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German Refermed Church, Louther, between Handard Church, Louther, be at 11 o'clock A. M., runt' o'clock P. M.
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ion Fire Company was organized in E. Cornman; Vice President; Willi upri, supposember, van de proposember, van Umberland Bro Company was instituted Febru 1800, President, Robert McCartuey; Serctary, Quilley; Tressurer, ill. B. litter. The company on the third Saturday of January, April, July, lober. ood Will Hose Company was instituted in March resident, H. A. Sturgeon, Nich President, Jame esident, H. A. Siurgons Mes President Jar iney, Serretary, Samuel H. Gould, Treasu J. Halbert. The company mests the sec of January, Aprill July and October.

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> Burney Russ (Brail antigering) Shall hot reme his he death

# Select Cale.

### THE PRIMA DONNA'S TRIUMPIL

BY MARY W JANVRIN

[Concluded from last week.] "Madame, Monsieur Legard!"

A call-boy threw open the door of a sumpuously-fashioned "star" drossing room in a theatre, and ushered a tall, elegant looking man of some fifty years into the presence of a young and magnificently beautiful woman. Twenty-five summers had ripened the luscious bloom of those clear, olive checks, burnished the braids of raven hair, and moulded into perfection a form whose every development was the personification of perfect grace; but it was as if many years looked out from those wonderful eyes, wherein lay a long lifetime of

experience. The costume of this beautiful woman was splendid-in the extreme ..... A robe of white of silver, draped her form : a wrenth of passion-flowers and myrtle, fastened by a magnificent diamond, rested among her heavy braids; and pearls and gleaming opple-fla-lied on a swelling throat, rounded arms, and fingers boards of any of our theatres; but I question,

the theatre. . "You have no fear of a failure, soul, You see it now, Mr. Legard?" Marguerite ?". " No, indeed! I must succeed. I fear nothing." And the tall, queenly woman rose

that assured reply, but the self-con-ciousness. of power-the confidence of one who feels

that, for her, there is indeed no such word as ' Inil." "Let us go now." And placing ber arm in he premonitory tinkle of the bell approunced the signal for the rising of the curtain, the

in another moment stood upon the stage the face with her hands, ungnificent prima donna who had flashed like a comet upon the theatrical world of Paris, and know me, if you think this confession car ities-Madame Marguerite. We need not linger here to recount the

breath to listen to some dainty strain, or thun-dered applicase with the loudest when the full dered applause with the loudest when the drown downs at pale and silent, wrapped in the folds the clear soprano voice that rose full and pure of a thick travelling cloak, in a carriage of a thick travelling cloak, in a carriage richer tribute of hushed breath and tears; table

and the singer stood mute and hushed, a rain Whon I came to you again, it shall by with But the prima donna heard not. It was to her as if there were only two beside herself in that great theatre-those two, a magnificent blonde, in black velvet, who levelled her lorgnette from a proscenium box to the stage. and the tall, elegant man who stood at her side, now idly triffing with the lady's fan, now bending his eyes with strange earnestness on the singer. When the curtain fell slowly, and she stood there, with hands clasped over her breast, and cheeks white as her satin robes. the audience burst into one prolonged shout

his arms—he would have bounded to her side became part, and parcel of his memory. -a name died on his tongue; but her eyelids drooped, a paleness came over her cheek, she lost that kindling glance of recognition, and, as the curtain fell, Madame Marguerite sank awooning to the stage.

"My poor child, it has been too much for you." And the manager lifted her tenderly in his arms, bore her to the dressing room, and wrapping her in an ermined cloak carried

her gently to her carriage. When Madame Marguerite came from out roman was chafing her temples, and Mr. Legard held her head tenderly on his breast. She was in her own parlor at the hotel. "I am better-I am strong-see," she said,

ising to her feet with a faint blush on her cheek. "Leave me, please. I shall be better nlone."

