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A TALE OF THE SCARBOROUGH SEASON.

VOL. 65.

CHAPTER I.

ON A STAIRCASE. I don't know why there should be something pleasantly suggestive about a staircase; but there is. A nice wide staircase, on whose carpet your foot makes no sound, and against whose balustrade you might have leaned some hot night years ago, talking, with a fan or a boquet in your hand, and a companion The poor lady thought of the baronetcy distressing to think of, I know—a blight was soon banished, however. As he asked little as he spoke, and his small black rleasant! honeyed moments, were they your words meant very little indeed in reality; but the chances were that they would be heard again in dreams when keep up appearances and live like the red; then he broke into a laugh; for as part of a whole, seemed to come beno more. You couldn't help putting into them more than you felt; time and place daughters' sakes, did pull so heavily and surroundings were to blame for that, not you. And it was so stifling in the crowded rooms up there above People thronged and jostled each other without mercy; whilst here and there was space and quiet, pleasantly broken by the disant music: and you could talk of the parting which might be for ever, and lower your voice, and for the moment half persuade yourself that here was your fate. Thus you might have stood, as my friend Captain Ralph Galton is standing to-night on that friendly staircase, looking down upon the thick carpet under his feet, and won ering, with a vague sense of irresponsibility, what he shall say next, and what will come of it. Mr. Gal on is but a country squire, and his captaincy is simply a yeomany cavalry affair; but he has a baronetcy in pros pect, and there is nothing countrified about him. He had been everywhere. and seen everything. He is-or was-

a little tired of the London season. A white hair or two might be seen prematurely glistening in his black, close cut locks, and no one would suspect the wealth of strength and muscle in that arm which is triffing rather languidly with a lady's boquet of hothouse flowers.

· Lady Julia always leaves town before August is over then?' said Mr Galton, just raising his eyes to his companion's face. And this year she goes-"North. I believe it will be Filey or

'I'm ashamed to say no. I begin to think a man should see something of his own country before rambling over others I'm sure you agree with me?'

Scarborough. You know both places, of

4 don't know. I shall be glad to get away from town; and mamma likes going early. I'll take my flowers now, Mr. Galton; we had better go back; they will

wonder what h s become of me.' Let them.' said Ralph. 'Consider that it's all over for me,' he added, rather incoherently, and I'm to look forward o no more meetings like this, Miss Ten nent. What an odd thing it seems for people to come into almost every-day contact for a time, and then go their separate ways and forget each other. Do you know it's a little hard upon a fellow?"

Miss Tennent gave him a quick, puz zled glance, and laughed. · But I don't see why we shouldn't meet again sometimes. I suppose you'll be here when all the world is here, Mr

Galton? 'No, I'm a rover. My cousin - you've heard of him, I think; they call him the carries me off whither he will. He has some mad plan about Africa in his head now. Never mind that, however. You say you are glad to get away to the coun try. Miss Tennent. I don't think you'd like the country all the year round.'

'Perhaps not,' said the young lady, dryly. 'I've an idea, nevertheless, that I should have made a very good farmer's daughter. But I'm not likely to try the country; it wouldn't suit mamma,

When the captain spoke next, they were moving on into the ball room, and | 'I shall not indulge you with that fictihe still held the flowers. 'I wish' you'd give me one,' he said.

Do. I'm not a sentimental man, but I tobelieve the scapegrace of his family a know.

claim Miss Tennent, and Ralph's chance was over. He stood a little while watch ing her, moodily, so absorbed in his own what. A rather lean woman, you know,

at his elbow accosted him familiarly 'Hipped, Galton? Or-let me whis per it-caught at last? Poor old boy! I did think you were fire-proof A man ought to be, by Jove! in such an atmosdo the thing badly, considering how poor

they are.' 'Poor!' repeated Ralph, speculatively Pinched, very: and three daughters to get off her hands. Look at her. Up. on my word, I've a sort of admiration for these indefatigable women. And she.

