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changes in the above pre necessary the

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Westward, Jeaving Chilishe at 10,00 o'clock A, M., and, 200 P. M. CAMISLE GAS AND WATER COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts: Secretary, Lemnel Todd; Treasurer, Wm. M. Beeten; Directors, F. Watts, Richard Parker, Lemnel Todd, Wm. M. Beeten, Henry Saxton, J. W. Edy, John D. Gorgas, R. C. Wogdward, and E. M. Biddle CEMBRILLAND, VALLEY BLYK.—President, John S. Sterrett, Cashler, H. A. Sturgeon; Teller, Jos. C. Holler,—Directors, John S. Sterrett, Wm. Ker, Melchair Brenen, Richard Woods, John C. Dunlap, Robt, C. Sterrett, H. A. Sturgeon, and Captain John Dunlap.

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Cumberlar Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets a farion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of ever Marion Itali on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every Month. St. Johns Lodge No 209 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thurs day of each month, at Marion Itali. Carlisle Lodge No 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trouts building.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789. Proside at, E. Cornman; Vice President, William M. Porter; Secretary, A. B. Ewing; Treasurer, Peter Mon-yer, Company meets the first Saturday in March, June, September, and December. September, and December.

The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted February 18, 1869. President, Robert McCartney: Secretary, Philip Quigley: Treasurer, H. S. Ritter. The company mosts on the third Saturday of January, April, July,

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage on all letters of one half ounce weight or under, 3 cents, pre paid, except to Galifornia or dregon, which is 10 cents prepaid.

Postage on the "legid!"—within the County, free. Within the State 13 cents per year. To any put sof the United States 25 cents. Postage on all trats fabric important of the cents o u advortisfug. Forget my poor fitted who lives over the my.

Poetrn.

THE CREATION.

BA #4144# To follow the line of all creation Down to the present lofty station, Were apology new for the visitation Of plain and doggerel rhyme; The world was made, as Moses writes, In six consecutive days and nights, And all things being put to rights, Was,made a resting time.

The garden of Eden was duly made, Without the use of pick or spade, Or any other extraneous aid, As has been handed down; And all the animals crowded in. Of great and small, of thick and thin, As handsome as logs, and ugly as sin, Francan Elephant's size, to the head of a pip, Or oven less, and nearly akin, To nothing: when 'twas time to begin To make a King for the crown,

Old Father Adam, a famous soul. Was favored with entire control, And probably held his courtly hole In the earth or a stately tree. And every animal under the sun, Paraded bee re him one by one; (The first account of militia fun.) And when the pageant was done Adam seizing his pen begun, A lengthy li-t, omitting none Of th' assemblage, mighty and free,

When old Adam had finished his list, And given the scroll an extra twist, He locked it up in the family "chist" And hid the key, as we insist, To secure it from innevation; He suffered a serious attack of "blues," Feeling uncomfortable in his shoes _______.
And being deprived of a daily news-Paper to cheer his long recluse, y Ragerly sought, problaim it musel To enter the marriage relation.

And steel your hearts 'gainst woman's smiles Examine the records, search over the files, And learning how a wife beguiles The hours of a lonely man; Remember that one is made for you, Go order a bed and budding for two, A bachelor life will never do. 'Tis not Dame Nature's plan

Now yo who preach of woman's wiles,

Excuse oh muse, the parenthesis In spoth 'twere strange if you fail to see That many a subject on bended knee ______ Has swern to A-Miss fidelity From VERB-um go to eternity, "Tis an occurrence of every day.

Now Adam essayed to press his suit; And begged for a lovely wife to beet To manage his household affairs; For all must know, 'the a serious matter For a crusty old Bacu, to suffer the clatter, Of dishes and kettles, nor relish the flatter-Ing prospect of shirts for repairs. Reclining one night upon his bed, Revolving the thoughts within his head And wishing himself married or dead, (A wish which is echoed. I've often read, v sinn'y inserting " neither" instead.)

