

Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, AGRICULTURE, AMUSEMENT, &c. &c.

Printed and Published, Weekly, by George H. Phillips, in Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

VOLUME XLII.—No. 13.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 1, 1839.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 3.—No. 5.

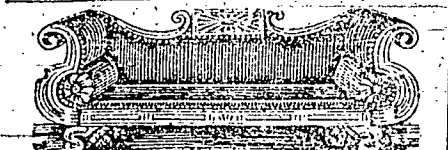
TERMS.

The "Carlisle Herald & Expositor" will be issued every TUESDAY AFTERNOON, at Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates. Letters addressed to the editor, on business, MUST BE PAID, otherwise they will receive no attention.

AGENTS.

The following named persons have been appointed Agents for the "Carlisle Herald & Expositor," to whom payment for subscription and advertisement can be made.

D. SHELLEY, Esq. Shiremanstown, Camb. Co.	do
SEYMOUR COYLE, Esq. Newville	do
P. KANTZ, Esq. Newburgh	do
THOS. W. HINES, Esq. Shippensburg	do
JOHN WUNDERLICH, Esq. do	do
J. MACRAE, Esq. Mechanicsburg	do
R. WILSON, Esq. Hagerstown	do
WILLIAM RUSSELL, Esq. Hopewell	do
STURGEON, Esq. Carlisle	do
DR. ASA WHITE, New Cumberland	do
THOS. BLACK, Esq. Bloomfield, Perry county.	do
A. BLACK, Esq. Landisburg	do



CABINET MANUFACTURING CO.
The subscriber respectfully informs the inhabitants of Carlisle, and the public generally, that he still resides at his old stand in North Howard street, opposite Mr. E. Bullock's Chair Manufactory, where he continues to carry on the

Cabinet Making Business.
In all its various branches. He has lately furnished himself with a new and splendid TRIPLEX, &c. to accommodate all those who favor him. He restores his drawers, thanks to his friends and customers for the liberal encouragement bestowed on him, and solicits a continuance of their patronage. He factors himself that by diligent attention to business and a disposition to please, to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

GODFREY HAGG.
Carlisle, November 27, 1838.—5m.

PUBLIC SALE.
By order of the Orphans' Court of Cumberland County, I will expose to public sale on the premises, on Monday the 25th day of December, the following real estate, to-wit: A tract of land, to-wit: A Tract of first rate

LIMESTONE LAND.
situate on the Trindle Spring road, about four miles below Carlisle, containing about 22 acres, more or less, having an elegant

BUILDING HOUSE.
formerly kept as a place of public entertainment, and now used as a BANK BARN, and other buildings thereon erected. There are also two fine orchards on the premises. The land is all cleared. The property will be sold free of all taxes, and will be sold on the following terms:—One third to remain in the hands of the purchaser, the interest to be paid annually to the widow, \$200 to be paid on the expiration of the sale, the residue of \$1000 on the 1st April, 1839, when a provision will be given, and the balance in two annual payments without interest.

JOSEPH CULVER, Guardian.
Dec. 4, 1838.

Evangelical Music.
ON the Sacred Harmonical and Sacred Hymn, with the assistance of a great variety of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Anthems, &c. of the most approved character—by J. H. Hickok and George Fleming—2d edition, much enlarged and improved. Published and for sale by J. Whelan, Philadelphia—J. H. Hickok, Chambersburg, Pa.—George Fleming, Carlisle, Pa.—L. Loomis, Pittsburgh—Sale also by Wyatt, Richmond, Va.—and Pearson and Rescort, Natchez, Miss.

The publishers put this work with a view to meet the wants of the religious community and to receive in a short time the approbation and another called for. This demand determined the publishers to have the work re-stamped, and thus to be enabled to keep up an supply for the demand.

This collection consists of nearly every variety of measure found in the various Hymn Books in use, embraced in a very large collection of Psalm and Hymn tunes. Besides these, it contains a number of interesting anthems, set pieces, sacred songs, &c. every of execution without the aid of instrumental accompaniments, and suited to various occasions of religious worship, with the Christian enterprise of the present day.

Teachers of Music, Musical Societies, Choirs, retailers and others, supplied with the most commodious assurance that they have neither mistaken its wants nor vainly endeavored to supply them. A very large edition has been printed, and another called for. This demand determined the publishers to have the work re-stamped, and thus to be enabled to keep up an supply for the demand.

