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Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.
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11 o'clock P. M.
75. When changes in the above are necessary the 39 When changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

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CONPORATIONS.

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December 23, 1864—tf

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## charonal pobera with the contract of property and the contract of the contract

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 17. 1865.

NO. 11.

"Well done, Hastings!" I cried, as

" Now, then, Kate darling! I will save

As I plunged in I saw Mrs. Awdry

cold and the rushing of the water in my

ears gave me no more time than to rise

so many fiends in the moonlight. A

fainted, and ere I could turn the boat,

we were swept over, I sprang forward

and clutched Kate's dress, and then was

struck violently on the head by a post,

and whirled round, blinded and suffoca-

ted, and contused against the stones, and

When I came to myself I was lying on

firmly grasping Miss Vandeleur's dress

Hastings and Jack were holding me, and

"Thanks, Jack," I feebly murmured,

"No grip like a drowning man's."

"But what on earth does all this

mean?" The wan figure beside me was

raised as I loosened my hold, and Has-

tings sped off for assistance. "Good

Heavens!" said I, "it's Mrs. Awdry!"

In my hurry and confused state of mind

I had seized Mrs. Awdry and saved her

instead of Kate! "Oh, Jack, Jack!"

I said pitcously, "where is Kate? Lift

me up, let me go in again! Save her,

" You don't go in again, I can tell

you. But what in the world brought

Miss Vendeleur here too?" And in he

plunged once more into the seethings

pool, dark as ink under the high pol-

other side resolved itself into Awdry,

"Here she is, breathing yet, Tracy!

again, dripping like a Newfoundland,

and speedily led me over the bridge,

But then came a crowd of domestics,

whose cherry voice soon rang out:

of an instant, lost my senses.

the latter was dripping.

said Jack.

a vice, and said:

less on the bank.

lards.

and turned to look at Kate.

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

"Not stand her eyes!" he exclaimed Paul Rowland's Ghost. in astonishment, puffing out volumes of Which of us sinned? Was it you that yielded,

don't like their flash."

you-she has madness in her."

know anything of her family!"

"Good heavens! how can you tell!

"Not I; I never met her before to-

"It is really no laughing matter," I

"The eye is the mirror of the soul, i

you can only read it rightly. I am confi-

bespeak immense imagination and enthu-

her, and you would raise a storm in a

moment. I have seen a woman of her

temperament before now, in the hospital,

make her teeth meet in the board at the

head of her bed. Give her a continuance

of excitoment, and cunning will lead its

wiles to mania. Thence arises the direct

form of mental aberration—the calmness

of marble externally, the passions of a

fury working within. Such a woman must

be rigorously confined, or she will work

"There, Tracy, enough !" he said, and

we gladly changed the topic, for I had

to leave such a subject, more especially

when I remembered that it was our last

a demon's masterpiece."

the smitten Jack.

for a great deal."

in 'my eye.'''

replied.

Or I that tempted, or both that fell?
Alas! theiregret is with each as well, But you are abhorred and I am shielded. Folks look down upon you with scorning: The bounets and beavers nod to me Last night we were friendly as we could be-But I do not know you at all this morning. Did you blush as I coldly cut you to-day, Having sued and cozzened so close before I have used and need you, my sweet, no more; for I have my purpose, and you your way.

Moetical.

VOL. 65.

t pained you last night when I spoke of gold, And you hid your tears on my breast, I think— While I gayly justed, and bade you drink; ou will love it, my sprightly one, ere you be old! You are pretty, indeed, and may marry you know There's a fellow-a shoemaker-did you not state
Who used at the shop-door of nights to wait, and follow you home with his cheeks aglow.

think he loved you, if such folks can, But you saw my gold seals as I smiled and spoke Did you say that the clown's soft heart was broke Shaw! I did nothing to grieve the man. Only the blue eyes kissed by your curl, Only the little feet under your gown, Only the full arms bare and brown-I saw as I said: "I must know,that girl!"

