PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER. TERMS OF PUBLICATION. The Cause Heard is published weekly on a large shoot, containing ronry cotumes, and furnished to sub-cribers 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 antil after the expiration of the year; No subscriptions feculved for a less period than six months, and none discontinued until all arrearges are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sont to subscribers living out of Cumberland county unts to paid for in Advance, or the payment assumed

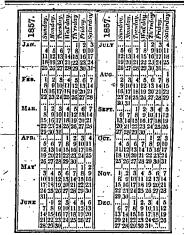
e torms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases. Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square velve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each obsequent insertion. All advertisements of less that

insertion. All advertisements of less than considered as a square. The following rates ad for Quarterly, Half Yearly and Yearly | dvertising: 3 Months 6 Months, 12 Months 1 Square, (12 lines,) \$3.00 \$6.00 \$8.00 \$0.00 \$

8 cents per line for first insertion, and 4 cents per lin for subsequent insertions. Communications on subject of limited or individual interest will be charged 6 cent per line. The Proprietor will not be responsible in dam ages for errors in advertisgments. Onttuery notices no JOB PRINTING.

The Carlier 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 shirtest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Possens the work of MILLS. or any thing in the Jobbing line, will find it their in-terest to give us a call. Every variety of BLANKS con-tantly on hand stantly on hand.

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



general & Local Information.

U. S. GOVERNMENT. President—James Buchanan, Vice President—John C. Breckinkin Secretary of State—Gen. Lewis Cass Secretary of Interior—Jacob Thomes

Secretary of Interior—Jacob Thompson, Secretary of Treasury—Howell Cold. Secretary of Way—John B. Floyd. Secretary of Nay—Jeak Tourey. Post Master General—Jack Thown. Attorney General—Jackman S. Black, hief Justice of United States—R. B. Taney.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor—James Pollock. Secretary of State—Andrew G. Curtin. Surveyor General—J. P. Brawley. Auditor General—E. Banks. Tressurer—Henry S. Megraw. Judges of the Supreme Court—E. Lewis, J. S. Bla. B. Lowrie, G. W. Woodward, J. C. Knox

COUNTY OFFICERS.

ent Judge-Hon, JAMES H. GRAHAM. District Attorney—Wm. J. Shearer.
Prothonotary—Daniel K. Noell.
Recorder, &c.—John M. Gregg.
Rogkstor—William Lytic.
Rings Sheriff—Jacob Bowman; Deputy, J. Hom

minger.
County Treasurer—Adam Sonseman.
County Treasurer—Adam Sonseman.
Coroner—Mitchell M.Clollan.
Bar M. Gräham, William M. Henders A. Andrew Kerr. Clork to Commissioners Michael Wise.
Directors of the Poor—George Brintle, John C.
Brown, Sanuel Fritt. Superintendent (* Poor. House

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Chief Burgess—Robent Javin, jr-Assistant Burgess—George Hendolf Town Council—J. B. Parker, (President) John Gut Itl, James Calllo, sr. Franklin Gardjer, Sanuel Mar-in, Peter Monyer, Samuel Wetzel, J. db. Halbert, Ja-ab Duev. uey, stables—John Spahr, High Constable; Robert tney, Ward Constable.

First Presbyterian Churca, northwest angle of Centre Square. Roy. Conway P. Wixo, Pastor Scryless overy Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock Second Presbyterian Church, cornégo South Hanover and Pountret streets. Rev. Mr. Lath, Pastor. Services countons at 11 colock. M. Lath, Pastor. Services countons at 11 colock. M. Manuf o glock, J. M. Carlott of the Charles of the C at II o'clock, A. M., and A o'clock, P. M. Cornan Robrand Church's Lotther, tetween Hanover and Pitt streets. Röv. A. H. Kukhin, flastor. Services at 10½ o'clock, P. M., and 6½ P. M.*
Methodiat E. Church, (irst Charge) corner of Main and Pitt streets. Rov. John M. Stine, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 6½ o'clock, P. M.
Methodiat E. Church, (second Charge) Rev. Thomas Daughenty, Pastor. Services in CollegeChapol, at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 o'clock, P. M.
Roman Catholic Church, Pomfret, near East street.—Rov. James Baurett, Pastor. Services on the 2nd Sunday of each month.

onth.
theran Church, corner of Pomfret and
Rev. 1. P. Naschold, Buster. Service at

When changes in the above are necessary the pro-sons are requested to notify us.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Rev. Charles Collins, President and Professor of Moral Rov. Herman M. Johnson, Professor of Philosophy english Literature. nes W. Marshall, Professor of Ancient Languages. . Otis H. Tilfany, Professor of Mathematics. Iliam C. Wilson, Professor of Natural Science and Jurator of the Museum. Alexander Schem, Professor of Hebrew and Modern

i D. Hillman, Principal of the Gramman School P. Marshall, Assistant in the Grammar School.

