THE CARLISLE HERALD A. L. SPONSLER, Published every Thursday morning by

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Real Estate Agent, Scrivener; Conveyance and Olite Main Street,

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TIWO VALUABLE FARMS, within

id estate war, and those baying claims to present them, athenticated for settlement.

MRS. A. M. MOORE, Administratific to distinstratific to the settlement of the settlement.

Letters, if administration on the estate of nucl Bowman, late of Frankfird township, de-sed, have been issued by the legister of Cumber-d county to the subscriber redding in West neshors twenship. Cumberland county, P.A. All

30ma726t .

ent. HENRY WALLETT, TEXECUTOR'S NOTICE. - Letters AFCULTUR'S AVAILABLE - ACCOUNTING A CONTINUE AND A CONTI

TXECUTOR'S NOTICE. - Letters eyes that she dreaded, eyes from which eyes that she dreaded, eyes from which

16ma726t* SAMUEL EBERLEY,
Executor OTICE.—Notice is hereby given that an assessment of TEN PER CEAT has been levied by the floared of Directors of the Cumber-land Valley Mittual Protection. Cempany, now Peoples' Fire Insurance of Pennsylvania, on all notes belonding to this Company, and in face all notes belonding to this Company, and in face all notes belonding to this Company, and in face all notes belonding to this Company, and in face all notes belonding to this Company, and in face all notes belonding to this Company, and in face all notes belonding to this company, and in face all notes are seen to the first day of January, A. D. 1870, and five per

The matter of Jacob Litter, a gather ap.

OTICE is hereby given that a gengal meeting of creditors of said hankup-will be held at the Cent House, in Carlide, Pa, on Thursday, Jane 20, 1872 at 10 o'clock, a. m., before Camming the account of the Assignee, so that it may be audited and passed and he be discharged from all highly, preparatory to a final dividend, and for all other purposes named in the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth sections of the Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to establish a uniform system of Bankgaptey throughout the United States," approved March 2, 1867.

WILL A. LINDSRY,

THE undersigned having been quali-A field as a Justice of the Pence, is now prepared to attend to all business entrasted to him. Office in Mr. Givin's Building, near the Parmer's Bank, and in roar of First Piesbyterfan Church. Residence 65 West street.

25ap12tt F. A. KENNEDY.

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UNTO ALL.

E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

The world goes fast, the world goes slow,

The world goes dark, the world goes bright,

Each bears a separate wealth of treasure.

The world goes joyously and pleasant— When hearts are light the world is light,

And sheds its radiance o'er the pro

The world is drear, the world is gay,

In fact this vast terrestrial ball, Is—just exactly what we make it.

Tis true it has its ups and downs,

t has its Crosses, but its Crowns,

Gleam far above its transient shadows.

And half the hearts with anguish brea Wait for ourselves to give relief.

For they are of our own blind making.

And half the wees which drown our sense.

Stand naked-manufactured auguish

Then why our sorrow? why our woo?

Since joy is better far than sorrow, and every shadow here below,

Nor ever sea the silver lining.

For whatso'er this world may be,

It roully is no place for grundlers

And always think of this my friend,

Don't misconstrue it, or mistake it,

From now until the very end,

The world will be-just what you make it.

[From the Sunday Transcript.]

EXPIATION.

stretched in deep gloom before her.

a heavy cloak had been thrown. Mad-

hands clasped and her eyes closed.

the tone of her husband's voice told her

try of strangers.

Autumu leaves.

Fades from the brightness of to-morrow.

And makes us droop and sorrowing languish, Stripped of their garb of false pretense,

And more than half our earthly grief,

It's summer time, it's winter day,

But what is it unto usall,

The world goes sad and melancholy-

It goes exactly as we go.

When we are jolly, it is jolly.

A SALUABLE FARM AT FIRIVATE AND ASSETTING THE PROPERTY OF THE

HOUSE AND LOT OF GROUND AT HEALT LOS SOLVEN FOR A BOUND AT SHEET. LOS SOLVEN FOR A BOUND SINGLE SHEET. LOS SOLVEN FOR A BOUND SOLVEN FOR A BOUND SOLVEN FROM THE STREET, 15, b) 45 feet 50m i72 · # A. L. SPONSLER, Real Estate Agent

Legal Notices. DMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE .-

A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. - Letters

voices startled Mme. de Blanquefort ield lights flashing through the trees. She clasped her hands together in agony. "Oh! Heaven, is my punishment "Still she gazed from the window.

