notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Lersona in want of Bills, Blanks, or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call. HUMRICH & PARKER.

TTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on G. M. BELTZHOOVER. TTORNEY AT LAW, and Real Estate Agent, Shepherdstown, West Virginia and County and the Counties adjoining it. January 19, 1860.—1 y.

F. SADLER, Attorney at Law, Carlisle Pa. Office lu Volunteer Building, South Hanover Street. C. HERMAN, Attorney at Law C. HERMAN, Attorney Or Carlisle, Pa., No. 9 Rheem's Hall.

AMES A. DUNBAR, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office in No. 7, Rheem's Hall, July 1, 1864—19.

OSEPH RITNER, Jr., Attorney at Law and Surveyor, Machanicsburg, Pa. Office on Rail Road Street, two doors north of the Bank. Co. Business promptly attended to. July 1, 1864:

TNO. C. GRAHAM, Attorney at Law,

E. BELTZHOOVER, Attorney

 Office on south Hanover street, adjoining the of Judge Graham. All professional business of ted to him will be promptly attended to. CAMUEL HEI BURN, Jr., Attorney

M. WEAKLEY, Attorney at Law

AW CARD.—CHARLES E. MA-

JOLAUGHLEN, Attorney at Law, Office in the room formerly occupied by Judge Grahams
July 1, 1864—1y. DR. GEORGE S. SEA-RIGHT, Dentist, from the Baltimore Collage of Dental Surgery.

TEO. W. NEIDICH, D. D. S.est Main street, Carlisle, Pa

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## The Cariste Herald

Carlisle, Pa., Friday, December 7, 1866. VOL. 65.

A. K. RHEEM, Publisher. Miscelluneons.

A GAMESTER'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER I. In the autumn of the year 183-. Dieppe was more visited than ever. Every day the number of rich strangers increased, and excited the ardor of speculators of all kinds, morning, and repair the fault which he had who abound in these sort of places. The directors of the fare banks did not fall behindhand, and displayed on their tables quantities of money in order to attract their infallibly seduced.

In the bathing-season, during these reby no means rare to see people, who before much offence. nover touched a card, attach themselves without relaxation to the gaming-table, and of the game. The higher classes, who wish stranger. one every night to risk a few pieces of gold,

A young German baron, named Sirismond, was the sole exception to this geneing an agreeable conversation, he retired to not accept this sort of reparation. his chamber with a book, or went to walk in the country and admired. nature, which

is enchanting in this beautiful country. Sigismond was young, independent, rich, in a manner the most agreeable, as well as are defeated, I take now the world on money, so that in order to continue his route me to quit, and I did so." he would be obliged to sell his watch, richwished to purchase an object of that kind, ime clapsed. Sigismend attained his ma- his soul, and filled him with dread.

ority was in possession of his fortune, Prince de S-in the quality of chamberlain. The Prince, wishing to recompense him for his zonl and fidelity, made him a present of the same watch and of a precious chain.

This advonture was the more remarkable people seemed right in their opinion of the then he was too fortunate to do so. Baron, who tarnished, said they, by an extrome avarice, all his brilliant qualities and move the charge of avarice, and as he ar-

ble opinion attached itself to his person vas said of him, and, generous and liberal as he was, he resolved, although repugnant to his feelings, to lose some gold pieces every night at cards, in order to remove the sus icion raised against him. He went into he hall of play with the firm design of losing a considerable sum, but the same good fortune, which before blessed him, still abided with him. Every card he bet on won. The calculations of the bankers were of no avail: the gain was always on his side. The Baron presented the rare and surious spectacle of a player who was innsible to the favors, of fortune, and one ould see clearly upon the visages of those round, that they regarded him as an idiot

for defying so long the fickle goddess. / The mmense gains of the Baron obliged him in ome sort to continue his play, and he waitad to lose finally all which he had gained. But it would not be thus, and his troubles was useless-his good fortune was always

rotecting him. He did not show much discontent at his good fortune; the play finally absorbed all his attention, and he did not retire till morning. He was not entranced by the gain, but by the play-entranced by the peculiar charms, of which his friends had so often spoken, and which he had resolved never to-