CORPORATIONS.

CARLISEE DEPOSIT HANK.—President, Richard Parker, Cashior, Wm. M. Beetom; Clorks, J. P. Hassler, A. O. Musselhum. Directors, Richard Parker, John Zug, Hugh Stunt, Thombat Faxkon, R. C. Woodward, Robert Meore, John Sanderson, Henry Logan, Samuel Wherry. Cumenghan Valler Readon, R. C. Woodward, Robert Meore, John Sanderson, Henry Logan, Samuel Wherry. Cumenghan Valler R. Shaith. Passenger trains twice a day. Eastward, searing Carlisle at 10.25 o'clock, A. M. and 2.55 o'clock, P. M. Two trains every day Westward, caving Carlisle at 10.25 o'clock, A. M. and 2.55 o'clock, P. M. Two trains every day Westward, caving Carlisle at 10.25 o'clock, A. M. and 2.55 o'clock, P. M. Two trains every day Westward, caving Carlisle at 10.25 o'clock, A. M. and 2.55 o'clock, P. M. Two trains every day Westward, caving Carlisle at 10.25 o'clock, A. M. and 2.55 o'clock, P. M. Two trains every day Westward, caving Carlisle at 10.25 o'clock, A. M. and 2.55 o'clock, A. M. and 2.

BATES OF POSTAGE.

Postago on all letters of one-half cames weight or under, 3 cents pre-paid, (except to California and Or. gon, which is 10 cents pre-paid.)

Postago on "The tickato"—within the County, razz.
Within the Este, 13 cents per year. To any part of the United State, 13 cents per year. To any part of the United State, 26 cents. Postage on all tansion is papers under 3 curiess in weight, 1 cent pre-paid, or 2 cents unsaid Advertised letters to be charged with the cost of advertising.

CTEAM BOILER FOR SALE.—The flera for kale a new Steam (Heller, eigh-nd thirty inches in diameter, with one ue, apply at the Paper Mill at Paper-Fol. 13, 60, tr. W. II MULLEN.

Selert Cale.

THE SECOND WIFE.

CHAPTER I. I was married. The final vows had been spoken, and I was no longer Agnes Park, but Agues Fleming. I was the wife of a widow, er of thirty-eight and the step mother of three

small children ! Not the first chosen, first beloved bride of a young an I ardent lover, such as my girlish dreams had pictured? Buly second wife ! The reflection was not sweet; nevertheless, it was the thought with which I took my seat in the carriage which was to convey me to

my new home. The short wedding tour was ended and we were 'homeward bound.' A long ride was still before us, for the village in which Captain Floming resided was twenty miles from the last railroad station; but he had caused his own carriage to meet us there, so I begun fully to realize that we were near ing home.

The road over which we journeyed was level and smooth, and, for a long time wound close to the bank of a large river. Fields lay on one side, stretching far away, until they were skirted by low woods and hills; here and there a white farm house stood; looking cheerful and illmost gay in the afternoon sunshine. The whole prospect was rural and

very beautiful. My gloom began to pass away, soothed by the sweet influence of the summer landscape, and visions of future usefulness began alreadyto float through my-brain. I had ample opportunity to indulge in these day dreams; for Captain Fleming, tired with the long ride, was half asleep by the side of his new wife. I was weary of taking the lead in conversation, and concluded to leave him to his meditations, as he had left me to mine. After weaving for myself a very profitable fu-

ture, I looked for a little upon the past. Oh that past! Mine had been no gay and pampered childhood; but looking back, I saw, on the contrary, years of loneliness, of weariness, and of sorrow. For four years I rother, as, stricken with consumption, he and wasted gradually away. We two were rphans, the last of our race, and all in all to ach other.

