CARLISLE HERALD.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

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J. COOVER, Proprietor.

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Methodist E. Church (second charge.) Rev. A. A. Reese, Pastor. Services in College Chapel, at 11 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock, P. M

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

German Lutheran Church corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev. C. Fritze, Pastor. Services at 10 o'clock, A. M., and 6½ o'clock, P. M.

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

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Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets at Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every Month.

St. Johns Lodge No 249 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trouts building.

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The Good Will Hose Company was instituted in March, 1855. President, H. A. Sturgeon; Vice President, James B. McCartney; Secretary, Samuel H. Gould; Treasurer, Joseph D. Halbert. The company meets the second Saturday of January, April, July, and October.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

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

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HERALD JOB & BOOK
PRINTING OFFICE,
S. E. Cor. of the Square, Main St.

POETICAL.

[For the Herald.

AN APPARITION.

DEDICATED TO H. C. K. BY A. H. S.

MAR.
Peace: break thee off, look where it comes again!
ENTER GHOST.
BER.
In the same figure like the king that's dead!
MAR.
Thou art a scholar speak to it HORATIO.
BER.
Looks it not like the KING? mark it HORATIO.
HOR.
Most like:—it harrows me with fear and wonder.
—HAMLET, ACT I SC. 1.

I sat one day in a pensive mood,
(No unusual thing for a sinner)
My conscience depressed by the terrible weight
Of a most extraordinary dinner.
When my eye lids grew heavy—my senses grew dull—
The type became blurr'd in the "POST"
When lo! from a vision of sulphurous smoke
Arose a terrible GHOST.
Now it was not a GHOST like HAMLET saw
With a visage gaunt and "pale,"
And it did not "stalk in" like that spectre did
In a coat of polished mail.
Nor was it a GHOST like "BANQUO'S" was
His throat cut, still undaunted,
A-poking his BLOODY old head in the room
Just at the time he WAS'NT wanted.

Nor yet was the GHOST like the Pious one
Which Saul the money lender,
Asked to behold, when he bribed with gold
The sorrful Witch of Endor.
But a portly Ghost with a florid face
And an eye brim-full of mirth,
That never could rouse a single fear
In the timidest heart on earth,

He held in one hand the kingly wand
And he waved it far and near,
While the other one grasped—could I doubt my eyes?
A mug of Lager Beer.
I stood amazed, but never a word
Did the spectre deign to say
When starting aback I thus broke forth
In my most theatrical way.

"Whence and what art thou mysterious form
"That mak'st with me so free?
Thou com'st in such an unquestionable shape
"That I will speak to thee.
"I'll give thee a seat in my office chair
"And 'A place in my memory dear,'
"If you'll only tell me WHENCE you are
"And why in the deuce you're HERE."

Then spake the GHOST: "I am forbid
But, did I only choose
I could a horrid tale unfold—
Long as a Kangaroo's.
Look at this pipe—this ancient mug
And o'er these features gaze
Then shrink aghast from the pallid GHOST
Of thy misspent College days."

Then I seized the GHOST, by his spectral hand
And I heaved a terrible sigh,
When the drawing string broke that sustained the vail
That shaded the days gone by.
The GHOST bade me look, if at "Murder most FOWL"
My heart would not act the craven,
I looked—when a "QUARTETTE BAND" rushed forth
And assassinated "The Raven."

And after these spoilers had scattered his limbs—
(Not even his "perch"* did they save)
The Vandals pry'd up with a MUSICAL BAR
The slab from "The Rover's Grave."
They tore "The Star Spangled Banner" in two
Like a piece of rotten twine,
And left a remembrance of dismal hours
With "The days of Auld Lang Syne."

And when they put down the Spirits they raised
And hung the fiddle to rest,
Sweet Silence came hovering over the spot
Like a turkey over her nest.
Those congenial spirits where are they now—
Those Heroes valiant and true?
Ah," sigh'd the GHOST, "like CATULLUS of old
They've devoted their lives to MEW.

Sir† "TREBLE" is sharpening cross cut saws
As relentless as a Gorgon,
And "BASSO" is still in the musical line
With a Monkey and an Organ.
While "TENOR" still tells in his musical way
How the "dish hop'd over the ladle,"
And "ALTO" is singing "that same old tune"
To something in a cradle.

