The Carlisle Herald.

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Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. John C Bliss, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

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German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. Samuel Philips, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A M., and 6 o'clock P. M.

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Methodist E. Church (second charge) Rev. S. L. Bowman, Pastor. Services in Emory M E. Church at 10 o'clock A. M., and 3½ P. M.

Church of God Chapel, South West cor. of West St and Chapel Alley. Rev B. F Beck, Pastor. Services at 11 a. m., and 6½ p. m.

St Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret near East St Rev Pastor Services every other Sabbath. at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3 P. M.

German Lutheran Church, corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev C. Fritze, Pastor. Services at 11 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. John's Lodge No. 240 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 Trout's building.

Letort Lodge No. 65, I. O. of G. T. Meets every Thursday evening in Rheem's Hall, 3d story.

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The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted Feb. 18, 1809. House in Bedford, between Main and Pomfret.

The Good Will Fire Company was instituted in March, 1855. House in Pomfret, near Hanover.

The Empire Hook and Ladder Company was instituted in 1859. House in Pitt, near Main.

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December 23, 1864—tf

THE FORWARDING AND GRAIN business formerly conducted by Line, Givler & Co., is now carried on by JOHN GREASON, Greason, Cumb. Co.
July 29, 1864—tf

DR. WM. H. COOK,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
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OFFICE at his residence in Pitt street, adjoining the Methodist Church.
July 1, 1864.

CHOICE SEGARS & TOBACCO, AT RALSTON'S.

GAMES. An infinite variety of amusing and instructive Games at Haverstick's Drug and Fancy Store.

Poetical.

COMFORT.

Art thou a lone one waging,
The bitter war of life,
While sore temptations raging
More dreadful make the strife?
Oh! hapless, hopeless lone one,
Turn, turn thine eyes above,
To one who'll not abandon,
To one of boundless love.

There's one who watches o'er thee,
While passing through the fire;
He bore it all before thee.
And sees thy heart's desire.
There's One, the Lord of glory,
Who knows thy feeble frame;
However sad the story,
Oh! trust thou in his name.

He'll give the strength, thou weak one,
And take thee to his breast;
He'll be thine all, thou lone one,
He gives the weary rest;
And soon, life's struggles ending;
Will take thee to his home;
Then on his love depending,
Fear not, what'er may come.

Relieving Guard—March 4th, 1864.

ON THE DEATH OF REV. THOS. STARR KING.

Came the relief. "What, sentry, ho!
How passed the night through thy long waiting?"
"Cold, cheerless, dark—as may befit
The hours before the dawn is breaking.

"No sight, no sound?" "No; nothing save—
The plover from the marshes calling;
And in yon western sky, about
An hour ago, a Star was falling."

"A star! There's nothing strange in that."
"No, nothing; but, above the thicket,
Somehow it seemed to me that God
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

Miscellaneous.

A Christmas Story by Dickens

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

Continued.

When that long "banquet scene" was at an end, and the ladies left the room, I found myself, by the retirement of old Lady Saltcith, next my hearty straightforward manly friend Jack Fortescue, with whom I had already exchanged a nod behind the old lady's back. I was very glad to see him. We talked about all sorts of things; and presently got upon the subject which had been occupying me so much during dinner. I was rather anxious, I must own, to lead to it, having heard a rumor somewhere or other that my friend Jack himself was smitten with Miss Crawcour. I don't know when I had heard it, or where. Those things seem in some societies to circulate in the air.

To my surprise I found Fortescue very uncommunicative about this matter, and still more, to my wonder, I observed a tendency in him rather favorable to this match. He even sought to defend Lord Sneyd against my attacks.

"Oh, he's not such a bad fellow," he said, "when you come to know him. He's affected, you know, and pretends to be wonderfully refined, and to be a petit-maitre, and all that, but he has his good points. We fellows who are always shooting, or fishing, or riding over stone dykes, are apt to undervalue a man of quieter tastes, and more sedentary pursuits. Sneyd goes in, you know, for being a sort of artist. By-the-by—talking of artists—did you see that portrait of the duchess in the Academy this year—wasn't it good?"