"No, you are weak vet, my child. Sit iere." And Mr. Legard drew up a chair covered with softest Genon velvet to receive the form that trembled still with weakness. "Do not send me away till you are stronger. And, ma petite, I want to talk to you. Cannot 1 have this interview in private?" be whispered. bending over and speaking in an anxious tone. Marguerite understood him. She glanced toward her maid, and said, faintly : :

The girl obeyed a When Mr. Legard found himself alone with the prima donna all his gentlemanly self-possession seemed to forsake him. He rose nervously from the chair, came near, attempting to take her hand, then sank upon a sest, murmuring to a set the an in 1999.

"I dare not L. dare not 1 .. With her glo "Mr. Legard !" and disching have time at

passed his hand caressingly oven her hairs of hing it upon his studio, wall, and gradually if est thing has happened! Maggie has return bis hand, and bowing her; face; to: his knees years are so long, so; long to remember, bun une: Sc. ran a brief letter, its faintly traced this my more than friend, my father; Less what less the face be deguerrectyped upon the rography evidently written under atrongest thoughts are in your heart, what words are on heart! Poor Maggie! Yet latterly he thought Advertised letters; to be charged with the cost stage of the cost

speak them. I would not have your great generous heart pained by the reply I should have to utter. But you will not scorn meyou will not withdraw your sheltering pity from your child-when I tell you what I thought no mortal ears should ever bear? Promise me."

#### " My child, I-promise." A grateful smile crept over her-lips.

"Ten years ago," she began, "ten year ago you found a poor child in the crowded ity streets-a weary, homeless child, who, for four weeks had kept herself from starva tion by singing through the streets. You heard that child sing, you took her by the hand, to your home; you clothed, fed, pro cured ber masters, took her abroad, encour aged, loved her, till now she kneels before ýoù the being you have made her—the courtd, admired, carressed prima donna, Madame Marguerite. But there was something that child of fourteen never told you, when she recounted the story of oppression and neglect that forced her from the home of charity. salin, so thick that every wave seemed a sheen How could y u know that, even then her woman's lot' was upon her? that thus early

she bore in her heart the germa of a hopeles love? She loved -she fled -away, away, any where to be beyond the contact of eyes that flushed with the faint pink of a curled up brotherly kindness. Years fled-ten long roselenf. All this was very gorgeous, and you have seen the same elegance of attire on the gained a name, and riches, and with these reader, if over such luminous eyes burned into and day by day she saw how one good, noble your soul as turned their lambent glances on heart, which had cherished berns a father's, "Ah, ma chere pupile," he said, advancing and which she could never repay with other with a respectful bow and a glance of intense with a respectful bow and a glance of intense than filial devotion. This is painful—Oh, be-admiration. 'You will have une grande tri-lieve me! I would lay down my life to save umph; already the house is filled from par-you, but it would be wrong to go to your arms quette to gallery—and hark! they call! they string!" and the sound of the call came from whose ebb-tides have not retreated from my

"Yes, my child, I see it now, now it wrong and selfish to strive to link a bright thing." And the tall, queenly woman rose and swept a train of rustling satin across the joined to December, my darling."—and h It was no common vanity that prompted bowed his head. "You shall be my daugh lose you wholly."

"But T have not told you all," said the girl her voice sinking to a whisper. " Tonight I saw him. He was there, in the crowd his as the call-boy knocked at the door, and ed theatre, and beside him rat a beautiful bent above her -he watched her like a lover. rustle of satin sounded along the passages, and You do despise nie?" And she covered her But!what am I saying? -- What is he to me?

"Despise you? No, ma petite, you do no whose star had not failed in brilliant southern | thange me. . And he drew her for a moment to his heart, then put her from him ... "But We need not linger here to recount the should that welcomed the singer, nor her brilliant triumph. You who have listened to It forced to go night after night, and sing and meet him. We will talk of that to-morrow.

own favorite cantatrice, her impassioned looks, ful maid was at her side. And when Mr. Legestures and voice, can form some faint idea gard came early the ensuing day, in alarm of Madame Marguerite. Some, there, gave and fear, he found her rooms descrited, and a her the tribute of loud appliause; others, the hastily pencilled note lying on her dressing-

"Do not fear, for me, my kind protector calmness "

But one wild wish was uppermost in he heart, as, after many days' fourneying, the carringe that bore Marguerite wound along a a cool, quiet country road, one wish that framed itself into words. "Let me but lay my head once again amid the mosses of Birch Hollow-let me quaff a drink from Sweet Fern Spring--let me walk once more the old familiar paths his foot has trouden, and where his lips last pressed mine-then let me die!