His body became as pallid as lead, When the household clock warned him to rise A vision of loveliness dazzled his eyes, A woman of beautiful feature and size Stood quietly folding her clo'es. Her band-box and trunk were both unpacked, And every visible corner rausacked For even the trivial things; When love sick Addin heaving a sigh,

Like any good lass, she felt very shy, And putting her apron up to her eye For kind mamma, began to cry If she only had brought her whigs, But Adam scated by her side. Called her "love," nor strove to hide The intensity of his passion And wiping away the childish tears, (So unless unling in women of years)

She yielded atter a fashio They were married, as 'tis told And probably feed with a V in gold, A reasil le constitution of old, And one undopbiedly destined to held Till the world shall be no more; And Adam & a happy life Tree from care and family strife.

With Mrs. Eve, his char 'Till Satan their heart strings tore.

For Eve one day not wide awake. Was sore beset by a devillsh snake, ... Who finally provailed on her to take Of the golden fruit forbidden; And she to Adam gave a piece, Which made their imppiness to cease And fatan seeing its decrease, SNARID them out of Eden.

And now the pair at Eden's gate Bowail their changed and sorry state. While sad and fearful feelings grate Harsh and drear upon them now; And looking down the cheerful vale, While saddening thoughts and cares assail Their tender minds; and hardships hall Them; and the upright laws entail,

MORAL. Before allewing the subject to pass, A timely moral we'll give each lass, Always beware of a "Snake in the Grass," To tear your hair, and mourn your fate,

And of lie optiveness to prate And fearfully wall and grieve. Beware young men of Cupld's shaft, Let Juveniles avoid the craft Of wild, childing girls: For whon they vo misled you enough, And filled your head with sickening stuff, You'll find alas, they're "up to snuff," Mid-leave you'ld a sorry huff To-curse the felly churis,

OVER THE WAY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY. When cold hearted poverty knocks at my door, # And rols me of blessings I gathered before Takes a glass from my table, a coal from my fire, And robes my dear Nelly in meaner attire, I envy sometimes in the heat of the day My very good friend who lives over the w But when I sit down at my pleasant fireside. And count o'er the joys I was never denied— My sweet little wife, and the babes at her knee by he lth and my conscience unsullied and free meets on the third Saturacy of January, april, and Octobers.

The Good Will Hose Company was instituted in March, 1855. President, H. A. Surgeon, Vice President, January, 1856. President, Fine Company meets the second Saturday of January, April, July, and October.

His son is a spendibly it, his wife is a scold; Saturday of January, April, July, and October. louger I suffer my wishes to stray. spleious of others, ill-pleased with himself, His only dolight is to recken his jelf. Were he ten times as rich, I'd refuse, night or day, To change with my friend who lives user the way. Though Poverty, fromning , peeps in at my door, I'll neither be braten nor value deplore; . I'll scare him away by hard work if I can And look in his face with the heart of a loan

Selert Onla.

Monsieur and Madame d'Allounes had been married just about three years. They were very happy. Esther of Allomes loved Honri, and trusted him implicitly; incapable of the slightest deceit; she scorned to descend to suspicion. Henri indeed treated her with the utmost tenderness, and had for her the most profound admiration, which he openly avowed. He had literally adored his wife-for the first

THE PHANTOM WIFE.

year-tifen he had allowed himself to be adored by a little opera dancer, who was ignorant, illiterate and bold, and not half as pretty as his wife. 'At the end of the second year M. d'Alonnes had taken an interest in politics, and had gone habitually to his glub. Now, in the third year, he led pretty much the life he had done previous to his marriage."