I saw that my friend wanted to get away from the subject, so of course I did not attempt to pursue it. I was not enlightened by any thing that occured in the drawing-room after dinner. Miss Crawcour and Fortescue hardly exchanged a dozen words, and Lord Sneyd was in attendance upon the young lady throughout the evening. In the smoking-room afterward Lord Sneyd refused cigars, and smoked some infernal perfumed composition out of a Hookah. Heaven knows what it was. Opium, perhaps? Nothing wholesome I'll warrant.

II.

It was on the day succeeding that of my arrival at Creel that I sought the billiard-room, the usual refuge of the unemployed. I had remained at home that morning, having some letters to write and other things to do in my own room. These finished, I had still half an hour or more on my hands before luncheon, so I thought I would wend my way to the billiard-room. If I found any one to play with so much the better. If not, I would practice difficult cannons for half an hour or so, and in that way get through the time.

Two people were in the room. A gentleman and a lady. Jack Fortescue and Miss Crawcour. They were standing together at the further end of the table. Both had cues in their hands, and the balls were on the board, but at the moment of my entrance they were certainly not playing. Miss Crawcour's back was to the light, but a glance showed me beyond a shadow of doubt that she had been crying—was crying even when I entered the room.

What was I to do? Fortescue was my friend. The room was public to every body in the castle. If I retired it would be a marked act, showing that I felt I had interrupted some scene which did not require witnesses.

"Are you having a game, or only practicing?" I said to Fortescue, merely to break the awkward silence.

"Oh, it's a game," he answered, making a great effort, but not speaking then in his proper voice. "And it's my stroke. Look," he said to me, quickly, "is that cannon possible?" and he made it almost as he spoke. Two or three more followed. Then a hazard. At last a bad shot, and it was time for Miss Crawcour.

She came to her place at the table, and made a violent effort to collect herself. I did not look at her, but pretended to be absorbed in marking Fortescue's score. I heard her cue strike the ball in an uncertain way. There was no subsequent sound indicating the contact of her ball with one of the others. It was a miss. The moment she had made it she placed her cue against the wall, and saying something indistinctly about not being able to play and about my finishing the game instead of her left the billiard-room, closing the door after her.

As soon as she was gone Fortescue came up to where I stood.

"After what you've seen," he said "it's no use my attempting to make a secret of what has been going on between Miss Crawcour and myself."

"My dear Fortescue, I have no wish to force myself on your confidence. What I have seen can be forever as if I had not seen it, if you wish it. You know that."

"No, no, I don't wish it," he answered, quickly. "But come out side with me for half a minute. We can't talk here."

Out in the open air, the rooks cawing about the tree-tops as their nests waved to and fro in the wind, he spoke again, as we lay on the grass.

"I dare say you have heard my name and Miss Crawcour's spoken of together? You have. I don't know what right any one has had to talk about either of us. However, that can't be helped.

He paused, and did not seem able to go on.

"I hate speaking of things of this sort," he continued, after a moment, and in an impatient tone; "one's words sound like words in a valentine or a trashy novel. Well, it can't be helped. I love this girl, Mary Crawcour. I would do any thing for her."

"And yet you could speak yesterday about her marrying that man Sneyd."

"You were not then in my confidence. To the world I must seem to favor that marriage. I am pledged to do so."

"Pledged! To whom?"

"To the duchess."

"My dear Fortescue, how, in Heaven's name, could you enter into so rash an engagement?"

"How? How could I do otherwise, you mean? You know my position. I have two hundred a year and my pay. Can I marry that girl, accustomed to the life she *is* accustomed to, on that? Have I a right to fetter her with a long engagement, on the remote possibility of my becoming possessed of property between which and myself there are half a dozen lives? Have I a right to stand in the way of such a marriage as that with Sneyd? What could I say when the duchess put these questions to me?"

"Do you believe that Miss Crawcour would be happy in such a marriage?"

"I don't know," answered Fortescue, almost desperately. "I have seen such misery come from poverty in married life."

"Depend on it," I answered, "it is not the worst evil by many, many degrees. "Fortescue," I continued, after a moment's pause, "does Miss Crawcour love you?"

"I think so," he said, speaking in a low voice.

"Then depend on it you are doing wrong. You are acting as you think rightly, and with a great and noble self-denial. But you are mistaken, cruelly, terribly mistaken, if you have pledged yourself to favor this match with Sneyd, and to give up your own hold on that young lady's love."

