CARLISLE HERALD.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

VOL. LVII. CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1857. NO. 31.

E. BEATTY,

PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet, containing FORTY COLUMNS, and furnished to subscribers at the rate of $1.50 if paid strictly in advance; $1.75 if paid within the year; or $2 in all cases when payment is delayed until after the expiration of the year. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months, and none discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sent to subscribers living out of Cumberland county must be paid for in advance, or the payment assumed by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements will be charged $1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than twelve lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half Yearly and Yearly advertising:

	3 Months.	6 Months.	12 Months.
1 Square, (12 lines,)	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00
2 "	5.00	8.00	12.00
¼ Column,	8.00	12.00	16.00
½ "	12.00	20.00	30.00
1 "	25.00	35.00	45.00

Advertisements inserted before Marriages and Deaths, 8 cents per line, for first insertion, and 4 cents per line for subsequent insertions. Communications on subjects of limited or individual interest will be charged 5 cents per line. The Proprietor will not be responsible in damages for errors in advertisements. Obituary notices not exceeding five lines, will be inserted without charge.

JOB PRINTING.

The CARLISLE HERALD JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the largest and most complete establishment in the county. Three good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for Plain and Fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of Bills, Blanks or any thing in the Jobbing line, will find it their interest to give us a call. Every variety of BLANKS constantly on hand.

☞ All letters on business must be post-paid to secure attention.

1857.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	1857.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
JAN.							3	JULY				1	2	3	4
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17		12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24		19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31		26	27	28	29	30	31	
FEB.						6	7	AUG.							1
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		16	17	18	19	20	21	22
									23	24	25	26	27	28	29
									30	31					
MAR.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	SEPT.			1	2	3	4	5
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	29	30	31						27	28	29	30			
APR.				1	2	3	4	OCT.					1	2	3
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	26	27	28	29	30				25	26	27	28	29	30	31
MAY						1	2								
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	NOV.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	31								29	30					
JUNE		1	2	3	4	5	6	DEC.			1	2	3	4	5
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	28	29	30						27	28	29	30	31		

General & Local Information.

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—FRANKLIN PIERCE.
Vice President—JESSE D. BRIGHT.
Secretary of State—WM. L. MARCY.
Secretary of Interior—ROBERT MCCLELLAND.
Secretary of Treasury—JAMES GUTHRIE.
Secretary of War—JEFFERSON DAVIS.
Secretary of Navy—JAS. C. DOBBIN.
Post Master General—JAMES CAMPBELL.
Attorney General—CALEB CUSHING.
Chief Justice of United States—R. B. TANEY.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor—JAMES POLLOCK.
Secretary of State—ANDREW G. CURTIN.
Surveyor General—J. P. BARKLEY.
Auditor General—E. BANKS.
Treasurer—HENRY S. MEGRAW.
Judges of the Supreme Court—E. LEWIS, J. S. BLACK, W. B. LOWRIE, G. W. WOODWARD, J. C. KNOX

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—Hon. JAMES H. GRAHAM.
Associate Judges—Hon. John Rupp, Samuel Woodburn.
District Attorney—Wm. J. Shearer.
Prothonotary—Daniel K. Noell.
Recorder, &c.—John M. Gregg.
Registar—William Lytle.
High Sheriff—Jacob Bowman: Deputy, J. Hemminger.
County Treasurer—Adam Senseman.
Coroner—Mitchell M'Clellan.
County Commissioners.—George M. Graham, William M. Henderson, Andrew Kerr. Clerk to Commissioners, Michael Wise.
Directors of the Poor—George Brindle, John C. Brown, Samuel Tritt. Superintendent of Poor House—Joseph Lobach.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Chief Burgess—Col. ARMSTRONG NOBLE.
Assistant Burgess—Samuel Gould,
Town Council—R. C. Woodward, (President) Thos. M. Biddle, John Thompson, Michael Sheafer, Henry Glass, David Sipe, Robert Irvin, A. A. Line, Michael Holcomb.
Constables—John Spahr, High Constable; Robert McCartney, Ward Constable.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. CONWAY P. WING, Pastor.—Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M.

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. Mr. EALTS, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M.

