three were eating their evening meal, without any intimation of their untimely fate, two men entered their peaceful abode and one of the intruders shot them in the head, destroying the last vestige of life, while the other fiend stationed himself at the door of the entrance to give the alarm should they be detected. After the commission of the horrible and heartrending crime the victims were thrown on the bed, which was set on fire with a view of burning the bodies.

The murder was discovered by several persons returning to their homes, who, having occasion to pass Mr. Peightal's house and noticing an unusual light through one of the windows, proceeded to the house, knocked at the main door and called to the inmates. Receiving no response they rushed to the inside, where a bed in flames met their vision. They soon extinguished the fire, when they uncovered the bed and found Mr. Peightal and wife and the boy somewhat burned and dead! The parties immediately afterward started for Huntingdon and arrived there between three and four o'clock on Thursday morning, directly after the Cincinnati express west had left, on which the murderers were supposed to have taken passage. The authorities at Altoona were promptly informed by telegraph of the facts in the case, who, on the arrival of the train, searched the cars and arrested two men whose movements were rather suspicious. On one of them were found about two hundred dollars in currency and in one of the stockings of the other a small quantity of gold. In his mouth was also discovered several pieces of gold, a ten dollar coin of which he swallowed, all the property of Mr. Peightal. The two men were taken to Huntington as soon thereafter as possible, arriving some time during the forenoon. The people of Huntington were greatly excited and exasperated when the supposed murderers alighted, and loud cries were made for a "rope" to lynch them. Had the populace been fully convinced of their guilt the parties would no doubt have been summarily executed.

LATER PARTICULARS.

The men arrested at Altoona and incarcerated in the Huntington county jail confessed their guilt on Thursday evening. One of them stated that he shot the three persons and the other that he stood guard and otherwise participated in the heinous crime. They also addmitted that they carried the bodies to the bed and set fire to it.

The old gentleman murdered was aged about sixty and his wife about fifty years. The boy was ten years of age.

The murderers are two Germans named Gotlieb Bobner and Oliver Baughberger. There object in committing the atrocious deed was the procuration of the money which Mr Peightal was known to have had in his possession.

The men are both wanderers, having no fixed residence. Bobner has served three years in the penitentiary for committing larceny in Huntington county. He is a repulsive specimen of humanity and seems unconcerned. He says he expects to be hung and is anxious to have the execution take place as soon as possible. He treats the whole thing as a joke and laughs heartily. Baughberger, on the other hand, is greatly depressed, very reticent on matters pertaining to the murder and indulges in much lamentation.

A LOVE ROMANCE AND AN UNKIND FATHER.

In April, 1860, while the young and lovely daughter of the Earl of D——, was enjoying her usual afternoon airing along the "Lady's Mile," her fan dropped from her hand over the side of the carriage, and she ordered her coachman to stop and recover it. Coachy curbed high-steppers to a halt as quickly as possible, but before he could descend from his perch a gentleman of middle age, black whiskers and immaculate costume appeared at the side of the vehicle, and with a courtly bow presented the fan.—A blushed "thank you, sir," rewarded the act, and the coachman was directed to head his horses for Belgravia Square; but the Earl's daughter carried home in her bosom a vivid mental photograph of the knight of the fan, and could not help fancying that a something in the expression of the fine black eyes had silently pleaded for a further acquaintance. To employ the term best understood by her sex, she was, in fact, "struck with his distinguished appearance," and couldn't get him out of her head. It was one of those cases of instantaneous infatuation which are quite as common with the gentler as with the sterner sex. The young lady drove in the park at the same hour on every succeeding afternoon of the week for the particular purpose of catching another glimpse of the elegant stranger. All her efforts to that end, however, proved vain until one evening, at the Royal Italian Opera, where she accidentally dropped her lorgnette from her box. Upon that exciting occasion several white crayated gentlemen sprang to pick up the pearl-and-gold bijou; but there was a quicker one before them all, and the lorgnette was presented by the whiskered unknown of Hyde Park. Our susceptible heroine blushed celestial rosy red as she received it, and the dark-eyed cavalier gave her such a look of homage in the act that her own eyes dropped prettily under the ardent glance. Bowing gracefully, the unknown retired to a station at the back of the box, and there worshipped with his look until the performance was over. For a month after this several silent interviews of the kind took place, until at length the peer's daughter felt her right hand slightly clasped one evening as she was stepping into a carriage from the opera-house, and on recovering from her alarm found a sealed note in the hand thus abased. In a moment she had guessed who the writer was, and had scarcely patience to gain the privacy of her own room before ascertaining its contents. The missive was written in a fine Italian hand, and the writer avowed his honorable passion in the exaggerated style natural to a fellow countryman of the Cencis. He called her his idol, the light of his soul, the star he worshipped from afar by the idolatrous wretch who dared not to draw near.

The English of the wording was just execrably bad enough to heighten the romance and suggest angelicized marble villas beside the murmuring Po. He should "kill himself," said the knight, if "miladi" did not conceal a "lectle nota" for him in the folds of her fan, on a certain night, and manage to drop it for him as she entered her box at the opera. She did so; and thus began a secret correspondence which ended in her promising to elope with the man. She had repeatedly endeavored to gain some information respecting his rank, though not until it was too late to save herself; and when he assured her that peculiar but not dishonorable circumstances rendered "an open courtship impossible," she could only give him his own way. Another month passed on, and upon a certain afternoon the young lady's carriage returned to Belgravia without her. For better, for worse, she had joined her adorer at a railway station, and gone with him to the nearest Gretna Green. They knew each other very intimately in sentiment, but now the fond foreigner had such hard facts to disclose as came near throwing his lovely captive into a swoon. Sinking upon his knees in the inn of the village to which they had come, he confessed that he was a hirer-out of hand organs to the more needy of his countrymen about London! In horrible English he abused himself unstintedly for daring to pretend to so fair and noble a hand, and offered to escort his victim back to London, if she desired, and then cast himself headlong from the top of the monument in Trafal