With all this, he loved Esther, and was exceedingly jealous of har; to have known that show thought of another atmost have almost killed him, though he himself wasted his love and squandered his youth upon women he would not dared to have named in her presence. As for Esther, her deep and passionate nature had concentrated itself on her busband. Neither her heart nor her imagination had

ever wandered from him. True, her husband

was often away from her, but whenever he

returned, he was as tender and as passionate as over, neither his manner nor his language had changed, and she believed in his love. One day M. d'Allonnes was out, Esther was reading in her boulder, when all at once her aftention was attracted by the gambols of a pet spaniel, who rushed from the adjoining room (Henri's) with a crumpled paper in his mouth. He brought it to Esther's feet : mechanneally, to join in his sports, she took it up, when suddenly her eye caught her husband's name. Eagerly she smoothed out the

paper, and read its contents. It was signed

Caroline, and left no doubt of the nature of

the relations between Henri and the writer. Esther remained as though she had been turned into stone, with the letter in her hand. At length she heard her husband's footsteps : she bounded towards him, and, without a word, thrust the letter into his hand, and crossing her arms, stood, with flashing eyes, direct before him. In a few minutes a bitter scornful smile passed over Esther's features.

"It is all true, then," she said " Forgive me, Esther," replied M. d'Allon-

nes ; "forgive me." "If I deceived you would you forgive me?" "Never, for I love you."

Esther, too, loved him, so she forgave him; but she could not forget, and henceforth her Iffe was torture, for every word, every action of her husband, excited her suspicions. These suspicions soon guided her to the truth. , This time she discovered that it was a regular liaison in which her husband was engaged with a woman of her own rank, and one whose merits deserved that the man she loved should be faithful and grateful. Esther, with the violeace of her nature, which allowed of no middle course, banished forever her love of Henri, and in its place a deep and profound hate sprung up, with a thirst for revenge.

Esther was a woman of extraordinary beauty-not Parisian beauty, depending on grace of manner and charm, but be uttiful as an antique statue. She had attracted much admiration. Now, as she wildly pondered over various means of veageance, she remembered that a young attache of one of the embassies had, now for some months, professed a profound passion for her. She remembered Henri's words when she had asked him it he would forgive her infidelity, and in an instant her plan was formed. Hastily enveloping herself in a shawl, and putting on a bonnet, she got into a carriage and drove to the house of M. de T. the vound attach. the young attache. He was at home. She was shown into his presence, and raising her veil she revealed herseif.

" Mme. d'Alionnes." "Do you love me?" said Esther.

"Better than my life." "Then I am yours-I have left my husband

At this declaration M. de T-- drew back. He intended to rise to the highest honors in diplomacy; with such an open breach of the proprieties of life as a rupture between M. and Mme. d'Allonnes, he never could become an ambassador, ' She lived him' too much .-His vanity was exceedingly flattered. He drew up his cravat and passed his hand through his perfumed hair, and thought what a lady killer he was -but also thought of his career in life.

"Madame-Esther-It is a sacrifice I cannot accept-it is needless; you can love me as much and not lose your position."

"You are atraid, then ?" said Esther. "Yes, dearest; afraid for your sake-but I love you. Stay, none need know you are here. Each day we can meet thus, I love you; dore you."

"But I do not love you; it was not love but vengeance brought me here. Now I despise'you." . With these words Esther turned and left the

house. Henri was at home when she returned. "Where have you been Esther," said he, 'just at the dinner hour, almost dark, and not n your own carriage ?" " I have been to M. de T--c's."

"To young M. de T- 8! Why, wretched oman, dare you avow it !" You have com romised my honor and dare avow it!" "You have destroyed my happiness and dare avow it. You love Mme, de Noirmout; she is worthy of being loved. I desire vengeance. Your honor, is safe : M. de T- rejeoted me. But I shall find some que else,

never fear." " Miserable woman !" exclaimed d'Allonnes, grasping her hand violency. "Don't touch me," said Esther gently, with-

out betraying any suffering, though d'Alonnes left a dark bine mark on her arm ; "hence forth we live as strangers."