But, at last, I saw him laid in the coffin, and all my love and hope were long buried with him. Not that I became sad and misunthropic. No, life and duty were not dead, yet much for me to do, perhaps suffer; so I in a charming old English annual. Miss Jane planted sweetbrier and violets on Harry's took two stops forward, and snatching the

vith the rest of the striving world. About a year after my brother's death, I had no lovers, and very few friends, and I of an outbreak restrained me. hardly believe I could ever again feel an inlong stillness, was given to this new friend blind when he left his children in your keep-It was with bitter disappointment that I ing. learned he had already been once married, living or dead; yet I loved him, and when he had been studying all the morning with Mis less children, I accepted his hand, feeling sure with them in the afternoon, as I wished to see

house was lonely, his children poorly protected; had he heeded a wite; I had been recom mended to him as one who would keep his for his children; after'a brief acquaintance be had proposed in due form.

'Almost home !" exclaimed Captain Fleming rousing himself to look out of the carriage window The words sent a thrill through me and I looked engerly out, through the twi light shadows, to the house we were approaching. It was large, and stood at a distance from the village street, and it seemed to me swurg their branches over the gaitway, and. as we rode between them, the wind made singing sound among the leaves. But the lighted lower windows shown beautifully in lent tone. the darkness, seeming by their brightness to

relcome me home. Jane Floming, my husband's sister, who had been his housekeeper since his wife's May, will you stand straight, or his sent to death, came to the door to meet us. The noment her cold fingers touched mine. I felt hat there would be no sympathy between us; and when we had entered the lighted parlor, and I had scrutinized her face, I was sure of

t. Without a word she stood beside me, while I took off my bonnets and gloves; she carried them away, then, as silently walked into the room again, leading the three chil-

The three ran to their father's arms, and embraced him affectionately, and as he caresand, going to his side, I tried to win the no-

tice of the children to myself. 'It is your new mother,' said he. 'She has come to take care of you, when I am gone o sea again. Ellen and May, go to your

nother.' May, a pretty blue-eyed child of ten, cam shyly toward me, and kissed my cheek; but Elien, the eldest, merely gave me her hand. well, she answered. . Harry I as I live. the Ellen seemed to have imbibed something of boy is going to sleep ! Stand in the corner, her aunt's icy manner, for she sat aloof and Harry, until you are awake. watched me coldly. The little boy now lifted his head from his fathers shoulder, and, seeing that May stood by me unharmed, ventured lack of system, order, and justice, which pre-

to approach me. · Come to me, Harry!' said Miss Fleming vitn a-frown.

Was his name Harry ? I caught him to my weak hands could ever root out. arms and held him closely, so that he could not escape to his jealous aunt; and I though. in my secret heart, that I would make him like the Harry I had lost. In an instant, the bands on his head. "Go away. You are no feeling that I was a stronger had vanished, my mother !" my heart wormed so toward the little one I made no reply to this, but asked him why whose unburn head nestled in my arms. My Jue oried,

usband looked pleased and smiled, giving his sister a gratified look; and I observed the hadow of a smile on her lips, but it faded again as she glanced at Ellen. When the block struck nine, Miss Jane rose and led the children to their chambers. I hade them

good night as they went out, but I noticed

hat Ellen made no answer. The next morning I made a business of go ing over the house and examining its conveniences. The first step upon the broad gloomy staircase chilled me ; but when, after visiting every room, I sat down in the parlor again. I was almost discouraged. Such a dreary, disordered house I never saw. In every chamber the curtains hung over the window like shrowds, and the air was cold and damp as a dungeon. There was dust on the walls, on the windows and furniture: there was gloom in every corner. The parlor, which might have been a delightful room, seemed like a sepulchre. The furniture, as well as the pictures, were covered with canvas. A locked bookcase stood in a recess, and a locked piano was by the opposite wall. I asked

morning, why this was so. 'Aunt Jane doesn't like music.' she said and she keeps the bookense locked, because she says we must not read books until we are older.

ttle May, who had kept close by me all the

And why is the furniture all covered?" 'The parlor is scarcely ever opened,' anwered May. Aunt Jane wants to keep it

'Well, May,' I said, 'go now and ask Aunt Jane for the key of the bookense. I want to see the books." She ran quickly, and returned, followed by Miss Jane, who delivered up the key to me

with a dubious kind of grace. 'I hope you will lock the bookense when you have examined the books, ma'am,' said she. I don't allow the chindren to spend

their time in light rending ' 'What are they now reading ?' I asked; 'They learn their lessons,' she replied

shortly. She disappeared, and I opened the book case, which I found to contain a most excelhad watched a young, beautiful, and gifted hest historians, the best novalists and biogralent collection of books. The best poets, the phers, were there, making a library small but of rich value. It was the first really pleasant thing I had found in my new home and I sat an hour or two, glancing over one volume after another, and re arranging them on the shelves.

