The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 68. Carlisle, Pa., Friday, April 24, 1868. NO. 17.

RHEEM & DUNBAR, Editors and Proprietors. TERMS:—$2,00 in Advance, or $2,50 within the year.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

U. S. PATENT AGENCY. C. L. Lochman, 21 Main Street, Carlisle, Pa., executes drawings, specifications &c., and procures patents for inventors. 14feb 68-1y.

ADAM KELLER, Attorney-at-Law Carlisle, Pa. Office with W. M. Penrose Esq. Rheem's Hall. sept27 67-0m*

J. M. WEAKLY. W. F. SADLER.
WEAKLEY & SADLER.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office No. 10 South Hanover street Carlisle Pa. nov15-67.

C. P. HUMRICH. WM. B. PARKER
HUMRICH & PARKER.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Main St., in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa.

G. M. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Real Estate Agent, Shepherdstown, West Virginia. Prompt attention given to all business in Jefferson County and the Counties adjoining it. January 10, 1866.—1 y.

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, Attorney at Law Office in South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's dry good store Carlisle, Pa. September 9, 1864.

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

J. B. ZEIGLER Attorney at Law, Saint Paul Minnesota. Communications from the East properly responded to. 3jan-1m*.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.—GEO. S. EMIG, Office, in Inhoff's Building, with W. J. Shearer, Esq. Prompt attention paid to legal business of all descriptions. Sept 68-1y.

J. D. ADAIR, Attorney At Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office with A. B. Sharpe, Esq., No. 17, South Hanover Street. May 17—1y.

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

J. R. MILLER Attorney at Law. Office in Gannon's building immediately opposite the Court House. 22nov 67 1y

LAW CARD.—CHARLES E. MAGAUGHLIN, Attorney at Law, Office in the room formerly occupied by Judge Graham. July 1, 1864—1y.

M. C. HERMAN, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa., No. 0 Rheem's Hall. July 1, 1864—1y.

SAMUEL HEPBURN, Jr., Attorney at Law. Office with Hon. Samuel Hepburn, Main St. Carlisle Pa. July 1, 1864.

WILLIAM KENNEDY, Attorney at Law, No. 7 South Market Square, Carlisle, Penna. April 19, 1867—1y.

W. M. B. BUTLER, Attorney at Law and United States Claim Agent, Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa. Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay &c., promptly collected. Applications by mail will receive immediate attention, and the proper blanks forwar ed. No fee required until the claim is settled. Feb. 14th, 1867—tf.

DR. GEORGE S. SEABRIGHT, Dentist, from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. ☞ Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther street, three doors below Bedford. July 1, 1864.

GEO. W. NEIDICH, D. D. S.—Late Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Office at his residence opposite Marion Hall, West Main street, Carlisle, Pa. July 1, 1864.

DR. HARTZELL, Allopathic Physician and Accoucheur, having permanently located in Leesburg, Cumberland county, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the public.—Special attention given to diseases of women and children.

REFERENCES.
JOHN G. OLICK, M. D. Waynesboro,
Dr. SAMUEL G. LANE, Chambersburg.
Hon. ED. McPHERSON, Gettysburg.
ISAAC SNIVELY, M. D. Waynesboro.
S. D. FROUTZ, Waynesboro.
N. B. Always found in his office when not otherwise professionally engaged. June 21—tf.

RAILROADS.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAILROAD COMPANY.

FREIGHT DEPOT, CARLISLE.

The Cumberland Valley Pennsylvania and Northern Central Rail Road Company have made arrangements to do a

Joint Freight and Forwarding Business

between the Cities of Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York. The Cumberland Valley Rail Road Company opened their Freight Depot at Carlisle on the 1st of January 1866 for the receipt and shipment of all goods entrusted to them.

Freight to be forwarded by this arrangement must be left at Penn'sylvania Rail Road Company Depot corner of 15th and Market St., Philadelphia. North ern Central Rail Road Company's Depot Baltimore, and Cumberland Valley Rail Road Company's Depot at Carlisle.

The public will find it to their interest to ship through the Rail Road Company's Freight Houses and by Company Cars.