Did you dream of weddings with children fraught Ah! not all the little ones know their sires, Did you read in my face the wild desires, Though yours were as pure as a baby's thought? I gave you presents—trifles and rings— And your fingers trembled the gold beneath I praised your rich color and beautiful teeth rhaps you believed the ridiculous things: I awoke the woman within the child-How you lay in my arms with your lips aflame, Never dreaming such passion led to shame, Though your bosom was high with its beavings will

Your face lay burning on mine the while, And spoke of Haidees in far-off isle. And of hearts that beat for each other alone They boiled your blood till the springs were dry, They brought you delirious dreams by night ; And your father's hearth, in old days so bright,

whispered the mysteries dimir known-

rew cold and mean in your scornful eye. den were not the beings they used to seem, Nor purity pleasure, nor love a truth, Nor labor honor, nor glory youth, Nor sin the terror that young hearts deen You have not forgotton-O! If you might-

And a few rule starlets peoped from the sky, And the shop windows glared with a grinning light You were walking with me to your grave my dear: And the door that shut was your coffin-lid: And when in the lazar-place we hid, the carved couch was your shroud and bier Never again in the sunlight sweet

Shall the old, old peace to your blue eye come

Nor in the caim evering's wildering hum Your steps ring as musical down the street. But what of it all! I know that you wept And spoke of your mother with bitte And said that you leared that night to press Your brother's cheek ere he fondly slept Pish! Somebody else would as much have done

When I tell it so gleefully, over my wine And the boys say, in short, it was wonderful fur I wish that the deuced thing would not recall, And fancy I hear a light footstep tread

My knees are trembling, my voice is thick :

God pity us both in our haunted homes!

How blue climbs the flame on the candle wick!

Alliscelluneons.

AN M. D'S TALE

dancing so much with that girl in blue."

Jack; "but the fact is, you are jealous."

of any one he leaves behind, more especi-

"Well, Tracy, here we are at the cham-

snug fire burning, swept away some books

"I did not mean that," I replied; "you

"Didn't you like her blue gauze, then!"

can settle all that with her chaperone."

in a silent cloud protected Olympus.

all the evening"

ed behind them."

slippers and easy chairs, and were soon consciousness I found the day our own,

choose that little girl in blue."

anything to object to in it."

After a good deal of chat, and in a own the stilly floor of my lonesome hall very thick atmosphere of smoke, I wished | will your husband say?" Your face, very pale, and spectral, flits him farewell deep in the small hours, as Down the aisles of my faucy, and something glid-On the lefty hopes of my even-tides: an Englishman does, without any display here." must drink some pale sherry to mend my wits, of feeling, though we know it would be lounds! You trouble me still: Enreks, here's gold at least a ten year's parting. "Good-by, And the Treasury note will buy ribbons and dress I must write you a letter of tenderness, old boy," I said; "send me a line now That will settle the matter for new and old How ever that girl's face around me roams!

are clipped." "Good by my dear Tracy; be quick and kill off all the Nabobs. One last word of advice-be sure you don't marry a

Begum in blue!" Next morning the good ship "Glendower" bore me slowly to my adopted country. For fourteen years I ministered "My dear fellow," said I, passing my to enlarged livers, and mingled in the gaiarm through my friend's, as we left Lady etv of Indian life at a pleasant station. Hav-L-'s ball together, "I don't like your ing left few friends behind me, I seldom heard much domestic intelligence from "That cerulean angel, you mean," said the old country. You ought to have at least three sisters if you go to India; no dark and chilly they are. Shall I light "It is not much use for a man who letters are so amusing, after all, as theirs. starts for India to morrow to be jealous One mail came wedding cards indeed from the Hon. John Francis Arden, my old ally if he has to make his fortune before he can keep a wife. But there is no possi. friend Jack and Mrs. J. F. Arden, nee Julia Harrington. I wrote and congrable reason why you should not marry, with that Blackmoor property of yours; and give 'hostages to fortune,' as saith like a meteor on the country; I was besieged in a compound at R----with a my Lord Bacon; only I hope you will not handful of Europeans. The Scpoys bat-

