The Hallow-Eve My[illegible]y. Hall.

A Legend of The B[illegible]

CHAPT[illegible] BURNING HEARTS.

THE BERNERS OF [illegible] like the lava flood
"Their love [illegible] E na's breast of flame,"
That bu[illegible]

[illegible] d of a dark aut[illegible] best
Near th[illegible]ears ago, a youn[illegible]
man [illegible] their bride himself and
turnin[illegible] at the old Lyon Berners.
stea[illegible] a hack, [illegible], and two servan's.
[illegible] a private parlor and
The [illegible]unciating for our own use,
his [illegible] bedrooms for our ser-
[illegible] said Mr. Berners, as he handed
hat and cane to the bowing waiter.

"Certainly sir. What would you like for tea?" asked the landlord.

"Oh, anything you please, so that it is nice and neatly served," said Mr. Berners, with a slightly impatient wave of his hand as if he would have been rid of his obsequious host.

"Ah-ha! anything I please! It is easy to see what ails him. He lives upon love just now: but he'll care more about his bill of fare a few weeks hence," chuckled the landlord, as he left the public parlor to execute his guest's orders.

The bridegroom was no sooner left alone with his bride than he seated her in the easiest armchair, and began with affectionate zeal to untie her bonnet strings and unclasp her mantle.

"You make my maid a useless appendage dear Lyon," said the little lady, smiling up in his eyes. "You love me so much, dear Lyon! You love me so much! Yet not too much either! for oh! if you should ever cease to love me, or even if you were ever to love me *less*. I—I—dare not think what I should do!" she muttered in a long, deep, shuddering tone.

"Why, Sybil, my wife—you beautiful mad creature! You are a true daughter of your house! A Berners of the burning heart! A Berners of the boiling blood! A Berners of whom it has been said, that it is almost as fatal to be loved as to be hated by—"

Suddenly in the midst of their converse they heard the sound of weeping—low, deep, heart-broken weeping.

Both paused, looked at each other, and listened.

The sound seemed to come from a room on the opposite side of the passage to their own apartment.

"What is that?" inquired Sybil, looking up to her husband's face.

"It seems to be some woman in distress," answered Lyon.

"Oh! see what it is, dear, will you?" entreated Sybil.

She was herself so happy, that it was really dreadful to be reminded just then that sorrow should exist in this world at all.

But if she could have foreseen the woe that was to come to herself, to her husband, and to the object of her sympathy, she would have held Lyon back, as with the grip of fate, from the mission on which she now sent him.

For the weeper was a beautiful woman—a deserted wife—named Rosa Blondelle, who, although but a few days landed from Europe, had been robbed of her jewels and money by her husband, and then left to her fate in that Norfolk hotel.

Sybil was deeply moved by this lady's story, and insisted on taking Mrs. Blondelle home with her to Black Hall, and Mr. Berners gave his assent to her wishes.

But before they got ready to set out on their journey, Sybil bitterly repented of the arrangement. Mrs. Blondelle was so enchantingly lovely, that Mr. Berners at once began to yield to her charms; and Sybil, for the first time, saw him pay the homage of admiration to other beauty than her own.

This kindled the fires of jealousy in her heart, and by the time they reached Black Hall those fires had become fanned into an inextinguishable flame.

And no Berners had ever been known to forgive an object of jealousy.

Black Hall, the abode of Mr. and Mrs. Berners, was a palatial old Virginia mansion, situated in the heart of the Black Valley, a few miles from Blackville, the county town. It had been in Mrs. Berners' family for generations, and was renowned for the scenes of gayety and hospitality which had transpired beneath its roof.

Mrs. Berners, the last of her race, to give vent to the emotions of her restless, jealous heart, resolved to inaugurate the festivities of the olden time, and for that purpose announced a mask ball for the ensuin All-Hallow Eve, and at once set about getting all things in readiness.