THE FARMER'S CABINET.
Devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture and Rural Economy.
Published by JOHN LEITCH, No. 45 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, price \$1 per year, monthly. Subscriptions taken by JOHN J. MYERS, Bookseller, Carlisle, of whom the 1st and 2d Volumes of this strong binding may be obtained at price \$1.25. Also.

THE LADIES' GARLAND.
Devoted to Literature, Instruction, Amusement, Female Biography, &c.
Price One Dollar per year, monthly. For the first Volume of this work we had 12,000 subscribers; subscriptions to which may be had as above. Neatly half bound, Price \$1.25.

ISAAC NORCROSS, Agent.
Carlisle, October 30, 1838.

AN ACT.
To Protect the Public Squares,
WHERE people of Carlisle, by their Town Council assembled hereby enact, "That it shall be and it is hereby declared to be unlawful for any person or persons to ride, lead or drive any horse or other animal over upon or through either of the public squares of the borough, which are within the boundaries of the same, and which are hereby declared to be unlawful for any person or persons to occupy any part of the said squares, whether the same be for the purpose of the same, and which are hereby declared to be unlawful for any person or persons, who shall violate the provisions of this ordinance shall forfeit and pay the sum of one dollar for each offence, to be recovered as debts of like amount are recoverable.

Passed the 19th December, 1838.
FREDERICK WATTS, President of T. C. Carlisle, December 13, 1838.—3w.

PLANT and figured satin, bombazine, velvet and Arabesque Stocks for sale at
ARNOLD & CO.
Nov. 20.

20 BARRELS Mackerel, and 20 half barrels do, just received and for sale at
OWEN McCABE.
Harrisburg, Sept. 24, 1838.

Sheriff Sales.

By virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas to me directed, issued out of the Court of Cumberland County, will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in the borough of Carlisle, on Saturday the 5th day of January next, A. D. 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M. the following described real estate, to-wit:

A Lot of Ground, situate in the borough of Carlisle, Cumberland county, containing 60 feet in breadth and 240 feet in depth, more or less, having thereon erected a large

TWO STORY BRICK HOUSE.
and Brick Office, on Penn Street, and Two Story LOG HOUSE, on Church Alley, bounded by Penn Street on the south, a 1/2 of Samuel Eastman's lot on the north, by Church Alley on the east, and by the West Church Alley on the north, and other property of Catharine Quigley on the east.

Also, a part of a Lot of Ground, situate in the borough of Carlisle, containing 20 feet in breadth, and 240 feet in depth, more or less, having thereon erected a two story frame house, weather-boarded, and a frame Shop, bounded on the south by Penn Street, on the west by the above property, on the east by lots of George M'Peely, John Hays and others. Seized and taken in execution as the property of Catharine Quigley, deceased.

Also, a Tract of Land situate in South-Middletown township, containing 330 Acres, more or less, adjoining lands of Robert Graham, Henry Peck, Gilbert Seagriff, Joseph Ritter, Jonathan Rudy, and others, having thereon erected two story LOG HOUSE, and one FRAME HOUSE, and a small Log Barn, and two excellent tracts of land, situate on the property of James Moore, and to be sold by me.

JOHN MYERS, Sheriff.
Carlisle, Dec. 10, 1838.

Sheriff Sales.

By virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas to me directed, issued out of the Court of Cumberland County, will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in the borough of Carlisle, on Saturday the 5th day of January next, A. D. 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M. the following described real estate, to-wit:

A tract of land situate in Dickinson Township, Cumberland county, bounded by lands of John Weakley, Peter Myers, the Yellow Beech, and others, containing 150 acres more or less, having thereon erected a large weather-boarded dwelling House, Log Barn and other improvements, with two tracts of land, situate on the property of William Weekly.

Also, a lot of ground situate in the Borough of Carlisle, containing 120 feet in depth in Bedford street and 120 feet in breadth, on lot of a large lot of the late Joseph Jones, deceased, and Peter Gilmore, having thereon erected a large double two story house and two story frame house and frame stable. Seized and taken in execution as the property of John McGowan.

A Lot of Ground situate in the borough of Carlisle, containing 60 feet in breadth, and 110 feet in depth, more or less, adjoining lands of the late Joseph Jones, deceased, and Peter Gilmore, having thereon erected a large double two story house and two story frame house and frame stable. Seized and taken in execution as the property of John Harper.

JOHN MYERS, Sheriff.
Carlisle, Dec. 17, 1838.

GENERAL COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS.
No. 23 & 24 Central Wharf, Broad St. Philadelphia.
Are prepared to receive and forward for any Person, Provision, or Goods, which may be consigned to their care.

