THE CARLISLE HERALD.

J. M. WEAKLEY. J. M. WALLACE. } CARLISLE, PENN'A., THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1871. { TERMS: $2.00 a year, IN ADVANCE. $2.50 if not paid within the year.

CARDS.

J. A. ATWOOD. ISAAC W. RANCK. S. S. RANCK.

ATWOOD, RANCK & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Wholesale dealers in all kinds of
PICKLED AND SALT FISH,
No. 210 North Wharves,
Above Race street,
1oc70 PHILADELPHIA.

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, stationary, wrapping paper and paper bags, drugs, soaps and perfumery, shoe black and stove polish, indigo, cigars, &c., &c.
COYLE BROTHERS,
No. 24 South Hanover street, Carlisle, Pa.
30mh71tf

JOSEPH F. CULVER. CHAS. P. CULVER.
LAW, LOAN AND COLLECTION OFFICE OF JOSEPH F. 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 & Pomeroy, New York city.
22jo71

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

DR. J. S. BENDER,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
Office in the room formerly occupied by Col. John Loe. 10se69

F. E. BELTZHOOVER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's dry goods store. 10se70

HOLL, KIRKPATRICK & WHITEMAN,
Wholesale Dealers in
MANUFACTURED TOBACCO,
N. E Cor. Third and Market streets,
Philadelphia.
G. F. HOLL, JOHN A. SWARTZ
E. KIRKPATRICK, JR., W. W. HERITAGE,
A. L. WHITEMAN.
6jan71

C. P. HUMRICH. WM. B. PARKER.
HUMRICH & PARKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office on Main street, in Marion Hall, Carlisle. 10se70

JAMES H. GRAHAM, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 14 South Hanover street,
CARLISLE, PA.
Office adjoining Judge Graham's
24mh70

JOHN CORNMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office No. 7, Rheem's Hall, in rear of the Court House
10se69

JOSEPH RITNER, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SURVEYOR,
Mechanicsburg, Pa. Office on Railroad street, two doors north of the Bank.
Business promptly attended to. 10se69

JOSEPH G. VALE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Practices in Cumberland and Dauphin Counties.
Office—Bridgeport, Pa. Post office address—Camp Hill, Cumberland county, Pa. 12jan71 1y

M. C. HERMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Carlisle, Pa. No. 9 Rheem's Hall. 10se70

A. K. M'CLURE. J. H. M'KEEHAN.
M'CLURE & M'KEEHAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
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. 29oct70

J. M. WEAKLEY. W. F. SADLER.
WEAKLEY & SADLER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office, 22 South Hanover street, next the Good Will Hose House. 10se69

WILLIAM KENNEDY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Volunteer building, Carlisle. 10se69

W. J. SHEARER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in northeast corner of the Court House. 10se69

WES. B. HIRONS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
723 Walnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

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.	5.45 a. m.	Accom.	9.57 a. m.
Mail,	10. 38 "	Mail,	3 42 p. m
Express,	1.52 p. m.	Express,	6.20 "

—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	5.30 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	7.30 "
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	7.00 p m
" Shippensburg	7.30 "
Arrive at Oakville	7.45 "

RETURNING.

Leave Oakville	9.45 "

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

Leave Chambersburg	5.50 p. m.
" Shippensburg	6.30 "
" 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, Kauffman's and Morgantown, tickets can be procured from Conductors of Trains.

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

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 Pennsboro' 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,
29jul71* Administrator.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Elijah 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,
29jo71tt 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,
29jo71tt Administrator.

EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIS, ss:—The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as assignee of Jacob Bixler, of Westpennsborough township, in the county of Cumberland and State of Pennsylvania, within said district, who has been adjudged a bankrupt, on creditors' petition, by the District Court of said District. Carlisle, Penn'a.
W. A. LINDSEY,
27jul71t Assignee, &c.
Legal Intelligencer of Philadelphia insert one time, and send bill to THIS OFFICE.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of William Blosser, 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 P. BLOSSER
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
29jul71t Executors.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE. — Letters testamentary on the estate of John Noble, late of the borough of Carlisle, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Cumberland county, to the undersigned executors residing in said borough. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims, to present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned for settlement
FREDK. WATTS,
R. M. HENDERSON,
27jul71t Executors.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the next Legislature for the incorporation of a Bank of Deposit and Discount, to be located at Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, to be called the Peoples' Savings Bank, with a capital of twenty-five thousand dollars, with the privilege of increasing to one hundred thousand dollars.
29jo71tt