One day while she was absent at Blackville, making purchases, Lyon and Rosa became so absorbed in one another, as to become oblivious of the entry of Mrs. Winterose, the old housekeeper, who found them sitting closely side by side, her hand clasped in his. On Sybil's return, the old housekeeper described this scene to her, with many exaggerations.—The revelation seemed to freeze Sybil into ice.

"*Oh, my heart! my heart!*" she moaned turning deathly pale. And then, after a long silence, she bitterly added, "Deceived! Betrayed! Scorned! Laughed at! Well, well!" she continued, nodding grimly; "well, well, since deceit is the fashion of the day, I too will be in the fashion; I too will wear a mask of smiles! But behind that mask, I will watch!—Oh, how I will watch! Not as my fancy-ball alone will I play a part, but before it, and perhaps, *after it*. None shall ever know how I watch, what I see, until I descend with the fell swoop of the eagle. And henceforth let me remember that I am a daughter of the house of Berners, who never failed a friend or spared a foe. And oh, let the spirit of my fathers support me, for I must ENDURE until I can AVENGE!"

And oh! could those trifiers with sacred love—those wanderers on the brink of a fearful abyss—have seen the look of her face then, they would have fled from each other for ever, rather than to have dared the desperation of her roused soul.

But they saw nothing, knew nothing, suspected nothing!

And thus all the three drifted towards the awful brink of ruin.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST FATAL HALLOW EVE.

It was All-Hallow Eve a night long anticipated with delight by the whole neighborhood, and much longer still remembered with horror by the whole country.

It was the occasion of Sybil Berners' mask ball; and Black Hall, the Black Valley, and the town of Blackville were all in a state of unprecedented excitement; for this was the first entertainment of the kind that had ever been given in the locality, and the gentry of three contiguous counties had been invited to assist at it.

The throng at Black Hall was great, and the characters assumed by the maskers were various and well sustained.

But far the most beautiful, far the most terrible figure in the pageantry of the evening, was Sybil Berners! She had chosen for her character the unprecedented part of the impersonation of the Spirit of Fire. It suited well with her whole nature. Her costume was but the outward sign of the inward fervor.

Sybil had confided the secret of her costume to no one but her husband, who was himself attired as "Harold the Saxon," while Mrs. Blondelle assumed the character of "Edith the Fair."

Sybil had not been long in the room before the coquetting of her husband and Mrs. Blondelle drove her nearly to distraction. Observing that whenever she came near them, they were on their guard, Sybil exchanged disguises with one of her guests and intimate friends, Beatrix Pendleton, and was thus enabled to watch her husband and his companion without the least restraint.

Sybil observed that a maskor, representing Death, whom nobody seemed to know, watched Mrs. Blondelle as closely as she did herself; and she subsequently had occasion to remember and shudder at that fact.

Seeing the watched couple seat themselves on a small sofa in one corner of the room, she glided to an ottoman near them, in time to hear Mrs. Blondelle say:

"No, Lyon, your wife is not my friend—she is my deadly enemy. She is fiercely jealous of your affection for me, though it is the only happiness of my unhappy life. And she will make you throw me off yet."

"Never! no one, not even my wife, shall ever do that. I swear it by all my hopes of—"

Sybil glided away. She could hear no more.

Supper-time drawing near, when all the guests would have to unmask, Sybil and Beatrix rexchanged costumes, and went down to the drawing-ro[illegible] as the last quadrille [illegible] the supper-the company be their masks, and supper-room [illegible] and placed for [illegible]

As each [illegible] and left at the door room, the company filled the room, [illegible] was shown, but "Death" was [illegible] to be seen.

At last the party broke up. Only a few of the guests remained all night. These were shown to their rooms, and the others having gone, as fate would have it, Mrs. Blondelle went into the little reception parlor to meet Mr. Berners, who assured her that thenceforth he could never extend to her more than a brother's affection.

"Then give me a brother's kiss," she sighed, "That is not much to ask, and I have no one to kiss me now. So give me a brother's kiss, and let me go," she pleaded, plaintively.