Suddenly, Miss Jane looked in, and in and, looking forward, I saw that there was for there sat little May on the carpet, burried grave, and then went out to act and strive book out of the chlid's hand, threw it on the table, and led her by the shoulder out of th met Arthur Fleming. I had been so shut rough government at first, then I sprang up and would have followed her, had not the fear

'Selfish creaturel' I exclaimed, 'you are terest in any one; But Arther Floming's kind trying to make these children like yourself; genial manner and delicate attentions warm ruining them for all good or happiness in life. my whole heart, all the more ardent for its fruit of your labor. Was Arther Fleming

for I could not bear the thought of a rival, when, by questioning, I learned that they . I saw no more of the children until dinner. acked me to become a mother to his mother Fleming I informed her that I should sit that I would win from him in time an affec- what progress they were making. The look tion as deep and steadfast as my own. His with which she received this announcement plainly indicated that I should be an unwelcome listener to her lessons, and for a few moments my heart so failed me, perplexed by house in order, and be a suitable companion her contemptuous glances, that I half deter mined to have nothing to do with the children but to leave them to her, since she was so jealous of them. But my better spirit pre vailed over me. 'They are mine now,' I thought, . for I am their father's wife, and all his are mine. Their interests must be mine. A ter dinner, Miss Jone and the children repaired immedirtely to the chamber which was used as a schoolroom. In a few minutes in rather a desolute situation. Great trees I followed them, and quietly took a seat at the desks. She was drilling them in Arithnetic, sending one after another to the black board and talking all the time in a loud-petu

Ellen, if you make such awkward floures I'll put you back to the beginning of the book

bed? Decide now!' 'I cannot understand this sum, Aunt Jane sighed May.

'Sit down then until you can.' 'Do you not explain what they cannot un-

derstand?' I asked.

All that is necessary, she replied. May could understand her sums if she attended to

to me.' An hour passed, during which May silently hung her head over her slate, and played with her pencil, Miss Jane offering no explanation sed them in return, I perceived that there Harry alternately counted, with his fingers was a fountain of warmth in his heart which, the buttons on his jacket and marks of a knife could I reach it, would be enough to shield upon his deaks. Ellen, whose strong mind re-

me-from cold-and darkness for ever. This colved knowledge almost intuitively, studied show of passionate foundess made me glad, her lesson quietly and without difficulty. Presently she gave her book to her aunt, and recited her lesson perfectly. · Very well, Ellen,' said Miss Jane. 'You

may go into the garden and amuse yourself.' Do they not play altogether ?' I inquired with astonishment, not pleased with the idea of solitory, mirthless exercise.

· Not unless they learn their lesson sequall

Harry colored, and went to the corner, rul bing his eyes. I felt disgusted at the total vailed in this mock school. I was growing frightened at the work before me, fearful that Jane Freming had sown more tares than my Seeing that Harry was crying, I went to

nim in his corner. Go uway l' he sobbed, when I laid my

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1857.

you and aunt Jane won't let me sit down, you are come here to live always, and will have you not Ellen?' I asked, make me mind you.'

"It is not true, Harry," I whispered. 'I love you, and want you to love me. Won't you love me, darling?'

But he only thrust out his little hand sullenly, and turned his face away from me. Jane now came forward and I turned from the child with a sigh of disappointment.

But I will be patient, I said to mybelf They have been thught to fear and dread me; I cannot at once make them love me.' six months' voyage in his new barque, the May Fleming. His parting with the children

was most tender and affectionate; even tearful mother. -with me it was kind. After he was gone, I stole up to my room, and spent the morning in bitter weeping and sadness .- What would become of me, If I should fail in trying to make myself beloved by his children-if their hearts were irrevocably steeled against me! Fearful prospect?

CHAPTER II.

I heard a soft tap at my door, and little May entered. She, too, had been crying, and when she saw traces of tears on my face, she came gently up to me, and crept into my lap. . Do you love father, too 2 she asked, in her

frank, simple manner. Yes, darling, I fove him. I answereds and L want to love you all, and be loved by you. Now he is gone I am very sad and lonely. Will you not love me, May?'