"I am pledged," Fortescue answered.

"To what?"

"To do nothing that is calculated to hinder the marriage with Sneyd, and not to press my own suit by word or deed for a period of five years—by which time, of course, all chance will be over."

"And this was what you were telling Miss Crawcour just now?"

"Something of it. She followed me to the billiard-room. She seems desperate, reckless. She swears she will not have him. I entreated her to leave me—you saw the rest."

I said, after a moment's pause, "The conduct of the duchess surprises me in this thing, I own. She has such good points, I know. She is kind-hearted, hospitable—"

"Yes, she is all that," said Fortescue, interrupting me, "but she is touched by the world like every body else. Why, you don't know what the notions of these people are. The things that are necessaries of life to them—real necessaries of life—require a fortune to provide them. To a woman like the duchess the existence which such means as mine imply seems what the work-house or absolute starvation appears to you. When the duchess puts the case so to me, I tell you, I am speechless."

"Fortescue," I said, after a long silence, "these things being so, and this rash and most miserable pledge being given, what do you do here?"

"I go to-morrow."

"Have you told Miss Crawcour that?"

"No, I have told no one. I mean to tell no one. When the party goes out riding to-morrow morning I shall excuse myself, and—and leave this place, most likely forever. There is a row in India, I hear; perhaps I shall get rid of my life there. It's at any body's service."

Again there was a pause. I knew what that careless tone meant, and for a time I could not speak.

"Fortescue," I said at last, "I have one more thing to ask. Has Sneyd spoken yet?"

"No," answered my friend, rising to lead the way to the house; "but he is certain to do so to-day—or to-morrow."

III.

That afternoon a party, of which Fortescue and I formed two, went out cover-shooting in the neighborhood. I never saw my friend shoot so ill. Indeed the poor fellow seemed entirely bewildered, and unfit for any thing. I think he only joined the party to get away from the house.

Miss Crawcour did not appear at dinner. She was suffering from a headache, the duchess said, and preferred remaining in her room. Lord Sneyd professed as much interest as would comport with his languid manner. I could see in Fortescue's face, carefully as he had drilled it, how much he suffered additionally at not spending this, his last evening, in Miss Crawcour's society.

The next day came, and I was again prevented, by certain literary labors to which I was obliged to devote myself, from going out in the early part of the day. I spent the morning in my room, which was situated in one of the round towers which flanked the entrance of the castle, one on each side.

About half past eleven I heard the voices of some of the men who were staying in the castle, as they lounged about the door, gossiping and talking. Soon after I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs in the distance, and soon the same sound accompanied by the scattering of gravel, and the "Wo, mare!" and "Steady horse!" of the grooms.

I looked out from behind my curtains: I am always very easily diverted from my work. The riding party was all assembled. Three or four men—among them, for a wonder, Lord Sneyd. He had his own horse, a nasty long-tailed white brute, that cost, I dare say, a mint of money, and that no man worth a two-pence would get across. The duchess and Miss Crawcour were the ladies of the party. The duke came to the door to see them off. He was not going with them, having all sorts of things to arrange with that important minister the gamekeeper.

"Where's Fortescue?" said some one.

"Oh, he's not going this morning," the duke answered. "He is writing letters." He was helping Miss Crawcour into the saddle as he spoke. It may have been the exertion of mounting, or it may not, but I could see that she blushed deeply.

I did not like the look of the animal on which Miss Crawcour was mounted. As far as beauty went, certainly there was nothing to complain of. A handsomer mare I never saw. But the movements of the ears were too incessant and violent, and there was more white to the eye shown than I like to see in connection with a riding-habit. The mare had been difficult to hold while Miss Crawcour was being lifted on, and now that the young lady was fairly on the brute's back it became exceedingly restive, almost unmanageable.

"Are you afraid of her at all, Mary?" the duke asked, as he stood at the door; "she seems unusually frisky this morning."

"No, not in the least. She's always like this at starting."

This was Miss Crawcour's answer, but I thought she looked pale. Perhaps it was the reaction after that blush I had noticed. The duke spoke again. This time to the head-groom.

"Has that mare been exercised this morning, Roberts?"

The man hesitated just half a moment, and looked at the mare.