O. N. LULL, Sup.
J. E. D. RIGGS, Freight Agents Carlisle.
dec.22-65.

C. V. R. R. CHANGE OF HOURS.

On and after MONDAY, May 21st, 1866, Passenger Trains will run daily as follows, (Sunday excepted)

WESTWARD.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves Harrisburg 8.40 A. M., Mechanicsburg 9.19, Carlisle 9.57, Newville 10.34 Shippensburg 11.05, Chambersburg 1.10 P. M., Green castle 1.43, arriving at Hagerstown 2 10 P. M.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Harrisburg 2 00 P. M., Mechanicsburg 2.23, Carlisle 3.05, Newville 3 40, Shippensburg 4.10, Chambersburg 4 50, Greencastle 5.25, arriving at Hagerstown 5.55 P. M.

EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Harrisburg 4.15 P. M., Mechanicsburg 4.51, Carlisle 5.31, Newville 5.53, Shippensburg 6.21, arriving at Chambersburg at 8.20 A. M.

A MIXED TRAIN leaves Chambersburg 8.20 A. M., Greencastle 9.30, arriving at Hagerstown 10.15 A. M.

EASTWARD.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves Chambersburg 6.00 A. M. Shippensburg 6.30, Newville 6.51, Carlisle 6.35, Mechanicsburg 7.04 arriving at Harrisburg 7.35 A. M.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Hagerstown 8.10 A. M., Greencastle 8.45, Chambersburg 9.25, Shippensburg 9 55, Newville 10 20, Carlisle 11.03, Mechanicsburg 11.37, arriving at Harrisburg 12.10 A. M.

EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Hagerstown 12 00 M., Greencastle 12.30, Chambersburg 1.10, Shippensburg 1.43, Newville 2 15, Carlisle 2.55, Mechanicsburg 3.26, arriving at Harrisburg 3.55 P. M.

A MIXED TRAIN leaves Hagerstown 3 05 P. M., Greencastle 4.00, arriving at Chambersburg 4.50 P. M.

☞ Making close connections at Harrisburg with Trains to and from Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburg, Baltimore and Washington.

O. N. LULL, Sup't.

RAIL ROAD OFFICE, Chambersburg, May 17, 1866.

READING RAIL ROAD.

On and after Nov. 25, 1867, trains will run as follows:

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE North and North West for Philadelph a, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c., &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 3.50, 5.25, and 8.10. A. M., and 2 05, and 9.35 P. M. connecting with similar Trains on the Pennsylvania Rail Road, and arriving at New York at 5.10, 10.15 and 11.50 A. M., and 3.40, and 9.30, P. M. Sleeping Cars accompanying the 3.00. A. M. and 9.35 P. M. Trains without change.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Pt o Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8.10, A. M., and 2 05, and 4.10, P. M. stopping at Lebanon and Principal Way Stations; the 4.10, P. M. making connections for Philadelphia and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn via Schuylkill, and Susquehanna Rail Road, leave Harrisburg 3.55 P. M.

Returning: Leave New York at 9.00, A. M., 12.00, Noon and 5.00 and 8.00 P. M.; Philadelphia 8.15, A. M. and 3.30, P. M. Way Passenger Train leaves Philadelphia 7 30, A. M., returning from Reading at 6.30, P. M., stopping at all Stations, Pottsville at 8.45, A. M. and 2.45, P. M., Ashland 9.00, a. m. and 12.10, m. and 2 00, P. M.; Tamaqua at 8.30, A. M and 1.00, and 8.45, P. M.

Leave Pottsville for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Rail Road at 7.10 A. M. and 12.00 noon.

Reading Accommodation Train: Leaves Reading at 7.30, A. M., returning from Philadelphia at 4.00 P. M.

Pottstown Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottstown at 6.45, A. M. returning leaves Philadelphia 5.00, P. M.

Columbia Rail Road Trains leave Reading 7.00, A. M., and 6.15, P. M. for Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 6.00, P. M.; Philadelphia 8 00, A. M., and 6.15; P. M.; the 8.00 A. M. Train running only to Reading; Pottsville 8.00, A. M., Harrisburg 5.25 A. M. and 4.10 and 9.55, P. M., and Reading at 1.00, and 7.15 A. M. for Harrisburg, and 7.05 A. M. and 11 40, P. M. for New York and 4.25, P. M. for Philadelphia.