The "AGENT" who always preceded the "BAND"
(MUM:—a "bite" sometimes followed his growl)
Still exercises his musical taste,
By making his Blackstone "howl."
And here I awoke with a terrible start,
And finished my half read "POST"
With the settled conclusion to give to the WORLD
The tale of this wonderful GHOST.

Then I thought how Nature has moulded us, some
Musicians, and Knights of the Quill,
For a man cannot thwart his Destiny,
If he's born to be GREAT—why—he will.
And those were the "noblest Romans" of all
In spite of their musical bias,
(So fill up my cup till the brim runs o'er)
Here's health and long life to the MUSICAL FOUR,
And strength to the bonds that tie us.

"May your lives glide along in true musical time
Like the grandest of Anthems old,
And may you not pause till the end of the rhyme,
Nor sing your LAST NOTES with a "COLD";
But have many long days with sufficient of gold
To maintain you in your position,
And last but not least, have a Wife that won't scold,
With MANY fac-similes of Papa, to hold,
And every LAST ONE a MUSICIAN."

*Perch'd and sat—and—nothing more.—The Raven.
†Sic transit gloria mundi.

A CLEAR CASE.—Coming along the street the other morning we overheard the following conversation, which is clear enough:

"Julius, is you better dis morning?"

"No—I was better yesterday, but I'se got ober dat."

"Am dere no hopes den of your discovery?

"Discovery of what?"

"Your di-covery from the convelescence what am fotching you on yer back."

"Dat depends, sah, altogedder on the prognostication which amplify de disease. Should they continuate fatually, de doctor tinks I'se a goner; should they not consinuate fatually he hopes dis culled individual won't die till next time. But as I said before, dat all depends on de prognostics, and till dese cum to a head, dere am no telling wedder dis purson will cum to a discontinuation or odderwise."

☞ Wisdom allows nothing to be good, that will not be so forever; no man to be happy, but he that needs no other happiness than what is within himself; no man to be great or powerful, that is not master of himself.—*Seneca*

☞ A down east paper says that girls are so hard up for husbands in parts of Pennsylvania, that they sometimes take up with *lawyers*.

☞ The man who never says nothing to nobody was recently married to the lady who never speaks ill of no one.

☞ The woman who never interfered with her husband's affairs arrived in town the other day. She is an old maid.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE.

How it Worked and How it Ended.

CHAPTER III.—HOW THE REVENGE ENDED.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

True to his promise, Richard Mallet never interfered, by word or deed, with the arrangements his child's guardians had made for her education.

A few years went by, and the laboring stonemason had risen to be first workman in his master's employ. With bettered means and good wages, Richard Mallet was able to quit the neighborhood of Peck's Court and rent a small house in the suburbs. Mrs. Mallet still washed and ironed, and cooked her husband's dinner; but her labors were aided by a little servant, and the boys were sent to a good school.

People said Richard Mallet was not the man he used to be. He had grown churlish with his friends, haughty with his fellows, lost his old spirits and his pleasant smile, and only seemed intent upon making his way up in the world. But his wife and children could find no fault in him. In her heart of hearts Hannah perhaps knew that her husband was *not* the same; but she would have died sooner than breathed an accusation against him.

And where was Jessie all this time?

In these few years Jessie Mallet, the whilom crippled child, has grown into a straight, well formed girl, whose presence would disgrace no drawing room. Of a slight figure and delicate features, she still recalls the pale-faced little child who used to hobble about her father's house upon a crutch; but there is a bloom upon her cheek, and health and energy in her movements now-a-days. Under skillful treatment, and the healthy influences that have surrounded her of late, her infirmity has gradually disappeared.

It is an important day at the Canterbury school, when next we see her. It is Jessie's seventeenth birthday, and her school days are at an end. She has been writing a letter to her parents—those letters are the only links between the old life and the new one; Richard has them all, from the first childish scrawl to the last well penned epistle, safely locked up in an old desk—and Jessie sits thinking of her father and mother with tears in her eyes.—Why are they not here to day? Around the room she spread all the little gifts her companions had given her—mere trifles for the most part, but pleasant tokens of the good will she has awakened there, and the good name she leaves behind. "Everybody here remembers me, and is kind," thinks Jessie. "It is only my own family who forget me!"

Well, Jessie has plenty of new friends now, and, for ought we know, may have learned to do without her parents' love since we met her. There are many affections we count strong that a six years' absence would try; and letter-writing, as we most of us know, is but a poor bond, after all.

So perhaps Jessie's love is of a less ardent nature than it used to be.

