

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty-eight columns, and furnished to subscribers at the office, in advance, at the rate of \$1 50 per annum in advance, or \$2 00 if not paid in advance. Single copies are sold at five cents. All communications should be addressed to the Proprietor, at the office of the paper, in Carlisle, Pa. The Proprietor will not be responsible for the loss or non-receipt of communications, unless they are sent by registered mail, or by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements will be charged 25 cents per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than one square will be charged as a square. Advertisements inserted before marriage and death notices, and for the purpose of procuring subscribers, will be charged at the rate of 50 cents per line. The Proprietor will not be responsible for the loss or non-receipt of communications, unless they are sent by registered mail, or by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

JOB PRINTING.

The Carlisle Herald Job Printing Office is the largest and most complete establishment in the county. Three good presses, and a variety of types, are fitted up for plain and fancy work of every kind, and to do job printing of all kinds. Persons who want Bills, Blanks or anything in the printing line, will find it to their interest to call on us.

THE FARMER'S WINTER EVENING.

BY COUSIN CARLO.

While Boreas blows with ruddy breath,  
And piles with snow the traveller's way,  
Three farmers 'round the farmer's hearth,  
The father sits with pipe and glass,  
A happy group at close of day;  
The father sits with pipe and glass,  
And from his paper reads the news;  
The mother takes her wonted place,  
And while she listens, knits her sock.

The children, on whose ruddy cheeks  
The glow of health and beauty lies,  
Purse at will their playful frolics;  
The mother sits with pipe and glass,  
And from his paper reads the news;  
The mother takes her wonted place,  
And while she listens, knits her sock.

POMMERROY ABBEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR TO ASHLEY."

CHAPTER V.

A consultation of the brain had proved to be, but not a dangerous one; and, sooner than might have been expected, Mrs. Pommerroy grew better, and was progressing rapidly towards recovery. Careful nurses, Mrs. Wylde and Miss Pommerroy—Guy had been excluded from the room. Guy rebelled; he thought he could get a good nurse as best of them; but he was assured that his life depended upon her perfect tranquillity, and for such a stake Guy would have kept out of the room. He was, however, allowed to see her, but he was not to speak, and he was not to touch her. He was to be quiet as long as he could. "How long have I lain here?" was her first question to Mrs. Wylde. "Of course it is. It is your own room in it." "It was married, was it not?" continued Mrs. Pommerroy. "Why don't you remember it?" returned her mother. "Yes, I remember it. I lay and thought things over, and you would not let me speak; and I remember the awful day—and oh, mother!—remembering—I remember the ride home; I remember the furious horses, and Guy holding me. Did we fall over the precipice?" "The accident was a sad one," returned Mrs. Wylde, "but do not recur to it now, Alice; no likes were lost. Jeffs was thought to be badly hurt, but he was not so much injured as you supposed. Mrs. Pommerroy raised herself in bed, sitting up and looking eagerly at her mother. "Did it kill Guy?" she asked, in a whisper. "Good gracious, no, child! don't frighten yourself with these imaginative fancies. Lie down. The lord of Pommerroy was not hurt—to speak of. Your beautiful white dress is the worst off—that is done for." "How say?" "After the carriage was overturned, your husband held you till they could get something to carry you on to the abbey, but the skirts of your dress lay in the mud and mud was in it. I'll leave you to judge the state it was in. And the wreath was crushed, and the veil torn to pieces. Now don't talk any more."

"Superstition!" echoed Mrs. Wylde, "I had thought that went out with our ancestors. She gets low-spirited from lying here, but she will get up as soon as Alice, the lord of Pommerroy is coming in to pay you a visit." Alice rose in her bed, started, and looked hard at her mother. "The lord of Pommerroy?" "Yes, he is waiting now." Young Mrs. Pommerroy turned crimson to the roots of her hair. "I cannot see him here; in bed. He must wait until I am up and in my dressing-room; that will be in a day or two." "Nonsense," returned Mrs. Wylde. "He is your husband, remember; you have been united to him; you are Mrs. Pommerroy. We will see you in a shawl and a pretty cap, to disengage the visit. Don't be fastidious." "I won't see him, then," said Alice. "That is very ridiculous; he will not get out. Why, he wanted to make one of your nurses, Alice; only we thought, perhaps, he might prove more awkward at it than we were." "Pommerroy looked red and very indignant. "I am astonished at you, mamma!" "I am astonished at you," returned Mrs. Wylde. "Had this accident happened before you were married, I should have been no more surprised, than in his seeing you; and no other woman would have any pretensions to a grain of common sense; but under existing circumstances he has a right to see you, and he will exercise it. Can you tell you, Alice, he is not pleased at having been kept out of your room, like a stranger?" "Alice looked round at Joan Pommerroy; she was never without her compressed lips and severe expression—displeased, at least, Alice so interpreted it, to her indignation, to a simple, and what might be called a ceremonious visit to her mother-in-law. Guy determined, her determination, and Joan, angry, Alice began to think she might as well give in, before she was forced to it.

