THE CARLISLE HERALD.

J. M. WEAKLEY.
J. M. WALLACE.

CARLISLE, PENN'A., THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1871.

TERMS: $2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. $2.50 if not paid within the year.

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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, sambric and linen handkerchiefs, linen and paper collars, and cuffs, trimmings, braids, spool cotton, wallets, combs, stationary, wrapping paper and paper bags, drugs, soaps and perfumery, shoe black and stove polish, lasting, cigars, &c., &c.
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22je71

DENTISTRY!
DR. J. B. ZINN,
Having recently removed to
No. 61 North Hanover street,
In the house lately occupied by Dr. Dale.)
Carlisle, Penn'a,
Will put in teeth from $10 to $20 per set, as the case may require. All work warranted.
10feb70

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Business promptly attended to. 10se69

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144 South Sixth street, Philadelphia.
1je71ly

P. H. SHAMBARGER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Plainfield, Westpennsboro' township,
Cumberland County, Penn'a.
All business, entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. 20oc70

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Office in Volunteer building, Carlisle. 10se69

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WES. B. HIRONS,
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Walker's Vinegar Bitters!
A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA
VINEGAR
BITTERS.
Hundreds of Thousands hear Testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects.
WHAT ARE THEY?
They are not a vile Fancy Drink, made of poor Rum, Whisky, Proof Spirits, and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced, and sweetened to please the taste, called
TONICS,
APPETIZERS,
RESTORERS,
&c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the Great Blood Purifier, and a Life-Giving Principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to direction and remain long unwell, provided the bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.
For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.
Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of dyspepsia.
They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid liver and bowels, which render them of unequaled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.
Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fever, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others with their vast tributaries, during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. These are always more or less obstructions of the liver, a weakness and irritable state of the stomach, and great torpor of the bowels, being clogged up with vitiated accumulations. In their treatment, a purgative exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. Walker's Vinegar Bitters, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the Bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs. The universal popularity of this valuable remedy in regions subject to miasmatic influences, is sufficient evidence of its power as a remedy in such cases.
For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effect.
Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.
Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle, printed in four languages—English, German, French, and Spanish.
J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO. Druggists and Gen. Agents, San Francisco, Cal., and 32 and 34 Commerce Street, New York.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.
8dec70-1y

EXCURSION TRAINS.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY R. R.

EXCURSION! EXCURSION!

The third annual Camp Meeting for the Carlisle District Methodist Episcopal Church, will be held
NEAR OAKVILLE STATION,
on the line of the Cumberland Valley Rail Road,
Commencing Wednesday, August 2, and closing Friday, August 11, 1871.

The Cumberland Valley Rail Road Company will issue
ROUND TRIP TICKETS
during the continuance of the meeting, which will be good for return passage on all trains leaving Oakville Station until last train of Saturday, August 12, and positively no longer.

Regular Trains leave Oakville Daily, as follows:

EASTWARD.		WESTWARD.	
Accom.	6.43 a. m.	Accom.	9.57 a. m.
Mail,	10.38 "	Mail,	3.42 p. m.
Express,	1.52 p. m.	Express,	6.39 "

EXTRA TRAINS!

During the continuance of the Camp Meeting Extra Trains will run as follows:

FROM CHAMBERSBURG,
On Saturday, August 5.
FIRST TRAIN.

Leave Chambersburg,	5.50 p. m.
" Shippensburg,	6.35 "
Arrive at Oakville,	6 50

RETURNING.

Leave Oakville,	9.45 p.m

SECOND TRAIN.

Leave Chambersburg,	7.00 p m
" Shippensburg,	7.50 "
Arrive at Oakville,	7 45 "

RETURNING.

Leave Oakville,	9.45 "

FROM CHAMBERSBURG & NEWVILLE.
On Tuesday, August 8,
FIRST TRAIN.

Leave Chambersburg,	7.40 a. m.
" Shippensburg,	8.10 "
" Oakville,	8.30 "
Arrive at Newville,	8 45 "

RETURNING.

Leave Newville,	9.15 "
" Oakville,	9.30 "
Arrive at Shippensburg,	9.50 "

SECOND TRAIN.

Leave Chambersburg,	5.50 p. m.
" Shippensburg,	6.35 "
Arrive at Oakville,	6 50 "

RETURNING.

Leave Oakville,	9.45 p. m.

THIRD TRAIN.