has been handsome, too.' Now Mr Galton experienced a sensation of delight at these remarks. He hardly knew why, for a very little time ago he might probably have made them | ledge of good and evil; he is able to move then the 'Guards' Waltz' struck np, and himself. He shook off the unwelcome men like puppets to his will.' critic, and passed on. He had a great mind to alter his plans. He was ac- sort of pity in his tone; 'and then he of the poor harassed lady, if indeed there turned to leave the promenade. He had shone full on the two faces; Ralph's

ter to anybody where he went or what More people in that room who knew

but inasmuch as these kept their opin-Julia herself had not been unmindful of taircase. It was true that she had three daughters, and was a care-worn, hardof mingled hope and despair. They were grave - but che fare?' so very poor, and it was so difficult to rest of the world. And these 'at homes,' which of course she must give for her upon her lean purse. The annual visit | Don't force me to quarrel with you' to the sea side, too, was an indispensable outlay. She could not be in London what for? I haven't the energy in me. when all the wold was rushing away By the way, en garde; cigars down.' from it. But here, too, that hard necesdared not try it-the air was too relax her sweetest smile, her most cordial hand his heart leap into his throat, and his

were concerned. · Evelyn might,' said her ladyship, with bitter irritation; the game was in her own hands; I know she might have brought this tardy captain to the point; and he will be Sir Ralph-not that a baronet is much; but then he is rich. I really obliged to pass on almost wish we were not going away.'

If Lady Julia could have known the gloomy regrets and forebodings.

CHAPTER II.

THE COUNT REMONSTRATES. 'I don't understand thee, Ralpho mic falk of the attractions of this placeand to me! Stuff! Will you smoke!" The squire turned in his seat and took

· I like the place,' he said; 'it's fresh; and you needn't have come; nobody wanted you, that I know of."

The gentleman of the eight case, a slim, black-haired fellow, with a fine moustache, and a would-be Italian air about him, shrugged his shoulders slightly, and punctured the end of his cigar preparatory to lighting it. When this was accomplished, he threw a glance over the bay, far above which the two were lounging on an iron seat amongst the shrubs and flowers. He slurred over the shoals of white sails in the distance with serene contempt; they were probably only insignificant trading vessels; the little packet which had got up its

steam, and was scudding away for Filey? As to me, it matters little. I am everywhere, and everything, except staand Baise. To us who have stood on fixed upon the rows of gas jets nunning ount-lays forcible hands on me and Tiberio and seen the sunlight shine on as these Sicilians understand the admiration of the forestieri, which, neverthe less, they trade upon, can I comprehend ened to the conversation of the slim genthis mad rush to a bleak northern rock tleman beside her. and its chilly waters, unless----

'Well, count, unless? Suppose were tired of wandering in foreign lands?"

' Non capito' 'Speak English, Dick, and don't pretend;' said the country squire, brusquely. tious count any longer. It has got so habitual, that people will actually begin

should like one of these. I'll keep has real live count.'
an augury that we shall meet again.' You are so energetic,' remonstrated And then a gentleman came up to the count, feebly; so very English. Se-

one will have you.'

in speculative amazement be still? No, no, the fool marries and els. He enlarges his experience; he ly does justice to it.' learns from the wide open book of human nature; he becomes a god in his know-

OFFICE at his residence in Pitt dismally. He was alone in the world, any, which is doubtful, fall away, and heart.

and his own muster; what would it math his knowledge turns to bitterness, and—' You

ing: it's commonplace. The best of life ed that the captain was caught at last; We will have a look at the Victoria Ny- offend you?' anza. Let us go at once, and give up worked woman. Moreover, this one, Eve- shall feel compelled, as your cousin and freezing politeness of her greeting, an red his progress. lyn, was the youngest, and as her mother fidus Achates, to win the young lady's angry, uneasy suspicion darted into his considered, the most hopeless of the three. affections myself, and save you. It's mind, with the count for its object. It go, said the count. He bent forward a said between his teeth. 'Oh, it was

> what use to be angry with the count? 'Dick, you are an insufferable puppy, and worse But we have been friends.

