

A. K. REEHEE, Proprietor.

WILLIAM M. PORTER, Editor.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The CARLISLE is published weekly on a page...

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of...

JOB PRINTING.

The Carlisle Job Printing Office is situated...

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

There, life, I know what they mean. From the depths of the earth...

WHEN, COLLA, THE BARTLE.

When colla in the world, the field thou hast loved. To his faith and his followers...

POMEROY ABBEY.

The old abbey of Pomerooy stood out, its walls gray and gloomy in the dim twilight...

"Hush, my darling," he whispered, bending his head...

Leolin approached it in obedience to the summons. His notes fell on the child's soot-streaked...

"Leolin, my dearest, why need you care? she whispered. "I am only thankful that it did not happen before yesterday, or they might have sent me to you."

"To MY FUTURE HUSBAND." "A home to go to," Mrs. Pomeroy said. "Beautiful, inexpressibly beautiful, defiant, aggressive, gentle, affection, rest! You, rest and home."

"MY VALENTINE." "The great, thoughtful, earnest, and with it, just the most, faintest, rose-colored, imaginable, and the softest, loveliest, handwriting...

"TRIPLICS." "The Duke of Wellington, giving orders one day during his campaign, for the battalion to attempt a rather dangerous enterprise...

"A fine woman, like a locomotive, draws a train after her, scattering the sparks, and transports the mails."