I testandentary on the estate of Mrs. Cathariters via, late of Hampden (whichlip, deceased, lave a restood by the Reisster of Cumberland cours) the subscriber redding in said township. A roots indebted its said estate will please making the said to the district payment, and those having of dins a second them duly authenticated, to the under she shrunk, eyes that she felt could read are footsteps on the stairs; they near her room; she has recognized them; it s hershusband who stands before her. She feels his presence, for she dares

first day of January, A. D. 1809, and the per tassessed on all notes takin shoce said date and bree on the first day of Apill, A. D. 1872—excep-tion of tolding the period of the period of the period ovals of tolding the period of the perio

In the matter of Jacob Bixler, a bankrupt :

all: she knew some dreadful catastrophe had happened; she felt that some horrible punishment was at hand; she was conscious that her sin had found her 'Madame,' said her husband, 'they 36ma72td WILL A. LINDSEY,
Assignee of Jacob Bixler. xpect and wait for you below.' Mme. de Blanquefort walked acros the room with a heavy leaden tread, and

plaze of the lamps, lay extended the dead body of a man: his pale rigid face stained with blood that had flowed from USE

wound in his forehead. One look she cast on him, then one vild look on all around; no kind glance beamed on her, no friendly hand stretched towards her, and in another ustant she lay prostrate, pale and rigid eside the corpse.

Then the women advanced; they bere wondering why the Marquis de Blanquefort had not taken greater precaution.

their pillows.

tottered toward him, seeing she could not stand, he had placed his arm around the silent and unconscious corpse. Beside this lie made her stand, holding glittering baubles.

her firmly as she shrunk away, forcing 'This is your lover, Madame, gaze on him your last look; you are his mur-

you life--' oman, sinking on her knees, 'mercy !' be a mercy, and I will let you live; but his own especial community. isten on what conditions. Never from till you shall lie cold as he dees.'

parted forever-' 'I desire to hear no more of your intellect. shameless intrigue, nothing but this; But as the time drew near to pronounce how long has it lasted?"

Why sit in solitude alone,

And spend the passing hours repining,
And make each cloud a cause to mean, a deep blush. shame, and the world's obtoquy; my palled upon him. Why how the head and heat the brougt shall never enrich--' Look up ! and you will find a better. Why not look up with spirits free,
And not live on mere moody mumblers?

> 'Not my son!' But he is mine, sobbed the Marquise, mine, and my love for him as deep as crime; oh! spare him.'

my right; I cannot avenge myself on a Mme, do Blanquefort sat at the win ow gazing out into the park which ow with my son for years, perhaps for ever; see when I return that this in-She had been weeping, and now sh truder is not here. Now, Madame, strained her eyes to see into the darkfarewell; we part never to meet again. iess, listening to every sound, and startour son-mine, I mean-shall never ing even at the falling of the dried hear your name, and shall be taught to such an hour as this, the hour of dislook on his mother as dead. God forgive "I dare not say Heaven speed him, you, Madame. I will forget you.' for it is a crime to see him; but this is

Fifteen years after this interview, the last time, shall be the last time we Ime. de Blanquefort lay on her deathshall meet. Would that we had never bed. She was but a pale, wan spectre vow.' met-would that my soul were free that seemed as though she had already from this great sin. Yet I struggled. been far into spirit-land; life was con-If there is some extenuation in the eyes of Heaven I may hope for pardon, for betrayed every sinew and bone, resem- he would a caged bird, the young novwas I not a neglected wife, treated with scorn, my pride wounded, condemned bling in all but color those of a skeleton. from very shame to solitude in the Beside her bed knett a priest, and hind him, looked up to heaven and drew leaning over her was a youth, whose a deep breath, feeling as though it was ried in girlhood to a retired sea captain, brightest years of my life? Oh l-how

my heart yearned for consolation, for one loving look, for one being who could he gazed on her. understand me, raise me from the utter 'My son,' said the priest, 'behold insignificance into which I was thrust. sin that rests on my soul a whole life dream of happiness will be dispelled, the pline and mortification have obtained tered monk.

from her reverie, and presently she be- I have never known another affliction; can I refuse her anything?"

'Then listen, my son : it has been part of the penance imposed by the church, oming; hast thou rejected my sacri- that your mother should confess her sin Along the broad avenue leading to the which the church will grant her absoluchateau, the torches advancing, revealed tion.'

to her a crowd of people carrying in 'Speak, I am ready!' heir midst some dark object, over which 'The condition is that you, the child of her sin, shall be devoted to the church ; ame de Blanquefort threw open the winthat from this moment you shall redow, and straining her eyes on one face nounce the world, and so hide within the that gazed up at her, she fell back into her chair with a shrick le The eyes that past. walls of a monastery all anomory of the

had encountered hers were her husband's, 'Father,' replied the boy, 'I have been educated like a priest; the world is the guilt laying heavy on her souls to me; a monastery is fit refuge Now the voices have become distinct; own of my mother's I can do something for me. At least, by accomplishing this the crowd has entered the hall; there for her, the only being who has ever loved me, or cared for me on earth. Mother,' added he, solemnly, turning to the dying woman, 'if it pleases God to take you now, die in peace. Within one week of not look at him, but leans back, her your burial I will go with Father Bruno to Grenoble, and there taking the vows, 'Madamo de Blanquefort,' said her forever pray for you, think of you, love husband, 'there is a guest below claimyou, till we meet again in Heaven.'