St. Johns Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. JACOB H. MOSS, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock, A.M., and 3 o'clock, P. M.

English Lutheran Church, Bedford between Main and Louther streets: Rev. JACOB FRY, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M.

German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets.—Rev. A. H. KREMER, Pastor.—Services at 10½ o'clock, A. M., and 6½ P. M.

Methodist E. Church, (first Charge) corner of Main and Pitt streets. Rev. JOHN M. STINE, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 6½ o'clock, P. M.

Methodist E. Church, (second Charge) Rev. THOMAS DAUGHERTY, Pastor. Services in College Chapel, at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 o'clock, P. M.

Roman Catholic Church, Pomfret, near East street.—Rev. JAMES BARRETT, Pastor. Services on the 2nd Sunday of each month.

German Lutheran Church, corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev. I. P. Aaschold, Pastor. Service at 10½ A. M.

☞ When changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Rev. Charles Collins, President and Professor of Moral Science.
Rev. Herman M. Johnson, Professor of Philosophy and English Literature.
James W. Marshall, Professor of Ancient Languages.
Rev. Otis H. Tiffany, Professor of Mathematics.
William C. Wilson, Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum.
Alexander Schem, Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages.
Samuel D. Hillman, Principal of the Grammar School
James F. Marshall, Assistant in the Grammar School.

CORPORATIONS.

CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK.—President, Richard Parker; Cashier, Wm. M. Beetem; Clerks, J. P. Hassler, N. C. Musselman.—Directors, Richard Parker, John Zug, Hugh Stuart, Thomas Paxton, R. C. Woodward, Robert Moore, John Sanderson, Henry Logan, Samuel Wherry.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY R. R. ROAD COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle; Superintendant, A. F. Smith. Passenger trains twice a day. Eastward, leaving Carlisle at 10,25 o'clock, A. M. and 3.55 o'clock, P. M. Two trains every day Westward, leaving Carlisle at 10,45 o'clock, A. M. and 2.45, P. M.

CARLISLE GAS AND WATER COMPANY. President, Frederick Watts; Secretary, Lemuel Todd; Treasurer, Wm. M. Beetem; Directors, F. Watts, Richard Parker, Lemuel Todd, Wm. M. Beetem, Dr. W. W. Dale, Franklin Gardner, Henry Glass and R. M. Biddle.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY BANK.—President, John S. Sterrett; Cashier, H. A. Sturgeon; Teller, Jos. C. Hoffer.—Directors, John S. Sterrett, Wm. Ker, Melchoir Brenneman, Richard Woods, John C. Dunlap, Robt. C. Sterrett, H. A. Sturgeon, and Captain John Dunlap.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage on all letters of one-half ounce weight or under, 3 cents pre paid, (except to California and Oregon, which is 10 cents pre paid.)

Postage on THE HERALD—within the County, free. Within the State, 13 cents per year. To any part of the United States, 20 cents. Postage on all transient papers under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cent pre-paid; or 2 cents unpaid. Advertised letters to be charged with the cost of advertising.

STEAM BOILER FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale a new Steam Boiler, eighteen feet long and thirty inches in diameter, with one fourteen inch flue, apply at the Paper Mill at Papertown.

Feb. 18, '57.—tf. W. B. MULLEN.

Miscellaneous.

J. R. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR

THE GREAT ELECTRICAL REMEDY.

It is inhaled and Applied (not taken) to cure Diseases of the THROAT AND LUNGS.

No Rheumatic, Neuralgic, or other Pain can exist where Olive Tar is applied. Olive Tar mixed with Mutton Tallow forms an Ointment that cures EVERY DISEASE OF THE SKIN.

Reference is made to the following gentlemen who have used Olive Tar, or Olive Tar Ointment.