Leave Chambersburg,	700 p m
" Shippensburg,	7 50 "
Arrive at Oakville,	7 45 "

RETURNING.

Leave Oakville,	9.45 "

FROM CHAMBERSBURG AND CARLISLE.
On Wednesday, August 9,
EXTRA TRAIN ONLY.

Leave Chambersburg,	5.50 p. m.
" Shippensburg,	6 35 "
" Oakville,	6.50 "
" Newville,	7.05 "
Arrive at Carlisle,	7.35 "

RETURNING.

Leave Carlisle,	7.45 p. m.
" Newville,	8.15 "
" Oakville,	8.35 "
" Shippensburg,	8.55 "
Arrive at Chambersburg,	9.30 "

Two Extra Trains to Harrisburg.
One on Saturday, Aug. 5.
Leaving Oakville and intermediate stations at 9 p. m
Another on Tuesday, Aug. 8.
Leaving Oakville for Harrisburg and intermediate stations at 9 p. m.
At White Hill, Middlesex, Good Hope, Kaufman's and Morgantown, tickets can be procured from Conductors of Trains.

O. N. LULL, Superintendent.
Superintendent's Office
Chambersburg, July 17, 1871.

ICE, ICE, ICE.
If you want what is pure and N
At a reasonable PR
Follow no now DEV
But send to me in A TR
For I have the cold Spring Water
Persons can be supplied with ICE during the day at JACK SITES' Store on Pomfret Street.
20ap71tf DAVID RHOADS.

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,
6jul71* Administratrix.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of David Musser, deceased, late of East Penn-boro' township, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county to the subscriber, residing in said 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.
ABRAM COBLE,
20jul71* 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,
20jul71* Administrators.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Anna M. Zeigler, deceased, late of Plainfield, 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,
20jul71* Administrator.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of William Bloser, deceased, late of Frankford township, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county to the subscribers, residing in North Middleton 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.
WILLIAM B. BLOSER,
SOLOMON GRISINGER,
27jul71* Executors.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Abraham Young, late of Westpennsboro' township, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Cumberland county to the undersigned executors residing in said township. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them, properly authenticated, for settlement to
ANDREW YOUNG,
JOHN YOUNG.
20jul71* Executors.

NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Mrs. Mary McMath, 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,
22jo71tt Administrator.

Dividends.

47th Dividend.

CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK.
Carlisle, Pa., May 2, 1871.

The Board of Directors have this day declared a
Dividend of FIVE per cent.
for the past six months, on the Capital Stock, free of State and National taxes, payable on demand.
J. P. ARBLE, Cashier.
4ma71tm

[For the CARLISLE HERALD.]

THE MIDNIGHT FIRE.

Dame Night had gently thrown her sable vesture down,
And wrapt in darkest gloom the deeply slumbering town,
The sun's last rays long since had lit up heaven's dome,
And sunk with glory, in his far off Western home;
Both heav'n and earth had shown sweet Nature's cheerful smile,
As twilight's choral songs the moment's short beguile.
But, now, no faintest smile upon her face was seen—
'Twas thickly covered o'er with night's most dismal screen,
The moon's pale light, the rolling, mountain clouds concealed,
And heaven's gloomy vault no starry orbs revealed.
Their endless dances round fair Luna's silvery throne
Were lost to mortal gaze, and seen by her alone;
Their fascinating chimes were hushed from mortal ear—
The grim celestial frown inspired wonder, awe and fear,
And earth's vast form reflected heaven's aspect dark;
She breathed no sounds—of light revealed no welcome spark.
The plaintive whispers of the vesper's gentle breeze
No more were heard amid the rustlings of the trees.
Fair Nature lay in silence, and in sweetest sleep,
While countless unseen forms her sacred vigils keep.
'Twas silent, save as now and then each passing hour
Was told in solemn tones from the city's lofty tower;
And save as mastiff, cur and watchdog, here and there,
Sent forth their jarring notes upon the midnight air;
And save as city guards went through their nightly tour,
With steady step, to guard the high and low, the rich and poor.

But, see! what means that form which glides along yon walls,
Evades the gaslight dim, that o'er its pathway falls;
What means that muffled garb—that hasty, stealthy tread,
Which seems as if they came from the black, sepulchral dead!
And why, dark form, disturb the city's calm repose?
Art thou a friend of crime, array'd in Satan's clothes?
Yes, hold—who'er thou art; be thou an imp of hell,
To light reveal thy time—thy mighty actions tell!
Hast thou! But, hark, what means that cry at midnight's hour,
When balmy sleep has robb'd men of their power?

