THE CARLISLE HERALD.

J. M. WEAKLEY, J. M. WALLACE. CARLISLE, PENNA., THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1871. TERMS: $2.00 a year, IN ADVANCE. $2.50 if not paid within the year.

CARDS.

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ATWOOD, RANCK & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Wholesale dealers in all kinds of
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COYLE BROTHERS.
NOTIONS, WHOLESALE
AT CITY PRICES.
Constantly on hand, such as hosiery, gloves, suspenders, neck ties and bows, shirt fronts, cambric and linen handkerchiefs, linen and paper collars, and cuffs, trimmings, braids, spool cotton, wallets, combs, stationery, wrapping paper and paper bags, drugs, soaps and perfumery, shoe black and stove polish, ladies, cigars, &c., &c.
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DENTISTRY!
DR. J. B. ZINN,
Having recently removed to
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Will put in teeth from $10 to $20 per set, as the case may require. All work warranted.
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5jan71

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Business promptly attended to. 10ac69

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Plainfield, Westpensboro' township.
Cumberland County, Penn'a.
All business, entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. 20oct70

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WILLIAM KENNEDY,
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Cucumber Wood Pumps.

THERE WERE sold in the year 1870,
8,841 of Blatchley's
CUCUMBER
TRADE (B) MARK.
WOOD PUMPS,
Measuring 213,566 feet in length or sufficient in the aggregate for
A Well Over Forty Miles Deep.

Simple in construction—Easy in operation—giving no taste to the Water—Durable—Reliable. and Cheap.
These Pumps are their own best recommendation.
For sale by Dealers in Hardware and Agricultural Implements, Plumbers, Pump Makers, &c., throughout the country. Circulars, &c., furnished upon application by mail or otherwise.
Single Pumps forwarded to parties in towns where I have no agents upon receipt of the regular retail price.
In buying, be careful that your Pump bears my trade mark as above, as I guarantee no other.
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To the Young Men.

MANHOOD:
HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.
Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culver well's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (with out medicine) of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits, induced by Self Indulgence or Sexual Extravagance.
Price, in a sealed envelope,
ONLY SIX CENTS.
The celebrated author, in the admirable essay clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured, without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.
This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, postpaid on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps.
Also, Dr. Culverwell's "Marriage Guide," price 25 cents. Address the publishers,
CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box, 4,586.
3june70.

Livery and Sale Stables.

LIVERY, SALE, AND EXCHANGE STABLE.
J. L. STERNER & BROTHER,
In rear of Bentz House.
HORSES AND CARRIAGES TO HIRE
ON REASONABLE TERMS, AND AT SHORTEST NOTICE.
CARRIAGES FURNISHED FOR FUNERALS
N. B. Stable room for 50 head of horses
1feb69

LIVERY AND EXCHANGE STABLES.
BOSH & BRETZ,
Having recently purchased the livery stable of Geo. W. Hilton, they respectfully announce to the citizens of this place, that they have recently purchased a number of new vehicles. In addition, also, they have had their entire stock of buggies, carriages and cabs,
RE-PAINTED, RE-MODELLED,
and finished up in the latest city style.
Horses and Carriages to hire at the shortest NOTICE, AND ON REASONABLE TERMS.
Vehicles furnished for all occasions. Remember the place, a few doors south of the C. V. R. R. depot, in G. W. Hilton's old stand.
22jy71tf BOSH & BRETZ.

Culver & Brother.

JOSEPH P. CULVER. CHAS. P. CULVER.
LAW, LOAN AND COLLECTION OFFICE OF JOSEPH P. CULVER & BRO. PONTIAC, ILLINOIS. We have the best of facilities for placing capital on first-class improved farms. Titles investigated, and Abstracts furnished from our own office. Ten per cent interest and prompt payment guaranteed. We have correspondents in every part of the West, which furnishes us every facility for speedy collections.
REFERENCES: Hon. James H. Graham, Wm. M. Penrose, esq., Wm. J. Shearer, esq., C. E. Mcglaughlin, esq., Carlisle. Hamilton Alricks, esq., Harrisburg. Hon. C. P. Culver, and Hon. Horatio King, Washington, D. C. George H. Stuart, Philadelphia. Chambers & Penney, New York city.
2jly71

Lumber.