'Who, I?' I quarrel? My dear boy,

The two gentlemen rose, and the wansity for economy had to be considered; dering count, Richard Galton, familiarly distinct streams up and down; and, over and when some kindly adviser went into Dick, stood for a moment as a French- all, mingling with other sounds and soft raptures over Searborough, and assumed man would stand with his hat in his ening them, the music of the Guards' that of course the fashionable south was | hand, in the vain expectation of being | Waltz.' He waited patiently for Evelyn's the only part to be thought of, Lady Julia told to return it to its natural position. answer, but it did not come. And all at smiled a ghastly smile, and said that she | Lady Julia scarcely saw him. For Ralph | once this poor foolish country squire felt ing for the girls. Her medical man had shake; for Ralph at first a charming flow pulses stand still at the light touch of a positively ordered the North Cliff. In- of animated trifles, and then a slight ex gloved hand on his arm. He knew the deed, Lady Julia herself needed bracing. pression of regret in answer to his polite next moment that the action was uncon She knew in her secret heart that this inquiries after the two absent daughters. scious, and she was not thinking of him evening, from which she had hoped so Dear Evelyn was not quite well, and much, must be reckoned a failure, so far | Grace had remained indoors with her; as the affairs of her youngest daughter | but it was nothing; it w uld pass off.-Most probably they should all enjoy to-gether the evening promenade at the Spa fishing boat broke the line; a mass of black Delightful, was it not? All the pleasure with silver light upon it. They could of the sea air combined with the attrac-

The count, looking after her ladyship, twinkled his black eyes as he selected a at all this, and from it he turned to his thoughts which perplexed the brain of fresh eigar, and said aloud. Keen, very the country squire that night, what a keen. Never mind, Ralpho. We have brilliant ray would have shot across her been fellow-travellers too long to be sep- it?' said Evelyn; 'and what a poor affair arated You will yet traverse with me all this cas and glitter behind us seems

ed on the shores of the mighty lake." Ralph never heard a word; he was on his face. Nothing, perhaps. I should looking down into the short grass under like to change places with him for five his feet with a lazy half-smile on his lips. | minutes.' that told his cousin well-enough where Mr. Galton did not answer. He could is thoughts had wandered. Richard Galton sat back on the iron seat, and

. It never shall be, if I can help it. life to be muleted of half its lux uries for purse-no, no!

CHAPTER III. THE GUARD'S WALTZ

Lady Julia sat in the amphitheatre under the colonnade well screened from any draught A slim gentleman with an dive complexion had secured this seat for her, and he had been talking to her and then he came back to the pier and for some time: one low languid voice amidst the general buzz, distinct only to the car for which it was intended Lady Ju ia's eyes had wandered to the little pavilion wherein the band was stationed, tionary. But, Ralpho, think of Ischia and her attention, to all appearance, was round it; the glittering chandelier and Napoli and its blue bay; on Alamfi; on the musicians themselves. No one would -but what signifies talking? As little have guessed, except, perhaps, her companion, the suppressed anxiety which was hidden under her smile as she list-

'He was always an excitable fellow. proceeded the latter, gently. 'A very good fellow indeed, very; my nearest friend, in fact, as well as my cousin; but a confirmed rover, I fear, like myself, by this time. You know how much we all become the creatures of habit.'

'I suppose so,' said Lady Julia, still smiling. 'But habits may be broken, you

The count shook his head. 'It might have been better, as you observed just now, Lady Julia, if my cousin riously, Ralpho, you introduced me last had settled down early in life and become night to a Lady Julia something-forget a steady country squire; but that is all over now: it is too late. I am firmly conthoughts, that he started when a voice with daughters; one of them like a cap- vinced that Ralph will never marry. As riote girl, only not so handsome. There | for me, there are no social considerations can be no attraction in that quarter, ch?' to affect my movements. Lonely men, 'Seriously, Dick,' retorted Ralph, 'I Lady Julia, naturally seek to create for wish you would become a respectable themselves interests and pursuits in place member of society. Give up the wan of those which are denied to them. These phere as this. But Lady Julia doesn't derer, and settle down-marry, if any may be but as paste to the diamond, I cannot say. I fancy in Ralph's position The count took his eigar from his lips I might have been different, yet you see how it is with him; and after all, what a 'Amico mio, I possess a bare compe- fine generous follow he is! Forgive me, tency for one. Look at me. Are these however; it must seem egotistical in me hands to work? Is this restless soul to to parade my friend before you. I---'Don't say so, Mr. Galton. I am a settles down; the great hearted man trav- believer in friendship. The world scarce- peal in it, Mr. Galton, some day, if

