FIC-SOUTH MARKET SQUAR.

Protessional Cards.

MRICH & PARKER,

NITED STATES CLAIM EAL ESTATE AGENCY! M. B. BUTLER.

ns. bounties, Back Pay, &c., promptly ons by mail, will receive immedia tion.
leular attention given to the selling or rent
Real Estate, in town or country. In all let
inquiry, please enclose postage stamp.
11, 1807—17 E. BELTZHOOVER.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. South Hanover Street, opposit

C. HERMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW office in Rheem's Hall Building, in the the Court House, next door to the "Herman, Larlisle, Penna., 1, 1886. M. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND

KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW

R. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DEN

R. J. S. BENDER, Homosopathic ATES. B. HIRONS, ATTORNEY AND

COUNSELOR AT LAW.
FIFTH STREET, BELOW CHESTNUT,
COT. Library.
PHILADELPHIA.

OBERT OWENS. SLATE ROOFER. DEALER IN SLAT

All Work Guaranteed. ers Left at this Office will recei

Mais and Caps RESHSUMMERARRIVAL

HATS AND CAPS.

e subscriber has just opened at No. 15 North over Street, a few doors North of the Carlish sist Bank, one of the largest and best Stock ATS and OAPS ever offered in Carlisle. & Hats, Cassimere of all styles and qualities Brims, different colors, and every descrip of Soft Hats now made. full assortment of

MEN'S, BOY'S, AND
CHILDREN'S,
HATS
Also added to my Stock, notions of differ AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS. lls, Sewing Bilk,

PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO Give me a call, and examine my stock as I fee indent of pleasing all, besides saving you mo

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

TATS AND CAPS!

IF SO, DON' FAIL TO CALL OF J. G. CALLIO. NO. 29. WEST MAIN STREET, are can be seen the finest a sortment

HATS AND CAPS or brought to Carlisle. He takes great pleas-in inviting his old friends and distomers, all new ones, to his splendid stock 'quat re-ved from New York and Philadelphia, con-lag in part of tine

BILK AND CASSIMERE HATS, des an endiess variety of Hats and Caps latest style, all of which he will sell at t set Cush Prices. Also, his own manufactu ats always on hand, and rais always on hand, and
HATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.
He has the best arrangement for coloring Hau
dall kinds of Woolen Goods, Oyercoats, &c., a
shortest notice (as he colors every week) and
the most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot or
olce brands of

TOBACCO AND CIGARS vays on hand. He desires to call the attent all, as he pays the highest cash prices for

Boots and Shoes. DAVID STROHM, W. D. SPONSLER.

JOHN W. STROHM NEW AND POPULAR BOOT, SHOE, TRUNK AND HAT STORE. NO. 18, SOUTH HANOVER STREET,

BOOTS AND SHOES

ver offered in Carlisle, and continue almos lily to receive such goods in our line as every by wants. Our stock consists in all kinds and , Misses and Childrens' strong Leatherman Misses and Childrens' Lastin

BILINES of all sizes and prices; Traveling as a sachala and Valises, together with a fine of goods, and Valises, together with a fine of goods, and Valises, together with a fine of goods, and the sachala an

PREES, PLANTS, ELOWERS, FOR SALE AT THE CUMBERLAND NURSERIES,

Alarge stock of fine Peach trees, Grape Vines, sage Grange, Strawberry Plants, Rhubarb, Oramental trees and general Nursery stock,—setable plants all transplanted, the best vactue of Cabbage, Tomato, Cau; flower, Pepper, St. Celery, Egg Plants, do. Sweet Potatoe and Osaco Plants in large quantity, Hardy and Irenhouse. FLOWERS.

a fine assortment. Great inducement offered to benous making up Clubs, for the purpose of any flur above stock. Send for club price list. All blers carefully attended to sud promptly for-raded in season.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. Poetical.