From this hour M. de'Allonnes never left his wite; he dreaded the accomplishment of her threats. She appeared sourcely sensible of his presence, but pursued her amusements and occupations as though she had been alone .-Before the world she was polite to her nusband: when they were alone they never spoke. Es-

ther appeared to have forfotten his existence. I image of Esther, whom he had so passionately D'Allonnes, irritated, mortified, bailled, began to feel his former passion for Esther return with all its former violence. But she return ed his tenderness with scorn, and a bitter de-

risive laugh. At length M. d'Allonnes, more to bring some change in his existence than from any other motive, resolved on leaving Paris.
"We are going to Taly the day after to

norrow," said he. Esther bowed, and ut the appointed time

was rendy. Silently, side by side, they journeyed on .-At length they reached the Jura. Here, amidst the wild scenery, over it deep ravines, they lingered. One day at a sleep ascent they de- cloak more closely around her, secuded from the carriage and walked silently side by side. Presently the carriage was out cold.' of sight, they were alone in that wast solitude. Nothing but the distant rushing of the torrent in the deep, dark ravine to break the utter si. him. beatings of each other's hearts, they walked, estranged and separated as though a world had She was the wife of the Baron d'Eisfeldt, rich, divided them. ...

"Esther," exclaimed Hanri, suddenly turnog toward: her and putting his arm round her, "you must love me, you cannot have for gotten our first passionate love."

"I have forgotten nothing," replied Esther; I have loved you deeply, passionately, trustingly, but that love has been destroyed, you have worn it away, it can never live again; you." take away your arm; I am young, full of life; hope may dawn again. Ibelieve I shall love again, but it will not, cannot ever be you."

What reply was made to this. M. d'Allonnes never revenled. At this instant the postillions of my strange resemblance to your lost wife, and servants who were awaiting on the sum- and could not resist the temptation of seeing mit the arrival of their master, heard a piere- one who had loved my image so passionately." ing shrick, and the spaniel, who never left Esther, howling wildly. They rushed down the road, M. d'Allonnes, pale and trembling, be made to love him. Now that he knew her his eyes distended, was alone. He could not be paid his court assiduously; the mysterious speak, but pointed to the Pavine.

fell down this very place." Ropes were brought; assistance was found from the various goatherds and chamois hunters. M. d'Allonnes, now recovered from the first shock, insisted on being himself let down

with ropes to assist in the enrch. It was not a long one; in a few minutes one of the goatherds was drawn up, bearing a mutilated corpse could not look on it. It was shattered to thought better to envelope the poor remains in a cloud, and sampared the sight alle raved when he was drawn up and heard she had been found, he implored to see, her, but his physical strength was exhausted, and love the Esther you have lost; I only remind whilst he lay in a state of lethargy, Esther you of her. What if I were but an evil spirit

Now all that marks her passage through this world is a stone bearing this inscription: " Esther, Countess, d'Allonnes, aged twenty."

Four years after this catastrophe M. d'Alnes was in Paris. He was, though brillian gay and extravagant, somewhat altered, and least expect me." subject to violent changes in temper and spir- . The next day the Count d'Allonnes waited its. Sometimes, without any apparent mo- at home. No message came ... At length totive, he would disappear from society and wards nightfall, unable to bear it any longer, shut himself up in his hotel. His intingua, he rushed from the house, to see if he could friends said that at such times he shut himself anywherepatch a glimpse of Mme. d'Eisfeldt. up in the rooms which had belonged to his At length he returned. wife, and which, by his desire, had been left exactly in the state in which she used to keep is a spirit in the Countess' room." thom. After these sombre moments of despair, Henri d'Allonne's would return to the rushed towards Esther's room. There, seatworld in the highest spirits, but he never re- ed in the place where the other Esther used to ferred to his temporary absence, or suffered be, was the Esther he now loved. She was

any inquiries concerning it. It was after one of these dark hours that Henri; in the height of gayety, entered the opera house at half-past one in the morning,

on the night of the last masked ball. A group of his friends were gathered round domino, whose appearance was certainly age that is enshrined in your beart." calculated to excite attention. She was dress ed in the usual domino of black satin, but it was of the richest kind, and mingled with the richest black lace, and closed from the feet to the throat by large diamond buttons. -The hood was drawn close, and the mask had a deep lace lappel, so that it was impossible to lo Houven or hell. Esther-" catch even a glimpse of the face concealed beneath..

Scarcely did d'Allonnes appear, before one

of his friends called to him to approach. " Here is a domino that knows everything d'Allonnes : come and see if she knows anything about you." "On! oh! where do you come from that

you know-so much?" " From spirit land."