A slight smile curled the count's black moustache, but he did not answer, for just Lady Julia began to speak of the music. 'And then?' said Ralph, with an odd It fell softly on other ears besides those

him nodded to each other, and murmur- the Burton and Speke controversy next. Miss Jennent, have I done something to the red spark of Richard Galton's oigar hand and shaking it at the captain. I He asked this with a sudden accession

The lean woman knows it, my Pius Enc- chilly likeness of her. Ralph did not himself with a start when his cousin stood as. I have spoken. If this goes on, I know why, but as he recoiled from the suddenly before him in the path and barthe wall with his face seaward, was dimly pression of intense mischief. Captain Galton's face flushed an angry | conscious of all the surroundings, which. over it. Behind him there was a moving A rivederti.' of chairs under the colonnade, and the buzz of a thousand voices, as the tulipbed of human beings sauntered in two The moon had come out from behind a

'Mr Galton, 'said Evelyn, 'look there cloud, and threw down one long line of almost see the form of the fisherman tions of a concert room. Mr. Galton stand out in relief against the black would excuse Lady Julia now; she was shadow of his boat, and his red light shone like a watchfire in the whiter radiance of the moonbeams. Ralph did look

. 'How small it makes one feel, doesn't the bogs of Uganda, and stand curaptur I wonder what the fisherman out there thinks of the quiet night, and the silver

changed. All the coldness was gone out of it, all the stiffness and propriety which had so irritated and disappointed him. said this gentleman to himself 'Is my And yet 't was with a little bang of re gret that he acknowl dged to himself how a dark faced girl with a gaunt mamma? | far away he was, individually, from her No, Ralpho mio, I can't afford to lose thoughts, and how little he had to do thee. Pleasant company and a long with the change. For the moment, he was simply one out of the mass of human beings - a sort of abstract comprehension to which her own instinctively appealed 'Look round,' she went on, ' and usten. Thousands of lives, and every life a story; who knows how hard some of those stories are? And then, hear the perpetual hush of the sea as its creeps up the shore. I've read that somewhere; as though a pitiful patient " hush" were all that could be said to every struggling soul in its sorrow. But they won't be patient for

all that. It makes one want to comfort I've an insane desire at times to break iway over the rubicon and see if my and can bind up no wound before I die ' You are thinking of Florence Nightngale?

'Yes, I am, and of such as she was. Not that I could ever follow their steps. I rise no further than wishes—empty and

'You are so young,' said the captain, uneasily. 'When you know a little more of the world---'

'The world!' broke in Evelyn, with ome bitterness, 'What world, Mr. Galton? you forget that this is my third season. No! I don't think I want to know more of the world.'

The captain's next venture was a quotation from a poem, and it was a blunder. She turned upon him with a quick return to the old manner.

'I hate poetry; I never could bear it. Mr. Galton, I am disposed to hate you, too, for having been a listener to my ravings just now. Don't let us play the ridiculous any more, please. I shall go and find mamma.'

They turned towards the crowded amphitheatre, Evelyn leading the way, seemingly indifferent as to whether Ralph followed or not. As for him, the light duzzled his eyes, the braying chorus which had succeeded the 'Guards' Waltz' deafened him, and he was vexed. Perhaps Miss Tennent knew this, and repented a

of. Good night!' disufally. He was alone in the world, any, which is doubtful, fall away, and heart.

and his own master; what would it mat. his knowledge turns to bitterness, and—' You remember where we heard that was led unresisting amongst winding gaunt, with dark hollows under his eyes.

Never again. Away from it all and silence.

'Ah, bah! my good fellow, no croak last,' said Captain Galton; 'and the flow- paths, shrubs, and grottoes, while' the and a quiver of suppressed passion about er you gave me. I said I'd keep it as an distant music mingled oddly with the his lips. is but intoxication. Come, we will settle augury, and you see we have met again. never ceasing tramp over the bridge, and 'You!' he cried out at last, raising his

flushed before him from time to time, as knew it would be so; A fit meeting. You the count took it from his lips to tell miserable, cowardly villian! I wish I had ions quiet, they did not hurt him. Lady the capriote. Ralph,' said the count more of bravery, for he had been disappointed some fresh anecdote of Lady Julia's pow- a pistol that I might shoot you like a dog. carnestly, 'don't you know that you are This was not the young lady who had ers of finesse. But the captain knew all I swear I would do it, if they hanged me him, nor of the little tableau on the a catch in the matrimonial market-place? stood with him on the staircase, but a this very vaguely indeed, and only roused for it.'