THURLOW WEED, Esq., of the Albany Journal.
WM. B. TOWNSEND, New York Express.
JOHN M. BARNARD, Esq., Boston Herald.
ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster, New-York.
Capt. EZRA NYE, late of the Steamer Pacific.
E. A. BLANCH, Esq., Chief Engineer Pacific R. R.
C. N. BARNEY, Pres. U. S. Express Company.
ELI COOK, Ex-mayor Buffalo, N. Y.
Prof. JAMES P. MAPES, Newark, N. J.
GEORGE LAW, 5th Avenue, N. Y.
HENRY RUSSEL, 50 South street, N. Y.
JOS. L. LORD, Mutual Benefit Ins. Co., 11 Wall st.
C. Y. WEMPLE, Secretary Manhattan Life Ins. Co., 127 Broadway.
J. W. JUDD, New England Ins. Co., 29 William st.
G. W. ENSWORTH, Forwarder, 64 Pearl st.
ELISHA PECK, Banker, 2 Broad st.
Rev. WM. JARVIS, Middletown, Conn.

And many other names will be found in our Circular, which can be had of our Local Agents.

OLIVE TAR, - - - - 50 Cents a Bottle.
OINTMENT, - - - - 25 " "
OILED SILK INHALING PLASTERS, 25 Cents.

For Sale by S. W. Haverstick, only Agent for Carlisle Pa. Also sold at the Company's Depot, No. 16, Statt street, New York, and by Druggists generally.

August 20, 1856—6m.

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!—JOHN P. LYNE & SON are now receiving their Fall Stock of Hardware, which is unusually large, and in connexion with their former heavy stock makes it one of the largest and most varied assortments ever offered to this public. They have every thing that the Farmer, the Builder, the Merchant, or the public may want in their lines, and which they are selling at the very lowest prices. They solicit a call from the public before making their purchases, as they feel confident they can offer inducements that will reward the buyer for the trouble.

Feeling thankful to a generous public for their former liberal patronage, a continuance of the same is solicited at our old stand in North Hanover Street, Carlisle.

JOHN P. LYNE & SON.

October 8, 1856.

FALL STYLE OF HATS AT KELLER'S OLD STAND!—GEORGE KELLER desires to call the attention of his old friends and customers to his new assortment of Gentlemen's HATS, of the Oxford Fall style, with an elegant assortment of BOY'S CAPS and WINTER HATS of every variety and the most fashionable styles.

He has also constantly on hand a large and varied assortment of his own manufacture as well as ready made Hats and Caps, suitable for the season, comprising every variety of Russia, Beaver, Moleskin and Silk Hats, finished in the latest style, together with a full assortment of CAPS of every shape and description, and at every price. He particularly invites the public to call and examine his excensive assortment, which in style, materiel and finish, cannot be surpassed by any in market, and which he is able to put at prices lower than ever.

☞ Remember his old stand on North Hanover street

GAS FITTING AND PLUMBING.—The undersigned would inform the citizens of Carlisle that he has made arrangements to GAS FITTING and PLUMBING at short notice, and on reasonable terms. He has engaged the services of a first rate hand from Philadelphia, and has supplied himself with an extensive assortment of FIXTURES, which will enable him to fill all orders promptly All work will be warranted. His stock of Gas Fixtures will be found in the room exactly opposite his Tinning establishment on North Hanover street, where he invites a call.

TINNING, SPOUTING, &c.—He is also prepared to furnish, or make to order, every article of TIN WARE used by housekeepers and others. He will also attend to SPOUTING, HOUSE-ROOFING, BELL HANGING, and PLUMBING.

Thankful for the patronage with which he has already been favored, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

MONROE MORRIS.

Carlisle, June 14, '54.

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!!—JOHN D. GORGAS would inform the public that he has now on hand at his establishment, on Main St., next door to Marion Hall, the largest and most complete assortment of COOK, OFFICE & PARLOR STOVES to be found in this county, which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash or approved credit. His stock consists of a large assortment of new and highly approved PATENT COOKING STOVES, finished in the most complete manner, and calculated for either wood or coal, or both. All the old standard patterns which have stood the test of experience, may be found at his establishment. Also, a great variety of the most approved and beautiful PARLOR OFFICE STOVES, including a number of new styles, possessing very superior advantages over those heretofore in use. Families and housekeepers are respectfully invited to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. Stoves delivered to any part of the county and put up at the shortest notice. He continues to do all kinds of TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE, and Copper Work, and has constantly on hand or will make to order every article required by housekeepers or others in this line. His stock of Tin and Copper Ware embraces every kind of household and kitchen utensil, warranted equal to the best manufactured. Persons in want of articles in his line may always be sure of being accommodated to their satisfaction, by giving him a call. may1-1

Insurance.