The next night, in raising his eyes at the noment when the banker finished a game, no perceived a man who had placed himself irectly opposite him, and whose sad but overe look never quitted him for a moment nd several times when the Baron raised his eyes he still encountered the sombre regards of the stranger, which caused in him a senation which he could not explain. When the play ended, the stranger departed from the hall. On the following night he was again face to face with the Baron, and regarded him, as before, like a huantom. The Baron said nothing; but on that hird night, when the stranger appeared, Sigismond exclaimed, "Monsieur, I pray you to select some other place; you spoil my play." The

stranger bowed with a sad air, and quitted the hall without speaking a word. "But the following night he was again before the Baron, still penetrating him with his sombre looks. Sigismond rese in a fury, which he took no pains to conceal. "Mon sier," said he, "if you wish to look at me in this manner, I wish you to choose an-

other time and another place, but for the time being-". A motion of the hand, one finger pointed to the door, accompanied these words, which the Baron had pronounced; and, as on the preceding night, the stranger bowed and

ilontly withdraw. Agitated by the play, by the wine that he had drunk, but more so by the thoughts of the scene with the stranger, Sigismond could not sleep that night, and the figure of that nan ceased not to pass before him. He saw his expressive visage, charged with grief, his eyes soft and full of tears, who regarded him without ceasing, and those miserable clothes, that could not hide the dignity of a noble birth, and the sorrowful air with which he quitted the saloon. "No," cried

one a great wrong. Is it then in my nature to offend neonle who have given me no subject for complaint?" The Baron soon templated, with sentiments the most poig- card he chose fortune favored, and he soon nant, the difference between them. He. overcome with misery—the Baron with money. He resolved to seek him the next

committed, as far as he was able. Fortune made it happy so that the first person whom he met in his walks was the stranger. The Baron approached him, dupes, whom the brightness of the metal prayed him to excuse his former conduct, and finished by asking his pardon. The stranger replied that he had nothing to parunions of pleasure, when every one is de- don; that whilst watching the players he tached from his customary habits, one aban- had heard so much said about the miracudons himself to idleness, and that play lous fortune of the Baron that he could not ecomes a passion often irresistible. It is help gazing at him in a way which gave so

The Baron then delicately hinted that h vas-disposed to employ a part of the mone lose their all on the hazardous combination | he had gained to assuage the miseries of the

"Monsieur," responded the latter, " vou contribute not a little to extend this fatal take me for a poverty-stricken person. I am not so altogether. That which I have suffices for my modest manner of living. As to the rest, you convince me that, believing ral rule. When everybody went to play, you have given me offence, you would reand thus deprived him of the means of hold- | pair it by giving me a little money. I can-

"I understand you," said the Baron, und I am willing to give you all the satis faction you desire."

"Oh, heavens !" cried the stranger; "ta of a noble figure and handsome face, and combat between us would be unequal! I he could not fail of being loved and of am persuaded that, like me, you regard a having much success among women. A duel as no child's play, and that you do not lucky star seemed to beam upon him, and think a sword-thrust will repair an outto guide him in all he did. He spoke of raged honor. Between us, as I have told me twenty affairs of the heart, all very you, the combat would be unequal, for my adventuresome, which were ended for him life is not worth the value of yours. If you mexpected. He recounted, above all, the its ornaments; and if I perish, you will history of a watch, which witnessed to his have terminated a life full of agony and excontinued prosperity. Sigismond, yet very istence already destroyed. But the princiyoung, in traveling, found himself without ple is that you have offended me; you told

Theistranger pronounced the last words ly garnished with jewels. When he arrived in a tone which revealed a hidden resentat the hotel, he found a young prince who ment. This was a motive for the Baron to excuse himself anew, and he said that the and who paid him over its value. Some looks of the stranger had sunk deeply into

"You now see the danger which youran," when he learned from the public papers that said the stranger; "you advanced to the a watch was to be put up in a lottery. He table with all the joy and trifling of the purchased a ticket, which cost him a trifle, young ; another moment and you would and gained the watch he had sold. A little have been precipitated into an abyss of tortime after, he exchanged it for a bandeau of ture, without hope of return. In a word, liamonds. A little later, he served the you were on the point of becoming a passionate player.

The Baron pretended that the strange was mistaken. He recounted the circumstances which had made him a player, and he told him that when he had lost two or as Sigismond would not touch a card-ho, three hundred louis, which he intended oriwhom fortune never ceased to bless; and ginally, he would cease playing. But just

"Alas!" cried the stranger, "this luck is a terrible present from the infernal powers. who objected even to the smallest loss. Nor This good fortune with which you play, did a closer examination of the Baron re- Baron, the manner in which you have commenced, your conduct whilst at play, which rived in a very common way, this unfavor- shows that little by little you are taking a leon interest in it all all, recall to me th horrible fate of an unfortunate who commenced as you. This is why I could no detuch my regards from you; this is what my eyes expressed. \I saw the claws of the mons raised around you to drag you to the bottom of hell. I wished to save you. desired your acquaintance—I have at last succeeded. Learn the history of this unfortunate being, and convince yourself that his danger really exists." The stranger, seated upon a bank, mad

sign to the Baron to take a place near him, and commenced in these terms: CHAPTER 11.