The child kissed me gravely; but did not reply to the question. Aunt Jane sent me to call you to dinner,

she said, slipping from my arms. When we had finished this lonely meal and rooms which had attracted my observation the day before. One was the attic chamber. where I had noticed a heap of old packages which I wished to examine.—In-one corner tion, I found worthy to be rubbed up and news | bright and fragrant. ly framed. One especially won my admiration. It was a portrait of a young and beautiful woman. -The soft auburn hair rnd hazel eyes were very lovely, and the features, thoough not expressive of any great energy and depth of character, were faultlessly regu-

I beard some one passing in the hall, and hibited. opened the door to ask some questions about these pictures. It was Ellen. Are you busy, Ellen? Insked If not,

I wish you would come here a moment.

Ellen looked surprised, but followed me without any reply. without any rep!y.

here out of sight.' 'They got injured,' said Ellen, 'and Aunt | nounced her decision.

June did not have time to get them mended.' Here is a beautiful landscape,' I said.

could appreciate its excellence, and I regret- were growing up, in my care, discreet, sober ted that she had been so long debarred the and reasonable. I shut out the vanities and privilege of cultivating her naturally artistic follies of the world from their knowledge. - 1 taste. I resolved to help her to make up the sourced them in prudence and soberness .- Bu: Now, here is one in which I am still more

Who is this, Ellen ?" Ellen started, and then the color rushed to her cheeks, as she answered, in a low voice I and my teachings are objects of contempt. 1

'It is my mother.' I had suspected as much. The resemblance singing and bouquet making -I am not penwas striking between the pictured face and lit- niless, as you probably suppose. I have still tle Harry. Is this the way that you preserve your

mother's portrait?' I asked, Aunt Jane put it away before-Before I came Ellen ?' .

'Yes,' was the brief reply. . Well, I shall take better care of it in future. I am not come to stand between you peacemaker. and your mother, Ellen. I wish you to lave and honor her memory above all others. I shall try to make you wiser and happier than

ever, instead of gloomy and sad.' ver, instead of gloomy and sad. 'It is right that I, Captain Fleming's wife,

There was a slight quiver abou Ellen's firm should be a mother to his children, and take lip, as she turned and left the room. I began their care and education into my own hands to feel encouraged. That evening I had a fire I mean to make them happy in their home, it made in the parlor, the piane was unlocked, their studies, and fit them for good and useful and I took my music from my trunks. In the lives. You can help me in this work, and I 'gloaming," before there was any light in will be your friend. Will you stay, Jane?" the room save that of the tremulous fire-Hight, -- No Mrs. Fleming, I will not stay where I sat down to play. They were all there-

dren seated silently at the fire I found the piano an excellent instrument, your home with me again. and after playing a variation, which drew a sigh from the depths of Miss Jane's bosom. and a shout of delight from my little Harry, I. began to sing. It was an old, plaintive, Scotch

touch the heart. May and Harry were standing one on each side of me, when I ended, and their glowing faces expressed their dolight. 'I like that,' said Harry, 'I wish Aunt Jane

wou dn't keep the plane locked, so that no body can touch it.' .: A loud warning cough from his amiable aunt mude him shrink a little closer, to me. Do

merry old song. What do I say of a murmer That can murmur be? 'Tis the water nymphs that are singing. Their roundelays under me !

so happy!! \ · I will, certainly, if you wish it,' I replied. be wholly confined to arithmetic."

after having lighted the lamp. May and Har- tures, and May added to our evening readings ry were dinoting about in the middle of the the charms of her sweet singing. room, and even Elien smiled at their playful At Christmas time we expected Captain denouse. Jane, seeing that they took no need Fleming. With what a glad pride I looked of her dreary coughs and sighs, rose and left lupon my happy group, and thought of the grathe room. I took quick advantage of her ab- littille would feel when he saw their im-

Because I am tired,' he answered; 'and rence. Going to the bookense I selected an interesting volume, and sat down with it near Yes, he sobbed out. Aunt Jane says the lamp. You have heard of Joan of Arch

'I do not remember that I have,' she as swered. Who was she? Her story was a very wonderful one. will read it, if you would like to hear it,' I an

swered. 'Is it true?' oried Harry, leaving his play 'Yes, Harry. It happened many years ago in France. Shall I read it?'

it, and Ellen looked interested, though sh said nothing: A took Harry in my lap, and The next morning Captain Fleming left for began to read the strange, thrilling story.-All listened with the deepest attention. By and by Ellen interrupted me, saying-

Harry and May were already eager to hea

'I was tired, and gave it up to her gladly she had called me "mother!" At nine, Aunt Jane came and called ther to hed.