Commutation, Milesage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates. Baggage checked through; 100 pounds allowed each Passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS, Gen Sup't.

Reading, Pa., Nov. 25, 1867.

FOR SALE

A tract of valuable Timber Land containing ONE HUNDRED ACRES, lying on the South Mount in 3 miles above Mt. Holly, known as *the steam saw mill property*. The tract is most favorably located, easy of of access and the timber of the best quality.

For terms &c., apply to A. L. SPONSLER.

DRY GOODS.

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

GREAT DECLINE IN PRICES

AT THE NEW AND CHEAP CASH STORE,

CORNER OF HANOVER AND POMFRET STEETS.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he is receiving almost daily from the Eastern cities, a large invoice of New and Cheap Goods, such as,

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

French Merinoes, Mohairs, Poplins.
Black and Fancy
French Repps,
Plain and Fancy De Laines,
Plain and Fancy Alpacas,
Poplins.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!

BROCHA LONG AND SQUARE,
LONG AND SQUARE WOOLENS
BREAKFAST SHAWLS in great variety and very cheap

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES!

French, German and American Cloths, Black and Fancy Cassimeres, Doeskins, Black and Fancy Over Coatings, Sattinetts, Kentucky Jeans, Undershirts and Drawers.

DOMESTICS!

Bleached and Brocha, Table Diapers, Counterpanes, and Quilts, Cotton Flannels, Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, Tickings, Checks, Towels, Napkins, &c.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

ON THE CORNER OF

HANOVER AND POMFRET STREETS,

the room formerly occupied by B. R. JAMESON & Co.

THOS. A. HARPER.

CASH! CASH!

I have this day commenced selling of my entire stock of Winter Goods at greatly reduced prices for cash.

FRENCH MERINOES, REPPS, ALPACAS, PARMETAS, WOOL PLAIDS, and other Dress Goods, at Cost.

Shawls, Blankets, Flannels, Lindseys, &c., at very great bargains.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, CASSINETTS, &c., very low.

BALMORALS, Lower than ever sold in Carlisle.

Muslins, Ginghams, Canton Flannels, Tickings, Checks,

All the best make CALICOES, at 12½ cts.

As my stock has been bought since the great decline in prices, great bargains may be expected. Some articles less than cost to reduce my stock as soon as possible.

CHAS. OGILBY, No. 47, West Main Street.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

LADIES' Misses and CHILDREN'S Boots and Shoes, of the very best makes, at cost to close out the stock. O. O.

1867. SPRING. 1867.

BARGAINS.

NOW OPENING IN

DOMESTIC GOODS,

DRESS GOODS, CASSIMERES, SATINETS, JEANS,

WHITE GOODS,

DRESS TRIMMINGS, ZEPHYRS, RIBBONS, NOTIONS, &c.

AT

RING'S NEW STORE,

No. 55 WEST MAIN STREET.

Opposite the Mansion House, next to Post Office, Carlisle.

GENT'S FURNISHING AND VARIETY STORE.

No. 13 South Hanover Street.

The subscriber begs leave to inform gentlemen and housekeepers and the public generally, that he has now and will keep constantly on hands, a large and elegant assortment of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, such as Cotton Merino and Woolen Shirts and Drawers, Hoslerieas all kinds, Black and White Kid Gloves, Thread and other Gloves, Neck Ties, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Gents' Traveling Bags, Linen and Paper Collars, Cuffs, &c. Also, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, consisting in part of Cedar and Willow Waresof all kinds, Chamber sets, Brushes and Combs, all kinds Rugs Buckets, Foot Tubs, Soaps, Perfumeries, Pens, Stationary, &c. Don't forget the stand, No. 13 South Hanover Street, two doors, South of Washmood's Grocery Store, Carlisle.

C. INHOFF.

may24 67-tf.

LOOK OUT DRY GOODS MEN TO THE PUBLIC.