He hesitated for a moment, and then bending over her, he said:

"It is the *first*, and for your own sake it must be the *last*, Rosa!" and he pressed his lips to hers.

It *was* the last as well as the first; for at the meeting of their lips they were stricken asunder as by the fall of a thunderbolt!

And Sybil, blazing with wrath, like a spirit from the Lake of Fire, stood between them!

She looked not human—with her whole face and form heaving, palpitation, flashing forth the lightnings of an er!

"SYBIL!!" exclaimed her husband, thunderstruck, appalled.

She waved her hand toward him, as if to implore or command silence.

"I have nothing to say to you," she muttered, in low and husky tones, as if ashes were in her throat. "But to YOU!" she said, and her voice rose clear and strong as she turned and stretched out her arm towards Rosa, who was leaning in affright against the wall—"to YOU, traitress, who has come between the true husband and wife—in the morning you must leave the house you have desecrated! for if you do not, or if ever I find your false face here again, I will tread down and crush out your life with less remorse than ever I set heel upon a spider! I will, as I am a Berners! And now, begone, and never let me see your form again!"

Rosa Blondelle, who had stood spellbound by the terrible gaze and overwhelming words of Sybil, the wronged wife, now suddently threw up her hands, and with a low cry fled from the room.

And Sybil dropped her arm and voice at the same instant, and stood dumb and motionless.

And now at length, Lyon Berners spoke again:

"Sybil!" he said, "this house is yours! You must do as you please. But this I tell you: that in the same hour which sees that poor and friendless young creature driven from the shelter of this roof, I leave it too, and leave it forever!"

If Lyon Berners really meant this, or thought to bring his fiery-hearted wife to terms by the threat, he was mistaken in her character.

"Oh, go!" she answered, bitterly—"go as soon as you like, Lyon Berners. Good night, and—good bye!" she said, and with a wave of her hand she passed from the room.

He was mad to have spoken as he did; madder still to let her leave him so! how mad, he was soon to learn.

Lyon Berners remained walking up and down the room some time longer. The lights were all out, and the servants gone to bed. Yet still he continued to pace up and down the parlor floor, until suddenly piercing shrieks smote his ear

In great terror he started forward, and instinctively rushed toward Rosa's room, when the door was suddenly thrown open by Rosa herself, pale, bleeding from a wound in her breast.

"Great Heaven! What is this? he cried, as, aghast with amazement and sorrow, he supported the ghastly and dying form, and laid it on the sofa, and then sunk on his knees beside it.

"Who, who has done this?" he wildly demanded, as, almost paralyzed with horror, he knelt beside her, and tried to stanch the gushing wound from which her life blood was fast welling.

She opened her bloodless lips, now paling in death, and gasped forth the words;

"She—Sybil your wife. I told you she would do it, and she has done it. Sybil Berners has murdered me," she whispered. Then raising herself with a last dying effort, she cried aloud, "Hear, all! Sybil Berners has murdered me." And with this charge upon her lips, she fell back DEAD.

Even in that supreme moment Lyon Berners' first thought, almost his only thought, was for his wife. He looked up to see who was there—who had heard this awful, this fatal charge.

All were there! guests and servants, men and women drawn there by the dreadful shrieks. All had heard the horrible accusation.

And all stood panic-stricken, as they shrank away from one who stood in their midst.

It was she, Sybil, the accused, whose very aspect accused her more loudly than the dying woman had done; for she stood there still in her fiery masquerade dress, her face pallid, her eyes blazing her wild black hair loose and streaming, her crimson hand raised and grasping a blood-stained dagger.

"O, wretched woman! most wretched woman! What is this that you have done?" groaned Lyon Berners in unutterable agony—agony not for the dead beauty before him, but for the living wife, whom he felt that he had driven to this deed of desperation.

"Lyon Berners, do you believe me guilty?" she asked.

He looked up, and their eyes met. If he had really believed her guilty he did not now. He answered briefly and firmly:

"No, Sybil! Heaven knows that I do not! but explain this horrible business—if you can!"