The same brilliant qualities which distinguished you, M. le Baron, (said the strangor), gained the Chevalier de Menars the esteem and admiration of the men, and the favor of the ladies. Only in that which concerns money was he different from you. He was rather poor, and had nothing but a small legacy wherewith to sustain the appearance of a descendent of a noble family. As the less of this legacy would have troub led his manner of living, he abstained entirely from play, and in this he made no sacrifice, for he never approved of this passion; and finally the happiness of the Chevalier passed into a proverb.

One night, against his custom, he was led into a house of play. The friends who accompanied him gave themselves up without reserve to all the hazard of the game Without taking part in that which passed lost in other thoughts, the Chevalier prome-naded a long time in the hall, sometimes casting his eyes upon the players:

"Poor wretches!" he murmured com passionately, regarding the haggard and convulsed face of the trembling devotees of the fare-bank: " what do they know of pure happiness? What do they know of the tranquil mind, the bright eye, the frank voice, the cordial pressure of the hand? These are to them as far off as the mysteries of heaven. Thank God, I am not one of

And he wandered thoughtfully through the glittering palace of destruction, where a on in the guise of the goddess Fortune turned the wheel and smiled unpityingly on those who won or lost. All at once an old colonel perceiving him cried in a loud voice:

"By all the devils, the Chevalier is here with all his happiness, and we gain nothing by it, since he has declared neither for the bankers nor the players. But he must play at least a game with me."

The Chevalier would have excused himsalf on the ground of ignorance of the game, but the Colonel obstinately persisted. "I know nothing about the game," said

"You shall be taught." replied the Colonal: v "No-I will not play."

"Not play? But I insist you shall. I curiosity to see a happy man at faro-table." The Chevalier smiled.

"It must only be one game, then," nid. aid.
The Colonel drew him to the table "Yes, of course," he said, knowing that "Will you take my house on the Rue St. father, quit this house with me."

Sigismond, "I have done wrong; I have one false step is generally followed by an- | Honore, with all that it contains my fur-

And the game began "It happened to the Chevalier exactly as t did to you, Monsieur le Baron. Every gained a considerable sum for the Colonel, vho congratulated himself at having secured

uch an auxiliary. The fortune of the Chevalier, which surprised all the bankers, made not the slightest impression on himself. His aversion o playing was not much lessoned; and the next day, while resting from the fatigue of he preceding night—passed without sleep-he resolved never to visit a gaming saloon. And, as in spite of his good fortune, the Ohevalier persisted in his resolution, his friends could not help according to him the steem which his conduct deserved.

A year passed, when the Chevalier found imself suddenly in a most embarrassing situation, caused by the loss of the annuity on which he lived. He was forced to disover his situation to one of his most faithful friends, who soon came to his aid, but who also considered him as one of the most eccentric men in the world.

"Destiny," said he to him, "dictates to is always the route by which we can reach our fortune. It is our indolence only that inders us from observing and comprehending these signs. The superior power has hown to me as clearly as by a voice in my ears that thou shouldst acquire gold and goods by play, otherwise remain poor and

It was at this moment that the thought of he good fortune which had so favored him at fare rose to his mind. All the day and night he thought of it. "It is true," said ne to himself, "that one night might suffice to withdraw me from this state of dependence on my friends; it is a duty, shown by the voice of destiny."

The friend who had counseled him to play muced to accompany him to the gambling house, and gave him twoney louis to com If before, in playing for the Colonel, the

Chevalier had been successful, he was still more so now. The gold he had gained formed a great pile before him. When the game was over, he counted and recounted ais money with a thrill of strange delight experienced by him for the first time, and sullied the purity of the soul he had preserved so long. He returned to his house trembling with joy, and at the same time s ameless horror took possession of him. "What have I done?" he muttered gazing at the pile of gold on the table before

A small voice seemed to whisper: "Yo have lost your happiness. I am your good angel. You have forced me from your heart: farewell—farewell!" His lips were parched, and his hand trem bled. No longer could he feel that security

and freedom of mind-that calm superiority which animates the breast of a true man. "Too late! too late!" he groaned, "I recover my lost happiness. I must abide,

by my fate." The demon had indeed gained entire posime, and in a short time he had mmenso sum.

Affairs continued thus for several days He established a bank with the considerable sums be had gained; and fortune was still favorable, so that in a short time he found himself one of the richest bankers of Paris. The life darkened and occupied by play soon destroyed the physical and intellectual advantages of the Chevalier. He ceased to be vas not the arder of play; but the flames of hell that Satan had kindled in his soul; and like a spectre of happiness, he reigned in his glittering abode of ruin.

CHAPTER-III.