Oh, the bliss of an evening pipe with his tulwar, and next moment I should my supporters had planted a sheaf of bayonets in his breast. I rushed on, but blers at our elbows, and ourselves in roomy a ball laid me low, and when I recovered

"Now," said my friend, (having doubtless | dered off to England next mail, as the emerged from a dreamland tenanted by only chance for my life. an houri in blue tarletan) "what makes It was a dull, foggy November evening you abuse my partner of to night! I sup- when I reached London. To a man who pose you had no business to engross her has long been expatriated no solitude is me at the fireside. for several dances, you will say; but her greater than Bond street; it was with the style of dancing suits me; and when a garcon means nothing serious, women don't Arden two or three days after my arrival. to dinner. How I hate gongs! They are park in the moonlight—the dark clumps mind beign booked for several waltzes. He was now in Parliament, and a very detestable at dinner-time, but who shall of trees and ruminating cattle, and sil-Mountchapel did not show in the horizon

our compound relieved, and myself or-

town I should visit him at Blackmoor. The only blue things I dislike are blue should require to stop in that wilderness? lars," to those fullblown monstrosities delusion which, as Mrs. Awdry had sug- to keep quiet. Then we had a glimpse of Ford Abbey, "able to rouse a whole parish." "And devils," added he. "Is it her another nap, and I awoke to find myself Dinner passed in a mood less merry brandy and water, I resolved to punish moment," I called, "and help is at to her sadly-shaketh nerves by a much smash the finances of your country.

Hermes himself, to the dining-room.

I am sure I cannot. But they are heaven's own blue, and in their depths-" and | your humble servant, so I had leisure to | Awdry had some whim about leaving one | I had never been in this part of the park | a vigilent watch on Mrs. Awdry's movethen he clasped his hands and went into a silent ecstasy, as is the wont of lovers. me the green-eyed monster, for I am quite I reflected; here for once you see the husindifferent to their color; but, seriously, "It does look a man through," replied

the incarnation of cheerfulness? We adjourned to the drawing-room. "I don't suppose you are very hard Some one sang "Di tanti palpiti." I was hit yet, or it would be no use my telling Did you ever see her before! Do you when the final cadence seemed to touch a my room. long silent chord within me. Joining the deleur at the instrument. out to India, the land of madness, until

Kate was an old flame, and we were speche has studied mental disease, and the eye is the surest criterion of it. I would dily on the best of terms. She was stop- star-lit. Just below a gravel-walk, shinnot see a friend of mine marry that girl ping with the Awdrys, she told me, at ing between two dark lawns, led off to the Kilton Park. Awdry himself soon came shrubberies. An ominous soud flew every up, and seeing how matters stood, asked now and then over the moon. "A nice " My dear Tracy, you are far too solemn me over to look up the pheasants for a night for the poachers," I thought, when about it; who is going to marry her, in few days. the first place? and in the next, I am not

Jack had evidently forgotten all about fore me. such a blind believer in science as to think our conversation on madness before I left the eye the seat of reason, nor yet so incredulous as to deem all you tell me dent that the wild, excited flash I noticed be an index of the terrible power slum- figure disappeared among the laurels. frequently in those deep violet eyes of bering within, I thought prosaically, it that girl (themselves the very color that

might be indigestion. siasm) forbodes no good hereafter. Excite it to say that in a weck Kate and I were the path.

> I had not paid much attention to the ure for aught but the attentions a man | lut pale and terror-stricken. must show a pretty girl in a country home, work-table and walk to the west window.

Kate jumped up and ran to her.

"Never mind, Miss Vandeleur; come

The two stood together in the embrasure of the window, and I could not help admiring them from my snug scat at the fire. and then, and tell me when your wings They were about the same stature, but how different in face! The faint lamp burning in the window amongst the camelias and cytisus flung its pale glow upon their countenances, and while Mrs. Awdry was solemn and awestruck, with her flaxen hair gathered into a simple mass behind, Kate was laughing furtively, and wreathhair and eyebrows stood out in strong relief against the mellow amber light.