ing your care and hospitality. Have 'For thy father who died in mortal you not heard the tumult? The missin, for thy mother, weak and guilty, tress of the house should not leave a dypray, my son; this life is nought and ing man beneath her roof to the minisasses away like a dream. Heaven is eternal; there we shall be happy.' At these words Mme-de Blanquefort

Eulalie Marquise de Blanquefort gazed started up. She asked no questions; with a look of love and agony upon her child, then turning away, received the absolution of the priest, and finished prever the long, weary, sinful years of her life.

had he been beyond the walls of the his love. domain; nover had he seen any one but wi My dear friend,' said she, 'I know his mother and the priest, her director and his tutor. It was no sacrifico to him me, but do you not know that I am dyto give up the world, he knew it not; nechanically followed her husband down the whole tendency of his education had been to fit him for the fate, that was to my life; I have but a short time to live-There in the hall, beneath the full be exacted of him. He had thought nay, each day may be my last. more of Heaven-than of earth, and ignored alike its pleasurés and its resources.

Coming from his mother's grave Es teve, to whom no other name had been given, entered the room where Father Bruno was awaiting him. The stern ascetic looked up at him for the first time in his life with a smile.

'My son,' said he, 'in a few hours we her away, murmuring that the, sight of shall have left this place forever. I shall blood had been too much for her and be all that will recall the years of childhood-years we love to look back on, though they may not have been happy. Intermingling their talk with surmises I shall never leave you. My son, you as to the cause of M. de Villar's accident mother, guilty as she was, died like a and then hinting that perhaps it was saint, and in her dying hour, I, the minnot an accident, and so they laid the lister of Heaven's mercy, permitted there poor woman on her bed, and with cruel one last indulgence of earthly love kindness brought her back to life. Your mother renounced all her fortune, Two hours later all was still in the leaving it as an atonoment to those she chatean; the tumult had subsided; the had wronged; but she had still jewels dead man in his grave clothes lay in one that belonged to her; these I allowed of the state rooms of the chateau, and her to keep; they are yours; these T Delbegue. The evening when the conthe household, full of the ave death authorize you to keep, despite the vow brings over with it, lay still, full of sol- of poverty you may one day pronounce. emn thoughts or melancholy dreams on My child, because I am a priest I am their pillows. Llove

Father Bruno then opened a small Esteve as soon as they were alone, who After a little time he paid her \$1,500, casket and displayed what in the eyes of was your father? her, and so dragged her along the broad a man of the world would have been a silent corridors to the room where tay fortune, but what to Esteve, ignorant of knew him; when but an infant he was ance recovered. He said nothing of the

CARLISLE, PENN'A, THURSDAY MORNING JUNE 6, 1872.

'Keep this treasure, as you call it, her to gaze down on the grave, rigid Father Bruno, keep it; for you, for the church, for the poor. I care not for them. Now let'us on our way." Esteve was too young as yet to take her feet. derer; that he loved you he died, that the vows, but his religious education, his

he leved you I killed him; yes, killed gentleness and his cheerful temperament him, and by his dead body will I impose soon made him a favorite among the on you the conditions on which I grant brotherhood. The prior looked forward with delight to the time when he should 'Mercy I' exclaimed the wrotched produce to the world a preacher of Carmelite Order, zealous and refined, that None for you, for to kill you would should give celebrity to his Order and Esteve seemed in every way calculated

scene shall be forever before your eyes scarcely over been equalita, his fine form gave grace to the long, white robes of 'I submit to all you desire, for I am his Order; his golden hair clustered like Grenoble for admittance guilty; this night we were to have a halo round his head; his finely carved features expressed at once dignity and

his yows a change seemed to come over ''Two years,' said the Marquis, with Esteve-a weary monotony appeared to creep over his life-his spirit left him, 'That is enough, Madame, though for his cheerfulness vanished, and all the my own sake I will not give you over to occupations that once had charmed him name shall never descend to one who Father Brune, said he one day to

has no right to bear it; my fortune the priest, who was to him the only and dearest friend he had on earth, 'father' 'Esteve shall never claim anything said he, 'I am weary of life ! I yearn but from you. We have an elder son; he for one thing—to see my mother's grave, his decree we bow.' lives; he has every right. Esteve is-' lay down on it and die.' 'My son, there may be great things before you ; you may attain-