WEST BRANCH INSURANCE CO., OF LOCK HAVEN, PA., insures Detached buildings, Stores, Merchandize, Farm Property, and other buildings, and their contents at moderate rates.

CAPITAL $300,000—CHARTER PERPETUAL.

DIRECTORS.

Hon. John J. Pearce, Hon. G. C. Harvey,
John B. Hall, T. T. Abrams,
Charles A. Mayer, D. J. Jackman,
Charles Crist, W. White,
Peter Dickinson, Thos. Kitchen.

HON. G. C. HARVEY, Pres.
T. C. ABRAMS, Vice Pres.

THOMAS KITCHEN, Secretary.

REFERENCES.

Samuel H. Lloyd, Thos. Bowman, D. D.,
A. A. Winegardner, Wm. Vanderbelt,
L. A. Mackey, Wm. Fearon,
A. White, Dr. J. S. Crawford,
James Quigle, A. Updegraff,
John W. Maynard, James Armstrong,
Hon. Simon Cameron, Hon. Wm. Bigler.
WM. CORNEEM, Agent,
[Carlisle, Penn'a.

May 15, 1856-1y.

CARLISLE AGENCY

FOR INDEMNITY AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE.

THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE CO'Y. OF PHILADELPHIA.

Charter Perpetual.—$ 00,000 Capital paid in. Office 103½ Chesnut street.

MAKE INSURANCE, either permanent or limited, against loss or damage by fire, on PROPERTY and EFFECTS of every description, in town or Country, on the most reasonable terms. Applications made either personally or by letter, will be promptly attended to.

C. N BANCKER, Pres't.

The subscribers is agent for the above company for Carlisle and its vicinity. All applications for insurance either by mail or personally will be promptly attended to by A. L. SPONSLER,

dec.12,'55. Real Estate Agent and Scrivener.

FIRE INSURANCE.—THE ALLEN AND EAST PENNSBORO MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Cumberland county, incorporated by an act of Assembly, is now fully organized, and in operation under the management of the following commissioners, viz:

Daniel Bailey, William R. Gorgas, Michael Cocklin, Melchoir Brenneman, Christian Stayman, John C. Dunlap, Jacob H. Coover, Lewis Hyer, Henry Logan, Benjamin H. Musser, Jacob Mumma, Joseph Wickersham, Alexander Cathcart.

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

BENJ. H. MOSSER, President.
HENRY LOGAN, Vice President.
LEWIS HYER, Secretary.

MICHAEL COCKLIN, Treasurer.

AGENTS.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY.—Rudolph Martin, N. Cumberland; C. B. Herman, Kingstown; Henry Zearing Shiremanstown; Charles Bell, Carlisle; Dr. J. Ahl Churchtown; Samuel Graham, West Pennsborough James McDowel, Frankford; Mode Griffith, South Middleton; Samuel Coover, Benjamin Haverstick, Mechanicsburg; John Sherrick, Lisburn; Dayid Coover, Shepherdstown.

YORK COUNTY.—John Bowman, Dillsburg; Peter Wolford, Franklin; John Smith, Esq., Washington; W. S. Picking, Dover; J. W. Craft, Paradise.

HARRISBURG.—Houser & Lochman.

Members of the company having policies about to expire can have them renewed by making application. pay of the agent.

EXTENSIVE FURNITURE ROOM—JAMES RUTHRAUFER would respectfully call the attention of House-keepers and the public to his extensive stock of elegant FURNITURE, including Sofas, Wardrobes, Centre and Tables Dressing and Plain Bureaus, and every other article in his branch of business. Also now on hand the largest assortment of CHAIRS in Carlisle, and at the lowest prices. COFFINS made at the shortest notice and a Hearse provided for funerals. He solicits a call at his establishment, on North Hanover street, near Glass's Hotel.