"Do you see those gloomy clouds away in the west, Miss Vandeleur?" "To be sure, Miss Awdry; but how

your candle?" "Stop here, child," said Mrs. Awdry, seizing Kate's arm carnestly, " do you

west. Soon a bright point appeared strug- for Hastings to bring you hot water, and tered at us from an intrenchment hastily gling on through the sky, a moment more have a sedative before you go up-stairs! bers ; you shall give your reasons why a thrown up. We sallied out and stormed and the full moon burst out in all its splen- Good night!" Mrs. Arden also said Goodman should not marry a lady dressed in it; I saw a tall mutineer in front, as I leapt dor, and what seemed clouds proved to night, and before I could rejoin they had blue, over a pipe. So long as she doesn't | through their rude embrasure, and made | be mountains, down which a flood of soft | both retired. Was it a dream of mine, or wear blue stockings to match, I can't see at him with my regulation blade. It light poured, showing us a fair prospect had I seen people outside? Miss Vandeshivered on his wooden shield; he raised of valley and hill, through which every leur I could not be mistaken in; at all now and then a roof glinted, or a torrent events I would look out at the night I the friend of your heart! We found a have been cut down, but ere the blow fell flashed down the precipice like a stream of opened the door and passed on to the silver. Then a cloud veil drifted over lawn. There was a touch of frost in the

> "How very beautiful?" exclamed Kate, onous fall of water over a distant wheel. and we were all silent for a moment. Something seemed to have excited Mrs. I had seen the figures disappear, I look-Awdry strangly, for she still held Kate ed up and down the long walks, but be-

and pointed to the west. "Well, I will light candles," said that | many a dark shadow chequering the voung lady, and having done so joined | moonlit ground, I saw nothing. Brush-

greatest joy therefore that I fell in with the top of the stairs roared its summons scenes are more levely than an English Lam not an eldest son, you know, and glutton of statistics. It was soon settled describe their horror in the morning? very grass shrouded by mists here and that after I had finished my business in You are in the calmest of dreams; a mo- there, are always engaging; but I had no ment more and the Princess of Cama- time for an artistic glance just then. I to-night!" A few days afterwards I was whirled ralgaman would lay her hand in yours, was looking for a moving figure. Hall . I stood in utter despair, not daring to out, after many years' quiet, at the sight ple putting something away in inside along the South Western to Devonshire. when "rooh! ooh!" out rings that there was something on that rise, but now Woking with its melancholy gravestones, frightful toosin, and you leap up most val- it had disappeared ! L-ran to the hillock, he went on. Think of the blue vapors looking like so many white garden pegs liantly and snatch at what should be a dashed through the mists and down into that loitered slowly-drawn, round Mount stuck in a parterre as you hurry past, was sword to find that you have been tricked, the glade in time to hear a snort or two, Ida, man and what goddesses were conceal- left behind; the vast Fleet Pond was and that, now you are once out of bed, it and a fine hind joined a troop of ten or a crossed; soon we were in the dreary coun- is no use getting in again. My malison dozen others, and all trotted off into the off poor Kate to destruction. She was ing of the ball at Lady Lady Lady is; and his book and handles his dispatch as he "Sweet oreatures in blue are much the try of Templecombe and Milborne Port. on the whole race of goings! from the little darkness. With a laugh I retraced my raving mad, I saw, and, awful as the sit perhaps it is still less needful to add, pushes through to the turn-off into the same to me as sweet things in pink, Jack. Who on earth lives there, that trains ones you see advertised to "alarm burg- steps, and thinking all must have been a untion was, I felt instinctively it was best that six months after the tragedy of that little room where The Bulletin once kept

face you carp at, or her figure, or her eyes, flying through the older orchards and than usual. Mrs. Awdry seemed very Hastings for my necturnal rarable, and hand !" walleys round Honiton. The Blackmoor distraite. Awdry himself, a man of rather leturned to ring him up.

carriage soon brought me to the Hall, and | obtuse perceptions, conversed with Mrs.

more attentive to the cntremets than to | ill at case about something else. Mrs. | to think my adventures were not yet over. | emerge and run along the bank, keeping ever be snappish to that woman, who looks dered restlessly to the window, and then to Mrs. Awdry, but she said nothing.