She has not much time, however, for reflection on this or any other score. There is a sound of wheels on the gravel-path, and a carriage rolls up to the door. It is Mr. Hale, one of Jessie's guardians, who is come to take her away from school, and escort her to his own house at Hale Fields, where an archery meeting is to celebrate the day.

Jessie bids farewell to her companions of six years, and driving away in Mr. Hale's carriage, looks up at the school-room windows with dimmed eyes, and sees the old cathedral, all blurred by her tears for the last time.

"Here we are," cried her guardian, as the carriage turned into his gates at the Hale Fields; "here we are, already, you see."

Jessie beheld the tents and targets on the lawn, the servants hurrying to and fro, and the gardners giving the last touches to their decorations.

"Don't fancy, Miss Jessie, this is all got up on your especial account. Other people can have birthdays besides you. Dick is nineteen to-day, and he means to share in the honors too. Here he comes. He'll take you in to speak to Mrs. Hale and the girls."

Mr. Richard Hale raised his wide-awake hat and shook hands with Jessie. He had taught her to ride one holiday, and play chess another so they were old friends.

Mrs. Hale was a stately woman, who kissed Jessie on her cheek, and bade her welcome with an air of polite patronage. Pride of birth was Mrs. Hale's failing. She had the misfortune to be the grandaughter of a baronet, and had a weakness for good blood;—hence she never took so kindly to Jessie as the rest of her family. Her husband, with a delicacy of feeling peculiar to him, had never divulged to any one the real facts of Jessie's parentage, but Mrs. Hale had formed a shrewd guess on the subject.

To-day there was even a more than usual amount of dignity in the good lady's demeanor; her head was carried more erect, and her dress rustled more imposingly as she swept by. A young lord was to be her guest to-day, and, to meet him, some of the first families in the neighborhood and the *elite* of Canterbury had been invited to Hale Fields; consequently Mrs. Hale's reception of Jessie was quite a solemn and impressive sight.

Jessie almost trembled when she heard of the grand doings that were to take place, and the grand people who were expected. But before her friends had half finished their confidence the confab was broken up by Mr. Dick Hale rushing down to the arbor where they sat, and summoning his sisters to their mother's presence.

"Make haste, girls. There's mother becoming rigid with horror. His lordship has arrived, and nobody to receive him. Do, pray, go to her aid, or she'll be speechless in five minutes."

The two girls flew away to the house, and left Jessie to their brother. He stood and watched them with a laughing face.

"Well, Miss Mallet, this is doing us honor, isn't it? You and I are lucky folks to have such a birth-day keeping as this."

"I am lucky in having such friends, and such a home to-day. I little thought, though, when Mr. Hale brought me over, that I should find such a gay assembly,"—"or perhaps you wouldn't have come. Well, that's very polite. I think I had better tell my father that you'd like to have the horses out again, and go back to Canterbury.—He's sure to oblige you."—Mr. Dick turned very red.

"No; don't talk nonsense. I didn't mean, Richard, to—to—" Jessie stammered and stopped again.

"To insult your guardian, eh?" said Dick, recovering his good humor when he saw Jessie looked distressed. "You had better not let my mother hear you insinuate that you don't care to meet her friends, Jessie. By-the-by, I wish the Cheesemans were all in Jericho, I'm sure. I never wanted them to be invited here at all." Richard Hale looked really half annoyed.

"Why not?" asked Jessie.

"Oh, because nobody knows who they are, or what they are. It's said he was a tallow-chandler, and had a large fortune left him.—They have just that cut. He has taken a large house near us. I don't know them, you know. By-the-way, you don't, I hope."

Jessie had grown suddenly crimson, and Dick feared he had said something indiscreet.

"No, I don't know them."

"Oh, that's right. That sort of origin always makes one suspicious."

Quietly as Jessie had, disclaimed acquaintance with the Cheesemans, there was such a sudden tumult in her heart, and such a singing in her ears, that for the next five minutes she heard not a word her companion said.

"There goes my father," cried Richard.—"He is looking for you, I know. Let's follow him; you have to be introduced to such a lot of people. Come along".

They hastened away to the lawn.

Everything wore a gala air there. The visitors were arriving fast; a splendid collation was laid out in one of the tents, and a band of music was playing under the mulberry-trees. The forthcoming archery fete at Hale Fields had been the talk of the neighborhood for days past.