'Nothing, father. Do you not tell me though he were not the son of guilt and that father Bruno once was renowned all over Europe? See what he is now-'Madame, I am not a melodramatic a poor old, bent man, beat with age and tyrant; I avenged my honor, for it was sickness, neglected by all, aspiring to another world. No, father, you have elpless child; I leave this place to-mor- power; let me but once again see my mother's grave, once again behold the scenes of the few caln happy years I have ever known, and then-'My son,' said Bruno, 'remember the treasure your mother left you; it is for

couragement and temptation. Go forth into the world.; learn to know it; then choose between it and the convent, remembering but this-your mother's Fresh life seemed to come to from this hour, and one dark winter centrated in her eyes alone, and the night Father Bruno opened a low poshands that were clasped over her bosom | tern in the convent wall and let out, as ice, who, stopping as the door closed be-

large blue eyes were filled with tears as the first breath he had ever drawn. Father Bruno had furnished him with a secular dress, had realized a portion of what penitence and prayer have brought his jewels, and had, above all, knowing Dearly have I paid for this. The heavy to a woman once so guilty. Your mother how ignorant he was of the world, fursin that rests on my soul a whole life dies reconciled with her God, in the nished him with lettern introduction will scarce suffice to atone. To-morrow profound hope of everlasting bliss. Fif- to members of his own family who for my husband will be here—to-morrow the teen years of penitence, prayer, disci- many years had not heard of the clois-

A Letter of administration on the estate of Cartani e Hollinger, deceased, late of Penh township, Cumberland county, have been issued by the Resister of condectand county, have been issued by the Resister of condectand county, to the subscriber residing in said township. All persons modeled as will be my future life."

At this moment a sound of numerous

Lit was strange and lost the count die in peace dark and dreary as the seene before me until you have sworn to fulfill her yow, and so accomplish the work of her regarded as though he had generation.

At this moment a sound of numerous

At this moment a sound of numerous

At this moment a sound of numerous

The same of the cannot die in peace dark in the strange and lost the seene to find the work of her regarded as though he had generation. 'I have none on earth but my mother; him, and took his place in Parisian society as naturally as though he had been brought up in its midst instead of

in utter seclusion. Esteve had been told by Bruno that he was sick; soon he discovered all those to you; you know it now. Now I must few words had meant, and as he had dedeclare to you the only condition of termined to remain in the world he began forming a connexion around him. Father Bruno's letters were to his sister-a lady long past the prime of life -a widow, whose sole companion was

he widow of her only son. So little was Esteve versed in theknowledge of the world and the human. heart, that it was long before he understood the nature of the charm that brought him Mníe. Delbeque, or of the sunlight that the presence of Estelle Delbeque had thrown over his life.

Mme. Estello Delbeque was a gentle, serious woman, in years but trilld, but over whose young life sorrow had early thrown a shadow; she had married but to obey her family; but she had been happy, and death had severed a tie that promised love and joy through life. Estelle did not mingle much with the world; her position, a widow at nine-

teen, forbade her being independent, but her health was such as even to preclude the most ordinary social amusement. It was Esteve's greatest joy to sit beside the 'sofa where she lay, reading to her or talking; for his egudition and his reading made him a most brilliant and outertaining conversationist. Estello seemed to revive when he was by her side, and her mother-in-law encouraged his visits, for she loved Estelle both for

her own sake and for her son's. One day Esteve was alone with Estelle, and in words full of passion, for Estove, her son, wopt over her; never they were full of truth, he declared to her

you love me; your love is happiness to ing? This emotion even now brings a throbbing to my heart that threatens -there may be hope.

'None.' But your life may be spared for days, share those days with you; let my ove sustain you ______, 'Oh! Esteve, make life dearer but to for the valuable cargo.

confessed to having neither relations or family, and it was agreed that he should brought on an attack of brain fever,

The moral of the story is a si where there is wealth there are legal acts balance, the physician giving little hope every claim.

tract was to be signed arrived, and the came back to life and health. lawyer began to read: 'I. Estelle de Villars.'---

'The Vicomte de Villars; I neve the world's wealth, seemed to be mere killed by an accident, some say murdered-

By whom 9) By the Marquis de Blanquefort.

of course delayed; then when they were Mr. Martin told her that he must have alone, Esteve told his mother's story, and the \$5,000-that his heavy losses mad the miserable story of his own life. Estelle, as he concluded, threw herself in his arms, and clasped him to her raise the money, she distrusted at once heart. 'Oh ! Esteve, my brother, thank God

that my days are numbered.' Two months later Estelle lay in he this place shall you stir more. The last to fulfill his shope. His beauty had grave. Before one blade of grass had the doom was pronounced by a pitiless grown on it, a worn out traveler ap- judge, and she must prepare to leave he olied at the door of the monastery of 'Is Father Brano living?' said ho.