I have just returned from the East with my Spring Stock, and as usual, I am selling Goods a little cheaper than any other Dry Goods House in town. I do not think it necessary to occupy a column of newspaper to endeavor to keep up my reputation for selling cheap Goods, nor do I wish to resort any clap trap to gull the public. All I ask of them to call and examine for themselves, and if not satisfied with the prices, not to buy. Remember the stand No. 32, North Hanover street, next door to Dr. Kieffer's, and Miller & Bowers' Hardware store.

WM. A. MILES.

P. S. I will say nothing about my third and fourth grand openings.

april19 67.

HOTELS.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY HOTEL,

CORNER OF MAIN & BEDFORD STS., CARLISLE.

The undersigned desires to inform his friends and the traveling public that he has taken charge of this well known stand, and is prepared to accomodate visitors with boarding and lodging, on reasonable terms.

His table is supplied with the best the market affords. His bar contains the choicest of liquors. His departments are commodious and airy; his stable is in charge of a careful and experienced ostler, and he hopes to be able to give entire satisfaction to all his guests.

JOHN B. FLOYD. may3,67ly.

HUTCHISON'S HOTEL,

Late Brady House,

CORNER OF STATE & THIRD STREETS,

Immediately in front of the Capitol,

D. H. HUTCHISON, Prop'r. Harrisburg, Pa.

Jan 4 67-tf.

ISAAC K. STAUFFER

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

No. 148

NORTH 2D ST., COR. OF QUARRY,

PHILADELPHIA.

An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware constantly on hand.

SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

☞ Repairing of Watches and Jewelry promptly attended to. 16dec 67 1y.*

Wm. A. DROWN & CO.,
Umbrella & Parasol Manufacturers,
246 MARKET STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

Invite attention to their stock of

PARSOLS,
SUN UMBRELLAS,
GINGHAM SUN UMBRELLAS,
SILK AND GINGHAM UMBRELLAS,

For sale at the lowest prices of the day. 3apr1-1m.

HOOFLAND'S BITTERS.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

AND

Hoofland's German Tonic,

Prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Great Remedies for all Diseases

OF THE

LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Hoofland's German Bitters

Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medicinally termed, *Extracts*) of Roots, Herbs and Barks, making a preparation, highly concentrated, and entirely *free from Alcoholic admixture of any kind.*

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of *Santa Cruz Rum*, Orange, etc., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

These preferring a Medicine free from Alcoholic admixture, will use

Hoofland's German Bitters.

In cases of nervous depression, when some alcoholic stimulus is necessary,

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC

should be used

The Bitters or the Tonic are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues.

The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, etc., is very apt to be deranged. The result of which is, that the patient suffers from Nervous Debility, have its functions of which is, that the several or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhœa, Disease of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY.

Resulting from any Cause whatever: PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM, induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Exposure, Fevers, etc.

There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole System, the Appetite is Strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

Persons Advanced in Life,

And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instil new life in o their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

NOTICE.

It is a well-established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own expression, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.

To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN

Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMUS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those, it will be observed, are men of note and of such standing that they must be believed.

TESTIMONIALS.

Hon. Geo. W. Woodward.

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pa., writes:

Philadelphia, March 16, 1867

"Find Hoofland's German Bitters' is a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and in case of debility, and want of nervous action in the system. Yours truly,

GEO. W. WOODWARD."

Hon. James Thompson.

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, April 28, 1865.

"I consider 'Hoofland's German Bitters' a *valuable medicine* in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.

Yours, with respect,

JAMES THOMPSON."

From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, *for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.

Yours, very respectfully,

J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates St.

From Rev. E. D. Fendall,

Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly,

E. D. FENDALL.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Principal Office and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH Street, Philadelphia.

CHARLES M. EVANS,
German Druggist, Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. Jackson & Co.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICES.

Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle $1.00
" " " half dozen 5 00
Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles, 1 50 per bottle, or a half dozen for 7.50

☞ Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

POETICAL.

SPRING.

Spring is coming! the sweet young Spring!
Her beauty and praise let the whole earth sing!
She's tripping along from the sunny land,
With the seeds of flowers in each lily hand,
With a smile of love and a queenly air,
And a wreath of young violets in her hair;
There's sunlight and shade on her polished brow,
And the wind kisses roughly her pale cheeks now.