Of all the joys vouchsafed to man In li.e's tempestuous whiri, There's naught approaches Heaven so nea

As sleighing with a girl—
A reay, laughing, buxom girl;
A frank, good-natured, honest girl;
A feeling, flirting, dashing, doting, Smiling, smacking, jolly, joking, Jaunty, jovial, poser-poking, Dear-little duck of a girl,

Pile u your wealth a mountain high, You speering, soolding churi, I'll laugh as I go dashing by With my jingling bells and girl— The brightest, dearest, sweetest girl; The trimmest gayest, neatest girl; The funniest, fleshest frankest, fairest, Roundest, ripest, roughest, rarest, Spunktest, spiciest, squirmiest, squatest, Best of girls with drooping lashes, Half concealing armorous flashes— Just the girl for a chap like me To court, and love, and marry, you see-With rosy cheeks and cluste The sweetest and the best of girl;

Miscellaneous

THE GOLDEN CANISTEB.

Not such a very long time ago, there stood in a certain quarter of one of the oldest towns in England, a low, long, gable-roofed house; adorned both outside and inside with much curious wood-work and carving. Long narrow windows, encircled with quaint wooden balcoules, over-shadowed one another, each story protruding beyond the story below, while on a wide black beam they who ran might read, "The Golden Canister."

But very few people ever ran past the eign of the Golden Canister. Strangers stood to admire the relic of the days long past, while the towns-people lingered about it, and finally sauntered in to have a chat with Luke Barton, the owner of the shop and of its valuable stock of tea, coffee, and spices. These were all the

onfiee, and spices. These were all the wares that the Golden Canister professed to supply; though from its well-filled stores you might likewise obtain figs, rasins, nuts, koney, and like delicacies. For such common necessaries as bacom, these contributes and soon you had to go for such common necessaries as bacom, cheese, candles and soap, you had to go elsewhere. No one ever spoke of Luke Barton as a grocer; it would have been looked upon as showing a want of due respect and consideration to one who was known far and near as Mr. Barton of the Golden Canister—nay, whose house gentiefolks from all parts had come to see as a content to be like of which was not often. curiosity the like of which was not often

to be come across.
At the Golden Canister lived Mr. Luke
Barton; his wife, Lettice; Leonard, their
son; and Phyllis, the only child of Luke's
brother, left an orphan from her habyhood. That be should live until Leonard brother, left an orphan from her baby hood. That he should live until Leonard made Phyllis his wife, and the young pair took possession of the Golden Cannister, was the grand wish of Luke's heart. And there seemed every prespect that his desire would be gratified. Leonard was now twenty thee, and as Luke himself had come into the business at that age, he determined that at the end of the year he would give the business into his on's hands, and counsel the young man to marry as soon as possible. He and Lettice would then retire into private life, feeling that they had done their duty in providing fitting representatives to keep up the reputation and character of the Golden Canister.

Most people knew that this was the last

warrant, was the warrant, warrant, and the pression, adding confidentially, 'Phyllis is the wife's right hand;' the person who was to be mistress in place of Lettice Barton being thus clearly signified.

Now, surely, the near approach of their felicity should have made Phyllis and Leonard very happy. But no. They seemed by mutual consent to avoid each other; or if by ohance they were thrown together, Phyllis was silent and Leonard was embarrassed. There had been a time when the day was not long enough for sil they had to talk about. But that time was appare, tly forgotten by Leonard, while bitterly did Phyllis recall the memory of a joy departed forever. And even now, hough, she is standing in, her own little room, contemplating a beautifully worked muslin dress, such as Lady Grace might have envied, the tears filled her eyes. At length she buries her face in her hands, and gives vent to the gripf which has all day long been lying heavily ther heart. What could be the reason of Leonard's altered manner towards her? For the last two months is had been like a different being. They had no quarrel of any kind, but suddenly he spanned to grow cold and indifferent; then had pome, on his part, bursts of tenderness such as she had never seen before. And these outbreaks would be followed by fits of aloom and irritability, and then he would go out and remain until very late, and next morning be distant and silent, and try to avoid her jin every way. Where could he go? He was always leaving about eight and never returning until pust twelve or one o'clock. If it was, as he said, to have a rubber with some men, why did he take such pains to look his best? It could never be for men that he was always putting on new neckties, and sie eaking sharply if his shirts were not got up to his liking.