He was admitted into the presence of the priest. 'My son,' he cried, recognizing Esteve, 'once again within these walls?' 'Father,' said- Esteve, 'my mother had left me to expiate her crime. Heaven must be satisfied with what I have suffered; an angel has gone to Heaven to relief. A letter came from the post-of

'Ah!' cried Bruno, 'God has said the L'DEAR MADAME : children shall bear the parent's sin. To

> . [From The Ætun] SA VED.

'One month from to-day, Mrs. Thomp son, I shall close the mortgage, unless you find the money to pay the note. I have already given you four weeks' grace, in consideration of your sad loss, and my high esteem for you and your late husband. I will wait another month and then justice to my own family will compel me to claim my dues. I am sory for your trouble, but if one cares not for his own house,' the good book says 'he is worse than an infidel.'' Such were the parting words of Mr.

Martin, 'the Shylock of Woodford,

pleasant village in Eastern Massachu setts. Mrs. Thompson attempted no reply. She knew it would be vain to uppeal to his hard heart - And yet his words gave untold pain, and filled her with despair. She trembled at the doom foreshadowed, the loss of her beautiful nome, and exile, she knew not whither. A few months before, Mrs. Thompson had been the happiest of women. Marman of quiet and energetic character, who had earned a competence, her life youngest he had bought a small farm at the edge of the village, which she had always admired, for a beautiful grove stretching behind it, and a stream windlays. The children were never weary wandering in the grove, and even while Mr. Martin had been pronouncing sentence, they were having a grand

coming. ^ oming. ^ But with the purchase of that home came the first troubles. Mr. Martin had long coveted it. He had hoped to get it at a great bargain from the former wner, who was sorely pinched for noney. And when Mr. Thompson ought it, he vowed verigeance for being thwarted, and swore, with a terrible

ath, that he would yet gain his end, by fair means or by foul. From that time he began to weave: subtle plot. He cultivated a close inti- of regret and sympathy. She received uacy with Captain Thompson, showed a nacy with Captain Thompson, showed a nim with cold pointing, and said sho was ready for patch of New Jersey—that's the scientific distanced his presidence. With great payment. His face grow white, his pursuit you want. Get out ?? flattered his prejudices. With great shrewdness and skill, he called up fre- hand trembled, and in a voice hoarse quent reminiscences of sailor life, and with suppressed anger, he screamed, expressed surprise that an old salt could be content with the humdrum monotony of life on shore. The plot succeeded. The it, with the interest in full.' He took it captain grew restive, talked occasionally at home of the folly of an idle life, and of mortgage, without further words. On the duty of making a better provision for his family. The wife, at first, laughed at his new notions, but as they came up more frequently, and plainly occupied his mind, she grow sober and full of apprehension at the thought of his again. Mrs. Thompson. Your former experi-

resuming a sailor's life. In due time the plot ripened. When the expenses of living increased during the rebellion, and the income, ample be- tion and expose fraud. fore, demanded sharp management to meet expenses, Captain T. suddenly an nounced his purpose to make one more oyage. Mr. Martin was fitting out a ssol for England, and had offered him the command, with a share in the venture, the risk would be small and the profits large, securing them a fortune for life.

The poor wife found it useless to plend with him to change his purpose. The I snell of the old life was on him, and he Estelle, life is in the hands of Heaven | was ingenious in arguments to prove the wisdom and necessity of the measure. At last she gave assent with a forced cheerfulness, and did not object even to that I rejoice with you that no sacrifice years; let me, even though it were only signing a mortgage of \$5,000 on their estate, which money he found necessary to raise to complete his share of payment

He sailed, with high hopes on his part on. Esteve had taken a name that ing England, the vessel was overhauled. and contracts. Esteve left all to Mme, of recovery, but a vigorous constitution

McClube 2 20705, reprieted that it is a superconstant of the control of the contr

services of the captain, and from insurmortgage until the very day when th note became due, when he called to ask payment. In the weakness and depression which had followed her long sick-'My sister!' exclaimed Esteve, and ness and grief, she had forgotten her overpowered with horror, he sunk at signature, and, indeed, knew so little of business matters, that she did not under All was confusion, the ceremony was stand the consequences involved. When

> his pretended friendship, and suspected the plot he had so cuuningly laid But a whole month had gone by without opening any way of escape, and nov beautiful home. Indeed, as she calmly thought of the matter, his suggestion seemed a wise one. She must sell the estate, and find some cheap tenement, where it would be possible to support the children on a small income.

the money necessary to his business—and

that it would be best to sell her farm to

.The night was sleepless. Her restless orain was busy with schemes, for the future, none of which were satisfactory But the morning brought unlooked-fo bear the tidings that I fulfill my mother's fice, in an unknown hand. She opened, vow! A shroud and a tomb are all now and read,

'Boston, June 23, 1863.