"The explanation is this," she said, emphatically. And then her voice arose clear, firm and distinct, as she continued:

"I was in my chamber, which is immediately above that occupied by Mrs. Blondelle My chamber is approached by two ways, first by the front passage and stairs, and secondly by a narrow staircase running up from Mrs. Blondelle's room. I do not know how long I had sat there, when I heard a piercing shriek from some one in the room below. Instinctively I rushed down the communicating stairs and into Mrs. Blondelle's room and up to her bed, where I saw by the light of the taper she was lying. Her eyes were closed, and I thought at first that she had fainted from some fright until, almost at the same instant, I saw this dagger—this hero Sybil stooped and picked up the dagger that she had dropped a few minutes before—"driven to its hilt in her heart. Instantly the opened wound spirted up, covering my hand and sleeve, with the accusing stains you see! With the flowing of the blood her eyes flew wildly open! She gazed affrightedly at me for an instant, and then with the last effort of her life, for which her heart lent her strength, she started up, and fled shrieking to this room. I, still holding the dagger that I had drawn from her bosom, followed her here. And—you know the rest," said Sybil; and overcome with excitement, she sank upon the nearest chair to rest.

Her story had evidently made a very great impression upon the company present. But Lyon Berners suddenly exclaimed:

"Good Heavens! that lady's mistaken charge has put us all off the scent, and allowed the murderer to escape. But it may not yet be too late! Some clue may be left in her room by which we may trace the criminal! Come, neighbors, and let us search the premises."

And Lyon Berners, leaving the shuddering women of the party in the room with Sybil and the dead, and followed by all the men, went to search the house and grounds for traces of the assassin.

But the search proved fruitless. No trace of an intruder could be found, nor was there any evidence of robbery. Furthermore, all the windows were found fastened *on the inside. They had been no way of entering the murdered woman's room except by the stairway leading from Sybil's chamber.*

Captain Pendleton, an old lover of Sybil's, and a brother of Beatrix, saw that there was no safety except in instant flight. He whispered Lyon to take Sybil to her room, and then to meet him on the back piazza. This was done, and then the captain unfolded his already matured plans. Lyon adopted them at once; and under the skillful management of Captain Pendleton and Beatrix, they got out of the house unseen, and were soon on their way towards a place of concealment known as the Haunted Chapel where now and unexpected horrors awaited them.

CHAPTER III.

THE HAUNTED CHAPEL.

The Haunted Chapel in which Mr. and Mrs. Berners were going was in a dark and lonely gorge on the other side of the mountain.

They arrived safely at the old ruin, where in the course of the day they were joined by Mrs. Berners' faithful servant Joe, whose affection for his mistress had led him to play the spy, and find out where she was going, and secretly follow her with provisions and means for making her somewhat comfortable.

The fugitives felt so depressed, that even the cheerful supper supplied by Joe could not relieve them of the overshadowing gloom which had settled on their hearts. A strange drowsiness soon oppressed them, and they sunk into a deep sleep, as though they had been drugged with some powerful narcotic. Mr. Berners was aroused before daylight by Joe, who instantly drew him outside the chapel in alarm.

Sybil, left alone in the Haunted Chapel, continued to sleep soundly. How long she had slept she never could tell, when she was suddenly and fearfully aroused.

She felt hands at work about her person. They were creeping under her shoulders and under her purse; they were lifting her from her mattress. Her eyes flared open in wild affright, and she saw two black shrouded forms, the one at her head, the other at her feet.

She tried to cry out in her agony of terror; but her voice died away in her bosom, and all her powers seemed paralsed. They raised her up, and bore her on—great heaven! whither?

To the open door of the vault under the chapel, from whose haunted depths a spectral light gleamed!

They bore her down the dreadful steps, and laid her on the deadly floor!

The iron door clanged loudly to, resounding through the dismal arches.

"We have her now!" muttered a hoarse voice. A hollow laugh responded.

And Sybil swooned with horror!