The silent spell it breaks, and still it rises higher,
As voice and bell proclaim a large hotel on fire!
The mystic wands of sleep in haste are thrown aside
And shouting hindreds join the ever swelling tide,
Who rush in one united band, both friend and foe,
Bound for their city's weal, or for their city's woe.
And over o'er their din the fireman's voice is heard—
By it the mass is rulled—to faithful efforts stirr'd,
"Rush on, rush on, to saving human life," he cries—
And faster sweeps the tide; the impulse never dies.

Then the hum and the bustle
And the firemen's tussle,
And the rumble and roar
Of the waters they pour
In mighty torrents, on and through that burning wall
Whilst still'd cries for help upon their hearing fall!
And as the burning mass emits each wailing sound,
Brave men leap through the flames, with quick and daring bound,
And seek and seize the precious prize; the gasping form,
And with it boldly fire the fire's raging storm.

But now no human aid can loose the fire's grasp,
The whole internal frame is now within its clasp;
And like a raging demon from the nether world,
Into that brick-wall'd pit, by unseen power hurl'd
The angry fire roars, and with its gnashing teeth,
Hurls down each lofty beam upon the ground beneath;
And flinging far their sparks upon the glowing sky,
That sail around like floating stars, then burst and die.
The growling flames dart forth upon the midnight air,
And cast o'er all the scene a grim and ghastly glare,
And as they lap their lurid folds, and roar aloud,
A deep and awful shudder holds the swaying crowd,
Who look with upturned face upon the fire's rage,
And leave no other thought their frighten'd minds engage.
Yet, whilst they hope each life is rescued from the storm,
A glance aloft reveals to them a lovely female form
That stands like one transfix'd there in a fearful trance,
And calmly views the flames that round her person dance.
With one most piteous wail the crowd their bosom rend;
But cannot, dare not strive her aught of help to send.
They can but hope, and pray, benignant God,
To smite the angry flames with his protecting rod;
Her noble spirit pure and undefiled to save,
And free her from the opened, fiery grave.

Awakened from her trance, by their repeated cries,
She looks upon the earth, and sees their watchful eyes,
As if new hope had seized her brave, but fainting heart,
She cries to them for help; once more they make a start.
But no one dare obey the oft-repeated call
To mount the ladder, placed against the burning wall.
And yet she cries for help—the crowd sways to and fro;
But still no daring one will risk his life to go.
And now she clasps her hands and hops to God a prayer,
That falls like angel's breath upon the startled air:
"Oh! Father Kind, do thou my drooping spirit save,
Be it thy holy will from this unwelcome grave,
But be it not, then may thy righteous will be done,
Receive my spirit home, and be my course here run!"

Still near r comes the demon's awful, scorching breath
That brings to her naught else than sure, impending death.
Thick clouds of smoke burst forth and hide her from their view—
But, see, a man ascends—which no one dared to do!
And hind the shouts of friends, speeds up the ladder's height,
Whilst rung on rung he grasps, still farther out of sight.

But ere he gains the smoky vail, in which she stands
The flames burst forth anew, and singed his noble hands.
And yet he runs through smoke and heated air,
To save that gasping maid—that lady once so fair,
Whom now again, they see—but not so firm and bold,
For now her earthly tale the flames will soon have told.
Fainter and fainter her well-tried spirit grows,
Still slower and slower her trickling life-blood flows.
In one short moment more that hero's welcome grasp
Her sinking frame will to his heaving bosom clasp.
And o'er the frightful noise, that all around her roars,
She heard his cheering cry, which forth anon he pours.
The surging crowd beneath, help on the struggle, fair,
But, now, "she falls"—they cry—and cheer still, they stare,
"She falls—oh, haste! She falls—oh, hold one moment more,
And all thine awful fears, thy dangers will be o'er,
Haste on! oh, haste! She totters, reels before the flame;
And save, oh, save, that brave, fainting, burning dame!"