'You are bad company amico, and I'll

' Have a care of the capriote, Ralpho pitiful money. You poor dupe, you fanmio. There's an ugly story that she was cy she cares for you. I tell you it's a lie. tween him and the answer. He saw the engaged to some poor fellow, and has jilt. She loves me-me, a poor devil of a lights spring up in the little fishing smacks ed him for a greater match. You and I younger son who had nothing but his out on the bay, and heard the gentle slush know that the Lady Julia would manage love to give, and so she sells herself to of the water agains the wall as he leaned this, don't we? A clever woman, very you. No, I'll not punish you; the pun-

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE CASTLE CLIFF. There was a concert in the Assembly Rooms at the Spa, and the promenade was thinner than usual. Captain Galton sauntered about amongst the flowers up above, trying to make up his mind. He had a cigar in his mouth, and every now and then the red spark at the end would go out while he stopped to smile down into the turf at his feet, like a modern Narcissus, only the image that he saw there was not his own. And at times, something troubled this image-a mo mentary cloud only, which just darkened t to his eyes and then vanished. It was the speech which Richard Galton had made some nights ago when he parted forehead in his hands. from his cousin in disgust at his lack of attention. Not that Ralph believed it. He thrust the idea from him with supreme I'm quiet enough now, the devil is gone scorn when it obtruded itself upon his out of me. Leave me to myself, if you brighter dreams. But the thing was, it are a wise man. would obtrud itself. He couldn't forget it He hatted the possibility that he bent his white face down close to the gossip should dare to take Evelyn's name hands which looked so cold and bony in upon his lips and slander it. For it such a thing as that of which the count had spoken were true, she could be no love of his. But it was not true; he had but to call up her face as he saw it at times, open and frank, and beautiful. exceedingly to him, and the doubt fled away vanquished. Some day, he thought, he might tell her this idle story and laugh this devilish torment Hush! who's at it with her. They had met very often in these last few days, and the count,

gazing on the sort of mental paralysis which had seized his cousin, so far as the outer world was concerned, slrugged his shoulders with a moody 'e sciolto,' and almost despaired He did not know that even now fate was about to play a single stroke in his favour. Captain Galton suddenly flung away his cigar and start ed at a quick pace to walk up the Castle Cliff. He had been idle all day, and he wanted a good st ff climb, and space and solicude to think it all over once again. He passed the one armed sailor with his miniature ship, not stopping to talk as he usually did, but pressing on as though he had some object to gain in reaching the ruins before him at a given moment. He stood on the broad summit of the cliff and deaned back against the iron railings, with his hat off, and the wind blowing fresh about his head. Again he saw the lights begin to spring up in the fishing boats on the bay, and the moon come out from a cloud and shine down upon them as it had done when Fvelyn touched his arm to make him look. He was thinking of her, of the count's words, which did so haunt him, and of a possible future, when he turned his head and saw a figure coming from amongst the ruins in front of him. An odd feeling

of uneasiness began to steal over the captain. He had no time to wonder what it meant, for the figure came on hastily. It was a man, hatless like himself, but in the moonlight, and with bloodshot eyes that seemed to see only one spot in all the waste of water far away below

the cliff. Cartain Galton was a brave man, but there was something in this wild figure and its mad rush towards the iron railing-all that separated from the precipice beyond-which made him draw his breath sharply, with a vaguesensation of terrornot altogether for himself - It flashed upon him suddenly that the man was about to throw himself over. There was no time to think. Instinctively, Ralph started from his leaning posture and stood between him and the railings.

'Are you mad?' shouted Ralph. 'Stop!' There was a single violent word in answer, and Ralph Galton saw the stranger fling up his arms and spring forwards on one side of him. The next moment the two little. At any rate, he found himself all had grappled with each other. Ralph at once face to face with her, and heard felt the hot breath on his cheek, and the her voice saying, with something of ap- two arms close round him like a vice; but the country squire had been too well manima can get over the dread of the trained to be taken by surprise, For a water, we will go for the sail you spoke few seconds he stood his ground firmly, and then all at once the man's grasp re-She held out her hand to him, and then lexed; his arms dropped heavily, and he California, or the Catacombs; but the romantic ideas with which her youngest. went away. Ralph had a glimps of the stood back staring at his opponent with farther away the better. I'll never see daughter had been wont to drive the poor count's figure rising to follow him as he expression of rage and hatred. The moon Old England again. countable to no one, he thought, rather grows old, and his friends, if he has made was any softness in it to her anxious a sort of indistinct consciousness that an little paler than usual, but steady and

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He went a little nearer and peered up into Ralph's face of amazement with a fierce sneer.