When Sybil recovered from her death-like swoon, she found herself in a spacious cavern of such exceeding beauty and splendor that for an instant she lost sight of her terrors in her astonishment and admiration, and then her eyes settled upon a figure who seemed the sole occupant of this place.

This was a young girl, who, with her red cloak thrown mat-like on the moss, was seated upon it cross-legged in the Turkish fashion. Her elfin face, her malign eyes, her wild, black hair and picturesque costume, were all so in keeping with the aspect of the place, that one might have deemed her the spirit of the cavern.

The two women looked at each other in silence for perhaps half a minute; and then Sybil spoke:

"What place is this? Who are you? Why am I brought hither?"

"One question at a time," answered the girl. "What place this is concerns you little. I am a gipsy, and my name is Gentilleka; why you are brought here, ah! that concerns you very much! It concerns your liberty, and perhaps your life."

"I do not believe it! You have had me torn away from my husband! Where is he now?" haughtily demanded Mrs. Berners.

"He is likely in the hands of the constables, who are by this time in possession of the Haunted Chapel. But fear nothing! He they will release again, for they have no right to detain him; but you they would have kept, if they had caught you. The constables were coming there for us, but they would have found *you* had we not brought you away with us. That was my doing. I made your removal the condition of my silence."

"But when will you communicate with my husband, to relieve his dreadful suspense?"

"As soon as it shall be safe to do so. Our first care must be to our own safety, but our second will be yours."

Sybil said no more at the moment; but sat looking at the speaker, and thinking of all that had befallen her in the Haunted Chapel.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROBBER-CHIEFTAIN.

He was the mildest mannered man That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat.

Sybil had passed the day in the robbers' den with her strange companion, who astonished her by stating that the captain of the band had been present at her masquerade. Late in the afternoon, dinner was announced, at which several of the robbers appeared, with Moloch, a gigantic ruffian, at their head. Moloch was the lieutenant of the band, and in the absence of the captain, ruled with brutal sway. Becoming inflamed with wine, he took a seat by the side of Sybil, threw his arm about her, and attempted to imprint a kiss upon her lips.

Sybil struggled in terror, and the gipsy girl cried out:

"Men! why don't you interfere? He is rude to the lady!"

"We never meddle between other men and their sweethearts. Do we, mates!" called out one.

"No, no, no!" answered the others.

"Oh, if Satan were here!" cried the girl, in despair.

"SATAN IS HERE!" responded a voice close by.

And the robber captain stood among them as if he had risen from the earth.

Moloch dropped Sybil, and cowered in the most abject manner.

Sybil looked up, and turned cold from head to foot; for in the handsome, stately, graceful form of the brigand chief, she recognized the finished gentleman, who, in the character of "Death," had danced with her at her own mask ball, and—the probable murderer of Rosa Blondelle.

While the walls of the cavern seemed whirling around Sybil, the robber captain calmly came up to her, lifted his hat, and said:

"Spirit of Fire! I am happy to welcome you to your own appropriate dwelling place;" and then, without expecting an answer, he turned to Moloch, and said, in his smoothest tones:

"Be so good as to give me this seat, sir!"

But Sybil saw that the giant turned pale and trembled like the fabled mountain in labor, as he left the seat by her side, and slunk into another at some distance.

The wine passed freely at the robbers' table, and the men grew merrier, wilder, more uproarious. Sybil became very much alarmed; and not so much by the noisy orgies of those rude revellers, as by the dreadful gaze of Moloch fixed upon her from the opposite end of the table where, he sat, and the offensive language of Satan's eyes whenever they turned towards her.

At length, unable to bear the trial longer, she arose from her seat, and courteously to these brigands as she would have done to any set of gentlemen of whom she was taking leave, Sibl left the cavern, followed by Gentilleka, the gipsy girl.

"I must take you to another grotto. You must occupy mine to-night," and the girl, with evident reluctance.

"But, oh! why, why may I not stay with you? I am afraid to sleep alone in this terrible place!" pleaded Sybil.