NOTICE TO THE HOLDERS OF THE BORDER CLAIMS.—The undersigned commissioners appointed by the Hon. Jas H. Graham, President Judge of the Fifteenth Judicial District, in pursuance of an Act of Assembly, approved the twenty-second day of May, A. D. 1871, entitled "An Act to authorize the liquidation of damages sustained by citizens of Pennsylvania during the late rebellion," to examine and re adjudicate all of the said claims for the county of Franklin, hereby notify all parties interested that they will commence the adjudication of the same, at the Court House, in the borough of Carlisle, on Tuesday, the eighth day of August, at one o'clock p. m., of said day, when all parties interested may appear.
W. F. SADLER,
JOHN R. MILLER,
27jul71td Commissioners.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, to all persons interested, that the following accounts have been filed in this office, by the accountants therein named, for examination and confirmation, will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cumberland county, for confirmation and allowance, on Tuesday, August 22, A. D. 1871:

1. First and final account of James S. Lind, administrator of Robert Lind, late of Penn township, deceased, filed by Noah Cockley, agent for said James S. Lind.
2. The administration account of C. U. Hoffer, administrator de bonis non, &c., of Dr. John Zollinger, deceased, late of the borough of Carlisle.
3. The first and final account of Samuel Goodyear, guardian of Virginia C Martin.
4. First and final account of Jacob Barber, administrator of George C. Barber, of Lower Allen township, deceased.
5. First and final account of Henry Strickler, guardian of Elennora Sadler, minor child of Joseph Sadler, late of South Middleton township, deceased.
6. First and final account of Andrew L. Hangsman and Abraham Marquart, executors of Henry Miller, late of Newton township, deceased.
7. First and final account of Joel Sheaffer, administrator of the estate of Susannah Shaefer, deceased.
8. The first and final account of William Sadler, executor of the last captive will of Samuel Sadler, late of Hampden township, deceased.
9 First and final account of Eva Boyer, administratrix of John Boyer, dec'ed.
10. The first and final account of David Shenk administrator of Samuel Shenk, late of Silver spring township, deceased.
11. First and final account of Jacob Musselman, David C. Rich'ds and Michael Gleim, executors of Jacob Musselman, deceased.
12. The guardianship account of Samuel Eberly, guardian of the person and estate of Emma C. Smith, now Emma C. Huber, minor child of Jeremiah Smith, late of Lower Allen township deceased.
13. First and final account of John Orris and Adam Orris, executors of the last will and testament of David Orris, late of Silver Spring township, deceased
14 First and final account of John B. Hoffman, administrator of Louis B Hummell, late of the township of Silver Spring, deceased.
15. The account of William C. Black, executor of the last will and testament of Margaret Forbes, late of Westpennsborough township, deceased
16 The first and final account of M. Williams administrator of David Waggoner, late of Newton township, deceased.
17. Account of John Gutfelter, administrator of Mrs. Elizabeth Crozier, late of Middlesex township, deceased.
18. Account of Isaac Wagner, executor of Samuel Rhonds, deceased.
19. The first and final account of George W. Criswell, executor of the estate of Isaac Miller, late of Eastpennsborough township, deceased.
20. First account of William A. Brown, executor of John Brown, late of Penn township being a final account of the personal property.
21. Account of A. J. Reisinger, guardian of Isaac W Boyer minor child of George D Boyer, deceased.
22 Sarah Pierson, deceased, first and final account of Jesse B Hunter, executor of said deceased.
23. First and final account of David S. Ker, administrator of Nathan C. Woods, late of Westpennsboro' township, deceased.
24. Second and final account of W. L. Craigmead, S. W. Sterrett and J T. Sterrett, executors of the last will and testament of J. S. Sterrett, deceased
25. Account of John Gutfelter, executor of the last will and testament of David Hoover, late of the borough of Newburg, Cumberland county, deceased.
26. The account of Abraham Hostetter, executor of Ephraim Mull, late of Shippensburg, deceased.
27. The first and final account of John Shoop, jr., administrator of Philip Shoop, late of Shippensburg township, deceased.
28 The account of Jacob Smith, John Smith and Moses Myers, executors of Baltzer Smith, deceased, late of Southampton township
29. The account of John H Cressler and Michael Cressler, testamentary trustees of Elizabeth A Wolf, under the will of Adam Cressler, late of the borough of Shippensburg, deceased.
30. The account of John H. Cressler, and Michael Cressler, testamentary trustees of Sophia Stumbaugh, under the will of Adam Cressler, late of the borough of Shippensburg, deceased.
31. The account of John H. Cressler and Michael Cressler, testamentary trustees of Margaret A Lee, under the will of Adam Cressler, late of Shippensburg, deceased.
32. The first and final account of J. A. C. McCune, administrator of Sarah J. Rowlette, late of the borough of Shippensburg, deceased.
33. The account of William B. Bloser and Francis Diller, executors of the estate of Susannah Kanaan, late of Frankford township, deceased.
34. The first and final account of Catharine Landis and Benjamin F. Landis, administrators of Christian Landis, late of Shippensburg township, deceased.
35 The administration account of John Watson, administrator of Harriet Watson, late of Westpennsboro' township, Cumberland county, deceased.
36. The guardianship account of Louis Goodhart, guardian of Jane Sarah Patterson.
37. Account of S. P. Gorgas, executor of the last will and testament of Mrs. Barbara Jones, deceased.
38. Administration account of J. W. Eby, executor of Rachel Creigh, deceased.
39. The account of Benjamin Erb, guardian of the estate of Daniel Ruply, minor child of Levi Ruply, of East Pennsboro' township, as settled by Joseph Erb and Benjamin Erb, executors of Benjamin Erb, deceased
40. Account of Wm. B. Mullin, guardian of D. F. Santer, settled by O. H. and Wm. A. Mullin.
41. The account of Wm M. Henderson and Richard Parker, executors of the estate of Andrew Forbes, late of Westpennsborough township, deceased, as settled by Wm. M. Henderson, surviving executor.
42. The first and final account of William D. McCune, administrator of Benjamin McCune, late of Southampton township, deceased.
43. The account of Peter W. Quigley, executor of John L. Waggoner, late of North Middleton, township, deceased.
44. The account of Benjamin McKeehan, executor of John Q Zinn, late of Westpennsborough township, deceased.
45. The administration account of Wm. W. Dale, one of the executors of E. P. Inhoff, late of Carlisle, deceased.
46. The account of Levi Zeigler, guardian of Wm. H., Allen, minor child of George Allen, late of North Middleton township, deceased.