Without any acknowledged engagement between Phyl is and Leonard, they had differ into looking upon each other in the same light as everybody else looked upon them, that is, as afflanced man and wife, and until this doubt had crept in Ph

why did he take such pains to look his
best 7 it could never be for me in take best 7 it could never be for me in take best 7 it could never be for me in take best 7 it could never be for me in take best 7 it could never be for me in take best 7 it could never be for me in take best 7 it could never be for me in take best 7 it could never be for me in the form of the part of

Leonard laughed at Dick for being such a fool as to say so, yet he went the next tight, and the next, until shortly after a lady offered to introduce him.

The result was that he forgot his father and mother's wishes, forgot Phyllis even, and was resolved, whatever came, if his idol would but condescend to accept him, that she should become, his wife, and reign queen at the Golden-Canister.—While he was with his enslaver, the task seemed easy enough; but when absent from her, he decidedly felt his courage fall every time he wanted to tell his paseemed easy enough; but when absent from her, he decidedly felt his courage fall every time he wanted to tell his parents that he could no longer love Phyllis sufficiently to make her his wife, and that his choice had fallen upon another. And when they would ask who that other was, what could he say? Ah! that was the true secret which tied Leonard's tongue; for Luke, Barton and his wife were proud felk, and held strong prejudices against every girl who was not hedged in by watchful relations and proprieties, such as benefitted the maidenly state. All there who exhibited their charms publicly for gain, they placed under one category; whether the boards they trod belonged to the opera-house of a city or the booth of a courry fair. And if they ever spoke of these beings, who had almost a different nature from their own, it was with a pity more akin to scorn than to love. The task was thus no easy one; and most men would have hrunk before they communicated a fact which Leonard knew would emplitte his parents old age. At his, printing name

head any more. Tell them he must, for the company of the Theatre Royal had left for a neighboring town and Norah had written, giving Leonard a full description of the Seeplion she had met with from the officers quartered there. So now there was added to Leonard's other distractions the fear lest some rival should steal this jewel, which he felt all the world must be, like himself, longing to possess.

should steal this jewel, which no left at the world must be, like himself, longing to possess.

While Leonard, thus worried and perplexed, is obliged to go down stairs, and try to wear a pleasant smile on his laice, and listen to the good wishes and matapropos congratulations of the fast-arriving guests, let us say a few words about the cause of his distraction—Norah Churchill. Her real name was Eleanor Church, but from her childhood she had been taught that the less she had to say about the reslites of her life the better.

Mrs Churchill had talked so much and so frequently before her daughter of their hetter days, when they mixed with the proudest of the land, that Norah tried to believe that something of the kind must have existed before her wretched, childhood began, since which time they had had no certain megans of subsistence—During the last few years they had been much better off, but it was all through Norah's exertions. She was quick and clever, and though perhans never likely to make a name in the theatrical world, she wes almost certain, as long as her pf ty face and piquant manner has dd, to be able to make enough to support hereelf and her mother. Before these charms failed she hoped to gecure an eligible marriage.

For Leonard Barton she daved nothing

riage.
For Leonard Barton she cared nothing

hurt my father and mother to night."
Privills rose reluctantly,
'I'm sorry to force myself on you,' continued Leonard, more nettled by Phyllis's
indifference than he cared to own.
'I am sorry you should have any occasion to,' returned Phyllis, her gentle nature fairly roused. 'It is quite time uncle and aunt should be told how they
annoy us by coupling our names together.'

Leonard had no time to reply to this, or he would have liked to return a bitter answer; for though he had been daily longing for some word which would give longing for some word which would give him reason to say to his parents that Phyllis and he had agreed that a marriage between them would not give happiness to either, he felt quite injured and angry now that she had sald something to this effect. But why? Simply because Leonard Barton hud always been the darling, the idol of his father and mother, and of the whole hopsehold of the Golden Canister. Every one of them gave up to his wishes, and pampered his slightest whim. Until the present time, he scarcely knew what it was to have an signrest whin. Until the present time, he scarcely knew what it was to have an udgratified wish. No one thwarted him; no one opposed him; everybody lauded his generosity and his sweet disposition, two qualities often found in those who have their entire will in everything.—
Not that Leonard was unamiable. On And if they ever spoke of these beings, who had almost a different nature from their own, it was with a pity more aking to scorn thanto love. The task was this providing fitting representatives to keep up the reputation and character of the Golden Canister.