'No. no, sunty; we'll come as soon as we ind out what became of poor Joan!' cried May. 'Shall we stay, mother?' "Let them stay a little longer, I said, to

Miss Jane. The door closed, and Ellen' proceeded with the story. · Sing us a little song !' said May, when the tory was ended, I complied willingly, and sung "Let us love one another." When I had finished. May sprang up, and gave me a good night kies. Harry followed her exam-

and with a grave smile, she kissed me and bade me good night. That night my pillow was haunted with happy dreams.

Much of the ensuing week was spent in rearranging the rooms in order to give them a more cheerful appearance. I took down the portrait of the first Mrs. Fleming from its garthe children and Jane had gone up stairs to ret corner, and hung it over the mantal in the the afternoon lessons, I visited one or two parlor I reframed the beautiful landscape, and it adorned a little room opening from the back parlor, which had been used as a spare bed room, but which I converted into a miniature library. I went with the children into stood a pile of old pictures, some soiled, some the fields to hunt for early May flowers, with with broken frames, but which on examina- which to fill the vases and make the rooms-

May took her first music lesson, and was already promising to sing, Let us the one another," on Christmas Day, at which me her father would be at home, Ellen had so far deseended from her cold heights of reserve as to ask me to learn her crayon drawing, and I was astonished at the artist talent she already ex

One morning, when I had been about a fortnight with them, Jane came to the breakfast table in her traveling dress. We were all sar prised,-I, most of all, for I had hoped the happiness of the children would win her kindness also; but I was mistaken. 'Where ar · I want to know something about these pic- | you going, aunty? asked May, her blue eyes tures. Some of them are very fine, and it expanding with astonishment. Miss Jane seems to me strange that they should hang deigned no answer, but ate her breakfast in unbroken silence, then turning to me, an-

'Mrs. Floming, you cannot expe stay here content, when I see you daily undo I knew by the quick dilating of Ellen's hading with all your might what I have been la zel eyes, as she looked at the picture, that she boring so hard to accomplish .- These girls

Arthur Fleming must bring a strange wife here, who, in two short weeks, could, by her interested,' I said, taking up the portrait. wily softness of manner, win their foolist young hearts away from their friend and fil their heads with vanity. I will not stay where leave you to your painting and playing, your a home to go to, now that I am driven thank

lessly from this one.' My eyes filled with tears at these scornful

words. The children looked wonderingly at me and her. 'Don't go, aunty! Mother dosen't want

you to go,' whispered May, the sweet little 'I don't know who drives you from here,

said Ellen, saroustically. 'Jane, I wish you to stay with us,' I said. 'It is right that I, Captain Fleming's wife

am a mere cipher. But, children I do not de Jane at crochet work in a corner, and the chil- sert you. If you are ever fatherless, or in trouble, I will come to you, and you shall have

The strange coach, which Jane had secretly ordered to call for her, now rattled up to the door, and she took her seat in it. She gave a nod of freezing dignity to me, a farewell of song that I chose; something to melt and compassionate affection to the children, and the coach drove away.

I was alone with home, children and peace

CHAPTER III. Six months passed rapidly, and how plea santly my vivid recollection of them testifie As the village schools taught but little, and was fully competent to instruct the chilbren myrelf, I spent three hours of every morning sing another, please l' whispered May, and I in study with them. Two afternoons in sung Goethe's Miller and the Brook, that wild, week I devoted to May's music and Ellen's drawing on the other afternoons they were free to practice at home, or to visit their village friends, and receive visits in return. Our evenings were spent in reading, and in the three months of that summer they gained May was in costacles. Oh, will you teach more intelligence than in years before. Their me to play it she asked. "It would make me interest in knowledge was aroused, and whatever they read was made a subject of free and cheerful conversation, thus fixing important Both Ellen and you may take lessons as soon facts in their memories, and training their as you please to begin. I do not wish you to minds to habits of active thought. Ellen adorned the walls of our sitting-room and lit. I turned from the plane and sat by the fire the library with governly very fine crayon plant

heart to the meeting. It was a fortnight before Christmas, and we

were already deeply engaged in preparation for the merry season. Green boughs, with which to decorate the rooms, were being made into festoons and garlands, and in a sly corner the Christmas-tree was waiting its hour of triumph. Ellen was hurrying to finish a mother; while Ellen, her fine eyes, glowing picture of Santa Claus to hang over the Christmas tree, and May was practising incessantly, "Let us love one another," at the piano-forte, while little Harry entered with even greater

It was afternoon, and Ellen and I had been discussing the propriety of inviting some friends. to enjoy our Christmas eve with us. We were now in daily expectation of Captain Fleming, and every sound of carriage-wheels made us

rush to the window. "Father is come!" cried Ellen, as the sound of wheels, instead of passing, ceased at our door, and we simultaneously sprang up and ran to the window. There, indeed, stood the wind; she added, and sat down by me again. expected coach, but who was that old lady with a green bandbox held tightly in her arms now bundling out of the conch-door, sending sharp glances up at the windows while the

nan took down her trunks? 'It is Aunt Jane!' said Ellen, with a long sigh of disappointment, and she looked into my face inquiringly.