With one heroic plunge, he gains the ladder's height—
Thrusts forth his scorched arm, to grasp her form so light.
She sees his welcome arm, and strives to grasp his hand;
But all her strength is gone, and all her self-command.
Her final effort fails—Oh! *who that tale can tell!*
For in that burning pit, amid the flames, *she fell*—
Fell with meteor speed, no'er to rise on earth again,
No'er to tell her awful tale to sympathising men,
(Whilst down the ladder's rungs the weary hero came,
Singed black with angry heat, but honored with a name.)

Then o'er her falling form, the flames their dirges sang,
And clear upon the air the human wailings rung.
Yet, amidst the fire's rage around her body hurl'd,
Her spirit took its flight up to the brighter world;
Where spirits live in peace, unknown to scenes like this—
Where beings know not crime, but live in endless bliss.
'Tis there in letters brighter, surer far than cold,
In God's eternal judgment book the story shall be told—
The story of her death; and of that imp of hell,
Who made fiery grave, in which her body fell—
Whose crime shall meet its last reward, unending pain,
When o'er him Satan's fiends shall shriek their hellish strain,
And fling their burning darts upon their guilty head.
In endless torment, for the blood his crime hath shed.

E.

LILLIAN'S LOVER.

I don't know why I should speak thus in the singular number, for certainly Lillian could count more than one lover when she came to visit at the farm house of her aunt, relict of the late Jacob Andrews. Lillian had flirted with half the seniors of X—— College, one after another, as well as the professors, at her own home, and, having enjoyed the advantage of such extended practice, she was, as may be supposed, able and accomplished in that fine art. But, as she used to affirm, "a lover is a myth till he declares himself." Lillian being somewhat out of health this summer, it had been decided that, instead of recruiting after the fashionable methods at the springs or the mountains, she should make a visit to the country town of Briarbanks, where the air was good and the diet wholesome, and the landscape unsurpassed.

She arrived at Briarbanks late in the evening, and, after being coddled with a cup of tea and custard, retired to her pillow without more ado. Consequently she was somewhat surprised on entering her aunt's breakfast room, to find a handsome young man—dressed in homespun, of course, but not one whit less handsome for that—seated at her aunt's table.

"Good morning, Lilly," said that lady, "I hope you rested well. You look as fresh as a rose just blowed. This is John Yarmouth, Lilly."

"Indeed," thought Lilly; "one would suppose John Yarmouth to be a person of renown. It's as if she had said, 'This is John Bunyon, Lilly,' or 'John Milton,' John Yarmouth, forsooth! I never heard of him." Then "Good morning, Mr. Yarmouth."

John pushed away his chair, rose to his full height, and held out a brown honest hand awkwardly enough, for Mrs. Andrews had not told him that Lill was under her roof. "I hope you will find Briarbanks pleasant," he said.

"I mean to find it pleasant," said Lill.

"And the saying is, when a woman says she will, she will!"

"And when she won't, she won't!" added Mrs. Andrews.

"Oh, I don't know about that! I think she can be persuaded then."

"That is encouraging," laughed John Yarmouth.

"Who is he?" asked Lill, when he had gone out.

"He's Mr. Andrews's brother's nephew's second cousin. He manages the farm for me. Your uncle Jacob set a great slight by him. He's an uncommon young—fellow for these parts, or any others."

"He's uncommonly handsome," acknowledged Lill. By-and-by she strolled into the best parlor, where the blinds were drawn, and a strong odor of black pepper and camphor prevailed against the moths that dared to forage on Mrs. Andrews's three-ply carpet.

"An organ!" cried Lill, stumbling upon it in the dusk. "I never knew you played, Aunt Rhoda. It wasn't here when I came before."

"It's John Yarmouth's."

"Oh! What does he do with it? Keep it to look at, or for visitors?"

"Why, he plays on it to be sure."

"Plays on it! With those great hands!"

"I guess that don't hinder him. Why, child alive, he plays for the choir in meeting; and when they had the great festival up at the city they sent for him to come help 'em out with it. I can tell you he's got a voice that goes jest to the right place. When I hear him it seems to me I should like to have him go on so for ever and ever."

"Seems to me you and Uncle Jacob are in love with him," said Lilly, pertly.

"Well, you jest take care that you don't catch the distemper. You won't be the first girl, nor you needn't be ashamed of it neither."

"Mercy, Aunt Rhoda! I didn't come here to fall in love."

"Very likely; but folks often gets what they don't come after."

Aunt Rhoda proposed that they should take Lill over to Ruby Mountain that afternoon; then, remembering that she had invited company to tea, backed out of the affair, and left John as the sole escort.