'I fear you may have suffered much from my remissness, but I have just re turned from a long absence in Europe and have learned of your great loss. was formerly intimate with Captain Thompson, when he followed the sea, and he consulted me in reference to this last voyage. When he told me of the risk involved, and of the mortgage given on his propa erty; I advised him to take a policy life insurance for \$10,000, to make his family secure under all contingencies. have called on the officers of the company, and they will be ready to make the payment, when you attend to the isual formalities. I will come down. therefore, to-morrow to obtain your signature, and you can have the money nmediately. `I am the more anxious i the matter, knowing that Mr. Martin holds the mortgage; and from former business connections with him, I am sure that he is both hypocritical and dishonest.

CHAPPAQUATIOS. With sentiments of the highest

esteem, believe me-We were sitting with Horaco one af-"Very truly yours, ternoon in that little disreputable little 'HENRY HOFFMAN.' Her hands trembled as she read the room of the Tribune. The old gentle letter; blinding tears ran down her man was in one of his chronic conditions cheeks, and when it was finished she of grumble and discontent. He had that had moved on in a screne joy. Her hus- fell on her knees in devout gratitude to mealy appearance, so common to him band, married late in life, was proud of God. She thanked Him in broken words that made him resemble a blonde miller the treasure he had won, and anticipated for the thoughtful kindness of her hus- fresh from the dust of his flour mill, and every want. Three children had been band; for this deliverance from impend- was expressing his private opinion in a born to them, and on the birth of the ing evil; for the home saved to her public and somewhat profane way, when youngest he had bought a small farm at children. For the first time since her a colored gentleman was announced.

the world—it seemed as-though he had passed before through the scenes before that home had been passed many happy Mr. Martin's villany. son's share of the insurance received on quired. the cargo of the burned vessel ought to have been at least \$10,000, and he hoped you want?" was the gruff response. frolic without thought of the evil day to defraud her through her ignorance. Mr. Hoffman advised her to say nothing seating himself, as he deposited his hat to Mr. Martin until he called to demand and cane on the floor—"Well, sah, I've newspapers and periodicals [Limited payment, and then to ask for the mortgage, offering the money, and giving a enuff attention to scientific pursuits, note from himself, saying that a suit sah." would be brought, unless the money received from the insured cargo was lectual countenance of the great journal-

promptly paid. She followed the advice to the letter. that point. In a voice wherein was have it excluded from the pull At the expiration of the month Mr. blended the shrill tones of a hysterical Martin called, concealing his joy at the woman and the growl of a tiger he excomplete success of his plot under words | claimed : him with cold politeness, asked for the old fool! You want a hoe handle and a 'Where did you get the money?' 'That is of no account, she auswered, 'I have counted it, and gave her the turning to go, she put into his hands Mr. Hoffman's note. It was very brief.

'Mr. MARTIN: 'SIR .- I know that you have in your hands insurance money belonging to ence with me will convince you that I am in carnest in saying that unless you pay it promptly, the law will compel restitu-

'Yours, 'HENRY HOFFMAN.' tircumstances, I intended to surprise

you by the payment of the surplus from

he insurance. I beg you to believe that

I designed all for your own good, and

on your part is required.' --It need not be added that all intercourse between Mr. Martin and Mrs. Thompson ended when the lose it.'

In sailed, with high hopes on his part account was settled. Mr. Martin found But the elder Mme. Delbeque sided of a lucrative voyage, but her heart was it convenient to remove to New York, with Estove. Their union was decided burdened with fears. Just before reach- where his poculiar talents could have a wider field. Mrs. Thompson retained would excite no suspicion; he called by the Alabama, and burned, while the her beautiful home, and her income, unhimself Esteve Riviere ; Brune had told captain and crew were carried into port. der the judicious care of Mr. Hoffman, him that to none had he legal right; he The anxiety and chagrin of the captain was amply sufficient for the support

The moral of the story is a simple one take the place of a sen beneath him. which proved fatal; and the sad news of Delbeauc's roof.

No husband who loves his wife and his death found his wife worn and family should allow himself to mortgage Dolbeque's roof.

All was speedily arranged, but even nervous, sinking under typhoid fever. his house, without securing a life insurance policy which will more than cover n the most uppretentious marriage, For six weeks her life hung in the ance policy which will more than cover HILL-Side.

> charged in the usual way by the judge but it ought not for an instant to throw Mr. Martin called often furing her retired to their room, when a white jurer doubt upon the path of duty. The

THE DEW.