Philip Armstrong was an enthusiast in art of admiration at the classic grace of her atti- The canvass bloomed for him. They were tude, and in that prolonged gaze, that man's not pictures he saw painted thereon, but liveyes and the singer's met. A wild thrill shot ing, breathing actualities, entering largely through his frame; the glance of those eyes into his life. So a strain of music, sung with had brought a revolution. He outstretched a rich voice, thrilled his soul, and straightway

> Oh. the vast garner-house-the heartwhere we hourd away possessions a king's ransom could not buy from us ! First loves, strains of forgotten music, memories of old times, f ded flowers, broken rings, looks of hair, and the dead we laid to sleep in the longgone years -- all those are gathered up there if not in tangible forms, in memories that ne ver die! Oh, this "prophet's chamber" hid den away beneath the caves of the soul, over

whose shut door is written "precious!" If that swoon, her own faithful maid and tiring we do not go in there every day, and sit down alone-if we do not throw open its windows to the light of common day-sometimes the veriest triffe, a tone, a look, a strain of music has power to prove the "open sesame" t swing wide that door upon its cortals ! So had it been with Philip Armstrong. Since the time when little Maggie had gone forth a wanderer from Birch Farm, there had been little change there, eave the gradual ad

dition of silver threads to Mrs. Armstrong' dark hair. But in those ton years Philip had become famous. His feet had trodden other shores; the creations of the old masters had lent him inspiration; his own pictures had won praises: and when he returned to the pity of, his adoption, suffice it that his name and fortune were made. But still he was un married, and this career was lonely, loveless. No woman had ever power to charm him; no woman's head had eyer been drawn to his de solate heart. Latterly he had thought much of little Maggie, and the sont said on

For a long time Philip Armstrong shad watched and waited for Maggie's return after flows benuty, and ben youth, I dare, not sake the Arat disappearance; but months braided her." And he buried his face in his hands: , themselves into years, and she came not Then be contented himself with drawing her "He looked up to find the prime donne kneel, portrait from memory, as she sat that days in lng. before him. He dered not speak; but, Birch Hollow, singing with the bobolinks, and: Mr. Legard, she began rapidly, clasping her memory grew indistinct in his heart. Ten.

the same clear, pure voice rang out its bird- his way to Birch Farm ; but the fiery-breathed notes on the nir, a bewildering dreaminess iron steed rushing onward through town and crept over his brain-it was as though he city, through deep gorge and ravine, over hil walked through a thick mist-nor until the and plain, was slow as a snail compared with curtain fell slowly, and those luminous black the heart that was sent on before. eyes sought his own; then the mist-clouds fled, At the twilight hour, a hushed group stood

the sun broke through, the door of the heart's about the hed whereon lay Maggie Listoninner chamber turned repidly on its linges, Madame Marguerite. It had all been exletting forth the full flood tide of memory, and plained by the faithful Marina who hung he stood face to face with Maggie. And in that weeping above the couch, how for days and glance that met his own, he read the record of nights her mistress had arged the driver ona long, ten year devotion. Link by link the ward, scarce snatching time for rest or food, chain flashed athwart his eyes-Maggie had till at last she had gained the gaol of her

an old man's gol i, but now would gladly have ing to the ground.

transgance of grief. And yet, her crapes and and a faint smile quivered on her lips. sables were a la mode; the hem of her widow's was not seen in the gay, exclusive assemblies bedside. of Up-Town; men hoped when they died their wives would grieve their loss so deeply as did hoarse, quick whisper; then he went quickly Mrs. Colonel Dewhurst her liege lord's; Oral- from the room.