LUMBER MANUFACTORY!
The attention of dealers and builders is invited to the saw mill of George Throne, on Mountain Creek, 3½ miles above Pine Grove Furnace, where lumber for building stuff, joist and lathe, can be purchased at reasonable rates. For further information, address my Superintendent, Henry Miltonberger, Mountain Creek Post Office, Cumberland county.
27ap71m

LEGAL NOTICES.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Jacob Stratton, deceased, late of the borough of Carlisle, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county to the subscriber, residing in the borough of Carlisle. All persons indebted to said estate will please make payment, and those having claims to present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned, for settlement.
MARY ANN STRATTON,
6jn71t* Administratrix.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Barnet Wolf, late of Frankfort township, deceased, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county to John Greider, jr., residing in Westpennsborough township. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated, to the undersigned, for settlement.
JOHN GREIDER,
8jc71t* Administrator.

NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Mrs. Mary McMeath, deceased, late of the borough of Carlisle, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county, to the subscriber residing in Dickinson township. All persons indebted to said estate will please make payment, and those having claims are requested to present them to the undersigned for settlement.
GEO. L. LINE,
22jn71t Administrator.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Ulrich Strickler, deceased, late of South Middleton township, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county to the subscribers, residing in said township. All persons indebted to said estate will please make payment, and those having claims to present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned, for settlement.
ABRAHAM STRICKLER,
JOHN H. STRICKLER,
29jn71t Administrators.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Anna M. Zeigler, deceased, late of Dickinson township, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county to Levi Shambaugh. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated, to the undersigned for settlement.
LEVI SHAMBAUGH,
29jn71t Administrator.

NOTICE.—Executors, Administrators and Guardians, are notified that all accounts for confirmation and allowance at the next Orphans' Court, must be filed in the Register's Office, on or before the twenty-second day of July, 1871.
JOSEPH NEELY,
6jn71t. Register.

HOTELS.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
Nos. 621 and 623 Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Terms, $2 50 per day, or rooms without board, $1 per day.
J. B. DEHAVEN, Proprietor.
32mh71ly

NATIONAL HOTEL.
CARLISLE PA.
The undersigned having taken and entirely refitted and furnished this hotel, is prepared to furnish good accommodations to all who desire to make it their home. A share of the patronage of the surrounding country travelling public solicited. Rooms large and comfortable. Table always supplied with the best.
N. W. WOODS,
5ma70 Proprietor.

THE "BENTZ HOUSE,"
(Formerly Corman House,)
NOS. 17 AND 19 EAST MAIN STREET,
CARLISLE, PA.
The undersigned having purchased and entirely re-fitted, and furnished anew throughout, with first-class furniture, this well-known, and old established hotel, solicits the custom of the community and traveling public. He is well prepared to furnish first class accommodations to all who desire to make a hotel their HOME, or pleasant temporary abode. The custom from the surrounding country is respectfully solicited. Courteous and attentive servants are engaged at this popular hotel.
GEORGE Z. BENTZ, Proprietor.
N. B. A first class livery is connected with the hotel, under the management of Joseph L. Sterner & Brother.
26ap-9ly

Dr. Ayers' Medicines.

AYER'S
HAIR VIGOR. HAIR VIGOR.
HAIR VIGOR. HAIR VIGOR.
For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.
A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hairs thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a nasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it if waste merely for a
HAIR DRESSING,
nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil or dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and and a grateful perfume.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer, & Co.,
PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,
LOWELL, MASS.
PRICE $1.00.
HAVERSTICK BROS., Agents, Carlisle, Pa.
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J. E. Caldwell & Co., Jewelers.

CARD.
J. E. CALDWELL & CO.,
902 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
DESIRE to invite the especial attention of purchasers and others visiting the city, to their unusually large and varied assortment of
NEW JEWELRY,
FINE WATCHES
OF MOST RELIABLE MAKERS.
Gold Chains,
Artistic Silver Ware
FOR BRIDAL AND OTHER PRESENTATIONS,
TABLE CUTLERY, ELECTRO PLATED GOODS
OF FINEST QUALITY.
FRENCH CLOCKS, BRONZES, AND
MANTLE ORNAMENTS,
Received DIRECT FROM PARIS during the present season.
Courteous and polite attention is extended to all, who may be induced to accept a cordial invitation to visit their beautiful store.
902 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
10jan71-1y

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR HOUSE.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

Over the hill to the poor house I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart an' cipher, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor house—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor house—it seems a horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a-follin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of a journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of leaphin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not as simple nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I'm willin' an' anxious, an' ready any day,
To work for a decent livin' an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me around.