Liberal Advances will be made, when required, on all sales effected. All goods to be forwarded by Rail Road or Canal, decisions, &c. will receive prompt attention.

JOHN MYERS, Sheriff.
Carlisle, Dec. 17, 1838.

THE FARMER'S CABINET.
Devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture and Rural Economy.
Published by JOHN LEITCH, No. 45 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, price \$1 per year, monthly. Subscriptions taken by JOHN J. MYERS, Bookseller, Carlisle, of whom the 1st and 2d Volumes of this strong binding may be obtained at price \$1.25. Also.

THE LADIES' GARLAND.
Devoted to Literature, Instruction, Amusement, Female Biography, &c.
Price One Dollar per year, monthly. For the first Volume of this work we had 12,000 subscribers; subscriptions to which may be had as above. Neatly half bound, Price \$1.25.

ISAAC NORCROSS, Agent.
Carlisle, October 30, 1838.

AN ACT.
To Protect the Public Squares,
WHERE people of Carlisle, by their Town Council assembled hereby enact, "That it shall be and it is hereby declared to be unlawful for any person or persons to ride, lead or drive any horse or other animal over upon or through either of the public squares of the borough, which are within the boundaries of the same, and which are hereby declared to be unlawful for any person or persons to occupy any part of the said squares, whether the same be for the purpose of the same, and which are hereby declared to be unlawful for any person or persons, who shall violate the provisions of this ordinance shall forfeit and pay the sum of one dollar for each offence, to be recovered as debts of like amount are recoverable.

Passed the 19th December, 1838.
FREDERICK WATTS, President of T. C. Carlisle, December 13, 1838.—3w.

PLANT and figured satin, bombazine, velvet and Arabesque Stocks for sale at
ARNOLD & CO.
Nov. 20.

20 BARRELS Mackerel, and 20 half barrels do, just received and for sale at
OWEN McCABE.
Harrisburg, Sept. 24, 1838.

POETRY.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens gardens cult'd with care."
From the New-Yorker.

PARTING WORDS.
We are parting—we are parting!
We have parted off before;
But 'twas with hope to meet again,
And that is ours no more.

Oh! could we meet, it would be so
To mark each other's change—
To feel the blight of withering years
In hearts and eyes estranged.

We are parting—we are parting!
Oh! let us bury now
The memory of our former love,
And may a former vow

Let Time's effacing tide sweep o'er
Each mark so deeply set,
Where nothing's left us of the Past,
'Tis better to forget.

We are parting—we are parting!
Our paths must hereafter be
In search of fumes in search of gold—
Scattered on land and sea.

And 'twas my quest with a wry wealth,
And I may wear the crown,
Both lonely, in the sun and shade,
Of Fortune's smile or frown.

We are parting—we are parting!
We were erred side by side;
Neither will ever be erred side by side,
And I shall say still divider.

For one may join the angel throng,
And sing with seraphs high,
And one may utter with the lost
The last despairing cry.

We are parting—we are parting!
And dark and gloomy fears
Are gathering thickly o'er my heart,
Too deep to speak to tears.

We, that have loved with a high
Our farewell words have said;
Such partings—oh! they make the heart
Like marble—cold and dead!

HOPE.
By T. K. HANCOCK.
Again—again she comes! methinks I hear
Her soft sweet singing, and her rousing voice;
My heart is glad to meet her with a tear,
And welcome sends from all its broken strings.

And was not this—my true and true—
When my plumed soul went half way to the sky
To greet her; and the joyous song she bore
The wings are laden by the weight of years,
And grief has spoil'd the music with her tears.

She comes—she comes—she comes—she comes—
I know her by the rainbow in her hair!
Light from the light and summer skies—
But gone the girlish which she wore
Of sunny roses, and the sacred hair.

That long time—my true and true—
When in her youth she had her hair
And called from all the beautiful and sweet,
No more the mawkish me with hair of white,
Nor offers now the parables of the earth.

Come back, come back—thou hast been absent long,
Oh! welcome back the spirit of the soul,
Who came, and me again, with pleading strong,
To offer to the heart her mystic spell;
Though every year she wears a day her back,
And sings a sadder song, and every year
Some further leaves are torn out from her hair,
And fewer that she brings, and far more dear.

As ever she comes—oh, might she come again,
With all the perils which she offers yet.