☞ Furniture hired out by the month or year.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—Another large assortment of Men's Coarse and Fine Boots, Ladies' Morocco Boots and Shoes, Misses and Children's Boots and Shoes, Gum Overshoes, and Buffalo Socks, at very low prices.

Dec. 17. CHAS. OGILBY.

Poetry.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

LOVELY season! balmy Spring!
Come and all thy gladness bring!
Come on beds of fairest flowers,
With fragrance of magnolian bowers!
Come and paint the violet blue,
And the lily's charm renew;
Lovely season! balmy Spring!
Come, and round thy beauties fling!

Soon amid the vernal grove,
Will appear the birds we love,
Sweetest notes that mount on high,
Greeting Spring's uncertain sky,
Are the gentle sounds that float,
From these warblers' tuneful throat;
Lovely season! balmy Spring!
Come and all thy birdlings bring!

Come and give the rose its bloom,
And the flow'rets their perfume,
And the verdant fields bestrew
With thy pearly drops of dew.
Lovely season! balmy Spring!
Come with fragrance on thy wing,
Come, adorned in artless style!
Come, and let creation smile.

Select Tale.

THE LEONARDS.

Annie and I sat by the fire. We had extinguished the lamp, for our work being all done there was no longer need of it. We had lately come to regard such little economies.

'There is the stage, Annie!'

We hastened through the back gate and the orchard, just as we had done every night for the last ten, Sunday excepted, and knocked at Mr. Colvin's kitchen door. Miss Colvin opened it herself.

'I was sure it was you,' she said, with a pleasant smile; 'and here is the letter at last. Better late than never, Miss Annie.'

We just said 'Thank you,' and hurried back. The lamp was lighted; the letter, so nice-looking with its red waxen seal, was opened and read. The contents were just what we had been hoping for, but tears dimmed Annie's eyes, and her voice choked a little while she read it, and I had to try hard to keep from sobbing outright.

'I am so glad they are asleep,' we said, meaning our father and mother. We went to our own little room directly, and then, as we had often done before, we talked over the past and especially the future. In one year, if we should all live, and if Annie's health should endure the change of climate—Annie laughed then—the debt incurred by our fathers long illness would be paid; the dear old home-place would be freed from incumbrance, and then it would be an easy thing for two strong, well educated girls like us to support two persons of so simple and easily satisfied habits as those of our father and mother. God bless them! and then six hundred dollars a year was really a magnificent salary for a girl of eighteen.

'But only think, Annie, I shall be doing nothing, only making expence, while you are earning this!'

'You must not look at it so, Milly; don't you see that I could not go away with half my present courage, if you were not to stay with them? and you will cheer them, and write me such long, dear letters; and you will be preparing to do a great deal more for them, perhaps, than I can. Oh, we have a great deal to be thankful for!'

And we knelt down in the little bed-room and prayed silently. And then, though we had been unusually excited, we soon fell asleep with our arms around each other.

Early the next morning Annie awoke me to the recollection that we were maids of all work that day, and that I was cook. So, dear reader, will it please you to sit down with us? This snowy table-linen I ironed myself. Are not the damask figures brought out finely? I have charge of the old-fashioned silver. Is it not bright? And the fragrant coffee, and light, white biscuits, I made myself. In truth I am a little proud of my housekeeping, as people are apt to be of new acquirements; and besides I have so little else to be proud of!

This lady, so fair and pale, is my mother; the kindest, gentlest, best mother that ever subdued a rampant romp to demure decorum. Pale and thin she was ever since my recollection; but her hair is not so dark as it was ten years ago, when I used to tangle it with pretty little thorny rose-buds. She says always that she is well; and well I believe she is as any one who lives, moves and has her being in three other lives. Four years ago, my father—he who sits on the sofa, to which the breakfast table has been drawn—was thrown from his gig, and hurt in some dreadful way, so that he has never since been able to ride or to walk without assistance. She then relinquished all occupations that would separate her from him, and since then has rarely been absent from him a single hour.