"You might call in on your way and take Bessy Bell along with you," she suggested. But when they had driven half the distance John suddenly reined up and said:

"I beg your pardon, I didn't call for Bessy Bell. Shall we go back for her?"

"If you want her. If she's a favorite of yours," returned Lill. And John whipped up the horse and drove on. Lill chatting, as her way was, familiarly and easily, as if John Yarmouth had been an acquaintance of a lifetime, while John, not a bit abashed, related the history of this and that farm as they passed, some drowsy old legend haunting yonder wood, some enchantment residing in a wayside brook.

It would be difficult to recount the degrees by which John Yarmouth became Lill's devoted slave, for such he was before the month was well out. If she had expressed a latent desire to visit the moon, no doubt he would have made the attempt.

"He's such a delightfully obliging soul," she once said to her aunt. "And yet he makes you feel as if it were all a matter of course, as if you were doing him a favor to receive his services; and then, one don't feel afraid lest he'll mistake one, and go to the falling in love, you see."

Aunt Rhoda looked at Lill over her spectacles.

"The girl that gits John," said she, oracularly, "gits gold."

"Oh, yes," answered Lill, absently, "he's a very nice sort of a fellow; he's as strong as a lion."

"A modern Samson," hinted Aunt Rhoda. "I wonder who is the modern Delilah!"

"Oh, I should think he was above letting any woman ruin him."

"Yes, I think John's weakness is on the side of grammar," laughed Lill.

"His grammar! Why, I never noticed it," which wasn't at all surprising. "He's well educated, John is; he taught the district school winter before last and he beats everything at ciphering."

"Does he?" said Lill, as if she didn't care a fig about it.

"You haven't tried your fortune at the brook yet," said John that evening when he had "slacked up," as Aunt Rhoda called it, after his hard day's work, and come in to play the agreeable to Lill; "the moon's all right for it too," he pursued.

"Then we'll go to-night," said she; "you know you promised to wait at the stile. I declare it makes my flesh creep now to think of it. What if I should really see a face there!"

"It seems to me you'd be a sight more cut up if you didn't," put in her aunt. "It's all a piece of foolishness, any way, I should think you were two children."

"Did you ever try it, Aunt Rhoda?" asked her saucy niece.

"Well, no; but I know you did to her sorrow, and that was Liddy Knight—you've seen her? as sorry an old maid as ever breathed. You see she had a lover round these parts, and she went to visit the city, and jest get her head turned and her brain addled, and home she came, and up and jilts this poor fellow, 'cause he wasn't quite so fine as lace; and that very night a lot of 'em girls together took it into their silly heads to look into the brook after fate, they said. Liddy, she was the first to try it, and while the others waited, laughing at the stile, up she goes to the brook side as bold as you please and begins to say—

'Whoever my true lover's to be,
Let him look into the brook with me;

and then she gave a shriek like the last trump, for there at the bottom of the stream, looking up at her with staring dead eyes, lay her old lover!"

"Mercy!" cried Lill. "I won't go near it. Why didn't you tell me, John?"

"I never heard it before. I think the follow was a fool!"

"Oh, it makes my blood run cold," said Lill, shivering and nestling near to John just for human companionship.

"It was an awful thing—an awful retribution!" said Mrs. Rhoda; "it shows the danger of playing with fire. There, John, it's a dreadful creepy subject; let's have some music. I'm real thirsty for some, and I guess Lill is too.

"I'm afraid to go in there in the dark after all this hobgoblin talk, unless Miss Lill will come and take care of me."

"I will go," said Lill, rising and taking John's arm to the dusky parlor, and sitting there beside him, something happened to Lill, something that had never happened before. The moon had got up high enough to look in at the window and hold the two in a circle of light as if it would fain shut them in together in a charmed world of their own. John had been idly playing some lingering melodies and listening to Lill's interpretations.

"That," said she, "reminds me of a young girl sitting before the fire of a dull evening. She has a lover, you know, but she must not think of him, because he is poor, or—something, no matter what——"

"Would that keep you from thinking of your lover?" interrupted John.