When the womenkind retired at the close of the evening, Jack and our enterleisurely chatting to Mrs. Arden, and tainer withdrew to the gun-room, situatthinking what a lucky fellow Jack was edattheother end of the house, for a cigar. After winding my watch and kicking

night; but it is little use a man going group round the piano, I found Miss Van- off my shoes, something drew me to the I listened and heard no footfalls. window. I raised the blind and swept back the curtains. It was very clear and suddenly a woman flitted on the walk be-

Was it a woman, or could I be dreamhome so many years ago, and I could not | ing? No one, certainly no woman, had quite ask him whether he married the any business in the shrubbery, I reflected. obnoxious lady I had inveighed against this bitter frosty night. Yet there the that evening. Neither could I satisfy my- tall slight figure, with some dusky cape blunderbuss, and take you the big carver! self whether Mrs. Arden were that lady. on, was passing quickly before. Soon the Every now and then I fancied a shade | gate of the shrubbery was opened and came over her usual screnity. It might silently shut, and, whoever she was, the

I was on the point of dropping the blind. and thinking it a lady's maid going to The Ardens drove me over to Kilton, meet the young keeper for a few minutes and I was soon head over oars in love chat, when another female figure, tall as with Kate Vandeleur. I am not going the other, and also loosely wrapped in a to inflict upon you our love-making; suffice | gray shawl, came out from the house to

She was evidently undecided what to do, as she paused and listened; that instant pheasants, and, beyond fancying Mrs. | the moon came brightly out from a cloud, Awdry rather a shrew, had found no leis. and I saw it was Miss Vandeleur's face,

In a moment an awful fancy seized me particularly when he is engaged to her. The moon's power had drawn out Jack's One evening in December, in the pleasant | wife, and Kate had followed but lost sight glow of the large drawing-room, Kate and of her. Mrs. Arden might do herself no I descended the long dip with intense I were chatting at the piano, oblivious of harm beyond catching a cold, or she might eagerness. It led down to the Exe, and else than ourselves, when she suddenly destroy herself; but what of Kate? What like a clear white ribbon the river wound looked up and saw Mrs. Awdry leave her | if she were perceived by Mrs. Arden, and | round this side of the domain. I saw no upon her? The idea was too awful. I to doubt my own sanity. Turning to my "My dear Mrs. Awdry! six-fifty, and hastily flung on my cloak, rushed down guide I said: we have not gone up-stairs even! What stairs, and in the hall met Mrs. Arden,

ealm and bright as ever. She was habited just as when she left the drawing room, and carried a candle and a book.

might have seen a ghost !" she said. "I-I-I fancied I-Excuse my agitation? Where is Miss Vandeleur?" "Kate! In her room, to be sure!"

"Well, but I thought I saw her just now on the lawn. By-the-bye," added I, as a thought struck me, "where is Mrs. Awdry?" "I have just been down to fetch her

ed in smiles for my benefit, and her dark the second volume of 'Stolen Secrets.' But what is amiss with you? what has happened?"