One night an old-man, dressed in rags and of a repulsive address, approached the table at the house of the Chevalier, took a card in his trembling hand, and placed a piece of gold upon it. Many of the players regarded. him with astonishment, and treated him with marked contempt. The old man lost. He lost one piece after another, until at last, staking all he had with him on one card, and losing, one of the players, laughing, said: 'Signor Vertua, do not lose courage-continue thy play. You are on the road to forune; do but continue, and thou wilt break he bank." The old man threw the look of a flend

upon the railer, and disappeared quickly. forced to quit as before.

But, half an hour afterward, he reappeared with pockets full of gold; but he was soon The disdain and contempt which had been hown the old man disposed the Chevalier to

rebuke the players for it. "You do not know old Francesco Vertua Chevalier." cried one: "if you did you would not blame our conduct. Know then hat this Vertua is a Neapolitan noble; it has been some twenty years since he came to Paris. 'All humano sentiments are unmown to him: he saw his own father expire at his feet without giving him a louis d'or to save him. The maledictions of a multitude of families whom he has ruined by his infornal speculations, pursue him. He is hated by all who know him, and seems to be marked out for thespecial vengeance of

you, and you will now never see him more. This prediction was not verified, for on the ollowing night Vertua returned to the bank, where he lost much more than before but he remained calm. Night after night he lost until he had lost thirty thousand louis d'ors One night, the play had commenced a long time; he entered pale and weary, and placed himself near the table, with his eyes fixed upon the cards drawn by the Chevalier .-Finally, when the Chevalier had mingled the cards for a new game, the old man cried. n a tone which made the hearts of all who heard it tremble, "Stop!" Passing the crowd of players, he whispered to the Chev-

nituro, my wines and my jewelsforty seven thousand france?" "Good I" coldly replied the Chevalier,

and without turning from the old man, he mmenced the game The queen," said Vertua, and at the first blow the queen had lost! The old man fell insensible to the floor; but no one approach

The play having finished, the players dispersed. The Chevalier, aided by his cash- all the enticements of vice. He felt coner, swept the money from the table; then old Vertua advanced, like a spectre, and said in a gloomy tone: "Chevalier, yet one word, only one

"Ah I well, what is it?" said the Chevalier, locking his drawers, and regarding the old man with contempt. "I have lost my fortune at your bank," replied Vertua; "I have nothing left, nothing; I have nambere to my my mond, or to live on. Chevalier, I sock from you my refuge; give me but the tenth part of the

sum you have gained from me, that I may recommence my trade, and that I may relieve my wants." "What are you thinking of, Signor Vertua?" said the Chevalier : "knew ye over banker to give back his gains? know ye no

the rules that govern eards?" "You are right, Chevalier," replied Vertua; "my protonsions were absurd, exaggerated-a tenth part-no! give me only twentieth."

"I told you," replied the Chevalier, "tha I yield nothing back." "It is true," said Vertua, whose looks grew darker and darker; "but give me alms as a mendicant-give me but one hundred louis d'or from the riches hazard has won

"No! in truth!" cried the Chevalier angrily; "you know well how to torment people, Signor Vertua. I tell you I will not give you a single louis d'or. I am not going ogive you the means of continuing your ominable career. The destiny which a waits you, you have made for yourself... Vertua concealed his face in his hands, and sighed profoundly. The Chevalier ordered one of his porters to carry to his house a small casket which he had won, and turn-

ing to Vertua, said: "When, Signor shall I have the house nd furniture)

Vertua raised his head and said : "Now-this moment. Come with me." "Good," replied the Chevalier; "I will company you to your house, which you ust quit to-morrow."

·Whilst on the road there, neither spoke a word. Arrived at the house. Vertua knocked. and the door was opened by a little old woman, who exclaimed, on seeing him, "Ah! is it you? Marguerite has been muc terrified because of your absence."