JOSEPH NEELEY Register.
27jul71td

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Ebbs the crimson life tide fast;
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arms, O queen, enfold me!
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart secrets,
Thou, and thou alone must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do the master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the great Triumvir still!

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow—
His, who pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His, who drunk with thy caresses
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home:
Seek her; say the gods bear witness—
Altars, augurs, circling slings—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of the smile!
Give to Cæsar crowns and arches,
Bound his brow the laurel twine,
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine!

I am dying, Egypt, dying—
Hark! the insulting foemen's cry:
They are coming; quick, my falchion—
Let me front them ere I die!
Ah, no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting, swell,
Isis and Osiris guard thee;
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

MY HUSBAND'S FIRST LOVE.

She was coming to make us a visit; so said the letter that my husband, Walter Etheridge, of the law firm of Masons & Etheridge, tossed carelessly into my lap, after a rapid glance at the daintly written pages.

She was Miriam Delamater.

And Miriam Delamater was my husband's first love.

Now Walter and I had never talked about the matter. How could I talk about it? *I would* not. More than once, when we were first married, he had spoken to me of his father's ward, with whom he had grown up from boyhood, and who had been almost as a sister to him. But my lip, even during our blissful honeymoon, had curled incredulously as he said this, and I had speedily turned the conversation into a different channel.

But I knew all about it, nevertheless. I had learned that long before he had known me his love had bowed at the shrine of this stately maiden, this peerless, blonde beauty. I knew that I had not been his first love, and that this girl, this Miriam Delamater had been.

And now she was coming to see us?

I wonder if Walter did not perceive that I was troubled, and if he did not share in some degree, as a man's nature might, my own unrest? But, no. He sat sipping his coffee and running his eye over the latest despatches from the seat of war, as placidly as ever. Presently he rose.

"Metz holds out well," he said, "but the seige cannot hold out much longer. When did Miriam say she was coming?" —and he took up the letter.