Will you oblige me by taking up the I think sir," he said. book to Mrs. Awdry, and then saying Good-night to me from the upper land morning," I added lightly.

ing? I will tell you my dreams in the The first figure turned at the river's "After a good night's sleep, I hope," said she, and passed up stairs. I paced parleying as it seemed, and then they believe in omens?" and then she pointed impatiently up and down the hall till steps walked along the side to a clump of low to the dark background, while Kate, now | were heard above, and Mrs. Awdry said | willows. The moon was out brightly at tulated him duly. Then the mutiny burst somewhat awestruck too, followed her softly, "My good Mr. Tracy, don't terrify this time, so I could see distinctly what us poor women to death, but go and join occurred. The first figure stepped into A light radiance seemed floating in the the men in the smoking-room, or else ring a boat under the trees; the other deoff below the willows!"

the moon, and all again became obscure air; and all was silent except the monotbenchès. Rapidly passing into the shrubbery where oh save us !"

youd the bare leafless arms of trees and ing through the laurels. I vaulted the A few minutes more and the gong at paling and found myself in the park. Few gleamed in the moonlight responsive to

> "Come a foot-nearer us and I strike! We are going to have a new sensation

ily swung off into deeper water past me,

gested, would best be oured by a glass of

TERMS:--\$2,00 in Advance, or \$2,50 within the year. Soon I perceived I had missed my way, but raised a wild snatch of Italian Dolce descended light and refreshed, like Arden on magistrates, business and short- and as each turn I took round the gnarled Vendetta! and glared now at the moon horns.' Making every allowance for her hawthorns only led me up one hill and above, now at poor trembling Miss Van-It was not a large party, and I had a weariness of these topics, I, who was listen- down another glade shrouded in the same deleur below. As the boat moved into smoke. "I don't much wonder at that, for particularly silent partner, who was far ing to Jack, could see that his wife was blue mist till all looked identical, I began the centre of the river I ventured to

contemplate Mrs. Arden. She was a very of the dining-room windows with the blind | before, and, though I approached a large | ments. Soon the boat ceased to whirl pretty blonde, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, up and no shutters drawn. It was just fir wood at the sides did not like ventur- round, and shot steadily on, and I heard "Well," said I, "you need not fancy and smiling at every word she ut cred. behind me and opposite Mrs. Arden. I inginto it; better be lost in an open park, the increasing rush and roar of what had Jack was always a goodhumored fellow, glanced round and saw the moon "riding I reflected, than plunge about in a dark seemed from the lawn like a water-wheel, apparent queen" amongst the stars. Then | wood, and perhaps fall into an old quarry. | but was in reality a lasher, or a back band mirrored in the wife; who could I looked at Jack's wife. Her eyes wan | So I passed down the edge of it to an | water, where the Exe, swollen with the open ride. I had entered this, when to late floods of autumn, plunged madly my amazement the same figure I had seen over a stone weir into a sullen pool be from the window crossed it at right angles | yond. The danger thickened momenta some way in front. A moment more and | rily, and I dared not yet dash in! Still the second figure followed. I dashed up the knife was glittering in Mrs. Awdry's the ride and gazed down the cross-path; I made up my mind to wait a few secto marry such a pretty and sensible woman, I felt unaccountably sleepy, and sought it led into a thick haze that cut off all onds more, and then leap in at all risks further investigation of the mysterious even then I might only hope to tow the wanderers, and they were not in sight. boat nearer the shore before it took the dread plunge, and it was certain the "They are all in the park," I thought; knife would fall on poor Kate. I turned instinctively to look for help, and a large

"I will secure them at once, or at all events see the denouement of all this."

stone was flung over my head, and fell with a heavy splash beside the boat .--Turving my head, however, I saw the house at the other end of the park, and a Mrs. Awdry started, and the knife dropped into the stream light in a small window that I conjectured must be the pantry. To reach this window and tap at it took me not a moment's to the top of the lasher and be ready to time. I heard some one give a violent help." start, and then the valiant Hastings called out (to some imaginary ally, for no other man slept indoors,) "Thieves! mer-

cy on us! thieves! here, John, bring my "Hold your stupid noise, Hastings," 1 said, "and come out quickly without saying a word to any one; you will find the front door open. I want you for a guide ' After a minute or two he appeared on the lawn with a dark lantern (that he had forgotten to light) and a sword, as if to

attack poachers. "Drop those," I said, "and come on a nce. Two of the ladies are in the park, and I fear the worst." We hurried on in silence down the ride and through the haze to a height overlooking the park, where we paused a moment. Hastings was puffing like a grampus over what might be a tablecloth he wore as a necktie. He evidently thought me light-headed, and began to wish he had kept his sword. the latter, in her frency, were to turn signs of the ladies, and once more began