Annie was fourteen then, and I exactly a year younger. We did every thing in our power—I through Annie's influence—to give our mother perfect freedom from household cares. We left school, but our education was not, therefore, interrupted. After the first few months it seemed rather a pleasure than a toil to our father to instruct us himself.—And how much better we got on than in school! Difficulties vanished, or were surmounted. Even algebra and geometry lost their formidable knottiness. I have heard Aunt Effie say that my father was very quick tempered when a boy. I know that he was patient as an angel with us, and I know that at least one of us must sometimes have tested his power of endurance. Our mother taught us what she knew herself of music and drawing. French and Italian we learned to read and write with ease, but there was no one to give us the right pronunciation.

When we had been our father's pupils for more than two years, there came a letter from Miss Strong, principal of a school of high standing in one of the Eastern cities, claiming the right of discharging, in part, an old time obligation by receiving one or both of us into her establishment for as long a time as we could be spared from home. After much consideration the result was that Annie went for a year and a half. Before her return, I began to feel that we used to be, and my busy brain had already devised and rejected as impracticable a thousand schemes for improving our condition.

Annie came home. How lovely she seemed to me! how beautiful, with her clear hazel eyes, and her rich chestnut hair, that when she let it down fell in bright coils to her very feet. And her head sat so daintily on her neck—a little proudly, but she was not proud in the least—the sweet, earnest look of her eyes made you see that.

I had rather felt than seen clearly what was amiss in our little household. Mr. Wood, a lawyer, had been there several times, and there had come from the post office some business looking letters. Once I heard my father say to my mother that he was no longer of any use. I did not hear her reply, but I could guess what it must be. These items I imparted to my sister soon after her return, however our conjectures were presently ended for our mother unfolded to us the whole affair. A manufacturing company, at whose head was Mr. Dutton, a leading man in our village, had utterly failed. Mr. Dutton had borrowed money of every one who had it to lend, among others of my father, and now when this money was required to meet other demands, it was not forthcoming. A mortgage of the premises we lived upon had been effected, which averted the immediate pressure. But our mother told us, with a sad smile, that we must hold ourselves in readiness, if need were to remove to the farm in Surrey. We would willingly live there, we said. We were young and strong, and could and would earn money. And that same night, after we went to bed our plan was formed. Annie would go South and teach; Miss Strong would aid her in obtaining a situation; I would stay at home, and with Hannah Wheeler's assistance would relieve my mother of domestic cares.

The very next day a letter was written to Miss Strong, and it was the final arrangement of the affair which we so eagerly looked for on every arrival of the mail.

And this brings me back to our breakfast. Our father praised the coffee and the biscuits and when the meal was over, which according to our wont was cheerful, I removed the breakfast things, and left Annie to unfold her project. She came out half an hour afterward, looking happy, though a little tearful.

'Will they let you go?' I asked.

'Yes, they will let me go. Miss Strong's letter has done us good service. She tells our mother to have no fears. She knows the people to whom I am to go, and altogether, Milly, I think Providence means me to go.'

'And now, Annie, there is still one thing more to wish for.'

'Yes, and I have a hope of providing for that even.'

'Is it possible? and how, Annie?'

'By and by, Milly, you shall go with me to Mr. Poole's.'

I uttered an exclamation. I had not thought of that. Annie would sell her pretty watch and chain, Miss Strong's parting gift, to obtain for our father the means of procuring better medical advice. She had strong faith that his restoration to health was not impossible.

We went together to Mr. Poole, the watchmaker. Mr Poole was a little man, old and shrewd, but not void of honesty or good feeling; yet a little close in a bargain.

'Good morning, Miss Leonard! good morning Miss Milicent! what shall I have the pleasure of selling you this morning? a pretty bracelet? a cameo set in pearls? one of these new fashioned shawl pins?'

No, Annie said. She came rather in the hope that Mr. Pool would himself be the purchaser. And she showed him the pretty enameled watch with its delicate chain, and she wanted him to buy them of her.

'You wish to sell me these? and so pretty and suitable as they are for yourself! And what do you expect me to give you for them?'

'I happen to know that they cost a hundred dollars. And I want you to give as near that as you can.'

'That, of course, was when they were new, Mr. Poole said.

'They have been in my possession just three weeks, Mr. Poole. You may judge for yourself whether they have been injured at all.'

Mr. Poole wished to inquire if her father was aware. Annie informed him that, on the contrary, her father knew nothing whatever of it.