"Yes, your grace," he said, touching his hat.

"You're sure, Mary," the duchess said, "that you're not afraid? Do let them take her back and bring you another mount."

"Yes, yes, much better," added the duke. "Roberts, send that mare back, and saddle Robin Hood for Miss Crawcour."

"Beg your pardon, your grace, but the horse is in physic: he's not been very well for a day or two."

"Well, then, the brown mare, or Bullfinch, or—"

"No, no, no, no!" Miss Crawcour called from the saddle. "I like this mare best of all. Let her go," she said to the groom who was holding the cursed brute's head. And off she cantered, the mare plunging and kicking.

"Really," said Sneyd, with his foot in the stirrup, "Miss Crawcour ought not to be allowed to ride that ferocious animal. Can nobody stop her?"

"You ride after her, Sneyd," said the duke, smiling, "and try if you can't bring her back." Lord Sneyd was in the saddle by this time, and cantered off at a regular rocking-horse pace. His groom behind him on a thorough-bred.

This was the last I saw of the cavalcade. The duke retired immediately to the gun-room, and I went back to my writing-table, but I could not help feeling a certain sense of uneasiness, the look of that mare not being at all to my liking, and the manner of the groom having left an impression on my mind that the animal had not really been out before that morning.

All the events of that day are very fresh in my memory. The next to mine was a boudoir. There was a piano in it, and some one of the ladies of the party was playing on it. I don't know what she was playing, though I should recognize the air now in a moment if I heard it. It was what is called a "piece," and and had a wonderful plaintive beauty about it. As the performer played it many times over, I suppose she was learning it.

I went on writing, and what I wrote seemed in a sort of way to be mixed up with this tune. Presently I heard the sound of wheels, and some light vehicle drove up to the door. I went again to the window. It was a dog-cart, driven by one of the duke's grooms, and it drove up before the door. Some servants brought out a portmanteau, some gun-cases, and other luggage, and placed them in the vehicle. Almost at the same moment my door opened, and Fortescue entered the room. I never saw any thing more dreadful the suppressed agony in his face.

"Good-by, old fellow," he said, with a miserable ghastly smile. "I'm off, you see. Will you take charge of this note for the duchess? I've only just time to catch the train."

"Stay," I said; "where can I write to you?"

"London, to-morrow. After that, Chatham. Good-by again, dear old fellow, good-by!"

He was gone. In a minute more I saw the duke come with him to the door, and after shaking him warmly by the hand and pressing him to return whenever he possibly could, they parted, and the dog-cart disappeared rapidly, behind that angle of the castle round which I had seen Miss Crawcour pass so short a time before.

Poor fellow! what a departure. What an episode in the gay story of the life at Creel.

I went back to my desk. And still from the next room came that same plaintive air, and still it seemed to belong to what I wrote, and to be an inseparable part of the day and its events.

Once more I was disturbed, and by the clatter of hoofs. It was a single horse this time, and going evidently at a tremendous pace. I looked out and saw young Balham, who had been one of the party of equestrians, dashing along the road at full gallop. He turned off in the direction of the stables, and I saw no more of him. I remained where I was, but with a dim foreboding that something had gone wrong, and by-and-by a low open carriage, empty, was driven out of the stable-yard at a great pace Lord Balham rode rapidly on in front of it, both he and the carriage going back by the way he had come.

I still kept where I was, and in a few moments the door of the house was opened, and some of the servants came out. They looked out in the direction by which the carriage had disappeared.—One or two ladies'-maids stood on the steps, one of them the duchess's, and there was another who was crying, but quite quietly, the servants in such houses being drilled into the greatest undemonstrativeness. I heard one of the menservants say to another, "Roberts is gone off to Inverkeed for Dr. MacIntyre, and James has gone into Creel for Mr. Cameron. They'll both be here quickly." "Is his grace in the house?" "No.—He's up at the plantations. But he's been sent for."

The conversation among the men stopped suddenly. The carriage, driving very slowly, had come in sight. It was followed by some horsemen. Presently I made out that two grooms behind were leading each a lady's horse; then I saw that the duchess was sitting in the carriage bending over and supporting *something*—somebody—lying at length on the cushions. A gentleman, one of those on horseback, detached himself from the group, and rode swiftly up to the door.