Most people knew that this was the last year Luke would preside as master of the hope that-wixt year Leonard would be married, and legu in his strad; and be chuckled over the idea of standing, idly by, and seeing how the young folks would manage matters. None so different, I warrant, was his self-congratulatory expression, adding confidentially, 'Phyllis had grown silent and distant, and had latterly avoided him. It was evident that she had never cared for him, so that works to be mistress in place of Lettice Barton being the provided that the pass anymorb of their own; it was not as the being who had almost a different nature from the hour was unamiable. On their own, it was with a pity more asking the contrary, his disposition was excellent. But he useded a great deal of the contrary, his disposition was unamiable. On their own, it was not had latter own, it was not had latter own, it was not had been contrary, his disposition was unamiable. On their own, it was not ask was this enter on the contrary, his disposition was unamiable. On their own, it was not ask was this enter of the contrary, his disposition was unamiable. On their own, it was not ask was this enter of the contrary, his disposition was unamiable. On their own, it was not ask was this enter of the contrary, his disposition was unamiable. On their own, it was not ask was this enter of the contrary, his disposition was unamiable. On their own, it was not ask was not ask of the contrary, his disposition was unamiable. On their own, it was not ask was not ask of the contrary, his disposition was unamiable. On their own, it was not ask was not ask of the contrary, his disposition was unamiable. On their own it was not seem the contrary, his disposition was unamiable. On the contrary, his disposi

and his plans to the most patient listener man ever had.

Norah soon saw through him, and by playing with his selfishness and vanity, secured to herself a thorough slave, to whom her every caprice was law to whom a frown was misery, and an endearment a feverish exoltement to uncertain to be called happiness. She used to declare—

certain to be called happiness. She used to declare—

If the boy had not been spoiled he would be beriect, his real nature is a good as often to put mine to the blush for the griffugs and deceitful make-believes I must be up to. I shall haver get any one more pseful to practice my parts with, she would laughingly say; 'and if I had out an audience when I am playing: love making with him, what a furore I should create!'

It was for this one that Leonard Barton on New Year morning cut his old

love-making with him, what a furore 1 should create! 'I was for this one that Leonard Barton on New Year morning cut his old father and mother to the heart, mode the girl whose very light of life he segmed to have been pray to God to left her die rather than endure the misery of knowing that the love she had so long looked upon as her own was given to another. The scene had taken place before church time. Luke could not go and sav his prayers, feeling at peace with all the world, after it. No; he was not at peace with his only child; and he had nothing but bitter hatred in his heart for this styinge woman, who had ensanded his boy's weak love, and who, in his hot wrath, he called a painted Jezebel, who should never disgrace the honest name of Barton. Then Leonard blazed up, saying that his father might repreach him as he liked, but not even his father should in his hearing utter a word against her. He defied him or the whole world to prevent his marrying a girl who, no one could say, was less pure and good than his own mother. When further on Luke declared that Phyllis had been deceived and insulted, and that therefore Leonard must make her his wife, the young man took a bitter oath that to his dying day he would never ask Phyllis to marry him.

So all at once a great cloud seemed to have settled over the happy household. The servants, went about, silent, and hushed their mirth, because something (they knew not what) had gone wrong with master and misteress Leonard without a word, saddled his horse and went off, not to return until labe in the day.—Luke paced the room in gloomy, revery while his wife watched him terrified and oppressed with fear for him, for her boy, and for Phyllis, who, looked into her little chamber, shed tears of grief and despair. In all England surely there was no more miserable day spent than within the walls of the Golden Canister.