mingled again in society, and her mansion behind them. was often thrown open to the beau monde of "Maggie Liston? Great God! My child! carded lover, Philip Armstrong, found open the wildest agitation on his dark face. gained him admission; and to night, of all crushed, and pressed her hands over her those who stood in her crowded drawing room, heart. no bon mots or witty sallies were quoted, or "Mark Liston," she said, in a rapid, hugky

her? Let us see. It was near midnight, and, heated and weaas the Spice Islands of the East. Musing over that singular revelation at the theatre, Arm- that stately man sank by her side and reverstrong stood leaning against a pillar in a shadowy recess, when suddenly a white hand, sparkling with jewels was laid upon his arm He looked into her face, but it was not the face of his thoughts-his hostess stood beside him. It seemed like intrusion; but he greeted her with a courtesy. For a few moments they conversed on ordinary thomes; then, im-

of himself and his present position. "It'is so strange that we should stand to gether here-I, mistress of this house, and von, a landed, telepted man, unapproachable in your genius; when, years ago, - but I suppose I ought not to refer to that past; and yet, I think of it often-do you never, Philip ?" she asked.---

bear it.

"Will not your absence he remarked?" he asked, almost coldly, evading a reply. " Mrs. Dewhurst, let me lead you to your guests." "Mrs. Dewhurst!" she repeated, passionately, almost scornfully. "Always that cold name! Why not call me Kate? I have called you Philip " And the beautiful temptress's breath came warm upon his cheek as she slid her hand into his. "Philip can you never

"Yes. Katherine Dewhurst, I have forgiven; but I cannot forget," he said, sadly. And now, you hate me?" she asked, in a thick whisper.

forgive!"

231 500 200 this The monysyllable was spoken in a low. quiet tone, and the deceived woman thought it low with feeling. Her eye flashed triumph. "O, Philip! if I should say that I did you a great wrong, that it was the victory of pride, and the evil in my nature, that led me to stiffe the only love that ever warned my heart but what am I saying? Philip, would you scorn me if I should say how bitter has been my re-

No excitation betrayed itself therein prediction—You would make a prima done your but I should pity you, that you ever let the base love of gold come between your boart ous when you sing for others, and they all and mine. As for me I have suffered but I come ornising you, and laying their homogo thave conquered. We can nager be to each cother more than friends. God grant you hap-places to the country of t piness: I bid so threwest atood alone.

or minute Mrs. Dewhorst stood alone.

म्बर्व क्षित्रपर्व rography evidently written and found upon excitement, that Phillip Armstrong found upon the contemps of the co

his table when he sought his lodgings.

loved him. Maggie had fied. journey, when nlighting at the village inn. she
He would have sought her then and there; had rapidly walked down the long, highway

he would have clasped her to his heart; but and struck into the path leading through the she who sat heside him claimed his attentions mendow to Birch Hollow, and then, pausing -the woman who had once spurned him for there, the reaction came, and she sank faintlain her wealth at his feet for one tittle of the . In alarm, the girl sought help, at the nearlove she once rejected. But, a half-hour la- est farmhouse, and they bore her thither. So

ter be sent up a message at Madame Margue- Maggie was at home again; and then a fierce rites's hotel. The parter brought back a re-, brain fever followed, and, raving in delirium, ply from the faithful maid wailing in an anto- calling wildly for "Philip! Philip!" she reroom. "Her mistress had come from the venled herself. Letters were immediately detheatre ill, fainting-she could not disturb spatched by the mother; and the man who her. Would not the gentleman call again in took back the carriage and horses to the city, the morning?" Philip bit his lip with disap bore a message to Mr. Legard from the faithpointment, then smiled as he thought how un- ful Marina; and the same day that witnessed seasonable was the hour; then, wrapping ele-the return of Philip, saw also the arrival of le ser his thick cloak, sought his lodging to await manageur to watch over the child of his adopimpatiently the dawn; but when he again tion. And now it was the seventh night, and sought the prima donna she was miles and at twilight they stood, a hushed group, about the bed whereon the sufferer lay in a deep sleep, whose waking would bring the crisis. A brilliant company were congregated in Life or death hung in the balance. Hours