"To-morrow—no, to-day," I answered, as we glanced down the page together. "This is the thirteenth. She will be here on the evening express."

"That suit of Englesby's comes on at one o'clock," he said taking up his hat, "and I fear we shall not be through at five. But, never mind. I will manage to meet her at the depot, somehow. I am glad she is coming, Barbara. You are so lonely sometimes, and she is a very superior woman. I am sure you will like her."

He kissed me hastily and hurried away to the office.

Heaven save the mark! If there was anything on earth that I did not like, it was a "superior" woman!

But there was little time for thinking or regretting. A wail from the nursery summoned me up stairs to the relief of my good, faithful Hannah, who was trying to quiet the baby, while her thoughts were in the kitchen.

"I'm glad you've come, Miss Barbara," she said. I shall be only Miss Barbara to her—the child she had loved and tended—as long as we both live. 'This boy's a-teethin', just as true as preachin'. He'd never worry so if he wa'nt. But take him, child, for the bread is riz, and it's time it was in the oven.'"

It was a hot, breathless morning. Sitting down by the window with little Allie on my lap, I re-read Miss Delamater's letter, lingering longest over this passage:

"Do give my love to your wife. I remember hearing the young men rave about Barbara Wilson's grace and beauty years ago. Now that you have crowned her queen of hearts, I am doubly anxious to know her."

I doubted whether the fair writer had even so much as heard of me until the day when, standing beneath the shadow of St. Peters, with the Blue skies of Rome above her head, and its storied hills around her, news had come to her that her old friend and companion had taken unto himself a wife. As for the raving about my "grace and beauty," in the quiet country home where Walter had found me, that mode of procedure was not the fashion. Perhaps I did my coming guest great injustice, but I felt as if the pretty speech was made simply for effect; and I fear it hardened my heart against her.

I tried to feel that there was a lack of true, womanly feeling indicated by the approaching visit. How could she thus thrust her unwelcome presence—unwelcome at least to me—into our home? But a moment of reflection showed me the absurdity of that idea. Walter's father had been her guardian. As boy and girl they had played together, sung together, studied together. Whether or no any warmer feeling had ever found lodging in her heart, there could be little doubt that she cherished for him something akin to a sisterly affection. It was right that, after her five years of travel, she should, if she wished, come to his home as a brother's, and find welcome there.

And as for my good, noble, true-hearted husband, could I not trust him?

So I thrust the demon of jealousy into my heart's darkest closet, and turned the key upon him. No ray of light should visit him; no breath of air should strengthen and vivify him; no voice should break the silence to which I committed him. He should die there, unshrined and unanoled.

Allie betook himself to his nap at last, and then "on hospitable thoughts intent," I went in pursuit of Hannah. The dark mood of the early morning had passed, and I flew about my small house only intent upon making it fair and presentable to eyes that had seen so much, and a pleasant resting-place for feet that had wandered so far. The guest chamber was swept and garnished, the parlor was made fresh with the soft, wandering airs of summer, and the breath of roses and heliotropes. The baby was tied into his high chair, and pounded away upon the kitchen table, while Hannah and I tossed together light, golden drifts of sponge cake, and moulded jellies clear as amber. We roasted a chicken—and ourselves as well—that it might be ready to slice for supper; and through much tribulation and stress of body and mind, I prepared a salad after an approved French recipe that I had never tried before.

Doubtless I did twice as much as I should have done that day; twice as much as was in any way needful. But I was a young wife, a young housekeeper; and I could not bear that Miriam Delamater's critical, fastidious eyes should find any lack in my home or its appointments, that forethought or labor of mine could supply.

"Look your prettiest to-night, Babette," Walter had said, when he went out after dinner; "I'll have Miriam here by a quarter past five at the latest."

I meant that evening, of all evenings of the year, to leave myself ample time to make such a toilette as my husband best liked. But the moments flew apace, and when at last I took Allie and went up to my chamber it was long after four.

The child was uncomfortably warm and tired from his long confinement in the high chair, and his little frock was creased and soiled, for Hannah had given him all sorts of things to play with. Hastily stripping him I gave him a bath, arrayed him in fresh garments, and brushed the golden brown hair that coiled about my fingers in a host of tiny curls. Then I placed him on the bed to keep him out of harm's way, and began my own preparations.