"Weop for mo, gentle flowers: let your tears Plead for me with the light." So, trepublingly, before she disappears, Whispers the Night. "Amid creation, see, I am alone, Following the fleeting Day;

The gray mysterious spell around me thrown Repels the gay. "What pleasure is it that to me belong If by my ear the sad, beserching song

"He flies forever from my yearning arms, That glorious, smiling sun; , bathod in tears, amid my starry charms, Must follow on." So, with a breath of sad and hopeless sighs,

We call the dow. -- Harper for May. -----HAPPINESS. BY BISHOP HEBER. . One morning in the month of May, I wandered o'er the hill; Chough nature all around was gay, My heart was heavy still. Can God, I thought-the just, the great-The boon of happiness?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains In which of nature's wide domains Can bliss for man by found? The birds wild careled overhead.

The breeze around me blow And nature's awful chorus said, No bliss for man she knew. I anestioned Love, whose early ray His lingt was dimmed by tears Lauestion of Friendship: Friendship sight And thus her answer gave:
The few from whom he never turned,

Were withered in the grave. A

I asked if Vice could bliss bestow

Vice boasted loud and well. But, fading from her withered brow The borrowed roses fell. I sought of Feeling, if her skill Could soothe the wounded breast And found her standing faint and still

questioned Virtue; Virtue sighed.

No bean could she dispunse

Nor Virtue was her name, she cried. But humble Penitonce. I questioned Death-the grisly shade Relaxed his brow severe, And "I am Happiness," he said, "If Virtue gyides thee here '

FURTHER REMARKS ON GREELEY. The following story is related by Mr. Don Piatt:

sanctum of his, adjoining the counting-

"Mister Greeley, I believe?"

"Yes, I'm Mister Greeley; what do "Well, sah," said old Ebony Specs, We saw the cloud gather on the intel-

"Scientific pursuits! You infernal

THE DOCTOR'S STEAM PLOW.

· A Chicago paper tells the following of a steam plow recommended by Mr. Greeley to Hon. John Wentworth : Horace, it appears, went out to i spect this man's farm, and during the visit he advised his host to purchase some kind of a new-fangled, duplex olliptic; burglar-proof steam plow, belonging to a misguided miscreant who advertises in the Tribuno. The confiding agriculturist bought one of those plows and paid six hundred dollars for it. The first time he took it out in the field the | Chattanooga. An utter stranger collect throttle-valve got out of order, and the on a respectable farmer last weeks and machine started off with a spurt. It asked him if his house had not, been ran over the farmer's oldest boy, killing robbed during the war. The farmer rehim on the spot; it tore down two dozen | plied that it had. "I," said the stranger, panels of fonce, swooped into the stack- "was one of a marauding party that did The crimnal was at bay. His cun- yard, set fire to three thousand bushels it. I took a little silver locket." A That ting plot had failed. He had lost the of grain; cut the legs off of a short locket," said the farmer, bursting into covoted estate. His frauds were detected horned cow; ripped forty peach trees tears, "had been worn by my dear, dead

to the occasion. With bland words and cook to death; dashed through the par- let one make restitution; here are \$20 It would be his last voyage. He would an unblushing face, he said, 'Pardon, Mrs. lor, gouging a furrow in the Brussels for your little son." He gave the farmer nover again tempt the dangers of the Thompson, my silence hitherto. I feared carpet, and devestating the piane; a fifty dollar bill and received thirty you would suffer if this expensive estate snorted out through the wall, leaving dollars in change. He then wrung the were retained. After you had found a the edifice 'a crumbling win; went farmer's hands warmly and left. The more suitable home for your reduced cahooting down the road, whistling and farmer has since dried his tears, and puffing and carrying on generally like loaded his shot gun. The fifty dollar bill mad, until it reached the school-house. Into that seat of learning it swooper with a wild and awful voll, and, jamming up against the blackboard, it burst its oiler, scalding eighteen scholars to who had long despaired of bringing donth, and distributing-the school-master in microscopic fragments over the four adjoining counties. It is thought that of the weather, the girl said, looking Mr. Wentworth will not vote for Mr.