"What is your name, fair spirit?" "I have none." "You have a young-looking hand. I think you must be worth looking at, though sorcer,

esses are generally old." "I died young."

" Died ?" "Yes: I have been dead four years." " Four years?"

" Dead and buried since the 15th of Octo-

ber, 1853." D'Allonnes looked at the domino and started; d'Allonner, with a shrick of horror, fell to the on that road another woman had fallen down

pale, but appeared in high spirits.

he, seeing all the opera glasses turned in the but I am Esther, baroness d'Eisfeldt, now and ame direction. "At a person of extraordinary beauty, but also who bears an extraordinary resemblance to another weinan as beautiful as she is," re-

plied d'Allonnes' most intimute friend. . " Be prepared. Henri, she is the image of your cipice. Remember that. Now assassin, let D'Allonnes looked: with what relief he The Count uttered a shriek and hid his face gazed at the object of the general admiration. in his hands. Esther passed out of the room.

woman who, by some strange chance, bore an extraordinary resemblance to his wife. There was a gentleman with her, evidently

'oved, She was much paler than Esther, and her hair was darker; there was a pensive gentleness about her, too, that Esther had nover had, Henri was fascinated. At the and of the third act of Robert, the lady rose. D'Allonnes dashed from his box, and took up his station on the steps, where he could see her pass. She came-she stood for an instant by his side, unheeding him, "D'Allonnes" heart beat violently. Now the footman ad-

vanced. "The carriage, Monsiour le Baron," said he, addressing the lady's husband. The gentleman drew the lady's arm through his, whilst with the other hand he wrapped her ermine

"Take care, Esther," said he, "it is very "Eether!" murmured d'Allonnes, and bis doubts, his fears, again took possession of

ence, side by side, cluse to each other, their From this moment d'Allonnes could not bansteps moving in unison almost hearing the lish this woman from his thoughts: He found out where she lived, he found out her name. and well known at the Austrian embassy, it could not be Esther.

At length, at a ball at the embassy, he resolved to speak to her. As he was seeking the means of approaching her, a friend of his accosted him. "I am come on an errand from a fair lady, .

Mme. d'Eisfeldt desires to be introduced to D'Allonnes stood before her, she spoke, it

was Esther's voice. "You will forgive me, M. d'Allonnes, for the mystification at the opera ball? I knew

Mme. d'Eisfeldt blushed as she spoke; the Count's heart beat. She loved him, or might resemblance gave a terrible attraction to this "Ropes," exclaimed the postillion; she has woman. Sometimes as he wound his arms fallen here. Her foot must have slipped .- around her in the waltz, he felt as though he It was but two days since that another lady was pressing E-then in his arms; a strange confusion would overwhelm him. ..

"Oh! you should have been mine, for you are her image; without you I cannot live!" "Mercy, Henri," murmured this second Eather, leaning on him. and trembling on his arms; "mercy, I am another's."

For months did this terrible pursuit occupy d'Allonnes; he knew not whether Estherdoved in his arms. The lady's maid fainted and him; sometimes she would be cold and distant, sometimes yielding and tender, till irritated pieces and was a maps of blood and clay. M. by the memories of the past, and by the deep d'Allonnes was down in the ravine, so it was arts of the second Esther, M. d'Allonnes' passion rose almost to madness. ... 'Oh! Eather,' said he, one day; "do not

> torture me. If you love me, tell me so. "You do not love me," replied Esther; you that had assumed her form?"

"Do not torture me! You love me tell me

"Not now, or here-to-morrow." "Where?" "You'shall see me when and where

"My lord," said his valet, trembling, there The Count, with an exclamation of delight,

weeping. "Do not weep, my life," exclaimed d'Allonnes; "since you are here, I can defy the

world; now, who shall dare to grieve you." "I weep to think that you never would have loved me but for my likeness to the im-"There is no image there but yours."