Mrs. Colonel Dewhurst's sumptuous drawing | passed; and the old village doctor held her rooms. For three years that beautiful woman wrist in one hand, measuring its wandering had been a widow. The old man whom she pulses by the strokes of his watch. Mrs. had-wolded could not carry sith him his mon Armstrong, Philip, Mr. Legard, and Marina, ey bags over the threshold of eternity, and stood silent. The old clock in the kitchen they must, perforce, he left at the disposal of chimed forth twelve clear and strong; when her who, marrying him for his wealth, could the sleeper stirred upon her pillows and lifted not be supposed to mourn-his loss with ex- her wellds slowly. Reason was in her glance,

"The danger is over?" said the doctor. veil of the prescribed depth; for a year she putting up his watch and moving from the "Thank God!" said Philip Armstrong, in a

together, Katharine Dewhurst mourned very . "Yes, thank God that Maggie Liston is not properly for her departed husband! But now, lost to us forever!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, two years passed, her mourning weeds gradu- grasping-Mr. Legard's band and leading him ally softening to the faintest gray, now she to an adjoining apartment, closing the door

her "set." And into oir less where her rank Tell me-tell me-how did you get my child?" and wealth gave her free away, the one dis- And Mr. Legard knelt on his knees before her, entree. Recognized genius and growing Mrs. Armstrong did not faint, or tremble, wealth proved to him the "open sesame" that but she sank into a chair, looking pale and

bandled from lip to lip, like the talented young voice, "I know you I knew you when your artist's. Fair ladies smiled upon him. And foot crossed this threshold. Twenty six years his hostess—can it be possible that he has forgotten the past, as connected with her, and Listen: Twenty-three years ago your wife, taken her to his heart again-for he is often Alice Reeves, wandered back to Glenthorne, seen in public at her side? Let us see. Now to Birch Farm, to die! She did not say that that she is free, will be again woo and win you deserted ber. I never believed you did. you; but I took her in; she died here; and ry, Philip Armstrong left the crowded saloons she gave into my keeping a two year old child for the cool, quiet conservatory. It was like her child yours! At first I took that child fairy land there. Colored lamps hung from to my heart, but God forgive me ! I thrust her the greenery festooning the ceiling; tropic out afterwards, for she had your face, and I replants held up their snowy chalices to render membered you had once said you loved me, but perfume to the night nir, till all was fragrant when you met a faiter, you proved false!" "Sarah Ellis, for thus must I onli you," and

ently kissed the hand he took in his own; "Sarah, it was the dead who wronged us. was never false! Alice Reeves was your girlhood friend; and when she came to me, saying that you repented your vows binding my life to hers, you only were enshrined it my heart. It was all a fatal mistake. A dark perceptibly, the wily woman led him to talk choly; at times we feared insanity. It came time followed. Alice grew fitful and melanat last; but one day she escaped from her keepers, and little Margaret was also missing from her cradle. Search was made everywhere: but there was a dark, doep lake near our home, and we thought it was there mother and child must have found a grave. I had been less than human then, not to have mourned her, for Alice always loved me. Armstrong had been thinking of the past, But my child! Oh, Sarah, you know not but not in connection with her. He could not not what anguish rent my heart then, nor what joy thrills it now, as I find her thus restored to my arms! Henceforth I am no longer Mark Legard, an aimless wanderer from shore to shore, but Mark Liston, who every day on bended knees, will thank God that the shadows have passed away from his