Once I was young and han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of heirin' people say,
Fer any kind of reason, that I was in their way.

'Tain't no use of boastin' or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young and strong,
And I worked the best that I could, in trym' to get along.

And we worked together, an' life was hard but gay,
With now and then a baby, to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen an' all grown clean and neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the children, and raised them every one:
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to've done;
Only, perhaps, we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's child's a heap too least to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!
I'd have died for my daughter, I'd have died for my sons;
And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes, a mehow, fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing, when our eyes an' arms was green,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he came one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to college or fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was something dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an education, and that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carrying things too far;
An' I told her once, fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or got a rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned again me, and told me I could go.

I went to live with Swan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with 'leven children three,
'Twas easy to see over there wasn't room in for me.

And then I went to Thomas's, the closest one I've got.
For Thomas's building'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the child'n was came—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss!—

An' then I went to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her,—'twas twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for boy one so old,
And t'other had the opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shifted and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well nigh worried me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' made the best of it,
Till Charley went to the poor master, and put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor house—my child's child good bye!
Many a night I've watched you whatever God was nigh;
And God'll judge betwixt us; but I will always pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

Harper's Weekly.

THE DROP OF BLOOD.

A HUNGARIAN STORY.

I.

Doctor N——, one of the most eminent surgeons of Pesth, was summoned at daybreak one morning to see a person who pressingly sought to be admitted to him. While waiting in the ante room the visitor desired the servant to add that every moment's delay was dangerous, as he stood in need of instant help.

The surgeon, hastily throwing off his night robe, gave orders for him to be shown up at once.

It was an entire stranger, but one whose dress proclaimed him a man belonging to the best class of society. His pallid cheeks spoke of some deep inward bodily and mental pain, and his right arm rested in a silken sling. Though he succeeded perfectly in controlling the expression of his countenance, a low murmur of pain, in spite of all his efforts, broke forth repeatedly from his lips.

"Have I the honor of addressing Doctor N——?" he asked in a weak almost fainting voice, as he approached the surgeon.

"Yes, sir."

"Pardon the question. I do not live in Pesth; I came from the country, and know you by reputation only. I regret not to be able to make your acquaintance under happier circumstances."

The surgeon, seeing his visitor could scarcely stand on his feet, begged him to rest on his divan.

"I am weary; for a whole week I have not closed my eyes. I have been having a pain in my right hand to which I can give no name. In the beginning I felt only a slight pang, but in a short time it commenced to burn with constantly increasing violence, growing to be a torture beyond the reach of the slightest alleviation. I have tried every obtainable remedy, far and near, but nothing relieves me—there remains the same piercing, cutting, deadly pain. Finally, I could bear no more; I got into a carriage, and hastened here to you, that you might free me from my torment by an operation—the knife or iron, for I can support it no longer."

The surgeon here endeavored to encourage him, saying his suffering might be overcome by milder means than the use of the knife.

"No, doctor; neither a plaster nor yet any palliative can relieve it. What I need is the knife. For that alone did I come here."

Doctor N—— asked to be permitted to look at his hand, on which the sufferer setting his teeth hard, held it forth. The surgeon, using the greatest precaution, began to loosen the bandage.

"Let me entreat you, in advance, Doctor, not to be overcome by anything you will see. My pain is so strange, so extraordinary, that it will certainly take you unawares. Hesitate at nothing, I pray you."

The surgeon assured the stranger that he was accustomed to everything in his profession, and pledged himself to hesitate at nothing. Nevertheless, when the hand appeared, he shrunk back involuntarily, letting it fall heavily. The hand was apparently as sound, healthy looking, and perfect as any other—not a spot was to be seen upon it.

A sharp cry from the sufferer, as he lifted the dropped hand with the left, proved that he had come in no jest, but that he suffered cruelly.

"Where does it pain you?"

"Here, doctor," said the stranger, pointing to a place on the upper surface of his hand, where two veins parted from each other in faint blue lines. The surgeon marked him shudder, as he touched that spot with his finger. "You feel it paining here?"

"Frightfully!"