But come—oh! come—she is a gladness yet,
Light from the present or the future east,
That makes the present bright—oh! come—
It is a ray of sorrow while it mends the east,
And memory gleams, as sparks the cut-flint, till,
To tell the daylight of the heart is gone.

Come like the seed of old, and with thy spell,
Put back the shadow of that setting sun
On my soul's dial, and with new-born light
Hark the wild tolling of the voice of night.

Bright spirit, come—the mystic roll is thine
That shows the hidden fountains of the heart,
And turns, with point a setting, to divine
The pliers where its buried treasure rest
Its hearts of thought and feeling; that spell,
Methinks I feel its long-lost world revealed,
And ancient springs within my bosom swell
That grief had checked, and all rain had concealed,
And sweetly swelling where its waters stray,
The tints and freshness of its earlier day.

She comes—she comes—her voice is in mine ear,
Her mild, sweet voice, that sings, and sings for
ever,
Whose strains of song sweet thoughts awake to hear,
Like flowers that haunt the margin of a river,
(Flowers, like lovers, only speak in signs,
Whose thoughts are hues, whose voices are their
hearts.)

Oh—thus the spirit yearns to pierce the skies,
Flinging the bolts, though all have long departed,
Thus the glad-freshness of our sinless years
Is watered over by the heart's rich tears.

She comes—I know her by her radiant eyes,
Before whose smile the long dim cloud departs
And if a darker shade be on her brow,
And if her tones be sadder than of yore,
And if she sings more solemn music now,
And bears another harp than erst she bore,
And if around her form no longer glow
The earthly flowers that in her youth she wore,
That look is lovelier, and that song more sweet,
And heaven's flowers—the stars—shin at her feet.

SELECT TALE.

ESTELLE:
A TRILLING AND TRUE STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

"Estelle, what can you be thinking about?—you have set a full hour in the same position, with your head reclining on your hand, looking hot at all like my jovial sister—Come, now, I think it will require no prophet's vision to divine the current of your thoughts. Tell me, Estelle, are you not this moment asking your heart if it can yield its affection to Morris?"

"Dear Louise, I am far from thinking you possessed of the power of prescience, but for once you have suggested right."

"Well, Estelle, what is the result of your meditation? for I should think they had been sufficiently lengthy, to have terminated in a resolve. I hope."

"Nay, Louise, no more lectures!—I am wearied with your preaching. It is no more than a week since I sat, with all due reverence, at your ladyship's feet, and listened to a discourse full two hours long—You filled, then, with all your logic, to convince me; and I presume you have no more powerful or convincing reasons to offer now. Indeed, Louise, I am resolved at present not to discourage the attention of so accomplished a man as Morris; so do dismiss that lengthy pliz, and appear more cheerful."

"This, then, is your conclusion. I had hoped that my dear sister was beginning to view this important subject in its true light."

"Yes; in its true light I do, sis—for I half believe the old adage, 'a returned rake makes the best husband.' The grand secret is how to reform them; and I am willing to make the experiment; for to tell you the truth, Louise, Morris is pouring this evening to receive his answer whether your wayward sister will become his bride or not; and he declares forthwith, that if I say to him nay, he will turn recidivist; and society will never know Frederick Morris again."

"Ah, Estelle—my sister, my companion—you will not sacrifice yourself! Have you forgotten the engagements to Edward Barnes—can you blot from your heart all remembrance of his devotedness? Can you bestow your hand upon another, when you are already affianced to him? Believe me, if you do, you will never have peace of mind again—God's blessing will not rest upon you."

"Oh Louise, as to my engagements to Edward B, you know it is a mere child's affair! I have always told him when he found any chance he could love better, I would release him."

"Ah! did he allow you the same privilege?"

"Oh no, he is self-confident, he supposes my heart inaccessible to all mankind but his own dear self. But to be serious, Louise, I wonder he could not have placed his affections upon you instead of me. He is so liberal, so dignified, and so moralizing, that I wonder he should fancy me, who have nothing better than to 'tip the light fantastic toe' in the 'merry dances,' or read the latest novel. But I do not fear for him; he will soon find another, a fairer-calculated than myself to make him happy, and it requires no prophet's vision to divine who that one will be. Ah, ha—thou blushing Louise!"

"Estelle, hush! I will not 'e'en to your levity lounge. You wrong yourself—by wronging him to whom you have pledged your love."

"Well, Louise, I will be serious, and now what is the question of your objection to Morris? You can't but acknowledge that he is very accomplished, and a perfect Adonis. There is not a young lady of all my acquaintance who does not think herself a fortunate girl to be the object of his affections—and even you, my dearest sister, I half believe pure jealousy to be the cause of your dislike. But come—his faults; where are they?"