Towards evening, Luke went to his niece and sald:

'Phyllis, though in name you may never be my daughter, you are, and even

REDV.

OARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, PEBRUARY 17, 1870.

VOL. 56.—NO. 36.

Pyers will authors in such another day, recognition of the property of t

sharp and angry with his assistants for things he would not have noticed before, and everything seemed to grow wrong with everythody at the Golden Canister. It was not altogether selfishness which made Leonard so unmindful of his parents. The poor fellow really had a sorry time of it. Stradbrook was forty miles distant, and a difficult place to get at, and he had only seen Norah twice.—Though she had been very kind to him, he had found her each time surrounded by admirers, and this made him miserable with jealousy. Then she evidently did not want him to come to her often, and each time that he proposed to pay her another visit she put a dozen obstacles in the way of it. Her letters too wake short, and she declared that she was so busy studying her parts she had not time to write often. Leonard was thus kept in a fever of expectation, suspense, and disarpointment.

At length, after an unusual long interval, came a letter, saying that her engagement al Straibrook having come to an end, an advantageous offer had been made to her from a manager at Edinburgh, which she had accepted. She was now in that city, proparing for a new services of triumphs. Then followed desperate regret at not seeling him before she left,—a little melo-dramatic fear that he would soon cease to love her, mixed up with a great deal of romantic tenderness.

this, and Dick should be made to confess that he had been saying what was not true. So he sat down and soribbled off pages of reproach and love, vowing that whatever came, she would all his life be the same to him, this own Norah.' She had never written that before; it almost compensated for her leaving. Still, he would have it out with that fool, Dick Tatton, and teach him not to meddle in other people's business; and off he went to find him. Now, Dick Tatton had heen from a boy a devoted admirer of Phyllis. So he was not over-fond of Leonord, and was not likely to miss an opportunity of paying off some of his own wrongs upon his rival.

'Yes,' he said, 'I have been to Stradbrook, and I have seen Miss Churchill.' Then it was as Leonard supposed, and Dick was the culprit; so, acting upon this idea, Leonard rave full rein to his tongue. Dick listened silently till Leonard in the full benefit of the reports as to the way in which Miss Churchill was going on at Stradbrook; how she amused her admirers there by recounting the sreeches and gestures of the ardent lover she had left behind, until he was a byword among the officers, one of whom had asked Norah, in a loud whisper, meant for Dick's ear, whether that was 'Fig's friend.'

among the officers, one of whom had asked Norah, in a loud whisper, meant for Dick's ear, whether that was 'Fig's friend.'

Leonard was speechless with rage, and Dick continued;

'Why, while she was here everybody knew that she was only carrying on a game with you. When you weren t there, Lester Blake was, and sie used to write him the most spoony letters. He showed me one where she said how awfully you'd bored her the night before, and how she wished he'd been you.'

'It's a lie, from heginning to end! roared Leonard. 'Some infernal plot you've hatched amongst you because she wouldn't take any notice of you follows.'

'Just as you like,' replied Dick, calmly.'

'What you choose to think about her you may; only don't you accuse me of naming your cousin to her. I wouldn't so far insuit either of them.'

'Insult them! What do you mean?' exclaimed Leonard.

'Why, I mean this,' replied Dick, preparing to leave, 'that I should insult Miss Churchill by making her see the difference which, as I consider, lies between her and Miss Barton.'

And before Leonard had time to say another word, Dick had turned, and was walking off in the opposite direction leaving him to go home in a state of