O, welcome to Spring, the laughing Spring!
For joy to each heart comes her coming bring,
Old winter has fled to his ice fettered zone,—
His sceptre is broken, demolished his throne;
And the songs and the tears which attended his flight
Where songs of rejoicing and tears of delight,
O, here's beauty and grace in bestowing a tear
To the farewell sigh of the Winter drear!

Thrice welcome to Spring! the emerald Spring!
Let valley and hill-top the loud welcome ring!
Whilst sweet warbling songsters their tribute song raise.
All tongues should be vocal with heart-gushing praise
How rosy the mornings! How balmy the air!
The perfume of freshness is breathed everywhere;
And the dew-spangled landscape beams soft on the sight,
Like the eyes of a maiden, pure, sparkling and bright.

O! Welcome to Spring, the life-giving Spring!
With balm and with nectar on each zephyr's wing;
She comes to the chamber of sorrow and pain,
To quicken the hopes that have languishing lain;
The current of life in the sad heart to renew,
And mantle the cheek with health's roseate hue;
To cheer the desponding to battle again,
And polish the links in life's mystical chain.

There's a spring time of life for the frost-bound soil,
There's a spring-time of hope for the sons of toil;
There's a spring-time of joy for the bleeding heart,
For the sorrow that weeps from the world apart;
Then welcome the spring, the glorious Spring!
Her lessons of love let us thankfully sing,
Whilst hope's sweet pleasures with rapture unfold,
To soar to the Spring which immortals behold.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON DUTY.

"It is God's will, and I must submit." This pious utterance came from the lips of a woman on whose hair the moonlight rested around whom floated the perfuming of all the floral censers in the vast garden. Her voice was tremulous, yet firm.

"Ellen, Ellen, when will you learn that you are a free agent?" urged her companion, impatiently.

"I am *not*, John, in this matter. Obedience is clearly my duty, here.

"Obedience which forces you to cast me off? Ellen, you have studied your Bible to little purpose, if you do not know that a wife should leave home and parents, to cling to her husband."

"I am not your wife, John."

"Not my wife? Then love, and vows, hopes, kisses, and prayers all go for nothing! It is only the 'I will,' spoken before the priest—only that momentary clasping of hands that would make you a wife! Ellen, I tell you that you became my wife with the first kiss—do you remember that first kiss, dearest—that you gave me."

She faltered and trembled.

"Ah!" he said, in the sweet, persuasive tones that had moved her, "my darling, do not persist in your cruel purpose, and wrong two hearts, and break one utterly. If you will, weigh my claim against his, and choose that which will bring you most happiness."

"O! you *know*, John, on whom my choice would fall?" she asked, so pleadingly he could only comfort her with his gentle—

"I know, darling."

"Then be sure that only because I feel it to be a stern duty—owed to them whose child I am—do I crush out all my heart to do their bidding. Be *sure* of that, John.

For a long minute his eyes searched her fair face, and she saw in them the soft love-light slowly die, and a stern, hard look came, under which she quailed visibly.

"Ellen, I cannot believe you capable of trifling with me, now. The woman who could yield so much to duty, could not commit that wrong! If you sin here, it is from an ignorance so pitiable—poor child! that I must not be harsh. Look deep into the heart you have told me was mine, and tell me if there lurks in it the shadow of a hope that I can win you from this cruel course you are set upon?"

"There is none," she answered, faintly.

"I must go, on!"

"Have you thought well of all the shame?" he broke in, hoarsely. "Of how you must deceive this man who takes you to his heart, your place being here?"

"If there be shame for me, the saints have borne greater, and shall I shrink from duty through an unworthy fear? That were, indeed, a shame too great to bear. But I will not deceive him—he shall know"—

"Ellen, Ellen! respect my love, respect my bitter grief and shame! You have no right to tell him how my heart is bowed down and left desolate, that his home may be bright with an abiding love. In so far, at least, you have a duty towards me, the outcast, and, though you will not hear my prayers, you dare not despise your potent watchword!"

"John, you are very cruel!" she murmured, as if the unwilling words were forced from her pale lips.