> yearned toward my child. A brief scene more, and you and I part for a season, reader. Weeks after, when the pleasant spring time stood fair over the country, and warm winds fanned the convalescent checks, a couple ant together on the rustic bench beside Sweet Fern Spring. The fra grant forms and graceful brake-leaves waved over its mossy margin, and the limpid waters bubbled up clear and sweet below. And bright and sparkling as the waters were the dear wells" of eyes above, mirrored in each other's gase. " Maggie," whispered Philip Armetrong,

> life I understand now why my heart so

" now that my mother and your father are renewing the yows plighted in youth's springtime, why may we not, also, improve a springme if I should say how bitter manuell my re-pentance?" And she edgerly hung upon his You remember that meeting, here, twolve The answer came in sad, but firm tones, years ago, when I came from Yale that long aummer vacation? And you remember my na? When you are my wife, I shall be jeal-We can never be to each at your feet. I shall prove a very exacting husband, Maggie, husband husband has ha

"Philip, a wife should have no other admiraand Come to me quickly, Philip. The strang. me. It will sing no more in public, but keep my songs for you alone; have morning gatery prime adona's triniphing to the control of the contr my songs for you alone. This shall be the 

Love is more pleasing than matrimony ust as romance is more entertaining than his-

# Andies' Department.

EPIGRAM ON THE BEAUTIFUL MISS-

BY HARRY. cissus, gazing on the glassy wave, The mirror surface to his vision gave. His own fair face. In joy and glad surprise Mu feasted on the sight with cager eyes; Till.cnanuer by the image in the watery tide, To hopeless Love a proy, he pined and died. In his unhappy fate, methinks I see -

An emblem of the mournful destiny,
The polished meron claims thy constant care; And the fair form you see reflected there, Inspires thy bosom with the oxly Love. Possessed of power thy key heart to move. Carlistr, Nov:-1057,

### THE OLD MAID. ...

BY H. CLAPP, JR. Of tell me why, though a maid be old, Her praise it may not be sung? And why her tale it may not be told,

How that she, too, once was young.

And that lovers came, and lovers woo'd And left her to pine in solitude?

Her dear old schoolmates all are gone; Herefsters all are well; and in cruel hours she twined the flowers To deck the beauteous head If one who stole the heart away On which her own was set, And made her rue the luckless day, (And makes her rue it vet.) When a lover came, and a lover woo'd, Yet left her to pine in solitude.

ear after year sho dwells alone, While the world flits gaily by, and the tears they start in her aching heart But they never dim her eye: For grief in her secret soul abides, And she wears a cheerful-air.
While in her bosom the treasure Vhile in her bosom the treasure she Like the lock of a lost ones hair; And dreams of the lover who came and woo'd Yet left her to pine in solitude.

Proudly she bears her sorrowful head. Wreathed only with winter curl dravely she bears the jibes and the jeer s The world at the Old Maid hurls; r she knows that the lot of Woman is hard. And that in the rude Battle of Life er bosom must often be wounded and scarred. Whether maiden, or mother, or wife; though lovers still came, and lovers still woo'd he would half prefer her solitude:

I say not her heart is selfish and cold, And that nothing her love can arouse. or who but she, to the sick and the old, Is the angel in every house? Yes, in trial and trouble the Old Maid is near, With a balsam for all our woes, and she c'en lends an ear and drops a kind tea. When to he: the young matter goes

And threatened to leave her in solitude. Then tell me why, though she may be old, Her praise it may not be sung? ind why her tale it may not be told, How that she, too, once was young, and that lovers came, and lovers woo'd, And left her to pine in solitude

o tell of the lover who came and woo'd.

### A COURT BALL. AS VIEWED BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

That lively and graceful American author-88, Mrs. Le Vert, of Mobile, Ala. who, in her onean travels, was admitted into the 2 traia of courtly and aristocratic society, has ple. She is at once their pride, their boast, el." She has not abused her privileges of authorship to pander to any conceived taste wife, mother and sovereign ... When Queen Victoria retired one of the er reflects upon all ber sketches and portra-

these entertaining " Souvenirs." drove through St. Jumes's Park to/Bucking-

beds of gorgeous hue. ried in the yellow drawing-room until ten o' clock. Then the guests withdrew from the and we parted very carnest friends. centre of the room, leaving a clear space; like an avenue between the hedges of splendidly dressed women. As we thus stood in enger expectation, the plate-glass doors of the saloon were thrown open; the Lord Chamberlain, with a golden rod in his hand, walked came to seek me and said it was nearly five in backwards, the band struck up "God Save o'chek!" the Queen," and Victoria, sovereign over many millions of people entered.