It is too bad, too bad!' said May, half crying, 'for her to come and spoil all, just as we were to have such a merry Christmas.' Well, meet her kindly, and give her a wel come,' I said, and by that time the hall door opened, and Jane Fleming stood in the midst of us, receiving our greeting with a kind of grim smile. The girls divested her of all her

drew a chair for her close to the fire. As she warmed her feet at the grate, she looked around her with a singular expression of pity, mixed with triumph.

'I have kept my promise, children,' she said. I told you if any thing happened I would come to you.' I started from my seat, and a shudder terrible forebodings passed through me as I remembered the promise to which she referred. 'Jane! Jane Fleming, what do you mean ?'

oried. She wiped the corner of her eyes with her handkerchief. Then she said-

Ah! it is as I thought. You see .that I living on the senshore as I do, get news some days in advance of you. I said to myself when I heard it, that it would be printed in your weekly paper and you would not get it before to-morrow. So'I thought I had better step into the stage and ride down and prepare your minds. Poor children! Poor children!

'What is it?' said Ellen, grasping her aunt's wrist with a kind of nervous fierceness This suspense was growing iutolerable Jane fixed her eyes steadily on Ellen's countenance, answered slowly-

· Last week, in the great storm, the May. Fleming was wrecked!

A low cry escaped May's lips. 'Jane!' I gasped, 'my husband-where he?' 8 She looked at me composedly. 'The May Fleming was wrecked and sunk.

Save the mate and one sailor, who floated two days on a broken raft, every soul was lost !" I could neither utter, ory, nor moun. I only looked into the faces of my children, who gathered about me, indulging their wild sorrow in pitiful cries. Ellen only, after a brief time, seemed to comprehend my bewildering anguish. She put her young, strong your love to my children and to me! arms about me, and led me, unresisting, to my

But my brain was busy. 'Is it to this, an untimely death, I thought, that all I love are words of joy and welcome. His good ship, fated to come? My heart was wrapt in my benutiful Henry and he laid down to die in the account of the men had been exaggerated the glory of his youth. My love rose out of the glory of his youth. My love rose out of the grave and gathered itself strong as life about my husband; and now, in so little a while he is gone also. Was it for this I gave mourning made glad that night as well as my hand, my heart, my soul to his children. my hand, my heart, my soul to his children, only that they should look up to me with their had! How the Christmas tree sparkled unpitiful faces, and cry we are orphans! der its many tapers, loaded not only with the Where was he when his wife and children gifts of the children to each other, but with more costly presents to me and to them from the warm firelight, while he, now struggling now failing and sinking, was smothered in the

horrible waves! censeless horror, and all the day. I lay as throwing her arms about her smiling father's. one benumbed But suddenly as it grew dark and Ellen brought a lamp into my chamber, I was struck by her settled expression of woe I had forgotten that I was not the only sufferer. That thought gave me strength. I rose, took her by the hand, and went down to the other children. They gathered about into the work before her, rich is her reward me, and we all wept together. Then, and not till then, did I feel that I could speak to them of comfort.

The next morning our paper came, and the stage in Michigan was unfortunate enough to long account of the wreck confirmed the sad be on a poor road were he was obliged to go tidings. Days passed-slowly, tearfully. I on foot and carry a rail to help pry the stage was beginning to realize that we, of late such out af mud holes, and becoming exhausted and

It was evening, and we all sat in the little a mile for my fare, and no objections a going library. The door of the parlor behind us a foot, but I'll be --- if I carry this rail anwas ajar, but there was no light in there; other rod. only one lamp burned on the piano-forte:

Harry lay in my arms asleep, his soft curls falling over his forehead, and half veiling his little schoolboys were missing from Winstead, fresh, fair face. Ellen and May, one on each Conn., and fears were entertained that they side of me, sat at work on mourning dresses; had been drowned. They were found, how-Jane, too, in the corner, was sewing black ever, the same evening, seven miles from thibet. How different our labor from that home, having started to go to California, bewhich we had expected to usher in the Christ- cause they had "such hard lessons to get," mas Evel

By and by, Ellen looked up with anxious not get them.

expression. Mother, are we poor ? she said. I was glad I could answer in the negative. But, Enddled, we know not how soon we open doors, to catch a glimpse of the young may be. This great misfortune has taught us men, and when they come in their presence to that nothing is sure. We must not lead idly appear over modest it is so admirable. on what we possess, but prepare ourselves for labor, if need be. To-morrow, I wish you all

begin your studies. now a days to June dropped her needle and thread. wife!