"Will you leave all that recalls her image for me; will you live for me alone; will you brave my husband and the world ?" "Be mine or I cannot live," exclaimed the Count. "Spirit or woman, I will follow thee

"Henri!" exclaimed Esther, replying to

his caresses. "You are my Esther-vou are my wife!" exclaimed d'Allonnes, almost beside himself. "I am," exclaimed Mme, d'Eisfeldt, starting from his arms and standing erect. " I am; but yours no longer. I am come from the grave but to avenge myself. You love me -I leave you with an eternal regret, besides an eternal remorse. Yours I will never be again; you killed me; I lie buried beneath the stone you placed over me. I leave you to despair. I am another's! Let me pass."

"Mine I" exclaimed d'Allonnes, furiously; "by law if not by love." "My body was found, my death registered: it would be impossible to reinstate me in my rights, even if I willed it; but I returned to

claim no right but that of vengeance. That I have accomplished." "But how-are you an evil spirit?" "No, alas! but a woman who has suffered, she slowly raised her mask for an instant, and who has been deceived. Before we had passed that precipice; it was her body that was found. Some days after this d'Allonnes entered the her body that lies beneuth the stone that bears loge des lions, at the opera. He was still very my name. Her brother mourning for her loss, came and found me dead at all appearances; "Who are you all looking at?" exclaimed but I returned to life, and I am now here;

> " I can prove you are my wife." "And I can prove, Count, that no accident caused my death, but violence impelled me, after a despairing struggle, over the fatal pro me pass."

forevermore."

It was not then a spirit he had seen, but a The old valet, who had sat watching in his master's room, where he had fullen asleep, was suddenly awoke by some violent detone

tion. arts

ther's bed. Mme, d'Eisfoldt's cheek could not grow paler; it was already too white, but her eyes glistened with unusual lustro when she heard of the suicide of the Count d'Allonnes. Mme. d'Eisfeldt excites great admiration, but the slightest testimony of love is received by her with ineffable soors. Sheadores her husband. and is an example of corjugal fidelity.

THE STORY OF THE TIN PEDLAR AND "SLEEPY DAVID,"

The following story, extracted from the work, A Yankee among the Nullifires, purports o be told to another by a South Carolinian : Yankees; as I said before, are apt to e too 'cute for us in everything but horseflesh, and even sometimes in that. It was this day three years ago, and on this very spot, that I entored my horse "Southern" for purse of two thousand dollars. - In short: he was the best horse at that time in South Carolina. There were, to be sure, two other iorses, and very fine ones too, entered against him, but they were no touch to "Southern, and I was as sure of winning as I am sitting here this moment—when who should come along but a Yankee, with a tin cart! He had the shabbiest, worst looking horse I ever put my eyes on. He was a lean, slab sided,

went on four legs. He stood all the time as if he was asleep-in fact, his owner called him "Sleepy David." In short, sir, he was such horse as would not have brought twenty lollars.

crooked-legged, rough haired "critter" as ever

eddlar, whose exterior corresponded marclously with that of his horse, and who said is name was Zadock Berber, to the astonish ment of all, intimated a wish to enter his horse vith the rost.

It was near the hour of starting, when the

"Your horse!" exclaimed I-" what, that deepy looking devil there? You'd better ener bim for the turkey-buzzards." "Not as you knows on, Mister," resumed ankee, with some show of spirit. . "To be

sure the critter looks rather spleepy as he tands, and on that account I call him " Sleepy David," but he's a jo fi'd smart horse for all that. He's like a singed cat, a darned sight etter nor he looks. I should like tarnation well to try him against some of your South Catolina horses. To be sure I don't come all the way from home on that purpose, but as I was coming out this way on a load of tin and other notions, I thought I might time it to kill two birds with one atone, for, thinks I to myself, if I can win the purse and peddle off my notions, at the same time. I shall make aeason why my hoss looks so shabby and out f fix this morning. But for all that he'll per-

orm a day's work, I tell you." Supposing he had no idea of running his gratify his propensity for talking, I bade him ern hosses couldn't hold a candle tew old

begone, and not trouble me with his Yankee . Sleepy David." palaver. "Why, mister," said he, "this is a free

country, and a man has aright to talk or let it alone, jist as he can afford. Now, I've taken great deal of pains to git here this morning, in order to run "Sleepy David" ngin some of your Southern hosses. I ain't joking, sir; I'm in carnest. I understand there is a purso of two thousand dollars, and I should like amazing to pick it up." -