"Nonsense, I am not speaking of myself. So she sits down, not meaning to allow herself the pleasure of thinking of him; and forbidden thoughts like forbidden fruit being sweetest, she falls perforce to think of him, and of nothing but him. Then she remembers what she is about, and catches herself up and reprimands herself. There, don't you hear what it seems to say, 'I'll think about my new ball dress, or Amaranth and her Hyacinth in the novel I read yesterday; and yet—and yet—it is so much nicer to think of him, of his tender eyes and the touch of his loving hand, and'—Oh, Mr. Yarmouth!" cried Lill, "for poor John, at the mention of a loving hand, had almost unconsciously put out his own, and had clasped Lill's fingers in a caress as gentle as friendship, but as intense as love!"

"Lill," he said, speaking very low, "I have a heart to give you—very little besides just now. Will you have it, dear? It is all your own, whether you will or not?"

"Oh, Mr. Yarmouth, what do you mean?"

"I love you. I didn't mean it at first. I fought against it like a lion, but love is mightier than reason; it prevailed against me. Lill, have you anything to give me back?"

"Oh, Mr. John, I am so sorry. I do not love you—that is—excuse me—I can't help—I never thought of it; perhaps if I had, it might have been different—who knows? There, let me go Mr. Yarmouth; don't speak to me any more, please. I can't accept your heart, you see. I—I don't need it; there don't mind what I say, I am quite beside myself. Nobody ever loved me before."

"Oh, no! Miss Lillian," walking away to the window, and seeing nothing but a great blur before him. "You with your rare skill at playing with men's hearts!"

"Oh, indeed, John, I never did such a thing. You really don't believe it? The men I played with knew the game a thousand times better than I, and I thought they were all alike, the tears rising to her eyes. I speak the truth, when I declare that nobody ever loved me well enough to say so before, and though I—I can't—return it, I thank you. I—I appreciate your goodness."

"Confound appreciation!" muttered John.

"Am I to blame for you loving me, John? Did I bring it about?"

"I don't know, I am sure, Lill."

"Sometimes I think you did, and then again I have a feeling that if I had been one of the gay, idle young men you know in the city, with their white hands and ladylike ways, and a fortune at their back and call, you'd never have gone on with me as you would have without thinking of love."

"So you are angry with me, sir, for having been civil with you?"

"No; but when I have given my best, I don't expect to be repaid with an inferior article. Lillian, you are not loved every day as I love you. I would go through fire and water for your sake."

"If you really cared for me you would not torment me with the expression of your regard, when you see how painful it is for me to listen!"

"My regard is a torment to you! I mean to torment you all my life! I mean to marry you, Lillian!"

"Do you, indeed?" half pleased and half angry with his vehement determination. "The days for that sort of thing are past, thank goodness! Nobody can be married against her will now."

"I mean to marry you, Lillian, and you shall give consent. I mean to do it!"

John had business at the market town next day, which detained him a week, and while he was jogging home, a traveling carriage passed him, and a fair, tantalizing face showed a moment at the window, and Lillian waved him her adieus in a flirt of her handkerchief, as much as to say, "Here I escape you, after all," then she sat back in her carriage quite satisfied with herself; henceforth she know what love was like—she should be able to distinguish the counterfeit from the real. John had furnished a noble example—what a pity that she had not been able to match it.

One evening, when Lillian had dressed for a reception, she stood for a moment before the mirror to take a look at her attire. The clear, bright tints of her complexion, eyes pleased and shining, hair like a web of golden light, all set in this mass of floating drapery, made her a pretty picture to behold.

"I should so hate not to be pretty, she said to herself, smiling back at her image; then she raised an arm to turn down the gas, rising, a golden stamen out of the crystal heart of a lily, and in an instant the flame had plucked at her sleeve and was soaring above her head.

When Lillian recovered from the pain and weakness consequent, she was no longer beautiful.

"I will see what beauty is worth, she said, accepting the first invitation received since her convalescence. So she dressed herself in her gayest attire, she put on her most spirited manner, and wore her smile that was like a sunbeam athwart cloudy weather. Lovers who had hung about her to distraction, passed with a nod—at most with a touch of estranged fingers, with an effort at appearing natural. Rival beauties, who hitherto had exchanged only congealed common places with her, sympathetically assured her that the scars would wear away in time.

"I know it," she answered; "but while they are wearing away, so am I."

"Beauty is worth everything here," she thought. "Down at Briarbanks perhaps they discount it." So she wrote to Mrs. Jacob Andrews, I'm coming down to see you for a day or two.

"Ahem?" said that far sighted matron, "to see John! Why can't folks be honest?"