"And you suffer from the pressure when I touch the place with my finger?"

The stranger was not in the condition to answer. Tears started to his eyes, so dreadful was the suffering.

"Wonderful! I distinguish nothing here."

"And yet I experience there is inexpressible a pain that I could dash my head against the wall."

The surgeon took a microscope, examined the place and shook his head.

"The skin is clear and healthy; the blood courses freely in the veins; there is no inflammation, no apparent hurt. The place is precisely in its natural state."

"I think it somewhat redder."

"Where?"

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket book and drew a line round the spot the size of a half-kreutzer. "Here."

The surgeon carefully looked at the spot, and began to think that his patient was insane. "Remain here," he said; "may I be able to assist you a few days."

"I cannot wait. Do you think, sir, that you have a mad man before you? That is a misfortune of which you will have to cure me. The place I have indicated causes me such agony that, I repeat it, I have only come here to have it cut out."

"Which, however, I will not do," said the surgeon.

"And why not?"

"Because your hand is perfectly sound; so far as I can see, there is no more the matter with it than there is with my own hand."

"You are, therefore, ready to decide that I am mad—you cannot believe me jesting," returned the stranger, taking a note for a thousand guilders out of his pocket book, and laying it on the table. "There, see that this is no child's play, and that the service I ask at your hands is of the highest necessity and importance to me. I entreat you, cut this spot from out of my hand!"

"And I say to you, sir, that all the wealth of the world would not induce me to look on a sound member as diseased, or make the slightest incision in such a one. To do it would be to do what my surgical knowledge condemns—in a word, my duty forbids it. The whole world would maintain that you were a lunatic, but, of me, they would say neither, that I had been unprincipled as to profit by your mania, or that I was too ignorant to perceive the error into which you had led me."

"So be it. At least you can accord me this favor. I will perform the operation myself. My left will, it is true, be somewhat unskilful, but let that pass—I will soon finish; you will surely have the goodness to dress the wound for me."

The surgeon marked with amazement beyond words that the strange being was in sad earnest, for he laid aside his coat, turned back his sleeves, and took his penknife in his left hand. And another moment and he would have plunged it deep into his right hand.

"Hold!" cried the surgeon, alarmed lest the stranger should sever the artery, "if the operation is really inevitable, then, in the name of Heaven, let me perform it!"

On which, taking his surgical instrument in his hand, he laid the patient's right straight out in his own, at the same time requesting him to look another way.

"That is not necessary. Allow me to show you just how deep the knife shall go." And truly, during the whole operation, the stranger's resolution did not fail him; he himself directed the surgeon as to the depth of the incision; his hand never moved until the spot represented as the seat of the pain was cut out, when, throwing back his chest, he heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Do you feel no more burning?" questioned the surgeon.

"It is entirely gone," answered the stranger, smiling; "the torture has ceased. As for the slighter pain which the wound occasions me, it is to the first pain what a warm breeze is compared to insupportable heat."

While the bandage was being applied, the appearance of the stranger totally altered. A calm, pleasant expression took the place of intense pain. The former look of intense pain, the brow grew clearer, the color lively, and a returning look of life replaced the late dread agitation—the whole man seemed transformed.

As the surgeon readjusted the strangers hand in the sling, he felt his own seized by the left hand of the latter, who, pressing it warmly, said to him, in the most fervent tones: "Receive for your masterly service my most sincere thanks. You have laid me under a real obligation to you—for the remuneration on my part is small, indeed, in comparison with the mighty assistance which you have rendered me. I will be for ever indebted to you all my life long."

But the surgeon's estimate of his services was wholly different; he absolutely refused to accept the note for a thousand guilders, which still lay on the table. The stranger persisted in leaving it, and had passed out of the door, when, seeing the growing disturbance of the surgeon, he turned, and begged him at all events to consent to expend a part of the sum for the benefit of some hospital, and hastily took his departure.

Doctor N—— visited his patient for a few days at the hotel, where he was remaining, until his wound was completely healed. This was rapidly taking place. During the course of this time the surgeon had an opportunity to make observations, which resulted in the conviction that he had to deal with a refined, accomplished man; one whose every word evinced not only extensive information, but that knowledge of the world so agreeable when united with superiority of mind. Not the slightest trace of any ailment, either bodily or mental, was to be remarked after the operation. The stranger returned to his estates shortly afterward, perfectly restored.