"Silonco." raplied Vortue, "IT wish heaven she had not heard my knock." At hese words he took the flambleau from the hands of the old woman, who remained mohave tasted the poisoned cup; I can never | tiopless with surprise, and said to the Chev alier, "I am prepared for all; you hate me, you despise me but you do not know me .--Know that formerly I was a player as you, session of him. He had hardly patience and was followed by the same good fortune. enough to wait for the night in order to I traveled over Europe, and all that gold commence playing. His fortune was the could procure I had a beautiful wife, whom I neglected, and who was unhappy in the midst of affluence. One day there arrived at my bank a young Roman, who came to risk at my table all his great wealth. ·As I did yesterday, so did he. Like you, I refused even alms, and he drew his dagger and stabbed me. I was, with difficulty saved, and I was long getting well. My wife watched over me with such care that I began to feel as never before. I began to see faithful friend, a spirited and agreeable that I had crushed all my good and hely cavalior, a devoted lover of the ladies. His feelings.—Anguish filled my-breast,-whenardor for the sciences and the arts died out; reflected on these whom I ruined. My wife and upon those features pale and dead, in alone was able to banish these horrors withthose eyes fixed and hard, one could see dis- out names. I resolved never to touch anothtinctly the passion which devoured him. It er card. I recovered, closed my bank, and established myself in a little house near Rome. Alas I I had not been there more than a year, when my wife brought a daughter into the world, and died a few hours after. I fell into a profound despair; I accused Heaven of being unjust, and like a criminal, fearing solitude, I flew to Paris. Marguerite, the image of her mother, grew up under my eyes. All my affections were concentrated in her. It was for her that I clung to my fortune. It is true, I got out noncy at great interests, but it is a gross calumny that I cheated those who came to me. And who are my accusors? Miserable mon who have spent their all in dissipation, and whom, when I ask for the money they

owe me, regard me as a villain. It was not long ago that I saved a young man from infamy, and lent him a considerable sum of oney on his heritage. Would you believe it, Chevalier, that when I asked for it, he would not recognize me? I heard of your good fortune, and I determined to measure he luck that never yet deserted me, against yours. It was thus that I came to your bank, and I did not quit until the fortune of my Marguerite fell into your hands. It is done—allow me to have some of the clothes of my daughten?"

"Your daughter's wardrobe does not con cern me." said the Chevalier. "You may have also your beds and utensils of the kitch What have I to do with your miseries But take care you take away no object of value."

The old Vertua fixedly regarded the Chevalier during some seconds, burst into tears, fell on his knees, and cried with an accen of despair: "Have you a single humane sentiment? It is not me; it is my daughter bered his departing words, "I will return a whom you would ruin. O, have pity on gain," she clung to him with an inarticu her; give her but the twentieth part of that Heaven. Your great riches attract him to fortune you have won. O, Marguerite, my always to guard him from the vague mean daughter." And, sobbing, he pronounced ing contained in the words. still the cherished name of his child. "This comedy fatigues me," said the Chev-

alier, with indifference; but at the same miserable: it is he who, in the midst of rich- | ed" on his lips. os, is abandoned as in a solitude. Come,

Vertua fell without motion on the ground Marguerite raised him, took his hands, covered him with caresses, enumerated with the volubility of a child, all the talent she posessed, which would support them. She gave way to her tears, and abandoned to her

What wickedness could stand unmoved at this sight. The Chevalier experienced a vioent remorse. Marguerite scemed to be an angel come to disperse the illusion of folly, scious of a new flower which would change all his being. The Chevalier had never loved. The moment he saw Marguerite, he felt remorse without hope. He wished to speak but the words choked him, and he ould scarcely pronounce these words: 'Sig-

is yours-I will take nothing from youam your debtor-take it, také it." But Marguerite rose, advanced to the Chevalier, regarding him with a cold, haughty look, and said firmly: "Chevalier, know that we cannot regard you with anything but contempt. Take the treasure, to which

ing from you-behold my pocket-book-it

is attached the malediction which pursues you, unhappy player." "Yes," cried the Chevalier. "Yes, I am cursed, and may I descend to Satan if I ever let me live. O; life, life! Must I lose ouch again a card! And if you send me from you, Marguerite, you will cause my ruin. O! you do not understand me you take me for a fool. But you do not under stand all-I burn at your feet. Marguerito. my life or death rests with you-adicu."

At these words the Chevalier disappeared Vertua was penetrated to the bottom of his soul, and would persuade Marguerite to accept the present. Marguerite listened coldly, and thought of the Chevalier as with

CHAPTER IV.

To the great astonishment of all Paris, the bank of the Chevalier de St. Menars disappeared from the gaming salven. The Ober dier avoided all society—his love plunged him into a profound melancholy. He'frequented the most solitary promenades, and no day, whilst in the avenue of Malmaison, he met the old Vertue and his daughter.

Marguerite, who only recollected the face of the Chevalier as expressive of hardheartdness: was astonished to see him before er, pale, weak, trembling, and hardly able o raise his eyes to hers. She had learnt the night before the great change in his manner of living. She, she alone, had caused this change. She had saved the Chevalier from of living. ruin, and the vanity of woman was flattered of Marguerite was cruelly destroyed. The that on this falso pretence they carried the by this influence. Alas, when the Cheva- Chevalier treated her with indifference, even lier and her father had exchanged some compliments she saw that he was in an alarm-

ing state of health. The words of Marguerite produced a poworful effect. The Chevalier raised his head, he recovered the grace and amiability which had formerly gained him all hearts. Finaly, after some words, Vertua asked of him when he was coming to take possession of the house he had won.