And now the festivities commenced. Jessie was no archer, but she stood by and watched the sports, well pleased when her old friend Mary Hale, carried off the first prize of the day.

Then followed the luncheon in the tent, and Mr. Hale's funny speech when he presented the oakleaf crown to his daughter.

After that came a dance on the lawn, when Jessie was his lordship's partner, and when the band from Canterbury, under the influence of Mr. Hale's home-brewed, played such exhilerating quadrills that it was enough to set the very cows in the neighboring fields doing *L'ete* and *La Poule*.

Blithe, however, as the music sounded to the merry-makers, there was one ear, not far off, to whom it brought no mirth.

In the lane leading to Hale Fields, a solitary man was standing, with a stern, downcast face. It was Richard Mallet, who for the last hour had paced backward and forward in the lane. Six years had passed since he had seen his daughter. During all this time he had kept to his resolution of never interfering with her education, and had never presented himself before her eyes. He had a purpose ever in view from which he had never swerved.

He had come down to Canterbury by coach over night, and finding as he expected that his daughter had that day quitted school, and gone over to Hale Fields with her guardian, he had followed them in order to carry out the purpose he had so long meditated.

It was only within the last hour that his heart had failed him.

Though Richard Mallet looked older and sterner he was much the same man at heart. Time, however, had wrought some change in him. Though still in the prime of life, his hair was tinged with gray, and his face had a harder look than of old. He wore a better coat now, had a black silk neck-kerchief fastened loosely round his throat.

The horns and bugles of the Canterbury band swelled over the gardens, and the wind carried the hum and laughter of the guests to his ears.

For the twentieth time he stopped before the gates, and for the twentieth time he turned away again.

At last, with an angry exclamation at his own irresolution, he opened the gates, and entered the grounds.

"Mr. Hale won't be able to see you to-day, my man—he's engaged and can't attend to business," called out the lodge keeper as he went through the gates.

"My business ain't with Mr. Hale," said Richard, looking at the man, whose red face showed that he had taken good care of himself in the general festivity.

"Oh, it's the back door you want, is it?—Take the first path; then, to the right."

The man spoke with an insolent air.

But Richard kept in the broad walk, and went on as before. Suddenly he came to a stop. He had heard his own name pronounced by some one behind the laurel hedge at his side.

"Mallet? Ah! that's her name is it?—Well, she is certainly good look'n. But they say, poor thing, her family is not recognizable. Is it true?"

"Quite true. Mrs. Hale has hinted as much to me herself. They do say her father is a common mason; and carries a hod on his shoulder to this day. But however that may be, they are vulgar people, that's certain.

Richard's lips became white as death.

"What a mercy the child was removed from her friends in time!" continued the first speaker. "Really, no one would now suppose her to be of low origin. With her money, you know, she may expect to make a good match one day, and so get free of her former ties.—What a good thing she fell into the hands of the Hale's—quite providential. Ah, here comes our host?"

The ladies moved away, and Richard, with his teeth set, and his foot crushing the gravel under his heel, strode on to the house.

One or two persons turned to look at him as he approached, but the majority of the guests were on the side lawn, where the dancers were assembled and the marquee erected; so he escaped observation.

"Is my daughter in?" he inquired of the servant at the hall door.

He had walked straight up to the principal entrance. The man stated in surprize, and then, with a satirical glance at the waiter near, replied:

"No, she ain't, nor won't be to-day, nor yet to-morrow. Your business ain't particular pressin', I 'ope;" and, he winked at his companion.

"You'll please to keep a civil tongue in your head, and answer my question. Is Miss Mallet in?"

"Miss Mallet? Yes, she's about somewhere, but you can't see her; that is, you—you—" The man stammered, changed his tone, and stopped. Something had warned him in time.

"You'll have the goodness to show me into a room where I can speak to her, and then send and seek her."

Without another word the man led the way across the hall, and ushered Richard into the library.

It was a handsome room—green and cool, with a large bow window opening out into the garden, and an awning outside. Richard could see the gay company, and the band and tent, on the lawn. He caught sight of his own figure in the mirror opposite, but the contrast there did not trouble him. A strange self-control had come over him; there was an iron resolution written on his face.

He was standing gazing at the sacrifice of Iphigenia, in bronze, on the mantle piece, and was striving to find out its meaning, when he heard footsteps approaching. He turned, and a young lady and a gentleman entered the room through the window.

It was Jessie and Dick Hale.

For one moment they both started at the unexpected visitor in surprise; the next Jessie gave a low cry and sprung forward:

"Father!"