"Is Miss Crawcour's maid here?" he asked.

The girl came forward, sobbing. The duchess's woman, older, with more head, more self-controlled, and more useful now, came out too.

Not a word more was spoken. The carriage drew up to the door, and I saw at a glance that it was Miss Crawcour over whom the duchess was bending; that the poor girl's habit was all torn and dirty; and that a handkerchief, deeply stained, was laid over her face.

There was no word spoken still. The duchess, in tears, descended from the carriage and went into the house to see that all was ready, while the gentlemen of the party lifted the poor maimed form of Miss Crawcour from the cushions. I noticed that Lord Sneyd did not assist in this, but hovered about the group in a helpless way. Nobody seemed to want him, or to notice him.

I remained still where I was. I knew I could be of no use, should only be in the way below. I could not help looking. I wish I had not. As they lifted Miss Crawcour from the carriage, the handkerchief became displaced, and I saw—

One whole side of her face seemed to have been crushed and beaten in. That beautiful face!

It was covered again, in a moment, but I had seen it—and so had some one else. When Lord Sneyd looked upon that mutilated face he turned even paler than he had been before, and went into the house.

The door closed over the sad group, with Mary Crawcour's helpless figure carried in the midst of it, the carriage drove away to the stables, and all was quiet again.

"And *he* did it, think of that," said Balham. "It was that disgusting white brute of his to whom this terrible mishap is owing."

"What do you mean?" I asked, as we were talking sometime afterward about what has been partly described above—"How did the thing happen? You saw it all."

"It is told in two words," said Balham. "You know that mare that poor Miss Crawcour used to ride. Well, she was always an unsafe, ill-conditioned mare, in my opinion, but on this occasion she was particularly bad. All the time we were out she was fidgeting and starting at every thing, and more than one of us wanted Miss Crawcour to let the groom put her saddle on one of the other horses, and let some man with a stronger hand ride the mare. However, it was no use, and so at last—I never saw a worse thing—the mare took fright at some barrow, or something by the side of the hedge, and bolted straight across the road at a bound. Miss Crawcour was thrown, but fell clean, luckily without becoming entangled with the stirrup, and might have escaped serious mischief, when up comes that intolerable ass Sneyd, on his infernal ambling Astley's-looking beast, and rides clean over her, the brute of a horse—ssh—I can't bear to think of it—sending one of his hoofs straight into her face as he passed."

"And her arm is broken too, is it not?"

"Yes, I believe so. That may, however, have happened when she fell; but the other thing—that fearful mutilation of the poor lady's face—was done by a kick from that horse of Sneyd's and by nothing else in the world. I saw it with my own eyes.

THE REST OF THIS MANUSCRIPT HE HAD PUT INTO

HIS WRITING-DESK.

SOME years after these things had happened I stood on the summit of one of those mighty mountains which form a boundary line, such as few countries can boast of, between Switzerland and Italy.

It was evening, and I was gazing with all my eyes into that strange receptacle for the dead which the monks of St. Bernard have placed at the door of their convent, and where the bodies of those unfortunates who have perished in the snow are preserved. They are embalmed by the highly rarified air of that height, and do not decay. The Egyptian mummies are not more perfectly kept.

I was so absorbed in these strange figures that I scarcely noticed there was any one standing beside me, until I heard my own name pronounced by a voice familiar to me. I turned and found myself face to face with Jack Fortescue.

"Well," he said, almost before we had exchanged greetings, "this *is* the most extraordinary thing, the most marvelous combination of coincidences that ever took placesince the creation of the world! Who do you think is in there?" pointing to the convent.

"Who?" I asked. "In Heaven's name, who?"

"In the strangers' parlor there, you will find, at this moment, your old acquaintance Lord Sneyd—and, what is more, a new acquaintance, if you choose to make it, "in the shape of that nobleman's illustrious consort."

"What, the Irish-Italian singer, who, as I saw by *Galignani*, had managed to become Lady Sneyd?"

"The same."

"And your wife—where is she?"

"Mary is with me. Is it not extraordinary, incredible almost, that we should all be under the same roof again? Do you remember the last time?"

"Remember it? Shall I ever forget it?"