When John and Lillian met, Mrs. Andrews, discreet soul, contrived to be engaged in her dairy.

"I suppose you came down to cure me with that scar," said he; "but when I look at you I don't see it!" And then the impudent fellow up and kissed it all the same.

"The ancients believed in the ordeal by fire," said Lill.

"Because fire destroys whatever is not immortal," returned John; "thus truth and love survive it."

"He kissed this poor marred face," she said, regarding it that night before the mirror. "It cannot be love, it must be pity. He misjudges his own feelings; by-and-by he would come to his senses, and I—where should I be? No; it would be wicked for me to take the advantage. And then what is to prevent him from thinking that I esteemed my charred face good enough for him, now that the idle, mincing youths who once adored me, pass me by."

"You'll never do better than to marry John," said her outspoken aunt, "with that face of yours. You won't find everybody to overlook it.

"I know it," said Lilly, humbly. "That's just the point. He's so good that I don't like to impose upon him."

"Well, for my part, I don't see how it matters, a little beauty more or less. Jacob and me were like two doves together, and there wa'n't a plainer man to be found, and I'm no great shakes either."

So Miss Lill returned home, and remained five, six, eight years. At the third year the scar had begun to grow dim; on the sixth, it was scarcely more than a shadow, and at the end of the eighth, strangers who had not heard of its existence, never guessed it had been. Only those who were used to the sight, in certain lights, recognized its ghost. But by this time Lillian was thirty years old; people were beginning to call her passe; younger girls were springing up to take her place; yet, for all this, lovers, one after another, flocked back to her standard. The scar had been a false alarm—they were not afraid of shadows. Surely, now that she held a fortune in her hand, it was time for Lillian to make a choice. In the meantime, while she deliberated, John came up from Briarbanks, to invest some money for Mrs. Jacob.

"She says it is for your wedding dower, Lillian," he explained, gloomily. "I suppose you will marry some day, like other people. I never expect to, since you refused to marry me."

"But John, I was a sight to behold then, and—"

"You are always a pleasant sight to behold."

"And then you know, you were going to marry me—Ok! what am I saying—whether I would or no."

"And so I am. It is the very thing I came for; the other was only a make believe, I guess. Shall it be this day or month?"

"But John, is the scar—"

"Confound the scar, it is only a beauty spot."

"Perhaps. But you are the only one who said so, and I wouldn't have you think that I married you Jack-at-a-pinch. I believe you kissed the scar away, as the children say of their bruises."

"Then I'll try and kiss it back again," said John, and there is every reason to believe that he was as good as his word.

So John married Lill, as he had vowed he would, and took her to Briarbanks. And though her friends looked grave, and predicted evil results, she makes a model farmer's wife, fulfills her duty with a grace peculiar to herself, and has never wasted a regret on her final choice.

And Mrs. Andrews nods over her spectacles, and says:

"Nothing could have pleased me better," as if she were the principal one to be suited.

"And John and Lillian shall have every acre and every farthing when I'm gone."

BEHIND THE SCENES.

"Four o'clock, and no Ellen yet! What can detain her so—she that is usually more punctual than the clock itself!"

It was scarcely a room in which Laura Avery was sitting—rather a magnificent bay window, with draperies of embroidered lace.

"Poor Ellen!" she murmured, "how differently our lots have been ordered in this world. Her parents dead—their wealth irretrievably lost—and she too proud to accept a cent that she has not laboriously earned. Oh! dear," and Laura sighed again, just as the clock's liquid voice chimed the half hour.

"She doesn't come," soliloquized the puzzled little damsel. "There's something the matter. Perhaps she is sick; oh yes, she is sick! I'll send James to inquire—no, I'll go myself."

"I don't think it's going to snow," she pondered, looking out at the gray threatening sky, as she drew on her perfectly fitting kid gloves. "At any rate I shall walk very fast."

As she came through the softly carpeted vestibule, a servant approached her.

"A note, Miss Laura—it cams five minutes ago."

Ah! the rose was several shades in the back ground now, as Laura Avery broke open the scented seal, and glanced over the delicate, cream-colored sheet, with a bright, half-suppressed smile dimpling the corners of her mouth. Yet the note was a very simple one after all.

"MY DEAR MISS AVERY.—May I promise myself the pleasure of accompanying you to hear the new opera to-night? Unless I receive a message to forbid me,