Richard Mallet's arms were folded on his breast, his face was cold and unmoved; but at that one word his arms opened, and he strained her to his heart.

Mr. Dick Hale disappeared.

"Thou ain't forgotten my face, then!" said Richard, looking down at his daughter.—"That's well. I didn't know but how you might."

Though he spoke coldly, his lip trembled so he could scarcely articulate.

"Thou art changed since we met girl. Instead of my poor lame lass, I find thee a lady grown. He scanned her over at arms length.

"I want to know, now whether you are my own child or not; I want to know whether they have changed your heart as well as your dress. Stay; don't speak yet, you may repent it. I have a question to ask you, I want to know whether you will leave these people and come home to your mother and me—that's the proof I want as to whether you are still my own child."

Jessie's eyes fell. There was something so cold and stern in her father's voice, it made her heart shrink.

"Think before you speak; there's much depens upon it. Are you ready to leave these friends and cast your lot with me? Are you prepared to live with those who are not clever and polished, but rough, unedicated people. There is a deal to lose, but I think there is something to gain. We can give you love, Jessie, such as you may never find elsewhere—" He suddenly stopped. "Answer me, my lass which is it to be—*go or stay?*"

"I'll go father."

He loved her still; his last words decided her in a moment.

"You'll go? And will you go contentedly? Will you go, feeling you ain't ashamed o' them you'll have to live with?"

"Father! why do you put these cruel questions to me? I have prayed to God to bring us together every night of my life. Ashamed! oh, you forget I am your *child*."

Jessie hid her face in her hands, and wept.

"You say you ain't ashamed of me," said Richard, with a strange expression gathering over his face. "Then I'll put your words to the test. Look at this hand, it's rough and hard with labor; my boots are thick and ugly; the linen on my back is coarse; my coat is badly cut; I don't look like a gentleman—any body may see that. Now, if you ain't ashamed of me, common-looking as I be, take me out through that window on to the lawn among those people, and tell them I'm your father. Dare you do it? Dare you own me before 'em all? Speak out."

Jessie turned deadly pale, and a spasm passed over her face. What was it her father asked? It was too much—too much. A hundred things forbade it: Mrs. Hale's pride, the opinion of her friends, and—worse than all!—Dick's words that very day. She stood dumb and terrified.

Her father saw her resolution, and his breath came thick. "You've had time to think. Dare you do it?"

There was a moment's silence, and the struggle was at an end. She had counted the cost, and had triumphed. She passed her hand over her brow, and said, "Yes, father, I dare. Come."

She had reached the window when her step faltered. Before her was the gay and brilliant assembly. She stood spell bound at the sight, and a shiver passed over her.

"You can't then—you can't do it," he whispered hoarsely. Without another word he stepped back, and turned, and left her alone.

But ere he had gone five paces from her, Jessie was at his side. "Father forgive me I have no fear."

She put out her hand, looked up into his face radiant in her love, and led him straight to the window. The next moment they stood in the garden before all the people.

Every eye was fixed on the young girl as she crossed the lawn with her companion, and walked up the tent where Mr. and Mrs. Hale and a party of their friends (Canterbury grandees, and quiet old folks, who did not dance) were sitting.

"Who has Miss Mallet got with her?" "What a singular proceeding!" "Is she escorting one of the gardeners to the tent?" asked the young people on the lawn.

Regardless of all comments, Jessie never stopped till she had reached the tent where her hostess sat.

Then and there in a few simple words, she made known her father to Mrs. Hale.

A buzz of astonishment rose up around. Mrs. Hale looked bewildered and confused; but, ere Jessie had done speaking, Mr. Hale was at her side.

"This is your father Jessie, is it? Then I am glad to make his acquaintance." Mr. Hale held out his hand to Richard. "I have only seen you once before, Mr. Mallet (it was when your uncle died,) but I have not forgotten your behavior then."

Mr. Hale's prompt manner had spared any thing like a scene, and relieved every one at once.

