

It was an upper room in a small house on a very old street. The stairs that led up to it were so dark that as they ascended she had to take him by the hand to guide him up; but the room itself was bright enough when they entered it, for its two high windows looked out upon the sunset. A clean and pure room, with bare enough of furniture, but with a fresh air entering it through the open pane, and a scent of flowers coming from pots of mignonette upon the table. A small, shrunken, sickly-looking man was sitting in an old armchair close to the light, and Christine went softly to her side and kissed her.

"Ma mere, this is monsieur, who has come to see you," she said, quickly.

And then he came forward and took the thin hand into his. It was a delicate, white, worn face. "Not like Christine's," he thought—"until she spoke, and he suddenly caught upon her lips what was like the dying shadow of Christine's smile."

Long afterwards when many years had passed, Frank Lisson sometimes tried to recall and bring to life again the hours that he subsequently passed with her in the room. How were they spent? What had he done? What had they talked of? What had been the charm that had made those three—so unlike in all outward circumstances as they were—draw to each other? He could never tell,—could never breathe life again into the dead ashes of those hours. Twenty years afterwards, could he have gone and spent hours each day with two poor untaught women—women who could not read nor write, who never saw nor dream of the height or depth of anything in this great world, whose universe was almost bounded by the four square walls of the mean habitation where they dwelt—could he have passed those hours each day with such as these, and found his heart grow kindred to theirs? He could not. But he did at once, in the old, dead days of his early youth and hope, when he saw a brother or a sister in every kind face he looked at, and when the pure high heart gazed forth on all the world through the light of his own transfiguring sunshine.

Day after day, and even week after week passed on, and he remained still in Rouen. He had meant when he had home to visit some three or four of the Norman or Breton towns, but he had let his heart get wedded to this one city by the Seine, and he could not leave it till his holiday was ended. It called him to stay with voices that he could not resist; it spread its silent beauty out before him, discovering to him day by day some new unexpected loveliness; it gave him its old gray walls to study, the records of its grandeur and its decay; it gave him its old heart to disinter, and it gave him Christine. Perhaps she kept him more than all beside; perhaps the one human interest was deeper than all that could attach itself to sculptured stones; but he at least if it was so, was certainly not alone. He did not seek to weigh the separate interests apart; he only knew that she was to him, that she remained to him through his whole life, one inseparable portion of Rouen, and of that summer's holiday.

It was a perfect holiday, even although each day till almost sunset he worked away bravely all those sketches of his—those sketches which were half right, because the feeling in him for everything around him was so deep and so true, and yet which in their execution were nearly always so immature and feeble, except when here and there some momentary inspiration came to the hand a sudden strength. It would have been no holiday to him at all if he had been compelled to lay his pencil down. Such work as he did here was the best refreshment, his dearest rest. With never-ending delight he drew all day; and every evening he passed with Christine.

Sometimes they spent the whole of those evenings up in the poor garret in the narrow street; but more often she would carry her basket and her earnings home, and they would wander far out of the town together, southwards across the river, or out to the open country, north and west, or eastward, away upon the hills. They would sit in woods and fields, playing sometimes like children gathering flowers and filling the hollows of their hands with water from the hill stream. She could sing prettily, and she would teach her many French songs to him, singing them again and again, till he learnt both air and words. And then he would look to her. He was full of dream and hopes about his life, and of love for a hundred things, living and dead, that she had never heard, and of enthusiasm and reverence and faith; and of all these he talked to her. He would spend hours so, pouring out his boyish heart; how half of all he said to her must, in her ignorance, be like a dead language to her—he forgot that; she listened and sympathized with him, and that was all he asked.

They spent six weeks so. At the end of that time they parted. The last hours that they spent with one another were on a bright, soft Sunday evening. They took their last walk eastward by the river, and then up on the rising ground to the summit of Mount St. Catherine, and there they sat down on the hilltop, with the fair city lying at their feet.

"O Christine, I shall never see it all again, perhaps?" he said, when he had sat gazing at it for a long time.

They had come here together and had spent other evenings so before now; the hill, the town, the river, the tall cathedral towers against the summer sky, had all become familiar to the boys' eyes that were to see them now no more.

"Perhaps you will come here again next Sunday, when I shall be hundreds

of miles away, Christine," he said. "I wonder if all this will seem like a dream then?"

"It will not seem like a dream to me," she answered, softly. "You will be at home then, with the people that you love about you; but I shall have nothing to do, monsieur, but to sit still and think of all this time."

She always called him "monsieur," even still. He asked her long ago to call him by his name, but she had never done it.