"You talk of picking up two thousand dollars with that bit of carrion of yours! Away with you, and don't trouble us any further.' "Well, if I can't run, I suppose I can't; but its darned hard anyhow for a man to take so much pains as I have to come up to the races,

and then can't run arter all." "It's too late now; by the rules of the ourse, the horse should have been entered vesterday; however, if you'll plank the enrance money, perhaps you may get in yet." I said this by way of getting rid of the fel-

low, having no idea that he could commend a fourth part of the sum required. "How much might the entrance mone y be?" drawing out a purse centaining a few shillings in silver and a few pence in copper. "If 'tain't more nor a quarter or a dollar or so,

I'll plank it ou the bail " "It is two hundred Uollars." "Two hundred !" exclaimed the Yankee .-By gauley, what a price! Why they axed me only twenty-five cents to see the elephant and the hull caravan in New York. Two hundred lollars! Why you must be joktug nowoless me! my whole load of tinware, hoss, vagon and all wouldn't fetch that. But, miser, don't you think I could get in forten dol-

ars ?"

must be paid in five minutes." the fellow: but he returned to the charge and lowing form. asked if fifty dollars wouldn't do, then seventy, he engaged to give it provided he could find anything bad, wilt thou curse it!" any one to loan him the money, for which he would pawn his wagon load of notions, and the nature of this prayer by one of the frater. "Sleepy David" to boot. He asked one, and nity, he replied: then another, to accommodate him with the oan-declaring that as soon as ever he took cider as it runs." the purse, the money should be feturned, and sh and liked to see the sport go on, lent him the two hundred dollars out of sheer malice.-Though it afterward turned out, the Yankea had plenty of money about him, and was merely playing the 'possum all the while.

His next object was to borrow a saddle .-In this he was also accommodated; and taking "Sleepy David" from the tin cart, he crambled upon his back and took his station on the course. You never saw a fellow sit on a horse so awkward in your life. Every one said he would, fall before he had gone a hundred yards and some, out of compassion,

urged him to withdraw. two hundred dallars and then withdraw, and

The spirit was gone, but the Count lay dead, I him to proceed, saying, as they laughed alond, with a pistol by his side, at the foot of Est they had no doubt but he would carry off the

purse, "That's what I mean to do," said he; "aint come here for nothing, I can tell you. Wake ap "Sleepy David" and look about you; you must have your eyes open to day, it's no time o be snoozin' when there is money at stake." The horse, as if he understood what his master was saying, pricked up his care and

ctually began to show signs of life. The signal was given to start. Away sprang 'Southern," with the speed of lightning, and oaving "Sleepy David" for in the rear and the pedlar verging from one side to the other,

as if he was just ready to fall off. But they improved as they proceeded; the pedlur sat more jockey-like, and the horse

evidently gained upon the others, It was now thought the Yankee had enough of the race, and would withdraw before the heat. Contrary to all expectation, however, he persevered, and offered to bet a thousand lollars on the issue of the race.

"The fellow's a fool," said one. "He don't know which side of his bread is outtered, or else he wouldn't bet any money on so desperate a stake."

"He is safe enough there," said a third, 'for he has no more to rick." Here, however, all were mistaken again, for he pediar hauled out a greasy old pocketbook, and planked the thousand dollars. It was covered, of course. But I confess I now began to be staggered, and to suspect the Yankee was, after all, more rogue than fool. I had no fears, however, for the purse. "Southern" was not a horse to be distanced by such

miserable devil as "Sleepy David." The second heat was now commenced, and f I had before felt confident in the entire sur periority of my noble "Southern," that confilence was strengthened as I again saw him coming in ahead of the rest. I considered the burse as now my own property. In imagination I had grasped it and was about putting it. safely in my pocket, when lo! and behold!pedlar's horse shot forward as if the devil had kicked him, and, stretching his neck like a erane, won the heat by a head.