"Yes," oried the Chevalier, "yes; butermit me to ask you when may I see you?"

"Come," replied Vertua, smiling. The Chevalier came in effect, and he came often. Marguerite saw him always with inug pleasure; he named her his guar heart, and she promised him her hand, to the great joy of Vertua, who thus saw his osses renaired.

Marguerite, the happy affianced wife the Chevalier, was one day sitting at the She opened her arms to him, and together window, and lost in her reveries of happiness, when a regiment of Chasseurs. who were going into Spain, passed by to the sound of the trumpet. Marguerite regarded But his bad name had preceded him, and he with interest these men destined to death in could not establish a bank, that cruel war, when a young man amongs

them raised his eyes to hers. "Adieu, Mademoiselle," he said, coldlyfarewell; but not forever. I will return main!"

Marguerite trembled violently. "Stay-stay," she gasped.

It was too late. The regiment had passlon, the music died away in the distance and the bright uniforms vanished. "Too late," she sobbed, and fell sensel

This young man was the son of a neigh bor, named Duvornet, who had been raised with Marguerite, and whom he was accustomed to see every day, and who had ceased coming to the house since the constant visits of the Chevalier.

Marguerite had loved him with all he soul, but she had forgotten him in the blaze of the Chevalier's great qualities. It was then that she understood him-his silent and discreet adoration she understood-his simple, ingenuous heart. This is what agitated her so when he appeared before her.

"It is too late! He is lost to me." said Marguerite, in the deepest anguish. She had the courage to combat the melancholy which overpowered her, and the effort calmed her. But it could not escape the penetrating looks of the Chevalier that something dark was on the soul of Marguerite. But he had too much delicacy to inquire into a cret which she wished concealed, and occupied himself with his marriage, which

was colebrated with much pomp. "I have now regained my lost happiness said the Chevalier tenderly, as he folded he in his arms on the morn of their marriage "Ah, my life-my soul-you have indeed

dearly blessed me."
Marguerite shuddered. The spectre of the young officer seemed to rise between herself and her husband; and as she remem late exclamation that she might be near him

The Chevalier had for Marguerite the greatest imaginable tenderness. He fulfilled all her desires, he regarded her with pro moment the door opened, and a young girl found veneration, and the recollection of entered, clothed in a white night robe, pale | Duvernet was in time offaced from her soul. as death, and threw herself into the old The first thing that assailed them was the man's arms, crying, O, my father I my sickness and death of old Vartua. Since father ! I have heard all-all. Have you, the night when he had lest his fortune at then lost all? Have you not your Marguerite? | the bank of the Chevalier, he had never Fear not for me. O, my father, you have touched a card. But in his last moments humbled yourself long enough before this play had seemed to have entirely filled his proud man. It is not you who are poor and soul, and he expired with the word "gain-

Marguerite was beside him in his last hours.

NO. 49. TERMS: -- \$2,00 in Advance, or \$2,50 within the year. "O, my child, my child!" groaned the retched man, convulsed with agony; "tell

me'I have not destroyed you. Tell me that

you are happy, and that you did not curse

Marguerita knelt by his side, and kissed his throbbing brow.

The old man smiled, and for a short time

lay motionless. The Chevalier entered the him, and in a strange tone said : "The cards! Bring me the cards for the

last time. Ah, ha, Chevalier, let us see who shall win now ?" Marguerite motioned that her husband should yield to the fancy of the dying man, and the table was brought to the bed. Propped by pillows, Vertua shuffled the cards with his palsied hands, laughing in a

low voice. "Chevalier," he said, "the luck has al ways been with you. But it will desert you metime, mark my words. . Twenty thou

They played. Vertua won.

"Ah !" was all he said. The game continued. Vertus won again He uttered a shrick like that of a lost spirit. "I have not lived long enough," he howled: "my luck has come too late. must not die now. Let me live. O Godthee now? Chevalier, I have triumphed. Your luck has departed. Ha, hat Destiny has done the work. The awful hand of ret ribution will come to thee as it has to me if thou returnest to the gaming-table. O, beware of it—beware. Touch not another card. It will cost thee thy happiness-thy ortune-thy life. Guard Marguerite, love ner tenderly, and as you deal with her, so may a just God deal with you."

Maugerite uttered a shrick of horror Vertua fell back a corpse. In his hand tightly clenched, was the card which had won his fortune. It was the queen of clubs

CHAPTER V.