"I have a reason, but I cannot tell it to you now. Yes, I will, too! I will tell you at all risks! Then it is this: My chamber is not safe for you! I myself am not strong enough to protect you! You might be carried off forcibly from my side! I must hide you where no devil may find you to-night!" whispered the girl.

"Oh, do not leave me here alone!" pleaded Sybil. "If I must stay, stay with me! I do not fear death; but oh! I fear these men! do not leave me!"

"I must for your own safety. They must not miss me, or their suspicions will be aroused."

Then pointing to a bed of moss, and recommending her guest to lie down and seek repose, the gypsy girl glided away through the labyrinth of caves and was lost to sight and hearing.

Sybil's first impulse was to start up and run after her hostess, but she restrained herself, and sank half-fainting upon the heap of moss.

There was but a faint sparkling of light in the cave, coming through a crevice in the roof through which the moonlight entered.

"Seek repose," had been the advice of Gentilleka.

Sybil dared not seek if she could, and could not have found it if she had. Hour after hour passed in trance like stillness and silence, when she fancied she heard a creeping, stealthy step approaching. Nearly frozen with terror, she listened and watched more intently than ever. Alone helpless, in darkness and solitude, what horrid fate must she meet? the creeping, cautious step drew nearer, nearer.

Oh! heaven! it was no fancy! The entrance of the cavern was more deeply darkened for one moment, and then the huge form of Moloch stood within the cavern and nearly filled it up.

Paralyzed with horror, Sybil could neither move nor cry out—not even when the monster approached her, and put his profane hand upon her face. The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, which is for sale at all the book stores and news depots. Ask for the number dated June 26, and in it you will find the continuation of this beautiful tale. The Ledger has the best stories of any paper in the world; and Henry Ward Beecher, James Parton and Fanny Fern have articles in every number.

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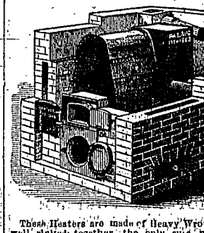
FANCY DRESS GOODS.
In new and Rich Designs
Many of the above Goods selling off at at greatly reduced prices.
Immense Stock of all the leading Brands of Domestics and HOUSE FURNISHING DRY GOODS, at less than regular prices.
BLEACHED & BROWN SHEETINGS.
PILLOW CASE MUSLINS, PILLOW CASE LINENS, TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS AND DOYLIES.
Towels and Towellings.
Marseilles Quilt and Table Covers, Nottingham Lace Curtin Material and Tidys.
Full lines of
WHITE GOODS,
Embroideries, Laces and Insertings, Veils, Borages and Crapes.
Hosiery and Gloves in great variety, an extensive Stock of
NOTIONS.
BALMORAL AND HOOP SKIRTS,
FANCY WOOLEN GOODS.
CORSETS! CORSETS!
French Wove, Hip Gore, and the celebrated Beckel Corsets.
Ladies Cuff and Collars Hemstitched Tucked and Embroidered Handkerchiefs.
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO CASH PURCHASERS.
THOMAS A. HARPER,
Cor. of Hanover and Pomfret Sts
11dec 68-1y.