"Sir, I thank you; that's kindly said. But let me explain how I came to intrude myself here." Richard stood erect, and unembarrassed with his hat off. "I ain't a man to intrude myself any where, but I had a reason for coming here which may be a wrong un, but which I couldn't help follerin out. For now goin' on seven years, Sir, I have been pining for the sight of my child, and all this time I have never meddled, nor interfered with the education I knew she ought to have I came down here to-day Sir, to claim her, and see if she still loved me as she used to; but I come, I'm afeard, in a spirit as might have led to no good. I had grown mistrustful, and thought she'd be changed and ashamed of me. So, when she comes into your parlor, where I was waitin, for her just now, I steeled my heart again her, bonny as she looked, and felt jealous of her fine dress and lady ways. She said she was ready to go wi' me, but she seemed to be frightened like, I thought, and I doubted her still. So I said to her (it was a sudden thought that come, I don't know how), "If you'll cross that lawn hand in hand with me, and own me afore all those people, I'll believe you love me as you ought." Whereupon, before I'd time to consider o' what I asked (I wasn't myself just then,) she stepped out of the window, and brought me straight into your presence, without a murmur or a blush. And God love her for it! And so he will. It was a right noble act, though I hadn't ought to have asked it."

Jessie hid her face on her father's arm, and he stopped.

Every one was silent. The simple earnestness of the man, and his erect yet modest bearing, had touched all present.

"Mr. Mallet," said an old gentleman coming forward, "I admire and sympathize with your conduct. May God bless your daughter!"

The old clergyman, a high dignitary of the Church, laid his hand on Jessie's arm and led her to a seat.

"Let me shake hands with you Mr. Mallet, I honor both your head and your heart."

It was his lordship who spoke. Yes, Mrs. Hale might stare, and refuse to credit the evidence of her senses: but there was her noble guest actually shaking hands with a man without gloves. When a right reverend dean and a peer's son had thus openly acknowledged the stone-mason, no one was afraid of loosing cast by addressing him.

Jessie and her father would probably have become lions had they not stolen off, through Dick Hale's agency, to a quiet parlor where they were left alone to themselves.

Of course the archery fete at Hale's Fields was long remembered in the neighborhood, and gained considerable *eclat* from what certain ladies pleased to term "the romantic incident" that terminated the day.

One summer evening, some few years later a family group was assembled about the shade of a sycamore, in front of a pretty farm-house in Devonshire.

It was Richard Mallet and his family, who were assembled in the garden at the Cliff Farm.

The father with a roll of paper on his knee, and pencil and compasses in hand, was planning some improvements for the farm yard. His wife, busy with her knitting, sat at a little distance. One of the boys lay on the grass at his mother's feet, reading to her; the other one was watching the Plymouth steamer through a telescope. Jessie, alone with her father on the bench under the tree, sat with her hands clasped idly before her, and her face fixed on the sea. She looked very pretty in that thoughtful attitude.

"Father," she said, suddenly "I was just thinking how strangely good has come out of evil in our two lives. Uncle Zeb's wicked intentions seemed to have carried with them their own frustration. He has knit us closer together than ever. I think I should never have shown how much I have loved you had I not been separated from my home all those years, and I certainly could never have known how much you love me."

Jessie took hold of her father's hand as she spoke, and looked at him with unutterable affection.

"Yes, Jessie, good *has* come out of evil in our lives, as you say. And I think people would often have less power to injure us than they have were we but true to ourselves. As long as you and me remained so Uncle Zeb's curse could never have done us any harm. Holoa! what are they up to there! See, there's Phil shouting like mad!"

There was evidently great excitement among the mother and her boys.

"There he goes father. There's the gentleman who took us out fishing the other day, and jumped overboard when Ned fell into the water!"

A stranger was standing near the edge of the cliff beyond the garden wall.

"Oh, do run and ask him to come in," said the mother. "I have seen him there every night this week and wondered who he could be. To think I don't know him! You go too, Jessie; you'll know how to thank him. Here's your hat."

Jessie took her father's arm, and they set off for the cliff. As they drew nearer the stranger Jessie suddenly grasped tight hold of her father's arm. "O's, stop, father—stop. Look; he's coming this way!"

Jessie had recognized the figure before her. It was that of Mr. Dick Hale.

He had been prowling about the neighborhood for some days past in a secret kind of a way, quite unlike his usual open behavior. Wild ducks had been the ostensible object of his wanderings, as the gun upon his shoulder gave evidence of; but the sea fowl appeared to frequent only one part of the coast, and that was the immediate neighborhood of the Cliff Farm.

It required no great amount of persuasion upon Mrs. Mallet's part to induce Mr. Dick Hale to enter the house, and to stay and take supper afterward. And as, upon returning to his inn at midnight, he decided to remain another week in the neighborhood, it is to be presumed he spent a pleasant evening.