" By her side was the Ouenn of Hanover. Duke of Cambridge, noble lords, gentlemen in waiting, foreign Ambassadors and Ministers. "Oueen Victoria moved gracefully along, smiling and bowing in a kind, cordial manner to the right and to the left. Reaching the throne-room she ascended the canopied baut-pas" where she seated herself, surrounded by her royal guests. The throne room was a spacious and noble saloon, hung with crimson satin, the lofty ceilling support ed by marble columns, and richly emblazon ed; while around it was a frieze (also of white marble) representing the "wars of the roses." It was brightly illuminated by the light which came from crystal globes and golden candela. p bresting promite

"Dazzling was the sceno around me, reaplepdant as day with flashing diamonds and tollette, and every gentleman in court-dress or in uniform. Soon, delightful music from s, but you must not utter them. He much of her? and when the prima double food his table when he sought his longings. The just as romance is more entertaining them his or in uniform. Soon, delightful music from man, used to attract, and in table, when he sought his food and notice, you shall not before him of the stage of the theart, and in table found him her on tory.

Sindly to have used to attract man and the stage of the theart, and in the stage of the stage of the theart, and in the stage of the stage Jullien's band (led by the famous composer Sunday to have a chat with her.

imself) filled the grand apartment with its exqueite strains. Then the Lord Chamberlain nved his golden wand; the crowd drew back and a large quadrille was formed, which consisted of her majesty and all her royal visi-

"Oueen Victoria is much handsomer than politers have ever represented her. She is not tall, but her form is of graceful symmetry nd her bust arms, and feet are beautiful. bright and beaming smile lights up her face, then there is such an air of honest, carnest goodness about her, a genial manner, so lovely and loveable, my heart was quickly won. and sincerely could I have exclaimed, like her wn loyal subjects. "God save the Queen." Her dress was of white lace, embroidered with straw and green silk, her hair parted on the farehead, and simply bound around her head. which was encircled with a wreath of poppies, the heart of each dlower formed by a large diamond. Around the corsage was a band of diamonds of vast size, while a perfect river of light seemed to flow around her neak and rest upon her bosom. She wore the blue ribbon, (the Order of the Garter,) with a clasp of ra-

dient gems. Unring the dancing of the second oundrille the Land Chamberlain was infroduced to me. and after some pleasant words were exchanged, he remarked: "As you are the only person here not present at the last drawing-room, I have the pleasure Madam of presenting you to her Majesty."

"Of course I was delighted at this unexpested and unusual compliment, as presentations at a State ball are not frequent. When the dance was over, and the Queen seated again. the Lord Chamberlain waved his wand of authority, and the company drew back, leaving a space vacant in front of the throne; then I approached, and was presented to her Majes. ty, who advanced and greeted me in the mos cordial manner, smilling sweetly as I courtesied low before her, and then passed on to the group of distinguished and royal personages who encircled her throne.

! That presentation was a bright-and enchanting incident to me, and my heart bounded with glad and gratified emotions as I gazed upon the amiable and levely Queen. She is indeed worthy of the almost adoring affection

her people have for her.
... Her Majesty danced every quadrille with spirit and evident delight. She tripped gaily along with the jayous glee of a girl and the simple, unaffected grace of a child. She looks exceedingly young. No one would suppose her to be the mother of eight children. Her partners in the dance were usually her royal visitors, although several times she selected as such, some nobleman of high rank. The Marquis of Granby was one of the per-