"Of course," Fortescue went on, "I can't let her come in contact with those people, so she keeps her room, or rather her cell. It is awfully cold, but any thing is better than such a meeting."

"But you will let me see her?"

"*You?* Why, of course," Fortesque answered. "How can you ask?"

"I will ask something else, then," I continued. "I will ask you to tell me some of the particulars of what took place after I left Creel and went abroad. My letters from England and the papers told me, to my great delight, of your marriage with Miss Crawcour, and also of Lord Sneyd's wonderful match. But I want to know more than these bare facts."

"There is really not much to tell," said Fortescue. "When I got your letter telling me of that terrible disaster at Creel I was at Chatham, and was, in fact, just negotiating for an exchange into a regiment that was going abroad at once. Your letter altered all my plans. Do what I would the thought of that poor maimed figure haunted me: the love which I had resisted when she was in the full pride and glory of her beauty became, now that pity was mixed up with it, now that this fearful trouble had come upon her, a thing that I could no longer hold out against. I felt that I *must* go back to Creel. And I went.

"When I got there I found that infernal brute and scoundrel, Sneyd, had left the place. Very soon after the accident—you know that he had never actually spoken to the duke about Mary, or said any thing definite to her—well, very soon after the acident he discovered that it was actually necessary that he should pay a visit to some estates of his in Ireland. He left the castle to come back there no more. He went first of all to Ireland, and then was absent on the Continent for a considerable length of time. There was an end of him. At Naples he became entangled in the snares of a regular designing adventuress, and out of those snares he has never escaped. I wish him joy.

"Well, I staid on and on at Creel. It was a quiet, delightful time. After the accident every body left, but Greta—he and I, you know, were always great friends—the duke pressed me to stay that he might have somebody to shoot with, and I staid on and on.

"At that time, too, I saw more of the duchess than I had ever done before, and one day we began talking about the accident and about Sneyd's behavior, and I ventured to say that I thought that if Mary had broken every bone in her skin she would still have had reason to congratulate herself on being thereby delivered from a marriage with the wretched creature that he had proved himself to be. The duchess did not differ from me, and somehow from that day a strange kind of hope and happiness seemed to take possession of me—a curious indefinite delight such as I had never felt before.

"At length a day came when I was allowed to see *her*. And when I went into the room"—at this point Fortescue's voice faltered a little—"when I saw her poor arm bound up, and half her sweet face covered with bandages, I knelt down by the side of the sofa, and, in short, I made a fool of myself. The duchess was present, but she was fairly beat, and—Well, very soon I was discussing ways and means with the duke.

"There never was any thing like that man's kindness. Besides making Mary a very handsome present indeed, which he declared he had always intended to do, he set himself to work to get me such an appointment as should make it possible for me to marry. Between him and the duchess (whose interest is not small) this has been effected, so I waited till I got my company—I am Captain Fortescue now, if you please—and then sold my commission, and with my own small means, and my place in the Shot and Shell Department, we manage to get on in a very inexplicable but delightful way."

"And the privations which were to make your wife so wretched?" I asked, as I shook him warmly by the hand.

"Looked much worse at a distance than they do close," said my friend. "I do think, sincerely," he continued, "that an imprudent marriage *ought* to be made every now and then, if it is only to bring out the immense amount of real kindness that there is in the world. I am perfectly sure that if two married people, however poor they may be, will only put a good face upon it, and neither sink down into gloomy despair on the one hand, nor shut themselves up in a haughty reserve on the other—I am perfectly sure, I say, that there is so much real goodness in the world that they need never know that they are poorer than other people, or suffer any of those humiliations, the dread of which has kept many true and loving hearts asunder. But come," said Fortescue, "I am getting poetical. Let us go inside, and see how Lord and Lady Sneyd are getting on. He'll take no notice of either of us, you'll see."

Fortescue left me for a time to go and see after his wife, and I went up into the strangers' room. There was a good large company assembled, waiting for the supper hour, English tourists, German students, and some French officers—among them, sure enough, sitting next to a very showy and over-dressed lady with jewelry all over her, with a very strong soupcon of paint upon her countenance, with a long curl brought over her left shoulder—there was Lord Sneyd.