"Estelle, you know them; I have told you, and others have warned you. Is he not a professional gambler? and he is not even you, blinded as you are, even a hint when there was an unwonted flush upon his countenance, and an unnatural excitement of his spirits?"

"Like fellow! I do not think to be true (though the last charge I do think is false.) Think you not his love for me will deter him from doing any thing that will make me unhappy? Louise, you know little of his devotedness."

"Well, sister," said Estelle, on the morning of her wedding day, "in a few hours I shall be wedded to Morris. I am going to try the fearful experiment, as you are pleased to call it. If he proves to be a good husband, I shall have the satisfaction of triumphing over you; if he does not, then my history will serve as a beacon light to warn others not to shipwreck their happiness in the same manner; so you see I shall do my fair friends a service in this way, if no other."

Louise sighed as she saw her bright and happy sister so unconsciously sacrificing herself; but she only remarked that a few years would decide the question.

In a few weeks Morris and his wife were settled in New York. For two years all was well with Estelle. Morris was apparently a reformed man; and even Louise began to think her fears would not be realized. His evenings were spent in the society of his wife, and he began to feel a relish for domestic pleasures. At this period one of his old associates, who had just returned from a tour of Europe, called to congratulate him and to revive old friendship.

"Well, Fred," said he, familiarly, "I admire your wife and situation, and even your little babe looks like 'a cherub; but faith, friend, you don't intend to bury yourself here, do you? How far our old friends P. and M. I. you meet at our old haunts, I presume?"

"Indeed I have not been there of late, neither have I seen our old friends but once or twice these two years."

"Well, then, we will go and hunt them up this evening."

That was a long evening for Estelle. The clock tolled the midnight hour before Morris returned; and when he saw her, but with delight excuse he quieted the fears of his too fondling wife. From that evening his past was dated the downfall of Morris. Estelle was conscious of the change in her husband, but she uttered not a word of reproach.

A cloud slowly and heavily came creeling; a cloud of ill-omenation, not enough to grieve, but with delight excuse he quieted the fears of his too fondling wife. From that evening his past was dated the downfall of Morris. Estelle was conscious of the change in her husband, but she uttered not a word of reproach.

"A cloud slowly and heavily came creeling; a cloud of ill-omenation, not enough to grieve, but with delight excuse he quieted the fears of his too fondling wife. From that evening his past was dated the downfall of Morris. Estelle was conscious of the change in her husband, but she uttered not a word of reproach.

One night, as her husband returned home unusually late, Estelle was struck with his haggard look and almost morose laugh, when he roughly said—

"Well, Estelle, now we are off for the west—I am worth barely enough to buy us a log hut, and we will go, and hide ourselves in the prairies of Illinois. 'That—knows has done the work for me to-night. Oh! I wish I had shot him!' and he gnashed his teeth in rage.

Estelle was shocked, confounded, and crushed; but she questioned him not, nor offered one word of expostulation. With a sad heart, she packed up her things, and in a week they were on their way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois.

that she was long ill—that she bore all her suffering with meekness; and you must have been only a casual observer; if you have not witnessed her hours of sadness, even when she was well. I have seen her gaze on us with a look of untold affection while the tears streamed down her pale cheeks, and I often wondered at her emotion. A few weeks previous to her death, she called me to her side and gave me this manuscript. She said it had been her intention to carry the secret of her sorrows to the grave; but with the hope that it might benefit us, she entrusted it to me, as the eldest, with a strict injunction not to reveal it even to you, unless I saw you about to take a step in life which would cause unavailing repentance. And now, Estelle, I have closed. In these papers you will learn your mother's history, and her last counsel; if these will not move you, no argument of mine can."

"For once the gay Estelle looked sad, and sat down with a throbbing heart, to peruse the manuscript; but she had hardly time to finish it, before a servant announced Morris. Louise could have wished him annihilated; for he seemed to possess a serpent's fascination over Estelle, and to drive from her mind all sober thought—

"That evening Morris urged his suit, with much apparent earnestness, and made such oaths of eternal constancy, that he won the consent of fair Estelle to become his bride in a few weeks.