But master Allie raised his voice in loud lamentation and refused to be comforted, although I gave him my best bracelets and my watch chain. He had been left to his own devices long enough, he thought, and no coaxing or cajolery sufficed to restore his good humor.

I called Hannah.

"Dear me, Miss Barbara! I'd come if I could, goodness knows. But the biscuits'll burn to cinders if I leave 'em, and besides, I'm picking over the raspberries for tea."

"Then you must cry, Allie," I said desperately, as I turned to my dressing-table, and tried to arrange my hair with hands that trembled so that I could not perform my task. Braids would not stay in place, and curls were incorrigible.

It was just ten minutes past five, and I was still in my dressing-sack, with my hair upon my shoulders, after a third attempt to put up the heavy mass, when I heard the sound of wheels. A moment more, and there were footsteps in the hall below, and my husband's voice called,

"Barbara! Barbara"

Allie screamed louder than ever, and I answered as well as I could from out the din,

"I will come presently—as soon as I can."

I heard the two walk into the parlor, and in another minute Walter came bounding up stairs two steps at a time. His cheeks were flushed, and his eyes bright with some hidden joy.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked as his eyes took in the state of the case; "anybody sick? Is Hannah dead? or what's up?"

"I am tired to death," I answered, and Allie is cross as the mischief, and Hannah's busy, and—I am not dressed."

"So I see," he said curtly. "You ought to have begun earlier, instead of fussing so long in that confounded kitchen."

Now I know this as well as he did; but I did not care to be told of it just then. So, woman-like, I began to "weep a little weep."

"There, there!" exclaimed Walter, "don't go to cry now, and spoil your eyes. I wanted you to look your very best to-night, and I am so disappointed, Barbara! I'll go down town to-morrow morning and get another girl, if things go on at this rate."

This was Walter's standing threat; while at the same time he know, and I knew, that one servant was all we could afford. And one would have been enough, even in this emergency, if I had not been too ambitious. His words stung me to the quick.

"Go back to Miss Delamater," I said, "and have Hannah show her to her room. Supper will be ready by the time she is dressed—and so will I. I am sorry I was not ready to receive your friend, Walter; but by the time she has been married two or three years, and has a fretful baby on her hands, she will have learned to make allowances."

Diverted by his father's entrance, Allie stopped crying. Pride and a little spicing of anger gave me strength and calmness, and I was soon dressed.

Miss Delamater accepted my apologies with gracious sweetness, praised the house and the baby, and the beauty of the little village nestling among the hills. She congratulated Walter upon his patriarchal dignity, and told him that he wore his new dignity as if to the "manner born." Then we went out to supper; and while she did full justice to the biscuits and cold chicken, she remarked to him that she perceived he had done wisely in choosing a wife from the country. Country girls devoted themselves so much more exclusively to domestic affairs that it could not be doubted that they made better housekeepers than those who had been taught to regard literary and social culture the "one thing needful."

Was there latent sarcasm underlying her soft words? I could not tell. But I felt shy and ill at ease, and I was glad when I could rise from the table and lead the way back to the parlor. My good Hannah came for Allie presently, and I was at liberty to devote myself to my guest.

I had often heard that Miriam Delamater was beautiful—that there was some rare, subtle charm about her by which men's hearts were lured from out their bosoms almost without their knowledge or consent. But I was not prepared for all that was revealed to me that night. It was not the beauty of girlhood, but that of complete, superb womanhood, she was full five years older than myself, nearly as old as Walter, in fact. I seemed to myself a mere child beside her—a child physically, intellectually and spiritually.

The shaded lamp was turned low until the room was filled with a soft radiance almost like moonlight. The windows were open, and the muslin curtains fluttered gently to and fro in the scented airs that stole up from my lilies and heliotropes and violets in the garden below. Miriam half sat, half reclined in a high-backed crimson chair, against which her magnificent hair of "paly gold" gleamed in the tender light. I do not know what she wore—some diaphanous tissue woven of mist and sunbeams, I think; but it was worn with a careless ease and grace that made it seem a part of herself.

Walter sat in a corner of the sofa near her, and their talk wandered back to his father's house and the days when they were children together. Her words vivified and glorified whatever they touched; and their past, warmed into life by her breath, seemed as beautiful as a dream. The present paled before it.