ted 'young Harton's' cause. A richer suitor for her daughter's favor had entirely changed the current of that practical woman's ideas. She now advised Norah to put an end to his nonsense by telling him that it was like his impertinence to suppose a lady of her talent and family, and the daughter of a Colonel (which was the last rank she had hit upon for the departed Churchill), would condescend to such as him. But Norah had no idea of disgusting an admirer, and she needed no maternal counsel to get rid of a tipesome lover. Accordingly, when in the morning Leonard came at the hour she had anpointed, he was received very much as usual. When, however, after a passionate deciaration of his love, he hid his face in her lap, and told her how, before had seen her, he had thought he could please his father and mother by marrying his cousin, but that now there was not a woman on earth he would look at but herself, and that he had told his father so, getting his consent and his promise of an income sufficient for him togive his bride a comfortable home. Norah felt she could not help caressing him for so beautifully administering to her vanity. So she told him how dearly she loved him, what happiness it would be to her to live in some sweet secluded cottage where they might be all the world to one another; but,—and as fast as Leonard combated one but? Norah began another charming sentence, finishing a more incontestable but, "until Leonard, driven to desperation, selzed her hands, saying, 'Norah, don't give me any more arguments, or reasonings; kill me at once, or bid me live, by saying Yes or Noto my question.' Norah, seeing that he richer suitor was due in half an hour, gave a despairing look into his face, then cast her eyes down after her approved manner on the stage, as if she was resolved upon breaking her own ferheart, and answered 'No.' Leonard'

approved manner on the stage, as if she was resolved upon breaking her own heart, and answered 'No.' Leonard called her heartless and cruel, and heap ed reproaches upon her, upbraiding her for deceiving him, until, in order to get rid of him, she had to blaze up in her turn, and dare him ever to come just her for deceiving him, until, in order to get rid of him, she had to blaze up in her turn, and dare him ever to come into her

Presence again.
You shall be obeyed,' oried poor Leonard. 'I will leave Edinburgh this very night, praying I may never hear your name again.'
Norah did not believe him, but Leonard went. He did not go home, however; he could not do that, but he went as far as Carlisle, because nobody knew him there. He wandered about the walls of the old place, not battling against the demons that strove together with him, but rather giving way to them. until he demons that strove together with him, but rather giving way to them, until he could stay away from the cause of his misery no longer. Perhaps she was suffering as he was now that they were parted. Had she not told him a hundred times that she loved him more than any other man? Oh! she would repent, her profession might be dear to her, but not as dear as he was; and if it was, he would tell her she should continue on the stage, only she must marry him.

So back to Edinburgh he went. The porter at the hotel gave him a couple of letters from home. These he put into his pocket; he could not read them. What did he care for home then, or for anybody but her whose name flared before him on great red and yellow posters the min of the course of the could have a country the country of the course of the could have the country of the course of the country of th

Tired as he was, he wouldn't wait for dinner. How soon he could see his Circe was the only absorbing idea; and he at once made for the theatre. The performance had commenced; Norab was on the stage, looking, Leonard thought, more bewitching than ever, and casting continual glances at a part of the house where sat an elderly gentleman, who seemed utterly regardless of the attention his loud applauses were attracting. Leonard screaned himself as well as he could that Norah might not see him. He calously watched the two, till at last, between the acts, he went out and asked the box-keeper if he knew who that gentleman was, indicating the place he occupied.

pied.
'He!' said the man. 'O, that's Mr.
Ainslie, he's after Miss Churchill; they
do say he's going to marry her, but so
I've heard of a good many before.' Leonard did not stop to hear any more He rushed off determined, as the piece was nearly over to go to her lodgings and wait and see her once more, and hear from her own lips the truth of this report. Mrs. Churchill was in, the servant said; and remembering how kind she had always been to him, he determined to interest her in his behalf. But, to his great surprise, Mrs. Churchill's greeting was:

'Now Mr. Barton, I hope you ain't come to bother Norah, hecause she's had enough of your nonsense.'

fection can continue for a woman who holds him up to ridicule.

Leonard hated her; loathed himself for the having forgotten every other tie for her, and felt that he could not return home and face the pity of his father and mother, and laughter of his father and mother and laughter of his father and mother and laughter of his father, saying that he was not going to marry Miss thursen seribble to his father, saying that he was not going to marry Miss thursen the return of new who had proved him most would willingly have suffered from his old manner, rather than see a change which they return home, and they could not explain to them. He should not explain the here was the should not the he came in contact

but he had been ill, or he would have written b fore. He was longing to hear from home; if they had not quite forgotten their ungrateful son would they send a line to 'Leonard B., Charing Cros Post office?'