In her profound griof, Marg not keep off a secret terror, in thinking of the manner in which her father had died The image of that frightful night once more rose up before her. A secret presentimen of evil came over her, which was too soon

to be realized. Soon after the death of old Vertua, the Chevalter, partly from the solicitations of one of his former croupiers, again set up his former bank. The good fortune of ol den time still abided by him; victims upon victims fell under his blows, and gold abounded on his tables. But the happiness with contempt. The servants were all changed, and Marguerite soon found herself surrounded by strangers. Often, in her sleepless-nights, she listened to the noise of the door of his apartment shut with a great noise, and then a torrent of tears escaped

put an end to her life. Her petition was soon to be granted. There arrived one day at the bank young man, who lost his all, and then blew his brains out. The sight, and the blood spattering over them, soon dispersed the ed if they were fools enough to mind that, The players were horrified; all men hated loathed him. Rumors of cheating spread. The police fined him, and closed the bank. Almost heart broken, he flew to his wife. they quitted Paris for Genoa. her birth place. There he lived for some time very retired,

But soon his fatal passion aroused him During this time, a French colonel, retired from active service on account of wounds. held the richest bank in Genon. The Chevalier's heart was full of envy and hate

against him. The Colonel received him with joy.
In effect, in the beginning, the Chevalier won, as usual; but when, fired by pride, he sought to break the bank, he lost an im-The Colonel, who, ordinarily, was as cool

n gain as in loss, received the money with signs of the most lively joy. At this moent fortune foorsook the Chevalier. From that night he lost, until he posess ed no more than two thousand ducats. This night he was going out to risk them, when Marguerite antreated him to renounce his design, and not to plunge himself and her

into misery and despair. The Chevalier rose, pressed softly her and, and said, sorrowfully : "My dear Maguerite I cannot accede t your prayer. But this is the last time, by all that is sacred. Be tranquil, my dear,

sleep quietly." The Chevalier embraced her, and disappeared. In two games he lost all he pos essed. He remained immovable for some time, paralyzed with horror.

"Will you play again Thevalier ?" said the Colonel, mingling the cards for a new game "I have lost all," replied the Chevalier with frightful calmiess. "But you have a handsome wife," said the

Colonel in a low voice, still mingling the eards. "What do you mean?" said the Chevalier n a strange voice. "Ton thousand ducats against Marguerite said the Colonel, without turning towards

Great heavens!" cried the Chevalier. "Twenty thousand against Marguerite' mid the Colonel, still dealing the cards. The Chevaller was silent and breathless

The Colonel lost his game. .... "The luck may turn, Chevalier," smiled he Colonel, and a color came into his cheeks. "You have been a fortunate man all your life. You are a bold man. You have done things which other men would not have done-things which other men would not have dared. The goddess Fortine will not remain long with such a subject as you. Come, forty thousand against Marguerite."

"Fifty thousand against Marguerite," sai the Colonel. The Chevalier trembled violently.

Villian I" hissed the Chevalier.

"Seventy thousand against Marguerite !

There was a pause. Great drops of perspiration stood on the forehead of the Chev-

"I will do it," he whispered convulsively. I place my money on the queen of clubs.

The game commenced. At one blew the Chevalier lost, Horrortricken, he gazed at the card which had worked his ruin. The hideous face of the queen seemed inspired with diabolical meaning; and as he regarded it, the veil which had hid the past seemed drawn aside. and he remembered it was the card which he had seen in Vertua's dead hand. The Colonel stood before the Chevalier, his face convulsed by a mocking smile.

"Well!" he said. "What wish you," wispered the Chevalier. "You have reduced me to beggary. Is my wife a slave, to be sold as merchantdise! But it is true, I owe you seventy thousand ducats, and I have lost all right to my wife. Come with me, but despair, if my wife repulses you, and refuses to become

"Despair yourself," replied the Colonel. "Do you think me'a fool. - I am certain of her heart. Learn, Chevalier, that your wife already loves me. Know that I am Duvernet, raised with Marguerite, attached to her with the most ardent love; that Duvernet who was destroyed by your intrigues. A demon suggested to mo to ruin you at play. applied myself to studying it for years. I followed you here, and I succeeded. Let us go to your wife."

The Chevalier's cup of misery was now complete. This sequel was only wanting to complete it?

"Lat Marguerite decide," said he, in a low voice. And with a trembling step he led the way. Arrived at his home, the Chevalier threw himself at the Colonel's feet and implored him to leave him his wife.