A changed man already. Feeble and effeminate he was still, but he had ceased to be the insolent languid petit-maitre and coxcomb he was when I had last seen him. He was lowered in tone. His whole faculties seemed to be entirely absorbed in attention on his better-half, off whom he never took his eyes.

"I hear," said Fortesque to me, as he took his place by my side at the supper-table, "that he is intensely jealous of her, and leads, in consequence, the most miserable life imaginable. Look how he is watching, now that that French officer is speaking to her. The man is only offering her some potatoes, but Sneyd looks as if he would like—if he had courage enough—to put his knife into him."

It was true. A more pitiable and contemptible sight I never witnessed than this man's jealousy. It extended itself to the French officers opposite, to the young English undergraduate who sat next to the lady, and even to the good-looking young monk who—a perfect man of the world, and a very agreeable fellow—took the head of the supper-table. I must say that Lady Sneyd's appearance was not calculated to quiet her lord and master's discomfort. A more liberal use of a pair of fine rolling black eyes I never saw made. Not long after supper this worthy pair retired, not the slightest attempt at recognition of either Fortescue or myself being made on the part of this distinguished nobleman. Perhaps he was of the opinion that our fascinations would be dangerous with his amiable consort. Perhaps he felt a little ashamed of himself.

As soon as those two were gone, or at least after a reasonable interval, Fortescue addressed himself to the young monk who played the part of host, and remarked that he would go up stairs, and, if his wife were somewhat recovered from her fatigues, would persuade her to come down and get thoroughly warmed at the fire before retiring for the night.

Our host, with that interest in other people's affairs which foreigners either feel to so delightful an extent, or assume so admirably, expressed his earnest hope that "Madame would be able to descend," and Fortescue left the apartment.

I own that at this moment I felt somewhat nervous.

In a short time the door opened, and Fortescue appeared with his wife on his arm. She came up to me at once, and we shook hands cordially, while I spoke such words of congratulation as I had ready, which were, in truth, not very many. At one glance I saw that at all events the *expression* of her face was safe. A great matter that, at any rate.

The injury which she had sustained being from a kick, and not from a fall or dragging along on the ground, was confined entirely to one portion (the left side) of her face. That that injury had been a terrible one it was impossible not to see even now. The brow immediately over the eye was scarred, and the eyebrow something interrupted in its even sweep; the cheek was scarred and indented, and there was a slight scar on the nostril, all on this same left side; but the eye, sheltered in its somewhat sunken recess, had escaped; the mouth was unhurt, and, above all, there was the expression, the general look, of which the attractiveness had been so great. That fearful injury which I had looked down on from the turret-window at Creel had left much less damage behind than one could even have hoped.

We talked pleasantly, all three together—the rest of the company having retired, and our host too—for nearly an hour. We talked of our travels, of the places to which they were bound and from which I was returning, and of a hundred other things, until the hour admonished us that it was time to part for the night.

As we rose to say "Good night"—my friend and his wife standing up together I thought I had never seen a happier or a better-matched couple. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike her. She touched her wounded cheek slightly with her hand,

"Would you have known me?" she asked smiling.

"No one can tell," said Fortescue, interrupting my ready answer, "how I love that precious scar"—he leaned down and touched it with his lips. "But for that we might not be together now. But for that your life, Mary, might have been one of misery unutterable, and mine—if not sacrificed on the plains of India—might have been as utter a blank as that of any one of those unknown men who have entertained us here to-night."

Nine Follies.

To think the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become.

To believe the more hours children study, the faster they learn.

To imagine every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To argue whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is "good for" the system, without regard to more ulterior effects.

To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudical, hoping that somehow or other that it may be done in your case with impunity.

To advise another to take a remedy which you have tried, or without making special enquiry whether all the conditions are alike.

To eat without an appetite, or continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and weary waking the next morning.

A small German baron had occasion a few days ago, to see Baron Rothschild, of Frankfort. The great financier was writing away for dear life when Baron X—— was announced. He did not even lift his eyes, but said—

"Take a chair, sir."

The baron, with true German touchiness about titles, said—

"Sir, indeed! I think M. le Baron did not hear my name. I am a baron also—the Baron X——."

"Ah! a thousand pardons," said the banker, still writing, "you are a baron—take two chairs, then, if you will be so kind, and wait till I have finished this letter."