Three weeks had passed, when the servant was again called upon to announce to the surgeon the arrival of his singular patient. The stranger, who was instantly admitted, appeared again with a bandaged arm; and so great was his suffering, that, at first glance, his features were scarcely recognizable. Sinking into a chair, before the surgeon had time to offer him a seat, he stretched out his hand to him, no longer sufficiently master of himself to controlling groans.

"What has happened?" sympathizingly inquired the surgeon.

"The incision was not deep enough," groaned the stranger; "the pain has returned—burns more fiercely than before; I could not at first bring myself to trouble you again. I lingered, hoping that death would come, and put an end to my existence. But what I longed for came not. The pain was and still remains concentrated in this one place. Look at me, and perhaps you will form an idea of my sufferings." The countenance of the stranger was white with agony, and cold drops covered his brow. The surgeon unloosed the bandage. The wound had closed—everything about the hand appeared healthy and sound as before, and the veins beat evenly and naturally.

"This touches on the marvellous!" exclaimed Doctor N——. "It passes widely beyond everything in my past experience. Wonderful!"

"Yes, wonderful, terrible! Seek not now for the cause, doctor, but free me from this torture. Take your instrument and insert it deeper than before; that alone will give me relief."

The surgeon saw that he must grant this prayer. For the second time he performed the same operation; again did he remark the astonishing alteration in the countenance of the stranger. Again, as he replaced the bandage, a fresh color took the place of the patient's pallor, brightening the visage before so wan. But the smile returned not now as before. Sadly he thanked the surgeon for his assistance.

"I thank you, doctor. Again the pain has ceased. In a few days the wound will be healed. Nevertheless, be not astonished if you see me here in a month."

"Be easy on that score, sir; chase that thought out of your mind."

"I have an unerring conviction that that deadly pain will return at the end of a month," said the stranger dejectedly.

"Besides, what is to happen to me will happen!—till we meet again."

The surgeon related to his colleagues all the particulars of this unaccountable pain. They consulted together, but no one was able to offer a theory, perfectly satisfactory, explanatory of the case so strange.

Toward the end of the month, Doctor N—— began to look forward, not without uneasiness, to again seeing the stranger; but time passed on, and he did not appear.

Thereupon several weeks elapsed, when the surgeon received a letter dated at his patient's place of residence.

He opened it. By the first glance at the closely written pages within, he saw that the stranger had written the letter with his own hand, and inferred from this that the pain, which assuredly would have prevented him from writing, had not returned.

The contents of the letter were as follows:

DEAR SIR—I will not leave you longer in doubt concerning the fearfully strange malady which I am about to carry into the grave. I will give you the origin of this terrible evil. For a third time within a week has the frightful pain returned. I will no longer struggle with it. At this moment I am only enabled to use a pen by placing a piece of bleeding sponge on the back of my hand over the inflicted part while this burns as fire only the smarting caused by its intense heat; and that is as nothing compared to the fever pain.

Six months ago I was a happy man. I lived without a care upon my income and was beloved and friendship with all the world enjoying all of pleasure that a man of thirty-five finds to enjoy. A year ago I married—married for love. My choice fell upon a beautiful accomplished, warm-hearted girl, the *protégée* of my countess in the neighborhood. This portionless maiden loved me not from gratitude, alone, though, through me she had become mistress of my home and shared of all I possessed—she had truly a child-like love for me. For half a year, each succeeding day brought me more happiness than the last. When I went to the city for my former look of intense pain, the brow grew clearer, the color lively, and a returning look of life replaced the late dread agitation—the whole man seemed transformed.

As the surgeon readjusted the stranger's hand in the sling, he felt his own seized by the left hand of the latter, who, pressing it warmly, said to him, in the most fervent tones: "Receive for your masterly service my most sincere thanks. You have laid me under a real obligation to you—for the remuneration on my part is small, indeed, in comparison with the mighty assistance which you have rendered me. I will be for ever indebted to you all my life long."

But the surgeon's estimate of his services was wholly different; he absolutely refused to accept the note for a thousand guilders, which still lay on the table. The stranger persisted in leaving it, and had passed out of the door, when, seeing the growing disturbance of the surgeon, he turned, and begged him at all events to consent to expend a part of the sum for the benefit of some hospital, and hastily took his departure.