"It was thus old Vertue knelt to you without your pity," replied the Colonel inexorably. "The vengeance of Heaven now hangs

Thus speaking both entered the room of Marguerite. All was silent. A dim light was burning,

and revealed the form of Marguerite lyingon a couch, with her eyes closed. She was dressed in white, and was deadly pale: but a heavenly expression rested on her beautiful face. It was like that of some fair martyr. The two guilty men paused, as sinners pause on the threshold of Heaven. There was a breathless stillness. The Chevalier trembled with agony, while the Colonel's eyes flashed with the ardent desire of a lov-

He advanced a step. "Hold!" shricked the Chavaller, and ha threw himself forward, and drawing his dagger, stabbed his wife to the heart. Then in frightful tone he cried :

"Advance, you have gained-her! Take The Colonel approached precipitately,full

of horror-there was not a sign of life-Maaguerite was dead, and the Chevalier, with the bloody dagger, stood above her like one struck dumb. The Colonel, with a groan that seemed to rend his broast, fled from the house forever. OUR readers will remember that in 1844

the Loco-Focos professed to be better tariff

men than the friends of Honry Clay, and

In-1846 they repealed the tariff, stoutly denying that they had ever been its friends. During the whole Rebellion it was noterious that they were the secret enemies, and, the Chevalier entering the house. She heard is far as they dared be, the open oppnoents his rough monosyllables to his people, heard of the war. Since its suppression they have claimed to be its exclusive friends, and have

denounced the Republicans as disunionists from her eyes and she called on Heaven to and the enemies of the country. Now we venture the prediction that a before two years they will deny that they ever were opposed to the colored race, and that through their boldness in advocating the claims of the negro, will even induce the unwary to doubt the evidence of their senses, t is a little startling, but "the thing that hath been, is the thing that shall be." Mark

The National Debt.

The Philadelphia Press gives the following encouraging exhibit of the public in-

"The financial measures devised by Con-"The financial measures devised by Qongress, sustained as they are, by the wonderful energies and patriotic self-denial of the American people, have been remarkably successful, and are pouring into the national treasury-larger revenues than are received by any European Government. They far exceed the current expenditures. Noirly \$260,000,000 of the public debt have been read off during the next year and \$100. \$200,000,000 of the public debt have been naid off during the past year; and \$100,-000,000 during the four months ending on the 31st of October. There was besides in the Treasury at that date, more than \$130,-000,000, of which \$94,413,03 was in coin. 000,000, of which \$94,413,08 was in coin. The interest-bearing debt now amounts to less than \$2,000,000,000. These results would have appeared incredible in the dark days of 1861-2. In former days it was the highest glory of a brillhant Administration to wipe out in a series of years such a debt as we have liquidated in a few brief months. "The secret of this fextraordinary Anan-cial success is, of course, to be found in the extraordinary productiveness of American industrial pursuits and resources, and which,

including agriculture, manufactures, com-merce, and the rise in the value of real and personal property, are estimated to yield per annum more than \$6,500,000. A comparatively small tax upon this immenso expenditures and to provide for the gradual extinction of the national debt. As this burden was entailed by the rebellion, the only danger that even remotely menaces our financial future arises from the muchinaions of the rebellious States and their symuthizers in the North. To guard agai this poril, we need wise logislation, reconstration on a basis that will not weigh down the nation forever with inpudent Southern claims and traitorous threats of repudintion, and the continued determination of patricular tic citizens to preserve the national credit ntarnished. Mr. Nasby Vindicated.

Mr. Nasby Vindicated.

The German Conservatives of Cincinnati have had a very pretty quarrel with Andrew Johnson, and, as usual, Andrew gets the worst of it. President Lincoln commissioned a German, Mr. Mair, as Postmaster of that city. His administration of the office was satisfactory to the public, but he refused to swing round the circle with A. J., and so his head was cut off. The German Johnsonites of Cincinnati promptly came forward with a candidate for the succession—Licutonant Ahlers, a wounded Union soldier. They sent, a man to Washington to insist upon his appointment; but the President turned a deaf car to their entreaties, and appointed the candidate of the ington to insist upon his appointment; but the President turned a deaf car to their entreaties, and appointed the candidate of the American Johnsonites, Colonel Taylor. At once the Gormans revolted, and sent a protest to the himble individual, in which they tell him he had proclaimed his intention to appoint wounded soldiers to office, but that his action in this case shows the profession to be false. And, finally, they wind up by giving Mr. Johnson distinct notice that they no longer regard him as the exponent of their principles, or the leader of the "Mational Union" party.

Mr. Johnson thus loses a powerful element of strength in Ohio, by disrogarding the advice of the Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby, Mr. N. told him long ago that he should dispones nothing but promises, and make no actual appointments, because the moment he should appoint a man to office, the Johnson party would be reduced to that one man; whereas, so long as a hundred expected the place, the Johnson party would be sure of a hundred expected the place, the Johnson party would be sure of a hundred expected the place, the Johnson party would be sure of a hundred woods.

said the Colonel, calmly.