"I have never been so happy in all my life," he said presently; he had thrown himself down on the grass, and laid his head upon her knees; he was looking at the old town, not at her. "If I lived for a hundred years I never should forget these weeks. If ever I have a holiday again, shall I come back, Christine?"

"I should be glad if you come back," she said, bending down a little, not touching him as he lay, but only looking at him with the lashes over her eyes.

"If I come back next summer—I don't think I could, but supposing that I did—should we have all our old walks over again? Do you know, Christine, say we never enjoy the same thing twice in the same way. But I don't believe that if I were to come back again next year, why should we not be just the same again as we are now?"

"Perhaps we change when we do not know it," she said.

"We need never change in some things," he answered, hastily. "I don't know whether you mean to forget me, Christine; but I shall remember you to the last hour I live."

"Monsieur, I shall not forget you," she answered, softly, after a moment's silence. "What shall I have to do, when you are gone, but to remember? When I come back here, can I forget how we walked and sat together? When I go home to my mother, can I forget how your coming used to make her face bright? It is not those who remain behind that forget. I do not think you will forget us when you go away; perhaps you will think of us often; but you will think of us—you said it truly—as if we were parts of a dream; while we—"

—with a passionate gesture that he did not see, she clasped her hands, and uttered the last words with a broken sob: "Monsieur, when we lose you, we lose our daily bread."

He turned his face around, and looked up, and saw her cheeks wet with sudden tears. Then, at that sight, half aware and wholly touched, the youth reached up his hands and clasped hers in it, and drew her arm down round his neck.

"Christine, I owe you more than I have given you, a thousand times," he cried. And holding her hand still, he raised it to his lips, and reverently and almost passionately kissed it.

His last night in old Rouen! Long after he parted from Christine he was still wondering about the dark old streets, all lying quiet under the solemn summer sky, and going from church to church that he had loved, to take his last farewell of every noble front and kindly porch. And long after even that final walk was ended, he stood at his own window, leaning on his balcony, and looking down upon the river that flowed silently beneath the stars; dreaming some dreams, the memory of which—all colored by the glorious illusions of his youth—remained with him through after years, till both boyhood and youth had fled.

He went away very early in the morning. The diligence in which he was to leave began its journey at six o'clock, and by a quarter to six Christine and he were standing in the courtyard whence it was to start. They stood apart from the other passengers, away from the confusion and the jostling of the people, very quiet, hand in hand.

They were together for about ten minutes, but there was something during those minutes in the throats of both of them that almost choked their words.

"Christine, I will come back again," he said to her, two or three times.

Once he looked in her face, and said, "Don't forget me!" And the poor girl's lips quivered as he spoke, with a look that he never afterwards forgot.

He stood clasping her hand in his until he heard his name called, and the summons given him to take his place. Then he turned round and looked into her face, and said half audibly—

"Christine?"

"Monsieur," she answered, with a wild, sudden sob.

She threw her arms about his neck. By one passionate impulse they kissed each other; and with that first and last embrace they parted, and never met more.

The old man has told this story, standing in the shadow of the church.

"And did you never see her again, grandfather?"

"Never, my boy. It was a dozen of years before I came here again, and she was gone then. I could never discover when or where; she might have been somewhere in the town, but I could not find her. The traces that the poor leave behind them soon pass away."

"But she may be alive and here yet; she may be here now?"

"Ay, Fred, she may. She may be in here, not fifty feet away from us, telling her beads at this moment amongst the old women kneeling on the floor. But if I knew that she was, do you think I would go in and try to find her?" He shook his head, and smiled, half sadly. We cannot put life into dead bones, Fred," he said, "no throw a bridge across from youth to old age. If I found her now, do you think we should rush into each other's arms? Nay, my lad, the girl and boy we have been talking of died and were buried fifty years ago."

ELECTION RETURNS FOR 1866.

OFFICIAL VOTE OF ELK COUNTY.

Names of Candidates & the offices for which they were running.	MAJORITIES.					
	Democratic	Republican	Prohibition	Other	Total	Percentage
GOVERNOR.						
Clymer	62,236	239	4,303	87	67,065	98.76
Geary	57	14	90	7,000	7,161	10.74
CONGRESS.						
Scott	68,236	242	4,303	87	73,068	98.76
Schaffel	52	13	85	7,000	7,190	10.74
ASSEMBLY.						
Hunt	67,236	240	4,303	87	72,066	98.74
McKean	52	12	85	7,000	7,197	10.73
Justices.						
Schulze	64,229	235	6,303	47	70,814	98.79
Kyler	64,229	240	4,408	54	73,231	98.96
Med.	58	17	88	7,000	7,193	10.73
PROTECTOR.						
Rathbun	63,236	238	11,373	88	74,935	98.24
COMMISSIONER.						
Vollmer	64,233	238	4,373	87	73,131	98.91
AUDITOR.						
James	65,234	239	4,373	87	74,233	98.91
SURVEYOR.						
Walmesley	69,234	239	4,373	87	78,233	98.98

ELECTIONS OF 1864-1866.