NO. 32.

provement and witnessed their affection for . I thought it was understood that the children should go home with me, she said. Porhaps you think I am poor and helpless; but you are mistaken. On the contrary, I am probably better able than you to take care of

the children.' This announcement started me; but there was no need. May threw her arms round my

with excitement, answered, quietly and firmly Our mother has the best claim on us, Aunt Jane, and until she sends us, we will never zeal, if possible, into the preparations for the in this half past year. We love her better leave her. We have never been so happy as than all other friends, and now that our father is gone we will not leave her alone.

My heart thrilled with gratitude that I could not utter. I could only give my noble Ellen a look of thankfulness, and say-'I will be as faithful to you as you have een to me, Ellen!

"Hush!" said May, starting from her seat. "What, was that sound?" She went to the window and looked out. 'It was only the Jane shot indignant glances at the children.

'I little thought, when I came here to work and wear myself for you, that you would so soon desert me for a stranger.' 'Aunt Jane,' said Ellen, quickly, 'remember it is our mother of whom you speak-our

second mother to whom we owe so much. Miss Fleming was evidently annoyed, but was silent. 'I do hear a footstep,' said May, and again

she peeped from the window, but all was dark and silent. My heart sched with weary dissention, and I made a last attempt at peace.

'Sister Jane-you shake your head, but you many shawls and cloaks and furs, and Harry for his sake I forgive you for the many attempts you have made to turn your children's hearts against me, but hold a mother's place to the children of my beloved husband left in my care. From them henceforth, and for them only, I shall live and labor. I have thus far tried to do them good, and they themselves bear witness to my sudcess. Trust them to me, and let there be no more harshness be-

> Jane Fleming burst into tears. She wept for a few moments, and her heart was softened. 'Agnes, forgive me?' she said to my astonishment and joy. You think me heartless. but, indeed, I am not, though I have been harsh. It was my love for my brother and his children that made me wickedly jealous of you. But I am now a mourner with you and them. For his sake, forgive me!' There was a moment of silent, pleased sur-

tween us—for his sake.'

prise, and then I clasped her hand warmly, and called her 'sister.' Ellen gravely stooped down and kissed her, and little May rejoiced sprang to the piane forte, and sung with her whole heart, 'Let us love one another.' As she ceased and turned her smiling face toward us, there was a sound behind, a quick

footstep toward the hall, the door was flung open, and-

Had one risen from the dead? 'My wife, my children, my blessed Agnes!' said Captain Fleming, his voice hoarse with emotion, and before he could utter a word of welcome or surprise, we were all clasped in his strong living arms. The rapture of that hour who could seek to portray.

as I came in I heard young voices, and could not but pause a moment before surprising you. How can I ever thank you, how repay you for These words and many more fell from his

'Forgive me, Agnes, for playing the lis-

tener,' he said. 'It was not premeditated, but

chamber; there, watched by her alone, I lay tion. I was repaid for all my labor, all my Borrow. indeed, had been lost in the fearful storm, but

their delighted father! How proudly did Eilen lend her father to the pictures her industry bad wrought, and say, in answer, to his Such thoughts as these filled my brain with did little May sing her favorite song, and neck, say also, 'Mother taught me !'

Very sacred, and full of peculiar trial, is the position of the second wife, where the children of the buried mother claim her care and love but if, with a true heart and zeal, she enters and its pleasures endure forever. F. C. HARD TRAVELING. - A man traveling by

a joyful group, were now the widow and the impatic the addressed the driver; "Look a'here old fellow. I've no objection to provide the provided that the contract of the contr old fellow, I've no objection to paying ten cents Young America. - A few days since, two

> and were afraid of being flogged if they did We like to see young women peep through the windows, or the cracks of half

4 4-7 . 5 . 7 . 1122 . . .

Pouch says it requires an early start now a days for a man to got around his own

pen liamibilis neatly executed.