The lord of Pommerroy entered, and Mrs. Wylde closed the door upon him. Alice lay well covered up, her pretty face made smart in its pretty cap, nearly buried in the pillow. Guy bent down to kiss her—which was very unusual with her recovery. "Oh don't please," said Alice, pushing him back, and turning her face away, "my head is not strong yet, and must not be touched." "The lord of Pommerroy was not to be deterred. He had determined, her husband, now, and chose to judge for himself; and he turned her face back again and took the kiss. Then he brought forward a chair and sat down, and spoke up to his love, and his gratitude for her recovery. "Alice interrupted him before he half finished. "What, my dearest?" "What, my dearest? I am going to say something that I have been thinking of yesterday and to-day. I never was superstitious, Guy, but it is impossible to look upon what has happened without some such feelings intruding." "The accident will have no lasting consequences," interrupted Guy, "as it appeared, I had rather referred by his bride the day after he had been obliged to leave from others." "The accident was awful," she rejoined, "with a shudder. Oh, Guy! I never shall forget the night when I got up and saw the flying horses. How could you maintain your presence of mind?" "Had you will me?" "I should like to see as much at the accident, as at the strange wild day," she resumed; "but the weather has never been like that. We have had summer storms, terrific storms, fatal to property and life, but they have come on clear days, but clear days and flying horses. How could you maintain your presence of mind?" "I had you will me?" "I should like to see as much at the accident, as at the strange wild day," she resumed; "but the weather has never been like that. We have had summer storms, terrific storms, fatal to property and life, but they have come on clear days, but clear days and flying horses. How could you maintain your presence of mind?"

"The accident was a sad one," returned Mrs. Wylde, "but do not recur to it now, Alice; no likes were lost. Jeffs was thought to be badly hurt, but he was not so much injured as you supposed. Mrs. Pommerroy raised herself in bed, sitting up and looking eagerly at her mother. "Did it kill Guy?" she asked, in a whisper. "Good gracious, no, child! don't frighten yourself with these imaginative fancies. Lie down. The lord of Pommerroy was not hurt—to speak of. Your beautiful white dress is the worst off—that is done for." "How say?" "After the carriage was overturned, your husband held you till they could get something to carry you on to the abbey, but the skirts of your dress lay in the mud and mud was in it. I'll leave you to judge the state it was in. And the wreath was crushed, and the veil torn to pieces. Now don't talk any more."

"The accident was a sad one," returned Mrs. Wylde, "but do not recur to it now, Alice; no likes were lost. Jeffs was thought to be badly hurt, but he was not so much injured as you supposed. Mrs. Pommerroy raised herself in bed, sitting up and looking eagerly at her mother. "Did it kill Guy?" she asked, in a whisper. "Good gracious, no, child! don't frighten yourself with these imaginative fancies. Lie down. The lord of Pommerroy was not hurt—to speak of. Your beautiful white dress is the worst off—that is done for." "How say?" "After the carriage was overturned, your husband held you till they could get something to carry you on to the abbey, but the skirts of your dress lay in the mud and mud was in it. I'll leave you to judge the state it was in. And the wreath was crushed, and the veil torn to pieces. Now don't talk any more."

"The accident was a sad one," returned Mrs. Wylde, "but do not recur to it now, Alice; no likes were lost. Jeffs was thought to be badly hurt, but he was not so much injured as you supposed. Mrs. Pommerroy raised herself in bed, sitting up and looking eagerly at her mother. "Did it kill Guy?" she asked, in a whisper. "Good gracious, no, child! don't frighten yourself with these imaginative fancies. Lie down. The lord of Pommerroy was not hurt—to speak of. Your beautiful white dress is the worst off—that is done for." "How say?" "After the carriage was overturned, your husband held you till they could get something to carry you on to the abbey, but the skirts of your dress lay in the mud and mud was in it. I'll leave you to judge the state it was in. And the wreath was crushed, and the veil torn to pieces. Now don't talk any more."

"The accident was a sad one," returned Mrs. Wylde, "but do not recur to it now, Alice; no likes were lost. Jeffs was thought to be badly hurt, but he was not so much injured as you supposed. Mrs. Pommerroy raised herself in bed, sitting up and looking eagerly at her mother. "Did it kill Guy?" she asked, in a whisper. "Good gracious, no, child! don't frighten yourself with these imaginative fancies. Lie down. The lord of Pommerroy was not hurt—to speak of. Your beautiful white dress is the worst off—that is done for." "How say?" "After the carriage was overturned, your husband held you till they could get something to carry you on to the abbey, but the skirts of your dress lay in the mud and mud was in it. I'll leave you to judge the state it was in. And the wreath was crushed, and the veil torn to pieces. Now don't talk any more."

"The accident was a sad one," returned Mrs. Wylde, "but do not recur to it now, Alice; no likes were lost. Jeffs was thought to be badly hurt, but he was not so much injured as you supposed. Mrs. Pommerroy raised herself in bed, sitting up and looking eagerly at her mother. "Did it kill Guy?" she asked, in a whisper. "Good gracious, no, child! don't frighten yourself with these imaginative fancies. Lie down. The lord of Pommerroy was not hurt—to speak of. Your beautiful white dress is the worst off—that is done for." "How say?" "After the carriage was overturned, your husband held you till they could get something to carry you on to the abbey, but the skirts of your dress lay in the mud and mud was in it. I'll leave you to judge the state it was in. And the wreath was crushed, and the veil torn to pieces. Now don't talk any more."