sons thus honored.
"About two o'clock in the morning th Queen bade adieu to her guests, passing between two living walls, which lined the picture allery. As in entering, she kindly bowed and smilled, as the great door, pannelled with mirrors, closed upon her. Her sweet and genial manner was really charming, and a low murmer of praise and admiration was heard on every side. Her Majesty is truly an admirable women, or else she could not possess such an influence over the hearts of the peogiven us her experience In "Souvenirs of trav- and their example for all that is good and excellent in the various relations of life, as a

noblemen in waiting upon their Majesties itures some portion of her own genial and most kindly became my guide around the gleeful temper. The subjoined description of sculpture and picture galleries, pointing out the "Court Ball" at Buckingham Palace will the fine paintings of Sir Peter Lely, of Revitlustrate the pictorial and animated style of nolds, Rembrandt, and Wilkie. He then conducted me to the landing of the grand stair-"At nine our excellent Minister and his way, where we stood some time looking upon nicce, with the attaches of Legation, called the scene below. There were hundreds and for me and in our respective carriages were hundreds of ladies, in bright crimson and blue cloaks, waiting for their carriages, while near ham Palace. Long lines of soldiers were the doorway was a "band of yeomen." (the drawn up near the entrance, and gentlemen guards of honor,) in their quaint costume of in elegant costumes ushered us into the cloak the time of Henry the Eighth. My agreeable room. We stood some time looking at the chevalier presented me to many pleasant perdistinguished and royal personages as they sons, and I was delighted with the cordial entered. Only those, and the diplomatic way in which they greeted me. One gallant corps, and the members of the Queen's house- old general, who had served long and had won hold passed that way. After a brief delay many battles in India, pleased me especially. we necended the great staircase. On each Atthough an aged man, he had all the enthuside of the marble steps masses of flowers were sinem of a young soldier. He spoke with placed, so arranged that they formed immense | warmth and admiration of our Generals Tayfor and Scott, and of their glorious campaigns Entering the state apartments, we tar in Mexicon. After talking awile he invited me to go down and visit him at his country place

" How noiseless falls the feet of Time That only treads on flowers" "Never did I realize so absolutely the truth of Shenstone's words as when our courteous friends, Mr. Ingersoll and Col. Lawrence.

Some people complain that they have no friends; but they might as well complain that they have no clothes; they have simply then the Crown Princess of Prussia, and the worn them out! Dr. Johnson said, "a man Dutchess of Gloucester. Next came the Dutch- should keep his friendship in repair," and he ess of Kent, and the Princess Mary of Cam- spoke like a philosopher, as he was. Que bridge, and the Princess of Hohenlohe, the voilex vois? would you eat your cake and yet Dutchess of Saxe Cobourg Gotha, and the keep it? would you spend your shillings and Dutchess of Sutherland; then all the maids of still hear them, jingle in your pocket? would honor and ladies in waiting. After these came you use your friends up by incessant and un-Prince Albert and the King of Hanover: the reasonable demands upon their good will, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the Duke still have as many as before? The idea is of Cobourg Gotha; the Duke, of Mecklenburg preposterous; and yet you complain of the Strelitz, and the Prince of Hobenlohe, the fickleness of friends and the instability of human affection! Judge Olin of Vermont being asked the secret of his political influence in that State, answered: "By rarely using it." And that's the way a sensible man keeps his riends; by seldom using them. He keeps hem lovingly and carefully, as be would a recious old coin of gold, which he esteems not strikely nerely for its market value, and only uses in the last emergency .- Roston Post. A celebrated lecturer in natural phis is week

sophy was one evening dilating upon the with the powers of the magnet defying any one to the or it ame or show any thing surpassing its pown to seem and ers. An old gentleman accepted the challenge, were confi mich to the lectureria surprise, but he never-site intulog when he told him that women was the magnet sparkling gome. There were more than two of magnets for, if the loadstone on the table and comthousand guests; every lady in magnificent could attract a picco of iron; a foot or two and fareness there was a young woman, when he was a wab gul ian, used to attract him thirteen miles every beir simul

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