> "Well, Hastings, did you hear any one moving in the house before I knocked at the window "

"I did, sir; the gentlemen are still in the gun-room; but I heard some lady "Mr. Tracy! what is amiss? You pass my door, and fancied I heard the drawing-room window open. But I had a good deal to do to the plate; and it doesn't do, you know sir," he added meaningly, " to take any notice of one's

> fancies." I was going to blow him up for his cowardice, when I saw one of my phanand never mind me !" He held me in toms passing quickly to the water-side. and the other following.

"Stay, Hastings, not a word! Look there !" "It is my lady and Miss Vendeleur,

We were somewhat hidden, and stood rooted to the ground in utter amazement. edge, and seeing Miss Vandeleur following, waited for her; we could see them

"Good heavens, sir!" cried the butler, "run! There are no oars in her, and the lasher is only a hundred yards

I was off like a shot long before he had ended, and sped to the boat, but not boring cottage. in time to prevent both ladies getting in boat-hook into the water, stood up in the stern, while poor Kate cowered on the

look out!" and was instantly in the water up to my knees, when, horror of horrors! Mrs. Awdry raised a knife that her own wild eyes, and said coldly, sternly, and impassively, as she held it over

Mrs. Awdry did not seem to heed this, | servant,

"MRS. SMITH." Last year I trod these fields with Di, And that's the simple resson why

Then Di was fair and single—how Unfair it seems on me, for now Di's fair and married! In bliss we roved, I seern'd the song Which says that the young Love is strong,

The Fates are stronger

That day I saw, and much esteem'd Di's ankles-which the clover seem'd Inclined to smother: It twitch'd-and soon untied (for fun)

Then buttercups were bright-and ther

The ribbons of her shoes; first one, And then the other. Tie said that virgins augur some Misfortune, if their shoestrings come To grief on Friday: And so did Di-and so her pride Decreed that shoostrings so untied

Are " so untidy!" Of course I knelt, with fingers deft I tied the right, and then the left Says Di—"This stubble Is very stupld, as I live, I'm shocked, I'm quite ashamed to giv

You so much trouble." For answer I was fain to sink To what most swains would say and think. Were Beauty present; 'Don't mention such a simple act,

A trouble? not the least. In fact It's rather pleasant." I trust that love will never tess Poor little Di, or prove that he's A graceless rover;

Her chosen lover. Farewell! And the' no moral clings To Di's soft eyes and sandal strings We've had our quarrels; I think that smith is thought an ass

She wears balmorals.

She's happy now-as Mrs. Smith-

But less polite when walking with

The Seven-Thirty Loan. Where the People put their Money. ONE DAY'S SUBSCRIPTION.

ial Correspondence of the N.Y. Tribune that functionary came pacing up. "Run PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 15, '65 Stephen Girard's Bank in Philadelphia elbows Jay Cooke & Co.'s flat up against The Evening Bulletin. The Evening Bulletin squeezes Jay Cooke & Co.'s back again against Stephen Gircower down beside Kate, but the sudden ard's, and then makes all the noise it can under Jay Cooke & Co.'s with power presses and a steam engine, and sets types and writes editorials and tramples half bewildered to the surface and strike with boots, above Jay Cooke & Co.'s .-out wildly to the boat. Swiftly, swiftly was I drawn on to it; the yawning lash-Jay Cooke & Co.'s in Philadelphia suggests the idea of a difficult acquisition er was but ton yards further on and I long ago of a narrow front room in which saw the white, leaping waters dance like to do a banking business-of an extension of this territory in time by the stroke more and I had my arms on the boat's side, calling loudly over the hiss aid of a carpenter skilled in door-making, into a snuggery behind, for confiand swirl below me. Alas! Kate had dential communications -of a subsequent acquisition by purchase of a right to cut a door through the partition-wall of a little room straight beyond, that somebody possessed-of a subsequent growth sideways out of the snuggery through another partition in a little room where finally, after what seemed an age instead scenningly The Bulletin once kept a very small and very tame devil-and afterward and from sheer force of assimilamy back on the grass with my hand still tion, this little room seems to have insisted upon the company of another little room, living at right angles to it; and the carpenter was sent for and they