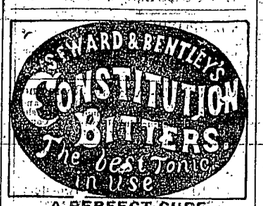
BARGAINS!
AT
W. C. SAWYER & Co's.
W. C. SAWYER & CO., calls the attention of the public, to their immense Stock of Fancy and Striped
DRY GOODS
Consisting of
SILKS,
POPLINS,
EMPRESS CLOTHS,
MERINOES,
ALPACAS, &c., &c.
CARPETS! CARPETS!!
Such as
BRUSSELS THREE PLY,
INGRAIN,
VENITIAN
COTTAGE,
RAG,
LINEN and HEMP,
in great variety.
OIL—CLOTHS,
RUGS, SHADES, &c., &c., which will be sold very cheap.
CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,
HOSIERY,
GLOVES,
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,
of every kind and the cheapest quantities. We will make great sacrifice and offer a fine assortment to select from.
Please remember this large Stock will be sold, and we ask prices with a view of closing out the entire Stock.
All who wish cheap DRESS GOODS,
All who want a SUPERIOR
All who want a cheap HOUSE FURNISHING
Goods,
All who want DRY GOODS of any kind
call at W. SAWYER & CO's.
East Main Street.
5feb 69
1867. SPRING. 1867
BARGAINS
NOW OPENING IN
DOMESTIC GOODS
DRESS GOODS,
CASSIMERES,
SATINETS,
JEANS,
WHITE GOODS,
DRESS TRIMMINGS,
ZYPHERS,
RIBBONS,
NOTIONS, &c
AT
RING'S NEW STORE,
No. 55 WEST MAIN STREET.
Opposite the Mansion House, next to Post Office
Carlisle
ESTABLISHED 1851.
J. REYNOLDS & SON,
N. W. CORNER 13TH AND FILBERT STREET.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
Sole Manufacturers of the Celebrated
WROUGHT-IRON, AIR-TIGHT,
Gas-Consuming Heater
WITH PATENT DUST SCREEN,
GRATE BAR RESTS, and
WROUGHT-IRON RADIATOR.



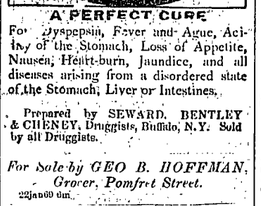
These Heaters are made of heavy Wrought Iron well riveted together, the only sure prevention against the escape of Gas or Dust. They are easily managed without any damp or [illegible]. The Patent Radiator avoids the use and annoyance of drums, and is permanently attached to the Heater. This is the most durable, simple, oeconomical and popular Heating Apparatus ever offered for sale. They are all guaranteed.
COOKING RANGES for Hotels and Families,
PORTABLE HEATS &
LATROBE HEATERS
LOW DOWN GRATES, SLATE MANTELS,
REGISTERS and VENTILATORS.
We are also manufacturing a
NEW PLATE HEATING RANGE.
Send for our illustrated pamphlet.
april 23,69-1y.

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING.
GEORGE B. FOOTE respectfully informs the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity that he continues to carry on the above business in all its various branches, in the basement of Rheem's Hall, in Church alley, where orders will be thankfully received and promptly executed.
Orders left at the *Herald* Office will receive prompt attention.
GEO. B. FOOTE.
30feb-69 tf.

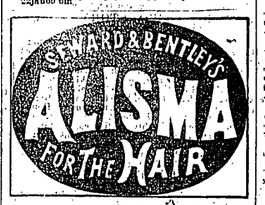
MISCELLANEOUS.



A PERFECT CURE
For Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Acidity of the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Heart-burn, Jaundice, and all diseases arising from a disordered state of the Stomach, Liver or Intestines.
Prepared by SEWARD, BENTLEY & CHENEY, Druggists, Buffalo, N.Y. Sold by all Druggists.
For Sale by GEO B. HOFFMAN, Grocer, Pomfret Street.
22jan69 dm.



Restores gray and faded Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOR, removes Dandruff,
CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE SCALP,
Prevents BALDNESS, and makes the hair grow Soft, Glossy and Luxuriant.
$1.00 and $1.50 per Bottle. Each Bottle in a Neat Paper Box.
Prepared by SEWARD, BENTLEY & CHENEY, Druggists, Buffalo, N.Y. Sold by all Druggists.
For Sale by GEO. B. HOFFMAN Grocer, Pomfret Street.
22jan 69-6m



A Safe and Speedy Cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma Bronchitis, Hoarseness Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient, Consumption, and all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Don't neglect a severe Cough, or throw away money on a worthless medicine.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE
Prepared by SEWARD, BENTLEY & CHENEY. Druggists, Buffalo, N.Y. Sold by all Druggists.
For Sale by GEO. B. HOFFMAN, Grocer, Pomfret Street.
22jan 69-6m