Louise and Estelle Lawrence were the daughters of Mr. Lawrence, a lawyer of some celebrity and great wealth, in a flourishing village in New England. Mr. Lawrence had lost his wife when his daughters were young. Although possessed of every attraction to make home a paradise, Mrs. L. failed to secure the company of her husband. The gaming table and wine cup possessed more attractions for him than his lovely wife, whose affectionate heart withdrew from the consciousness of unrequited love. After her death, Mr. L. seemed an altered man; he forsook all his vices, and tried, by his affection for his daughters, to atone for his neglect of their mother. These sisters were as opposite in their characters as the antipodes. Louise possessed all the qualities of a mind which are the result of virtuous principles, and that intuitive discernment of character which go few of our sex have the credit of possessing, but which is requisite to distinguish the really virtuous from those who 'steal the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in.' Estelle was a sunny girl—no cloud dimmed her vision, all was joy and gaiety with her. She was sure to laugh, but when she met a more affectionate heart, she was wont to blush and winnow that she was welcome wherever she went. She had spent some time in New York, and there became acquainted with Morris, a gentleman who she often said was the 'beau ideal' of her fancy. He had by his insinuating address and handsome face, won the confiding heart of Estelle, and he was now a visit to N. to obtain her consent for her immediate union. Louise had never seen Morris, and had often tried to reason with her infatuated sister, but with little success. Mr. L. never hinted his objections, for his second wife he had chosen a young lady who was but a little the senior of his daughter, and from whose tyranny the high minded Estelle managed to free herself. Estelle's marriage with Morris, she thought, was a mistake of the same kind, and she felt she held in her heart, she wished her to become the bride of Morris without some terrible conflict with her heart and conscience; for he to whom she was already pledged, now seemed to her his heart's best treasure was about to be torn from him) was pursuing his studies in the State of Maine. Vacation was at hand; and Edward Barnes was expected home in a short time. Estelle knew this; she knew all his worth; his undying love for her, and sometimes would relent and wish she had never seen the fascinating Morris. Morris was well aware that his hold upon her affections was not strong, for he had more than once found her weeping with letters in her hand, which he supposed were from Edward;—for this reason he lowered the performance of the ceremony which would make her his forever.

"Well, sister," said Estelle, on the morning of her wedding day, "in a few hours I shall be wedded to Morris. I am going to try the fearful experiment, as you are pleased to call it. If he proves to be a good husband, I shall have the satisfaction of triumphing over you; if he does not, then my history will serve as a beacon light to warn others not to shipwreck their happiness in the same manner; so you see I shall do my fair friends a service in this way, if no other."

Louise sighed as she saw her bright and happy sister so unconsciously sacrificing herself; but she only remarked that a few years would decide the question.

In a few weeks Morris and his wife were settled in New York. For two years all was well with Estelle. Morris was apparently a reformed man; and even Louise began to think her fears would not be realized. His evenings were spent in the society of his wife, and he began to feel a relish for domestic pleasures. At this period one of his old associates, who had just returned from a tour of Europe, called to congratulate him and to revive old friendship.

"Well, Fred," said he, familiarly, "I admire your wife and situation, and even your little babe looks like 'a cherub; but faith, friend, you don't intend to bury yourself here, do you? How far our old friends P. and M. I. you meet at our old haunts, I presume?"

"Indeed I have not been there of late, neither have I seen our old friends but once or twice these two years."

"Well, then, we will go and hunt them up this evening."

That was a long evening for Estelle. The clock tolled the midnight hour before Morris returned; and when he saw her, but with delight excuse he quieted the fears of his too fondling wife. From that evening his past was dated the downfall of Morris. Estelle was conscious of the change in her husband, but she uttered not a word of reproach.

A cloud slowly and heavily came creeling; a cloud of ill-omenation, not enough to grieve, but with delight excuse he quieted the fears of his too fondling wife. From that evening his past was dated the downfall of Morris. Estelle was conscious of the change in her husband, but she uttered not a word of reproach.

One night, as her husband returned home unusually late, Estelle was struck with his haggard look and almost morose laugh, when he roughly said—

"Well, Estelle, now we are off for the west—I am worth barely enough to buy us a log hut, and we will go, and hide ourselves in the prairies of Illinois. 'That—knows has done the work for me to-night. Oh! I wish I had shot him!' and he gnashed his teeth in rage.

Estelle was shocked, confounded, and crushed; but she questioned him not, nor offered one word of expostulation. With a sad heart, she packed up her things, and in a week they were on their way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois.

There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois.

There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois.

There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois.

There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois.

There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois.

There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois.

There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois.

There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois.

There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois.

There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois.

There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois. There they were on the way in Illinois.