He laughed bitterly. "Cruel, am I? Have we changed *rôles* so soon? But there, my darling, my little trembling dove"—he stopped short, groaning. "I forget—not mine! You see my heart has grown so wonted to its happiness, it is slow to learn that misery is to be its portion henceforth! Forgive me, Ellen, if I speak bitterly; I would not pain you, but—my love dies hard! What tears? O, Ellen, for your own sake now—not mine alone—I ask you to pause and think again of what you are doing."

"John, you try me to the full extent of my endurance; you probe my heart to the quick! Well for me that I have something mighter than my own human weakness to lean upon in this awful hour, or I should earn your lasting contempt and my own! You say truly that Duty is my watchword, then how can I waver? Do not prolong this agony. I must go my way, and you yours. Let us part."

"Child, go your way, and Heaven send that your path lead not to martyrdom. There, the death-warrant is signed!" He wrung her proffered hand, and flung it from him with a groan. "Oh! that I could tear that fair, child's face out of my heart! The memory of the smiles and kisses that sweetened the past will not poison the future."

She heard him, but wisely crushed back a sob that shivered on her lips. In a moment he had turned from the struggle calm and courteous, with the gentle voice and bearing she had loved so well, and thrilled at long before this time when they came to have no secrets from each other.

"Ellen, my pride is powerless here, because I know that you love me even while you deal so with me. Long ago I gave you my heart and life to do what you would with them. You will that the heart should die and the life pass on unblest. I he'd you in my heart as my wife, and gave you all her rights; but we do not think alike on many points, and you cast away the crown and love, thinking your first duty not yet mine. I cannot strive with a woman; my strength seems misplaced so opposed. I will protest against your determination no longer, but bid you choose your own road to happiness. If in the future you should find that you had mistaken duty, I pity you for you will find that it involved a deep wrong to others, and you will suffer. Forgive me if, in my pain, I have forgotten you—it is the first time, Ellen."

In the silence she fancied a light touch fell upon her hair, the bright hair he so loved, then she heard a fervent, low-breathed—

"God bless you!"

When she dared to look up she was alone. A while she waited among the odorous flowers—her eyes uplifted beyond the stars, her lips moving without sound.

And so it was that John Kemper and Ellen Tynsdale, fond lovers, and faithful, though they were, parted, and the hard and hopeless word "Forever" arose between them, a grim wall which there was no passing.

Ellen Tynsdale was the only child of New England parents. She had inherited the cast of mind and character which education had done its utmost to develop into the same unflinching, stern regard for duty; also the somewhat one-sided view of that Christian principle that drew the Puritanic characteristics into such strongly sombre relief, as contrasted with the brilliant and frolicking cavalier and royalist, in the days when pretty orange-girls basked in the light of royal smile at White Hall, and the Round Head party bemoaned the death that had left them leaderless. Those wranglers and their strifes were long dead, but their deathless principles, cropping out here among New England valleys, sancturies later, had power to part a tender, clinging girl from a brave and faithful lover.

It seemed as if her charcter had imbibed something from the bleak blue hills that shut in her home from the rugged, rock-strown valley, with its sterile soil; she was so sternly set so unyielding, so hopelessly in earnest, for one with so fair a face, a smile so faintly sweet, and eyes so trustingly tender.

Her father refused the consent John Kemper asked, briefly and without reason, unless to tell her, "I have set my heart on seeing you the wife of Alan Wyverton; he is worthy of you, and so married you will be respected and happy," was to give her a reason. The mother appealed to—for Ellen did not yield without a struggle—had no answer except her husband's, as became a worthy helpmeet. "Your father knows best. You are too young to set your judgment against his!" But, woman-like, she descended to details. "Wyverton is a worthy man, old enough to guide your youth, steady, and settled in life. He is a professor, respected in the church, and of consequence in the society. He is a man of substance, moreover, and offers you a good home. What has John Kemper?" Ellen was too wise to answer, "his profession," which was equivalent to "nothing," just then; and the words talent or "genius" representing no quotable stock, no paying investment, stood so far below the tangible good of railway coupons, and bonds, and mortgages, that it was worse than useless to suggest them. So like many another she had to sit silent and see her fate mangled and mishapen for her by others.