I withdrew to a table in a far corner of the room, and seemed to busy myself with the last *Scribner* Do not think that they purposely overlooked me, or ignored my presence. But they talked of persons and things of which I knew nothing, and so, foolishly, perhaps, I glided away from them.

But I could not read. Gradually the current of talk drifted to Miriam's life abroad. How she glowed and sparkled then! How like a leaf torn from some old romance seemed the story of her sojournings in Venice, in Florence, in Rome, in Dresden, in Paris, in Berlin! Her great violet eyes kindled and their light deepened and darkened as she spoke of the old cathedrals, the storied castles, the art and architecture which it had been the dream of my life to see, but which I probably never should see until this mortal had put on immortality, and my disembodied spirit should be free to wander at will.

Walter hung on her words, her looks as one enchanted. I did not wonder at it; I could not blame him. But ah! how it hurt me.

I stole softly out of the room and up stairs to my chamber, while they were wrapped in some dream of Michael Angello or Raphael. Taking a lamp I walked straight to the large mirror that overhung my dressing table. Walter had been wont to call me his gipsy queen—his brown-eyed fairy and the like. I had been praised, sometimes, for a certain dark, oriental style of beauty, and I had been glad, for his sake. But I was little and brown, with small, irregular features. I needed the cosmetic of joy; and to-night there was no color in my cheeks, no lustre in my eyes. I looked old and worn and faded; and that woman down stairs, with her eloquent words, her witching glances, her peerless beauty, was weaving her old spells about my husband, and luring his heart away from me.

If I looked old then, I must have been a perfect Methuselah—or whatever the feminine of that venerable name may be—before the first of September. Miriam Delamater's presence chafed and harrassed me beyond measure. There was nothing in her sayings or doings that I could deliberately, and in the broad, clear light of common sense, quarrel with. She and my husband met upon the frank, free footing of old friends. Surely I had no right to find fault with that! And it was not her fault that she was fairer, calmer, stronger and more self-poised than I. She was not to blame that the wondrous charm of her voice, her face and her manner was so potent; or that her grace, her quiet self-possession, her rare conversational powers oppressed me with a vague, yet painful sense of inferiority, and made me silent and constrained in her presence. It was only that I was weak and foolish, incapable of sustaining myself, and of commanding my husband's admiration. Thus I reasoned with myself in the night-watches, and strove to be generous if not content.

But my heart rebelled. This guest of ours, whether wilfully or no, did come in between my husband and myself. There were no more long, confidential talks for us in the still twilights; there were no sweet, familiar words at noonday; there were no brisk rides or walks in the breezy mornings. For wherever we were, there was Miss Delamater; and she was born a diplomat and believed in monopolies.

Then, too, I was physically worn and wretched. The addition of this one member to my household added wonderfully to my domestic care and labors. Miriam Delamater had the art of appearing exceedingly helpful—even officiously so. I do not doubt in the least that Walter thought her a great assistance to me, and blessed her for her sisterly aid and counsel. But the truth was, she was utterly helpless and inefficient when it came to the practical, daily recurring needs of life. To make a bad matter worse, she did not know this, and was always volunteering (in Walter's presence, mind you) to do some stupendous deed in the housekeeping or culinary line, which, when once begun, Hannah or I was forced to finish. For my lady was sure to become exhausted before she had made an end of her beginnings, while she claimed credit for having done whatever she had undertaken.

During all these dreary weeks, Walter was never unkind or impatient with me. But he could not understand matters. He could not comprehend my "whims and humors," as he called them; and I kept my own mouth closely sealed. I doubt if I made myself very charming in those days; and I suspect, now, that he was as thoroughly puzzled as a man ever was by his wife's demeanor. He would come in fresh and vigorous from his earnest, eager work, to find Miss Delamater in the parlor ready to talk to him—or with him—of books, of art, of noted men whom she had met, of famous places she had seen. She kept his whole intellectual being in healthy action. By and by, a little pale, spiritless woman would come stealing in, and sit silently in the shade.

Sometimes it was the little woman's own fault that she was not brighter and fresher. Sometimes a spirit of dumb submission, that was yet far from being patience, took possession of her, and she would not strive to make herself as charming as she could, and as she had through all her wedded life till now. Sometimes she was silent when she might have talked well and wisely—as well, perhaps, as the more brilliant woman whom she allowed to eclipse her. Sometimes she willfully threw her husband in the way of temptation by being still, and cold, and passive herself, when this old friend of his was most attractive, most winning.