'I saw you with her last night,' he in prospect, and sighed out a great sigh ed young heart—consumption, an early that bold question, Ralph, leaning over eyes gleamed into Ralph's with an ex- not? Just so she used to smile on me before you came and bought her with your ishment is enough. Fool! you may take her to your home, but her soul is mine to

all eternity. Captain Galton stood stunned and helpless as this strange flow of words fell from the man's lips. The dark ruins and the grass, and the distant light, all danced before his eyes in one confused mass, and the only thought that stood out clear before him was this: Richard Galton's tale was

true. He never stopped to reason about it. The terrible earnest and reality which burnt this man's words into his heart left no room for mistrust or hope. A little while the two stood there facing each other, and then the reaction which follows such stormy passions as his came upon the stranger, and he staggerd to the railings and sank into a sitting posture with his

'Why did you stop me?' he said. 'It's cool down there, and my head is on fire. this morning.

Ralph was silent a moment, and then

the moonlight. 'As you are a man,' he said, in a low voice, 'as you shall answer for every word ining every stranger that came in con spoken here, was she your promised wife?'

'I swear it.' 'And she-threw you over for-me?' 'For your money, you fool. Go, I tell

Ralph started back, for a hand was put on his arm drawing him away, and a third | Warrington, I think.' voice broke the spell, which tempted him

still to question. Like a man in a dream, Ralph turned and went down the hill with his cousin.

He hardly knew, indeed, where he was going or what it was that happened; he only felt that terrible, dead weight of op pression; of something in the back-ground which he must think over by-and-by when he should be able for it; that shrinking of the soul from such an examination, which comes upon us with some heavy and unlooked for blow. Half way down the hill the hand on his arm grew heavier with a momentary pressure, and the count spoke, a novel gentleness in his

'Poor old boy !' he said, 'I'm sorry.' Ralph turned with a sudden bitter and unaccountable irritation, and shook him

'Leave me to myself, Dick. I don't want pity, and there are times when a

man can't brook being worried. The count walked on, and Ralph, leaning against the wall, watched the round balls of light far away on the promenade. and heard once more faintly the music of the 'Guarda' Waltz;' Was sheamongst that dim throng of moving figures? Only last night they had talked together bewith a face that looked haggard and wild side the sea wall and a dull sense of self-contempt came over him as he remembered his own happiness at being near her. With a common spirit of self-tor- You'll hear from the Nyanza yet.' ment Ralph left his position and went to walk up and down amongst the gay people on the promenade. He would go over it all again; he would call back the dream which had made that place of bushe even sought out the exact spot where Evelyn had stood listening to him the

night before. think. The word was stamped upon to some wayside inn, to die amongst everything he saw, in his bitterness .--False-to her lover, to him, and to herself : false and mercenary.

'Like the rest of the world,' he said aloud, turning from the sea; 'I've done with it.' ith it.'
Some one looked up into his face astonished, but he did not care. What were appearances to him? What was

life-what anything? Dick,' said the captain, coming suddenly upon his cousin that night. flet us go. Lady Julia must have a farewell card, and then for Egypt, or Panama: was won, in spite of all those absurdly

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forget it. What was this foolish dream? of a few weeks that it should wreck a life like his? Captain Galton walked up and down the platform, glancing aimlessly into the carriages of the train that stood waiting its time. Not that he cared about choosing his seat; but he was restless and miserable, impatient to be off; and he could not stand as the count did, to all appearance absorbed in the conversation which was going on briskly between the station-master and some of the passengers. Chancing to look at his cousin, however, Mr. Galton's attention was caught by the expression of his face; it had a strangely eager look; the nostrils were dilated and the thin lips compressed. Ralph's eyes rested upon him with a languid wonder, and when he looked up and saw them he started and went hurriedly to meet his cousin.