The discarded lover went his way. True to the nobility of his manhood, to the love in his writhing heart, he uttered no groan; he accepted his fate in silence, and left Ellen in peace to fulfil the part she had chosen.

If she ever faltered, which she may have done in the dark, and unhappy midnight, his silence, his absence, made her feel that it was too late. If she grew pale, who was always like a white rose for fairness, she grew firmer also, when the wedding-day came round, and donned her bridal garments with a careful hand, showing no tremor. She had prayed, and read, and meditated herself into a strength sufficient for the hour, and perhaps she was indeed blessed, as she fancied, not knowing, even then, how cruel a wrong she was doing her own heart, and his.

The wedding guests said that Ellen Tynsdale was the loveliest bride ever seen, and her very bridemaids, forgetful of the elderly, sober groom, sighed with envy of the stately great mansion and the wealth of which Ellen was become the mistress.

She bore the greetings, the ceremony, the laughter, and congratulations well, but it was noticeable that she shivered through all her slender frame, that her lips grew ashy white and quivered, when the old minister formally and quaintly saluted her as "Mistress Wyverton."

In the life that followed, the dreary weeks and months lengthening into years, the revelation came of what she had done. The long days of sole companionship with him to whom she had bound herself, showed her by slow degrees the full horror of her mistake.

Underlying the simple severity of Ellen's nature, were the fine instincts and delicate appreciativeness which tend it down to pure womanliness. Her soul fed on all in the beautiful, and was keen to detect its presence in whatever from takes. The perfumy breeze floating from the meadow and gathering sweetness from myriads of unseen, trembling bells; the glory of a sunset cloud; the quiet of a summer heaven, touched her with emotions she could not utter; and so, too, with music—with a poem; wherever Truth and Purity spoke, lived the beautiful for, her whether it found its expression in art or nature. Her soul rose within her, as if its wings had burst their bonds, and then fell drooping, lifeless, through want of sympathy. Her heart had no companion for its necessities; her soul froze, blighted by the black frost of uncongeniality.

A black season of self-tormentings came upon her. She well nigh grew morbid over the "might have been" which she rashly dared to recall. Bitter, indeed, were her thoughts, striking deep root into the bitterness of her days.

Through all one summer Ellen neglected the garden which had been the pride and delight of her other years. Not a weed did she uproot, not a flower gather to bloom in her hair, or brighten the sombre rooms of her house. Yet, self-sown, the flowers grew among the weeds, and bloomed wildly, untrimmed and straggling about the path. She still chose to walk there, in the summer twilight, contemplating the waste with a bitterness that had grown dearer than pleasanter thoughts to her now.

One evening, standing before a stately lily, beautiful in its perfect flower, and shaking sweetness upon every ripple of the air, she seemed to recognize in it something of her former self—the lost stately calm and sweetness of her youth. Suddenly setting her slender foot upon its stem, she broke it, exclaiming, with a jarring laugh:

"The primrose on the river's brim
A yellow primrose was—to him,
And—it was *nothing more!*".

So she went in, and never cared to look again; but the next evening she came unawares to the spot, and found the lily scentless withered, and trampled into the earth. She did not forget the lily, but she refused the lesson.

The days went by slowly enough, and horrible, in the monotony, to her rebelling heart. There was no pause in the silent strife that wore upon her. And autumn came, with its mockery of bright fires on the hearth, foreshadowing what the winter nights would be, long and silent, he sitting there dozing over the newspaper, filling the quiet with the sonorous, long-drawn breathings of a weary man's slumber; she, opposite, more weary, speechless, intent upon thought, or trying to escape it, while her slight fingers were busied with some trifle of woman's work. She thought it all over, as she sat in silence, shading her eyes.

Alan, from a deep abstraction, suddenly looked up. "Wife," he said, "that weedy spot at the south of the house was where you grew your flowers last year, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Have you given it up?"

"The flower garden? yes. I have enough to do within the house, and gardening tries me more than it used, I think."