SPRING GOODS.
We have just returned from the city with a very large and splendid assortment of seasonable goods, which we are selling off rapidly at LOWER PRICES THAN THE LOWEST, our stock of
DRESS GOODS,
is very full and complete; the styles are unsurpassed. We have splendid
SILKS, DELAINES, ALPACAS, CASSIMERES
and many new style Goods, GINGHAMS, CALICOES, HOSIERY, GLOVES, RIBBONS, TRIMMINGS, TICKINGS, MUSLINS, SHAWLS, BLANKETS, FLANNEL all grade HANDK'S
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
Satins, Cottonades, and the largest stock of small wares and Trimmings in the valley.
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,
MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS, CARPET CHAIN'ON Cotton, Linen and Wool, best make. Our CARPETS are conceded by judges to be the cheapest outside of the great cities.
This stock of goods is very large, well assorted and will be sold off at reduced prices. It is not necessary to find a column of exaggeration of our stock; but we invite all to call and see for themselves, all we ask is to think all satisfy themselves that this is the place to buy for profit. Yours, &c.
Sept 68 BENTZ & CO.
FINE CLOTHING TO ORDER AND READY MADE
ISAAC LIVINGSTON,
No. 622, NORTH HANOVER ST.
I invite the attention of my old customers and the public in general to my large and brilliant stock of WINTER GOODS, which now, Nothing daunted, my Cloth department comprises the finest and most select of clothing, and materials, which my study and the Clothing trade fully and most tastefully go ten up.
I cannot and will not be undersold.
ISAAC LIVINGSTON,
No. 622, North Hanover St., Carlisle.
N. B. Still selling the Florence Sewing Machines, Jenny 69

BOWER'S
COMPLETE MANURE,
MANUFACTURED BY
HENRY BOWER, Chemist,
PHILADELPHIA
MADE FROM
Super-Phosphate of Lime Ammonia & Potash
WARRANTED FREE FROM ADULTERATION.
This manure contains all the elements to produce large crops of all kinds, and is highly recommended by all who use it, also by distinguished chemists who have, by analysis, found it equal to any.
Packed in Bags of 200 lbs. each.
DIXON, SHARPLESS & CO.,
AGENTS,
30 South Water & 40 South Delaware Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA.
FOR SALE BY
WILLIAM REYNOLDS,
70 South Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
And by dealers generally throughout the country. For information, address Henry Bower, Phil'a.
12feb 69,1y.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—I am now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at their homes, the whole of the time, or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Fifty cents to $5 per evening is easily earned by persons of either sex, and the boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. Great inducements are offered to one who will devote their whole time to the business; and that every person who sees this notice, and may send me their address and test the business for themselves, I make the following unparalleled offer: To all who are not satisfied with the business, I will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing me. Full particulars, Directions, &c., sent free. Sample sent by mail for 10 cts. Address, E. C. ALLEN, Augusta, Me.
Apl 2-3m.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
North Hanover Street, Carlisle,
W. E. KARNS, PROPRIETOR.
HAVING established myself in this well known and popular HOTEL, I most respectfully solicit the patronage of the old customers of the House, and all others who wish to receive good accommodations and attention.
DON'T FORGET THE OLD STAND.
Apl 2 6m. W. E. KARNS.

J. L. STERNER'S
LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Between Hanover and Bedford Streets, in rear of the German House.
CARLISLE PENN'A.
Having fitted up the Stable with New Carriages &c., I am prepared to furnish first-class turnouts at reasonable rates. *Favorites taken to and from the Springs.* J. L. S.
2nov 68 1y.

GEO. G. DOSH'S is the place to get a good five cent cigar. Between Rheem's Hall and the Franklin House.
30july-68

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SINGER.

SEWING MACHINES

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO'S NEW FAMILY MACHINE—the other family Sewing Machine has so rapidly won favor in the household. The very large sales of that popular machine has shown by official returns, far exceed those of any other company, and this fact or result has been wing to its real merits—hence its great and growing popularity. It