A few years further on, and we again take a peep at a family group at the Cliff Farm.

But this time they are assembled by a winter's fire, with the wind rumbling in the chimney, and the waves beating on the beach below.

A gray-haired old man is going to tell a Christmas story to his grandchildren. Grandfather has seen strange changes since his youth and can tell strange stories too.

Let it be something true, grandfather, says a bright eyed little girl on his knee.

And let it have a terrible name, says Dick, a fine boy of nine.

Suppose, then, I tell you your mother's history, says grandfather, looking at the young matron sitting by her husband's side.

"Yes, grandfather tell them that, replies the children's father.

But mother's history won't be a story, cries Dick.

It will be as good, says grandfather, and as you want a terrible name to it, Dick, suppose we call it *A Dead Man's Revenge*.

From the Olive Branch.

Aunt Hannah and the Church Fair.

Aunt Hannah lived out of town.

'Did I never tell you what a time I had at our church fair last winter?' said she to me one evening.

'No! What of it?'

'Now ain't that strange? Thought I had told everybody about it, to be sure. La, well, 'twill be news to you then! You know Nora Thorndale, Judge Thorndale's darter. She came over to our house and said our congregation were goin' to have a fair in the village meetin' house!'

'Do tell,' suz I. 'Who's goin' to preach?'

'Oh!' said she mighty smilin', 'we ain't goin' to have preachin': a few young persons of the congregation, who seem to take a deeper interest in the church's welfare than the members themselves, desire to purchase a few indispensable articles for the meetin' house; and we thought if all the church would present us cakes and pies, and meats and such things, we would appoint a night to sell them in the vestry of the church, and take the proceeds to buy the necessary things.—The plan is well received, especially by the young. You know the money is to be spent for charitable purposes, and on that account, everything given us will sell for double its value.'

'Well, I wouldn't have believed that there was so much wisdom left in the world, as to have conjured up that,' suz I.

'Tis even so,' said Nora. 'And what will you give? You live on a farm, and farmers produce lots of things that would be acceptable.'

'Well, I will give two roast turkeys, and six roast chickens,' suz I, thinking that would be as much as anybody could expect these hard times.

'Um! Well, what else?' 'Tis for the church you give it you know. Church members shouldn't be less axious for their interests than the world.'

'You see I was a church member and she wa'nt.'

'Well, I'll give a jar of peach jam,' suz I.

'That will help along *some*. A few bushels of apples or a roast pig, would be acceptable!'

'She was so ravenous I began to be sorry I'd offered her anything. Howsomever, I thought I'd go the whole hog or none, so I promised the pig and apples.

'Of course, you will give us cheese, and pies, and cakes, and milk, and cream, and then I think you will have done your part at givin'. By the way, we are to have historical *tableaux*, and Mrs. Amos Bruce wanted I should ask you to take the part of the witch of Endor. All you will have to do will be to dress to represent that lady, and stand perfectly still behind a certain; and people will pay something to see you!'

'Wall, I'se old and ignorant, and didn't know what I'se about, so I consented.

'I sent them the pig, and the turkeys, and chickens and appels, and the rest of the things wanted, up to the meetin'-house, the day before the fair.

'The next day husband tackled up his old horse and chaise to carry me to the fair. Our old chaise, somehow or other, don't look very well. There's a hole in the top and sides, and some of the spokes of the wheels are gone. The wheels squeak powerfully, too. Wall we hadn't but just got into town, when it seemed as if all the boys out of jail come hollarin' and hootin' arter us as if they were possessed.

'Hurra for the witch of Endor! Her chariot approacheth! Make way for her majesty!' they kept squallin' at the top of their lungs.

'Do ask them unsightly critters to be civil,' suz I to husband—my patience gone intirely.

'At that he clambered out of the chaise, and after um lick-erto-split, tight as he could leg it. And, oh! massy sake! he dropped the reins on the ground, and the old horse took a notion to go and he went. You see he knew the way to the church, and put chase for it. Husband he came hollarin' 'whoa, whoa!' just as I was ridin' up to the meetin'-house. The meetin'-house yard was full of folks laughin' and starin' as if they hadn't no respectability in um.—I got out of the chaise, and made my way through the crowd, and when they wouldn't make room, I elbowed them right smartly. I'm despat thin of flesh, and my elbows awful sharp, and when I hit um, they gave back as if they'd been struck with a dagger.

'Paid twenty cents to go into the