Everybody was astonished. "That horse must be the devil himself," said one. "At least he has the devil to back him,"

aid another. "I was sure he would play some Yankes rick before he got through," said a third. Such were the observations that passed from mouth to mouth.

The Yankee, in the mean time, offered to

take another thousand dollar bet, but nobody

felt disposed to bet with him, and it was well that they didn't for at the third heat "Sleepy plaguey good spec But I had to hurry on like David" not only distanced every horse, but the nation to got here in time; and that's one oven came in a full quarter of a mile shead of Southern" himself. "There, by gauley," said the Yankee, as-

he dismounted. "I'll take that ere little purse if you please, and the other cool thousand, iorse, and that all he said was merely to tew! I knowed well enough that your South-

Fun From the Magazine s. The venerable Dr. Smith was preaching to his rural charge one of the warmest of last summer's nights, and while he was waxing warmer in his discourse, he observed also that one of the large lamps at his hand was waning and ready to expire. . Just as he discovered it he was exclaiming in reference to the impracticability of escape from the law. " Which way shall he turn!" and saying that, he put out his hand to give the lamp a turn to brighten up the dying luminary, but an officious deacon near the puspit seeing that he was turning the wrong way, and would have it out in a minute, cried out-" Turn to the right. Doctor ! turn to the right !" The sudden answer to the Doctor's question put him out

completely, and the lamp at the same time. nea_Old Zachariah Robbins," writes a friend to the drawer, "lived in Wood county, Missirslppi, and was called on to prove the insanity. of a young man on trial for assault with intent to kill. He swore that he had no doubt whatever that the prisoner was an insane, man. On his cross-examination he was required/to state the reasons for this opinion. "Why, bloss your life," said he, "I've

known Jimmy allers, and he's allers bon a. Dimicrat, and when the Dimicratic party put up their man last Fall, Jimmy didn't vote for him : and I allers think that a Dimicrat that don't stick to his party ain't in his right mindl' Jimmy was acquitted, for old Zachariah's opinion prevailed very generally in that region, .. as well as in this.

nea_ A certain divine of Massachusets be-"Nothing short of two hundred, and that ing called upon to offer prayer at a Masonic" celebration, and not being initiated into the We now thought we had fairly got rid of secrets of the institution, made use of the fol-

"O Lord! we have come to offer our prayer and then a hundred, and finding he could not unto Thee, for what we know not. If it be make a bargain for less than the regular sum, for anything good, wilt theu bless it! If for On being remonstrated with on account of

"If you tap the barrel, you must take the ...

A Michigander sends to the drawer he would give a dozen tin whistles into the bargain. He, however, got more curses than coppers, until some wag, who had plenty of are all the better for being true. He says, that a while ago Mr. Borton was rotated out of a post-office in Michigan, and Mr. Norvell rotated in. Mr. Norvell was a total stranger to the incumbent, and presenting himself to the the postmaster whose place he was to take, " introduced himself by saying, " My name is " Norvell." To which Mr. Barton replied. · Well, I wish you were feeding your father's

flocks on the Grampian hills." A hearty laugh made good friends of the two, and young Norvell became a man of lethia ters forthwith.

A great man is one who; in some nesse or other, adds to the world's possessions; ba "Not by a darned sight," exclaimed he ... it in government, in poetry, or philosophy. "Not by a garned signt, examinate to pay as a bringer into life a builder, a desired."

Do you think I'm, a darned fool as to pay as a bringer into life a builder, a desired. a planter, an inventor—in some sort, however, refrain from gazing at the beautiful hastened to the rooms of his dead mistress, ... it would cost some broken bones, encouraged spenner, an inventor—in some sort. A done the rooms of that which nobody size has done before himself and property of that which nobody size has done before himself and which nobody, then besides himself and property of the rooms of his dead mistress, ... it would cost some broken bones, encouraged spenned willing or prepared to do.