Doctor N—— visited his patient for a few days at the hotel, where he was remaining, until his wound was completely healed. This was rapidly taking place. During the course of this time the surgeon had an opportunity to make observations, which resulted in the conviction that he had to deal with a refined, accomplished man; one whose every word evinced not only extensive information, but that knowledge of the world so agreeable when united with superiority of mind. Not the slightest trace of any ailment, either bodily or mental, was to be remarked after the operation. The stranger returned to his estates shortly afterward, perfectly restored.

Three weeks had passed, when the servant was again called upon to announce to the surgeon the arrival of his singular patient. The stranger, who was instantly admitted, appeared again with a bandaged arm; and so great was his suffering, that, at first glance, his features were scarcely recognizable. Sinking into a chair, before the surgeon had time to offer him a seat, he stretched out his hand to him, no longer sufficiently master of himself to controlling groans.

"What has happened?" sympathizingly inquired the surgeon.

"The incision was not deep enough," groaned the stranger; "the pain has returned—burns more fiercely than before; I could not at first bring myself to trouble you again. I lingered, hoping that death would come, and put an end to my existence. But what I longed for came not. The pain was and still remains concentrated in this one place. Look at me, and perhaps you will form an idea of my sufferings." The countenance of the stranger was white with agony, and cold drops covered his brow. The surgeon unloosed the bandage. The wound had closed—everything about the hand appeared healthy and sound as before, and the veins beat evenly and naturally.

"This touches on the marvellous!" exclaimed Doctor N——. "It passes widely beyond everything in my past experience. Wonderful!"

"Yes, wonderful, terrible! Seek not now for the cause, doctor, but free me from this torture. Take your instrument and insert it deeper than before; that alone will give me relief."

The surgeon saw that he must grant this prayer. For the second time he performed the same operation; again did he remark the astonishing alteration in the countenance of the stranger. Again, as he replaced the bandage, a fresh color took the place of the patient's pallor, brightening the visage before so wan. But the smile returned not now as before. Sadly he thanked the surgeon for his assistance.

"I thank you, doctor. Again the pain has ceased. In a few days the wound will be healed. Nevertheless, be not astonished if you see me here in a month."

"Be easy on that score, sir; chase that thought out of your mind."

"I have an unerring conviction that that deadly pain will return at the end of a month," said the stranger dejectedly.

"Besides, what is to happen to me will happen!—till we meet again."

The surgeon related to his colleagues all the particulars of this unaccountable pain. They consulted together, but no one was able to offer a theory, perfectly satisfactory, explanatory of the case so strange.

Toward the end of the month, Doctor N—— began to look forward, not without uneasiness, to again seeing the stranger; but time passed on, and he did not appear.

Thereupon several weeks elapsed, when the surgeon received a letter dated at his patient's place of residence.

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day, my wife could scarcely rest; when I returned, she came out to meet me a mile from home; and once when I had been belated, she never closed her eyes the whole night long. When I occasionally prevailed upon her to pay a visit to the countess, who loved her tenderly, she always returned the same day—it seemed impossible for her to remain more than half a day away from home and me. Her love for me even went so far that she gave up dancing rather than rest her hand in the clasp of another. In a word, my wife was an innocent child, who had no other thought than my happiness.

I know not what demon one day suggested to me the thought, *What if this, the only, assumed ill*. That man, in the midst of the great happiness, too often experiences an unnamed desire to look for pain.

My wife had a little work-table, the drawer of which she kept invariably locked. I had often noticed that she had never left it open; never, by any chance, had forgotten to take out the key. This thought began to trouble me; what had she to conceal from me? I was certainly beside myself. I believed in her innocent countenance, her clear eyes, her kisses and embraces no more. What if these were but parts of the deception?

One day the countess visited us. She came to take my wife home with her; overwhelming her with persuasions to go and stay the whole day with her. Our estates lay not far distant from one another, and I gave my wife a promise to follow her soon.

Scarcely had the carriage left my court-yard, when I collected together all the keys I could find, and with them sought to open the closed drawer. At length I found one.

A looker-on would have taken me as I drew out the drawer for one who for the first time in his life was about committing a theft. I was a thief, opening a lock to steal from a weak woman her secrets.