> Greeley. -The fact that Horace Greeley is o record against giving national aid to the Mississippi levees is not calculated to onance his popularity in the States Mississippi and Louisiana. The New Orleans Republican believes this alone will secure his overwhelming defeat in Louisiana, where an effective levee sys- and in a few weeks they were married. tem is paramount to all else. -The Christian Union sava:

defection of Mr. Greeley and his nomination by the Cincinnati Convention have brought surprise and uncortainty, A JURY in North Carolina, after being for the moment, upon the public mind;

... The Richmond Enquirer, in the course of an article on the Presidency, after stating the objection of the late Southern rebels to voting for a man for President who contributed to their de-

feat in the field, an objection holding good against even General Hancock, says: "With Mr. Greeley it is quite another thing. He was not a soldier in the war at all. He was not in power-and he used all his influence, first, to termit the South to depart in peace, and afterwards to settle the difficulty upon any terms that were honorable alike to both sections. Every confederate goldier in the South can vote for Greeley without feeling that he made any sacrifice of his principles or his manhood." -The Boston Globe copies this from

What I know about Conventions :" "The seed of this kind of gourd should be planted early in the winter and carefully kept warm by piling upon it the influence of all the second rate papers in the country, and should be tinderly sheltered from the blasts of public opin. ion, and the storms of the flept-class journals by the loose plantes of all the old platforms which have been exceled since the deck of the ark was latt. At the spring comes on it should, importable be nurtured with double care, and, when it fairly puts forth its tenler shoot, every man who has been unable to May stock in any other vine, should call on his neighbors to come and see the vere table wonder. It will ripen very fast. even if partially chilled by an untimely looding of cold water from an envious former proprietor, and will be matured about the first of May. All the common souse and political honesty should the be dug out of it, and the hollow shell en ofully filled with a miscellaneous coispound of spite, which may be obtained from disappointed offlice-section, ; selfinterest, of which the carpet-bargers can part with large quantities without any sérious resultant damage; jearcali, t'e ambition to make a sensation, for sale cheap at the offices of the Sua and Tris bune, dashed with a spice of French arms nvestigation and military envy. The result will be an outirely toothsome compound-for those who can swallow it, and the inventor of the recipe confidently looks forward to the chief either in the gift of the people as a reward of n.c. :: f his ingenuity and brilliaucy." ____

FREE MAIL MATTER.-The 'Hands 1 Book for Postmasters" gives the following matter as entitled .Ly law to pass free of postage through the mails: All correspondence to and from Schators and Representatives of the United States. [The franking privilege commences with the term for which he is elected, and expires on the first Monday

of December following such term of of A letter returned for better diaction can be forwarded again without agditional postage. All communications on official burn

ness addressed to the heads of the execu

tive Department of the Government, or heads of burgans, or chief clerks, if endorsed "official business," Weekly newspapers sent to him raids subscribers within the county. All official communications between

post-masters, assessors, assistant asses Letters addressed to persons outitled to the franking privilege. All exchanges between publishers of

to one copy of each.]
Communication: Alsolve to a fu publications must be $pdd_{\mathcal{O}}(z,z',1)$ by $z' \circ$ post-neister where the per traff and a genfused to the post meater at the post! istic Bohemian. It broke in thunder at office, who can require a return to take outh, prepay his print the

> piled by the editors of the P. Q.; Gazette, in their "Ward Politics the amasters", as follows: The law author he a the tran . by mail of book in muserift at the raof printed matter, carnot be con that I

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Book manuscript and corrected propassing between author and pullished, may be sent at the rate of two cartering

each four ounces or fraction thereof

A TOUCHING incident is reported from and his ill-getten gains must be re-up by the roots; burst into the house, child." "Here it is," replied the stored. But his hypocrisy was equal upsetting the stove and crushing the stranger, visibly affected; "I am tich;

A DIFFIDENT youth was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the country things to a crisis. Ho called one day when she was alone. After setting the merits slyly into his face :-

'I dreamed of you last night.' 'Did you? Why, now!' 'I dreamed that you kissed me.' 'Why, now! What did you dream your mother said?" 'Oh, I dreamed she wasn't at he

A light dawned on the youth's intel-

lect, a singular sound broke the stillness.

A MAN arriving home at a late hour a little the worse for too much suppor, hatless and coatless, was asked by his and coat?' 'Sent'on, my dear, (hie) to

the Chicago sufferers.' sickness, and after her recovery mani- ventured to ask a colored associate, if he Philadelphia Convention is now bound, Ban luck is simply a man with his 'Stop,' said' Esteve, rising and rushfested a great interest in the family, and understood the charge of the judge. oven if it were not its duty before, to hands in his process and his pipe in his ng to the lawyer, 'saythat name again.' an apparent sympathy with her mister'Golly!' exclaimed the astonished raise up the old Republican banner mouth, looking on to see how it will But Mmc do Blanquefort slept not; you, my boy, and would, were it in my ing to the lawyer, 'saythat name again.' an apparent sympathy with her misforher husband had cont all watches from power, bestow on you a happior fate; Estelle de Villars.'

Come out a fine power, bestow on you a happior fate; See how it will be in the jurer, 'he don't charge us nuffin for dat, under which have been gained such itcome out. Good luck is a man of plick

Mary Mr.