I see all this now, but I did not see it then, only felt that I was wretched, and I believed that Miriam Delamater was the cause.

One morning, at the breakfast table, allusion was made to Bryant's poem to the Fringed Gentian; and Miss Delamater remarked that she did not know the flower.

"What! not know the Fringed Gentian?" said Walter turning round quickly. "Well, I advise you to make its acquaintance before you go flower hunting again 'on the Alps and the Apennines.' I will bring you a blossom to-night, if I can find one. It must be in bloom by this time."

"No, thank you," she answered, carelessly. "If I see the flower at all I want to see it in its native haunts. No single blossom for me, if you please."

"Then what say you Barbara? Let us go up to the head of the lake this afternoon, toward sunset, and we can reap a harvest of gentians. Meldon's woods must be filled with them."

I did not particularly care to go; but I had still enough common sense remaining to know that the walk, and the sweet, fresh evening air would do me good. So we went, all three of us.

I am not going to describe our walk on the shores of that lovely lake, the glorious sunset sky, the opaline gleams, the tints of purple and rose, amethyst and amber, that glorified cloud and wavelet and mountain. Even my perturbed spirit felt that "it was good to be there." We lingered so long that when we entered the woods the sun was slowly sinking—a globe of fire behind the crest of Mount Victory.

The first frost had come, and the leaves were beginning to fall. But bright with "heaven's own blue," the gentian "looked through its fringes to the sky" from every damp and shaded nook. We found them on every side of us; and wandered on, lured by seemingly richer specimens just beyond, until we were checked by the gathering darkness. I looked up, and a single star shone down upon me through a parting in the trees. But even as I looked a dense cloud swept over it.

Walter and Miss Delamater were at a little distance. He was showing her a spot where the May flowers were largest and sweetest in the spring. I called to them.

"Walter! Miriam!" I said. "It is getting late, and I believe it is going to rain. We must hurry home."

They came back to me hastily. But before we had taken a dozen steps the wind swayed the tops of the pine trees, a sullen, angry roar came from the deeper woods into which we had not penetrated, and it became evident that one of the sudden, violent tempests of autumn was upon us.

We hurried on, while it grew darker and darker every moment, and the soughing and shrieking of the wind and the creaking of the tossing boughs raised a bewildering tumult about us. Taking a hand of each, Walter tried to urge us forward. But our feet became entangled in the breaks and underbrush, and we made slow progress.

"Hark! is that thunder?" said Miriam, under her breath.

"It is too cold for a thunder storm," Walter answered. "It is only the wind."

Even as he spoke a fearful gust tore our hands apart. Denser darkness—darkness that could be felt—fell about us; we could not see an inch before our faces—we could not see each other.

Suddenly the air was filled with flying particles, and crash after crash resounded from the forest. We were in the very path of the tornado. Great trees fell prostrate to the right and to the left of us, and huge branches were borne like straws on the wings of the tempest. Stricken to the ground, crouching there in dire extremity, we waited for what might come.

But high above the roar of the elements, the fierce beating of the storm, I heard my husband's voice.

"Barbara! Barbara! Barbara!" I heard it through the darkness, and could not answer him.

Barbara—not Miriam—even in that supreme moment when soul spoke to soul, and we stood upon the confines of the other world.

* * * * * *

When I returned to consciousness I was in a darkened room, and there were two or three strange women about me. I tried to move my left arm, but could not. It was bandaged from the shoulder down. Walter knelt at the foot of the bed.

The woman went out.

I cannot tell you about it. Some things are too sacred to be made common speech. But I know that night by my husband's tears and caresses, by the silent kisses that his trembling lips pressed upon my cold ones, by his few scarce articulate words of thanksgiving, by his whispered prayers, how grievously I had wronged him by my jealous doubts.

I learned more, by and by, after Miriam had gone, and my bruised arm had got well. One day I told him all I had thought and felt and suffered. For a long time he sat silently, with his hand clasping mine. Then he said,

"I want to show you something, Barbara," and left the room.

He came back presently with a little blue velvet case in his hand. There was something in his face that I had never seen there before; something that showed that his whole being was stirred to its inmost depths.

"I want to show you something," he repeated. "You are wholly mistaken about my feelings for Miriam. Rumor made slow progress.

"Hark! is that thunder?" said Miriam, under her breath.

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