My hands trembled as I came in contact with the different things in the drawer, but I carefully avoided creating any disorder, that might betray my presence. Suddenly my breast seemed as if crushed by iron bands; I felt on the point of suffocating. Under a roll of lace lay a parcel of papers; quick as thought my heart whispered, they were letters; at the first glance one would have known them to be—*love letters*.

The package was bound together by a rose-colored ribbon, embroidered with silver. As I touched the ribbon I thought "Is this right? Is it not unworthy of an honorable man thus to steal the secrets of his wife—secrets which belong to her maidenhood alone? Is she answerable to me for her thoughts and feelings before she became my wife? Should I be jealous of the time when she scarcely knew of my existence? But what if these letters date since? Had a right to watch over all her thoughts, to be jealous even of her dreams—since she has been my wife?"

I untied the ribbon. No one was there; no mirror near to point out on my cheek the mounting flush of shame. I opened one letter after another and read them through to the end.

Oh, that was terrible!

Shall I tell you what was in those letters? The most despicable treachery ever practiced against a man. My best friend had written them; but in what tone! With what persuasive and passionate eloquence did he speak therein! How he planned and counselled the course a wife might take to deceive her husband! And all those letters were dated since our marriage—while I had been so happy! I find no words to picture what I experienced on reading them. It was a feeling like the working of deadly poison. I drank the poison to the last drop. I read every one of those letters through by itself. Then I laid them in order, bound them together, covered them with the lace, and locked the drawer.

I was certain that my wife, if I did not go for her, would hasten home before evening. And so it was. How quickly she sprang from the carriage and ran toward me; how she embraced me, how she kissed me! How happy she was to be with me again!

I allowed her to see nothing of the revolution which had taken place within me. We talked together, supped together, and retired as usual to our rooms, which were side by side. I did not close my eyelids; awake I counted the hours. As the first quarter past midnight struck, I stood in her chamber. Like a little angel in the midst of snowy clouds, lay her lovely fair head in peaceful slumber upon the dazzling white pillows. What a monstrous lie of nature, to lend to sin features so innocent!

I was as determined, as inflexible as a monomaniac in his fixed idea. The raging poison of jealousy had eaten into my soul. Softly I laid my hands upon her throat, and suddenly I pressed them together. That moment she opened her large, dark blue eyes, saw me with amazed, then closed them slowly. She was dead! She died without having uttered a word in her own defence, peaceful as a dream. As I murdered her she felt no anger toward me. Only a single drop of blood, pressed out by her mouth, fell on the back of my hand; where, you know that too well.

She had no relations to require into the cause of her death, and I purposely delayed sending out to my friends invitations to her funeral, until it was too late for them to reach my place in time. No one upon my estates had any suspicion of the truth. Besides, I was master; who had any right to question me?

When all was over, and I was returning to my home, my conscience was not burdened in the least. She had deserved her fate. I thought of her no more.

On reaching my home I found the countess, my wife's only female friend, just arriving. Like others, she had come, after the hour appointed for the funeral. She was painfully agitated. Whether from sorrow or sympathy, I know not, but the words of consolation which she essayed to address me were so confused that I could scarcely understand them. At last she clasped her hands, and said, in faltering tones that she felt herself obliged to confide to me a secret, which she must entrust me, not to reveal. She had given my wife a packet of letters to keep for her, the contents were such that she dared not keep them by her—she had now to beg me to return them to her. Anticipating my wonder, she hastened to add that I would find no name in the letters, that they were addressed to a married woman, and that the writer was a married man.

With marked coldness I asked her what these letters contained. The countess shrunk back, and answered hastily: "Oh, sir, your wife was more generous than you. When she took those letters into her care, she did not ask what they contained, but gave me her word to guard them well, and I am sure she has kept her pledge. She had a noble soul; it would have been impossible for her to break her solemn promise."

"Very well," said I; "then I, too, know these letters."

"They are tied together with a rose-colored ribbon, embroidered with silver."

"I will look for them immediately."

With this I took my wife's keys in my hand, and began to search for the packet. I knew but too well where to find it.

"Is this it?" said I, at last, bringing it to the countess.

"Yes, yes. Only, see, here is the same knot I made; your wife never untied it." I dared not lift up my eyes. I feared the countess would read in them that I had unloosed it—ah, that I had gone further, and committed a monstrous crime!—I took brief leave of her, excusing myself as well as I could. I needed to be alone. The countess returned home. Her husband was in all his actions mean