were married through a door-way. It is bright moon now, and bright sunlight, out in South Third-st. It is bright gas light, in this last room, and it is as hot as an oven. Three big burners are agoing, and there are four clerks with pens agoing. You feel that they have come to a high moral understanding not to joggle each other in their work, and that they each have got a favorable arrangement with an optician for glass eyes. when they shall have got blind in this firey light. You have a sense of just going to upset something, walk into something, knock something down, in some way to derange the finances of the United States of America, if you move in this little room, or turn your head, or even wink strongly. You are stunned by seeing a little telegraph boy with his message-book held to his breast with both hands, rush in and rush up to a I jumped up, and in an agony was clerk with military whiskers and give crawling to the edge, when what seemed him a dispatch, and then turn with a an otter drawing out a salmon on the hardened indifference and commence the chewing of gum, which he has irreverently brought into the place in his cheek. The dispatch is read and receipted for, Come over the bridge just below, and I | and the boy vanishes with stop of imwill cross to my wife." Out came Jack mense business, but chewing. The ribbon of paper which he has left behind him is an order for half a million of Sev-

where we found Miss Vandeleur senseen-Thirty bonds. It is noon at Jay Cooke & Co.'s. Inside the parent front room of all these and doctors, and hot-water bottles, and little back and side rooms, the narrow the two ladies were carried off to a neighspace between the counter and the wall is crowded with people waiting to be In an hour poor Kate slowly revived, waited on. They are of all classes, and and pushing off into the stream? They but Mrs. Awdry never breathed again. all degrees, and of all colors. There are saw me, and Mrs. Awdry, flinging the It was supposed that she had been struck | black men in Jay Cooke & Co's, and against the stones. As for Mrs. Arden, they hold money in their hands; and she knew nothing of what had occurred there is a soldier there, and there is an until the next morning. Mrs. Awdry officer, lame, yet with an unmistakable "Save me, Mr. Tracy," she cried, had cleverly disarmed her fears, and air of command and of guardianship; sent her to bed. When Kate could con- and there are quakers, who look annui-"All right, my darling," I called; verse on that dreadful night, she in- ty, and coupons, and peace and goodness, tormed us that she lost sight of Mrs. all over them; and there is a clergyman, Awdry in the park for some time, and it and a woman that sews, and sews by gaswas plain that lady had returned to lull light, I will wager, and three women who all suspicions, (during which time she sew not, neither do they spin, but who had said good-night to me in the hall,) make investments; and there are meand then descended to the park, where chanics, one with his dinner pail; and Kate, once more seeing her, pursued there are two impatient brokers, who her; and the sequel has been told. Such take little walks in small circles, and pulk is the cunning of madness, and with such out watches to see what's o'clock. Their terrible frenzy does it sometimes blaze time is money. A slow stream of peomove and the boat whirling round heav of something or somebody that revives pockets, comes out from the second room old associations. I need not say that and flows into the street. A new telewhile Mrs. Awdry stood dressed in white Mr. Awdry had married the young lady graph boy with that peculiar stride of with her hair loose, and the gleaming dressed in blue, whose eves had told their life-or-death haste that nothing must obknife over head, like some fury bearing tale so readily on that long distant even struct, buts into the crowd, and opens eventful night at Kilton Park, Miss Van- a tame and tiny devil, mate to the little "Keep-up, my brave Kate !- Wait a deleur gave me the office of ministering room where you fear to move lest you dearer tie than that of your humble Come here, hoy here, here, here

M. D. Let me see how they come in," rings out