Send a line to him! why they would all have sent thorselves to are big.

ing Cross Post-office ??

Send a line to him! why they would all have sent themselves to urge him to return, and to tell him how dearly they loved him, and how his only fault had been in staying away. Luke, without saying a word, enclosed a check in his letter, and Lettice put a five-pound note in hers, fearing that he might be pushed for money. Then Luke wondered whether he had a situation, and Lettice wondered what had been the matter with him, and their thankful hearts, rejoicing over their dear one's safety, forgot the misery his absence has caused them, and earnestly hoped that he would listen to their entreaties, and return home to them again.

And Leonard, not in the spirit of listening to their entreaties; but with great thankfulness that Le had still that dear spot to go back to, returned—but returned so altered externally that when his father and m ther saw him they could not believe that the wan invalid, feebly trying to hasten before them, could be their Leonard; that the shaven head, sunken eyes, and this letter was in despair. How could belong to their once so handsome, stalwart son. O, what had caused this change? A fever, Leonard said, but he did not tell them then, nor for long to the provided of the plan, but as the happiness of two lives.

limbs that tottered under him could belong to their once so handsome, stalwart son. O, what had caused this change? A fever, Leonard said, but he did not tell them then, nor for long afterwards, all the sufferings he had endured; how, after he left Edinburg, he had gone straight to London, proposing to live upon the money he had with him until he should obtain some situation, a comparatively easy task he, in his country ignorance, thought; but week after week passed by, and he had week after week passed by, and he had met with nothing but disappointment. Pride forbade him writing home and asking for more money, so he denied himself everything he possibly could, until he half starved himself. This, until no hair starved nimself. This, together with his excited state of mind and anxiety, reduced his bodily condition, one neglected cold upon another ended at length in feverish symptoms to which he would not yield. But at length he was beyond speaking or moving or making any religions to the length he was beyond speaking or moving, or making any re-istance to the landladys taking him (for want or knowing what better to do with him) to the nearest hospital. There was nothing to show to whom he belonged. Before evening he was in a state of delirum. And so the petted darling of Luke and Lettice Barton, the pride of the Golden Canister, and the man who filled fair Phyllia's heart, with despairing love, lay struggling for life in the bed of a hospital ward, attended by hired nurses, who wondered if he had any belongings, and if so how they could thus leave the poor fellow to strangers.

'Now Mr. Barton, I hope you ain't come to bother Norah, hecause she's had enough of your nonsense.'

Leonard tried to stam ner out some reply to this unlooked for speech.

'I dare say you mean well, and we've always treated you as a gentleman, but you can't think that I ever supposed you expected Miss Churchill would marry you.'

'Why,' replied Leonard, aghast, 'you told me yourself you hoped she would.'

'Bless the man, what will he say next!' exclaimed Mrs. Churchill, with wellfelgened indignation. 'Why, Mr. Barton you must be mad to say such a thing, withnout wishing to hurt your feelings! must say I have much higher expectations for my daughter than snything you could offer her. I may as well be plain with you, and tell you that she will very shortly be married to a gentleman who has his thousanda a vear and keeps his carriage, and who will restore her to the position which she was born to, only her dear papa's unfortunate death obliged us for a time to forego it."

'I don't, I won't believe it!' groaned poor Leonard. 'You are forcing her into it; you are feereving me; it's false, I fee is!'

'Well, I'm sure, that's pretty well,' returned Mrs. Churchill, nettled by the doubt she considered thrown upon her assertions. 'I could show you a

Rates for Advertising.

ADVENTMENTERS will be inserted at Ten Cent per line for the first insertion and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Quarerly half-yearly, and yearly advertisements inserted at a liberal reduction on the above rates Advertisements should be accompanied by the Cass. When sent without any length of time specified for publication they will be continue until ordered out and engreed accordingly. stillordered out and charged accordingly.

JOB PRINTING. CARDS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, and every oth er description of JoB and CARD Printing.

note of his, in which he tells her of his always thinking about her -morning, noon, and night; and asks her if she's heard anything of young Spooley, meaning you, yet.'