I had observed a gentleman standing at the other end of the counter, apparently occupied in reading a newspaper. I was sure, just at this juncture, that some telegraphing occurred between himself and Mr Poole, for the latter after looking at him a moment, excused himself to us and approached the stranger. Presently he returned and resumed his colloquy with Annie. 'I think I will take the articles, at your price, said he, unless you would prefer that I should lend you the money on them.'

'Oh no! not that,' Annie said, with heightened color. She had never borrowed money. She would not like to do that. She was greatly obliged to Mr. Poole. And with the five twenty-dollar bills in her little portemonnaie, we recrossed the street and went home.

'Annie,' said I, 'I do believe it was that gentleman who made Mr. Poole give you the full price, for he was going to offer you less.'

Annie thought it was a good thing, however it came about, since we two little misers had the money. 'A hundred dollars! Oh Milly! what a world of comfort may come to us from that!'

The day approached when Annie was to go. What a lovely day was the Sunday preceding! There had been a light frost during the night, and the two maples which grew in the yard were changed, one of them to flaming crimson, and the other to a deep rich orange hue. The firs were greener than ever, and clusters of scarlet berries were thick on the tall mountain ash. The dahlias just outside the window had been sheltered from the frost, and were glorious, and a group of brilliant roses had burst into bloom within. And then how intensely blue and serene the sky was!

We went to church that morning, Annie and I. It was half a mile thither, so Annie would not wear her new gaiters. She said her shoes must not wax old for a year to come she would not even treat herself to a pair of gloves in that time. But how lady-like she looked! I fell behind her a little, on purpose to observe how nicely her brown-gray traveling dress fitted her little figure. Everything about her was so simple and elegant. Her hat was so light and pretty, so suitable for travelling too. But then it must indeed have been a very ugly hat which could spoil that sweet face, with the rich brown hair around it. Even after we were in church, I could not help secretly comparing her with the Misses Mellen, who were heiresses, and the acknowledged fashionables of our village; and though they were magnificently arayed in gorgeous brocades, and no end of jewelry and embroidery, yet in my eyes Annie bore the undisputed palm of ladyhood.

There was a gentleman in Mr. Mellen's pew, a stranger, and very fine looking too. I wondered if he were not a suitor of one of the young ladies, and I wondered if he would not see Annie, and think her prettier than either of them. I caught his eye once—grand eyes they were—but he did not look around much, and indeed I began to think my own mind was wandering too far, and I tried a while to control it. In vain! Parson Emerson selected for his text the passage which commemorates the durability of the wearing apparel of the children of Israel, during their wanderings in the desert, and I remembered the text, but nothing else of the discourse.

When the services were finished, as we left the church, I saw the dark eyed stranger assisting the Misses Mellen into their carriage. When we had come a little way toward home, I recollected that I had left my prayer-book in the pew, so I hastened back for it. In my hurry I almost ran against some one in the pew—the stranger gentleman! and what had he in his hand but my prayer-book, and open at the fly-leaf where my name was written! Then he had observed Annie, and had taken this way to ascertain her name! However he did not seem at all disconcerted at being detected, but with a cool bow laid down the book, of which I immediately possessed myself, and came away again as hastily as I had entered.

At another time, I should have constructed from these abundant materials a superb *chateau en Espagne*, but this was Annie's last night at home for a year. Our evening hymn had never sounded so sweet nor so sad as it did that night. The sweetest voice of all would be missing henceforth! In spite of our efforts to be brave, the notes were a little tremulous, and so was our father's voice when he read the evening service. If there was weeping that night, it was all in secret; for each felt the necessity of upholding the others.

The next morning, while the stars were yet winking through the maples, with hasty loving kisses, Annie said good bye to us, and entering the stage coach which was to convey her to the railroad at tion at Keene, she was lost to our view.

I came near feeling desolate. My mother would have had me come and lie down on the sofa in her room, but I feared I should betray how sadly I was feeling, and went to our little bedroom instead. When I had knelt and prayed to God to unite us again in safety and happiness, I was comforted. It began to grow light. There, in a little crystal vase, was a bunch of late violets that Annie had gathered the night before. The room was full of their fragrance. There were the volumes of Mrs. Browning's poems, which Annie would leave, because, as she said, she knew them almost by heart, and I loved them so much. There was her prayer-book, which she had exchanged for mine; and her writing desk, prettier than my own, but which she would leave because it stood always in one particular place, and the room would look more natural with it there.