'Not there,' he said, sharply, as the captain paused. 'Take the next, Ralph; we shall have it to ourselves.'

Again Ralph looked up at him wondering. The gentlemen to whose conversation Richard Galton had been listening had chosen the carriage before which he stood, but in a general way the count iked to have fellow-travellers. A fit of

perverseness seized the country squire. 'This is as good as any other,' he said, getting in. 'It doesn't matter to us about

being alone.' The count, biting his moustache as he followed, muttered once more between his teeth 'E sciolto,' and threw himself back upon the cushions. The other occupants of the carriage continued their talk, but Ralph was staring vacantly into the flat. expanse of heath and moorland through which the train had begun to move, and he paid no attention to them. All at once, however, a sentence caught his ear. and made him turn away from the win-

'They think he must have thrown himself from the Castle cliff. A one-armed sailor that stands at the gate begging saw just such a figure go up the cliff late in the evening.

Then Ralph leaned forward and asked a question.

'Yes I wonder you didn't hear of it.' was the reply. 'The whole town was talking of it when we came away He was a lunatic, you see, and had managed to get away from his keeper somehow. A fishing-smack brought in the body early

Ralph shot a glance at his cousin, but the count's eyes were closed, and he

seemed to be asleep. 'It's a romantic story too,' proceeded the gentleman 'The poor young fellow was engaged to be married, and the lady threw him over for a rich merchant .-They say he had been mad ever since, always searching for his rival, and imag-

tact with him to be the man ' The captain's hands were pressed tightly into each other, and he spoke again

slowly 'And-the lady ;' 'Oh, she has been married some time. The daughter of an Irish peer- poor, of young fellow was only reading for the bar. I forget the name-Warrenne or

Again Rulph glanced at his cousin, and he saw that the sleep was sham, and the 'I didn't mean to be a listener,' said the half-closed eyes. An angry spot count was furtively watching him out of the count, gently, 'but come away now' came into Captain Galton's cheeks, and he turned again to the flat land cape, think ng with desperate impatience what a mad fool he had been passengers talked on, but he heard nothing more. The count watching him, saw once or twice suppressed quiver about his lips which boded, he thought, no good to himself, and Richard Galton sighed, for he had done a mean trick to no purpose. When they reached York, the captain sprang out with an impatient ·At last;' and on the platform he turned

to his cousin. Dick, you have played me false-You knew all this and never told me.

The count shrugged his shoulders. 'I only knew this morning. You were half cured, amico; why should I interfere to bring back the disease? 'Our ways are different henceforth

said Ralph, briefly. He walked a few steps down the platform, and then besitated. The same impulse must have moved the two men : for when he paused and looked back he saw that the count had stopped also and was looking after him with an unusual wistfulness in his face. Ralph went back and held out his hand.

'I can forgive you, Dick, sooner than my own rash credulity. We may never meet again, and it won't do to part like

'You're a good fellow,' said the count. with an odd mixture of pride and humility; 'and I wish you all the happiness that I would have kept from you if I could—that is, if it is happiness, which I doubt And so good bye, old fellow. 'Come back with me,' said Ralph, with

sudden compassion. The count shook his head. He knew that he was not wanted; and the life that he saw stretched out before his cousin would not suit him. He was one of that tle and glitter so sweet a paradise to him; restless tribe to be met with occasionally scattered here and there about the conti nent or the remoter corners of the world; at home in all scenes, yet never at rest: he will wander from place to place a soli-'False,' cried out Ralph, with a silent, tary man, until age or disease comes on, award cry. It was all he could say or and he creeps away, sick and frightened,

strangers, alone as he has lived.

But Ralph had little thought to spare for the wandering count. His mind, which had been so wavering when he took that walk up the Castle cliff, wavered no longer. He knew now what this chance that he had so nearly flung away was to him. And under the lamps on the promenade he told Evelyn Tennent the story of his encounter, and another story, as old as the hills, but always new. And I think it would have done even the count's impassive heart good to see the radiant look which beamed on Lady Julia's noor tired face as she sat under the colonnade that night and knew that the future baronet lady to despair. Then comes the National al Anthem, and the bustle is greater than ever, then the promenade is deserted,