"It's a capital piece of land, capital; a great shame to have it run to waste. I've a mind to turn the plough in there, this fall, and in the spring plant it to cabbages. There is a demand for them in the market, and it's a good plan to make the ground pay its own taxes, and a profit too, if it will. What do you say?"

"As you please, of course," she replied, indifferently.

She stole away while he was napping by the fire, and walked down the paths. The moonlight showed her the weeds still rank, the flowers all blackened and dying from the early frosts. "Like my life, like my life!" she murmured, as the dismal wind blew around her, laden with no odors from the dead flowers she had failed to tend. Sitting down on the low stone wall at the foot of the garden, wrapping her shawl closer around her, and smiling somewhat bitterly, she said:

"The cabbages will be better tended! I have proved to be but a poor husbandman."

The conscience that was not dead within her stirred, giving assent, and brought her to the tribunal to answer for her failure.

"What path brought you to this?" it demanded of her. "Was it the path of duty? Then why do you faint by the way? The demands of duty are as potent now as then. Has your strength failed so soon after the sacrifice, that you cannot obey? What is it in your heart, where love once ruled? Bitterness and rebellion!" And you, so strong to hush the despairing cry of love, have you no strength to quell these unruly guests that mar your womanhood? Have you mistaken, as he told you?"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried at that. "I suffered too much! It cannot be that I erred there!"

"Then live in error no longer; having done so much for duty's sake, do more," the conscience within her urged—and she listened.

Now it was that the true nobility of her nature rose and saved her from herself. She went back to the house, and in her chamber prayed humbly, as she had not prayed for many months, and the heart from which her prayer sped held a simple, childlike faith that the needed help would be vouchsafed her. Her restoration to her old simple creed was the silent work of many prayers, and it went on with as many lets and hindrances as Christian's progress, not wanting in sloughs of despond, castles doubting, and giants despair, to waylay and weary her. She thought—so slow was her progress, so many her retrogressions—that the time would never come when the burden would drop from her shoulders; but she went on, and day by day gained some little step. She became the wife of Alan Wyverton, "cabbages! I will teach him to find a dearer profit in beauty than in the rustle of bank-notes." Then the old bitterness would arise in the scornful thought, "It is not pleasant to teach one's husband that there are other needs than those which money can buy, other gains than those of filthy lucre." Blushing with shame that the need was, and shamed to be so shamed, she sped to her kitchen, and did penance for the thought by making with her own hands a delicate dessert of which her husband was fond; even trying to take pleasure in his satisfaction when he partook of it.

Matters cannot go very widely wrong in a household where one member tries conscientiously to regulate his life according to the rule of duty. Where there had never been open discord there now abode a sweet peace, that was almost like happiness—the quiet-toned happiness of puritanic growth, which goes hand in hand with thrift, order, and comeliness of life.

Ellen suffered no more weeds in her garden, no more night-shade in her heart. She grew nearer to the beautiful, in taking it home to her bosom. Perhaps she never ceased to feel the burden, but she, grew stronger to bear it; and with the increase of years she became less restive in the yoke, and lifted her heart in thanksgiving for what of peace and good fell to her lot.

The fortunes of John Kemper changed when they had touched the profound of grief and disappointment. He had seen all the dearest ties of kinship severed by death and lived hopefully on. When finally he lost his love by a cruelter blow than death, he lost hope, and drifted without effort, a wrecked and tired-hearted man. To crown misfortune a few months after Ellen Tynsdale became for him only Mrs. Wyverton, another death left him the means to be idle. There being no necessity to work, energy died out in him, and a genius was lost to the world. That his nature did not turn acrid, was owing to its inherent sweetness, and he was too great, too true a man to turn cynic, though perhaps many of his moods took on a dash of wholesome bitterness from the sorrow which had changed all the tenor of his life. Purposeless and restless he wandered over the world seeking and finding—nothing. He never entertained the possibility of replacing his love, but had a new face sought him unawares, gladly would he have yielded his heart to the fresh wiles, and welcomed the new comer, who should make that desolation blossom again with the sweeter dews of maturer love.

Men sometimes dream of old hopes and dead desires, and he—in the green balcony of many a German sun, with meerschaum between his lips, the sound of band music in his ears, and the