Sunrise brought with it Hannah Wheeler, our new servant; no flaunting young maiden, but a demure matron. Tidy, dexterous, deft, she took so readily to the ways of the house, that my office was well nigh a sinecure. In addition to her other excellent traits, she was an incomparable gossip. Arrivals, departures, weddings, funerals, quarrels, and reconciliations. Hannah was *au fait* to all; and being not chary of her treasures, she kept me also very well informed.

A fortnight after Annie's departure two letters arrived, of which this is one:

"DEAR MADAM,—Circumstances require my presence in your vicinity early the ensuing week. The route through Claremont will be quite as convenient to me as any other. I will call at your residence on Tuesday or Wednesday, and will then make the necessary investigation. Very respectfully,

"EDWARD TEMPLE."

And this was the other:

'Dear ones at home, think of me as safe, well, and kindly cared for. Every thing, even to the umbrella, arrived safely at its destination. Mr. Kinnaird was awaiting me in Charlestown so that I was not detained there at all. When we reached here Mrs. Kinnaird was at the door watching for us. She is very quiet and gentle, and wears habitually a patient, sorrowful look, which made me sure that some trouble lay at her heart. It is this: Her eldest child, a girl of fourteen, is incurably afflicted with spinal disease. I did not see her till the third day after I came, for she dreads to meet strangers. When at last I went to her bedside—she rarely sits up—there was so much suffering apparent in her white, emaciated face, and the pale lips which, in a paroxysm of pain, she had compressed with her teeth till they were bleeding, that I could not say a word. She looked at me a little while, and then said, 'You are sorry for me, are you not?' I could only say 'Yes,' and kiss the thin little hand. My heart went over to her at once, and I am sure that she, too, is learning to love me. Her name is Lily, and it fits her well, so white she is and so fragile. The next two children are twins, May and Flora; and the other, a boy of seven, whose name is Temple. Mrs. Kinnaird tells me that the Dr. Temple, from whose skill we hope so much for your dear father, is her half-brother. He is coming here in the spring to visit poor Lily. I shall not need to wait till then to know what he can do for you. God grant it may be all we hope! I think of you all so much it is hardly like being away from home. Courage, little sister Milly! one week, two, are already gone. A thousand blessings on you, dear ones.

Now this letter from Annie gave me courage to present the other to my father. When he had read it he said:

'Do you know, Milly, that the opinion of a physician in Dr. Temple's standing is an expensive affair?'

I assured him that I was provided with abundant means, and then, of course, it came out all about the watch. I saw my father look at my mother with a tremendous kind of smile; one of those looks which I think the angels may sometimes give each other.

Well the very next day was Tuesday. The whole day long I could scarcely withdraw myself from the window. However Dr. Temple did not come. The next morning, a little while after our late breakfast, there came a ring at the door. I opened it myself. It was the same gentlemen—I knew him in a moment—whom I had met in the church. He gave me a card, and when I saw on it "Dr Edward Temple," I suppose I must have gone quite white, for, with the thought of how much was depending on this visit, the room darkened around me. But he—to put me at ease, I think—took no notice, only making some inquiries about my father, and presently, when all was ready, went into his room. I looked at the clock on the mantle-piece. It was ten. I would wait patiently half an hour, I said; and I walked the floor, for I could not keep still. In less than half an hour he came out. I had sat down then, for I could no longer stand. As well as I could, for I shook from head to foot, I asked him what he had told them.

'I am their daughter,' I said, thinking he hesitated.

'I know it,' he replied, with a smile that had a wonderful power, for it seemed to calm me. 'I told them that there was hope of amendment. But, Miss Leonard,' he added, 'I shall remain here several days, and unless you are careful I shall have two patients on my hands instead of one. Besides,' he continued, 'your father requires freedom from excitement.'

The words fell on my sense distinctly enough but I could not altogether take their