"Then, in mercy's name, show it to me, Mrs. Churchill, and I will swear never to come near her again.'

Mrs. Churchill hesitated; suppose Mr. Ainslie should come home with Norah, and should meet this desperate young man,— for she could see he was desperate; a pretty fuss there'd be; so she asked him.—

"Well, would you go as soon as you'd read it?' Yes.'

'And not come back or be hanging about Norah again?'

'Yes.'

'And not come back or be hanging about Norah again?'

'Yes.'

'And not come back or be hanging about Norah again?'

'Yes.'

'And not come back or be hanging about Norah again?'

'Yes.'

'And not come back or be hanging about Norah again?'

'Yes.'

'And not come back or be hanging about the could wat her by the hour, and would often pretend to be asleep that she might cocupy herself so fully as not to observe his fixed gaze.

He had averience that had come over him.

Hard experience had taught Leonard the true value of great, unselfish love.

Bally now he thanked God for the blessings he had before taken as his right. He thought now how little he had appreciated the devotion of his father and mother, and how utterly unworthy he had been of it, and of the loves of Phyllis, his dear cousin, yes, she would never be anything but his cousin now. He could see the alteration in her manner, she was kind and forbear into thim, but in her heart she despised him. And no wonder, for what a blind idiot he had been! He had allered he true value of great, unselfish love.

Bally now he thanked God for the blessings he had before taken as his right. He thought now how little he had appreciated the devotion of his father and mother, and how utterly unworthy he had been of it, and of the loves of Phyllis, his dear cousin, yes, she would never be anything but his cousin now. He could see the alteration in her manner, she was kind and forbear into him, b

speak of Norah. Leonard Droke out in a storm of rage at her name, cursing the day he first saw her, and ca ling himself a dolt and an idiot, until it dawned upon Lettice that her prayer had been answered, and that Leonard loved Phyllis again. But nothing would induce him to speak to her. He was certain she intended marrying Dick Tatton. Why, she loved the man, and showed that she idid—he saw it; of course she couldn't deceive him.

in the room. It seems a dishonorable plan, but as the happiness of two lives are at stake it may be forgiven."

are at stake it may be forgiven."
So Lettice promised, and the next evening the scheme was carried out. Phyllis hidden from sight by the curtains, and seated upon the deep old-fashioned window seat of her aunt's room, listened with excited fear to the conversation which now seemed the turning point in her existence.

Lettice told her son of Phyllis' refusal of Dick Tatton's offer and that now he Lettice told herson of Phyllis' refusai of Dick Tatton's offer, and that now he might surely take courage to speak to her. But no, Leonard was all despair. He knew, he was sure, that Phyllis cared for Dick, only she was so unsel-fish that rather than pain her uncleand aunt, perhaps him too, for of course she mustsee how he loved her now—should sacrifice herself.

mustsee how he roved her now—should sacrifice herself.

'But she shan't do that, mother,' he broke out. 'She shall see I am not the selfish fellow I was. I will go away for a time, and then she'll be different, and when she is, I shall try and come back seein.'

again.'
But, my dear,' said Lettice, pettishly, 'You are talking nonsense. Phyllls as much as told me she still loved

lis as much as told me she still loved you.'

'Yes, mother, and do you think it she really did love me she would have told you? Never. No, mother, I threw the chance away when I might have had it. I did not think her anything in comparison with a woman whose business it was to cheat and now my punishment is to value what I have east away, and to feel I am eating my heart out for love of the girl whom I swore in my madness never to ask to be my wife.' And Leonard, in his misery, bowed his head upon the table, and hid his face.

Then Lettice stole quietly out of the room, and Leonard felt a soft cheek pressed against his hand, and looking up, his eyes met Phyllis's, who said, up, his eyes met Phyllis's, who said, with trembling voice, 'Then, Leonard, must I ask you to take me?' Let us leave them there, while we shake our heads pilyingly over Phyllis's want of proper pride.

Good Advice.—Go to bed with un-washed mouth and wonder why you rise with "such a horrid bad taste."