In the following table will be found either the total vote or majorities officially of all but fifteen counties. Geary's majority will be about 15,000.

COUNTIES.	MAJORITIES.		
	Democratic	Republican	Prohibition
Adams	2612	3016	2910
Allegheny	21519	12414	20571
Armstrong	3526	3211	00000
Beaver	3287	2364	00000
Bedford	2836	2752	1521
Berks	6710	13267	7121
Blair	3292	2686	3520
Bradford	6865	3067	3500
Bucks	6436	7355	6805
Butler	3475	2947	350
Cambria	2514	3036	2513
Cameron	1721	2251	1906
Carbon	2817	3339	3094
Chester	1789	2803	8000
Clarion	8445	5987	00000
Clearfield	1516	2801	00000
Clinton	1669	2135	00000
Columbia	1914	3467	90390
Crawford	6441	4526	1745
Cumberland	3604	4364	4030
Dauphin	5444	4220	5601
Delaware	3664	2145	3645
Elk	348	835	376
Erie	6911	3722	3286
Fayette	3221	4126	00000
Forest	825	62	30
Franklin	3862	2821	4299
Fulton	691	906	00000
Greene	1583	3074	1699
Huntingdon	3321	2477	600
Indiana	432	2197	2200
Jefferson	1820	1877	103
Junata	1437	1753	00000
Lancaster	14459	8448	14592
Lawrence	3498	1389	2150
Lebanon	3780	2779	1498
Lehigh	3908	5920	00000
Luzerne	7645	10045	8586
Lycoming	3401	4207	3871
M'Kean	767	672	167
Merger	4239	3539	400
Mifflin	1643	1718	1725
Monroe	685	2698	00000
Montgomery	6872	7943	7285
Montour	1130	1496	1130
Northampton	3726	6944	00000
Northumberland	2915	2608	00000
Perry	2406	2446	2581
Philadelphia	5679	4032	54205
Pike	269	1180	00000
Potter	1390	680	726
Schenly	7851	9540	8793
Snyder	2788	1719	3662
Somerset	1679	1368	1812
Sullivan	369	690	00000
Susquehanna	4208	2355	1447
Toga	4682	1584	3000
Union	1915	1332	1991
Venango	3849	3241	919
Warren	2541	1505	1115
Washington	4951	4579	400
Wayne	2274	2989	00000
Westmoreland	4650	5977	5946
Wyoming	1337	1402	00000
York	5568	8560	00
TOTAL			219215

Congressional Election.

The following is the vote for Congressman in this district as near as we have been able to ascertain:

Counties.	Sec. maj.	Scott maj.
Erie	3040	
Warren	1100	
Cameron	70	
Forest	30	
M'Kean	115	
Jefferson	42	
Clearfield		1200
Elk		579
Total	4,297	1,770

The official figures may alter the above, perhaps 100 either way.

For Assembly, Col. Hunt will have about 1750 majority.

Destructive Fires.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 14th a destructive fire was discovered in the suburbs of Quebec in Canada.—The fire consumed 2,500 houses, and rendered homeless 18,000 people. The loss in real estate is estimated at 3,000,000. On the same day a large broke out in Ottawa, Canada West, by which many houses were burned, and many people made homeless.

On the same day a fire occurred at Ashland, Schuylkill county, Pa., which destroyed a whole square in the centre of the business portion of the town.—The loss is very heavy.

A planing mill, carpenter shop, and two or three frame dwelling houses were destroyed in St. Louis, Missouri, on the 15th instant.

—A man advertised for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds that it will be profitable to the undertaker.

THE MARKETS.

RIDGWAY, Oct. 18, 1866.

FLOUR, per bbl.	\$11 00 @ 15 00
PORK, do.	30 00
WHEAT, per bushel.	3 60
RYE	1 50
CORN	1 25
OATS	1 25
BUCKWHEAT	1 25
DRIED APPLES	3 00
BEANS	3 00
BUTTER per pound	30
LARD	30
CHEESE	30
MACKEREL	12
WHITE FISH	10
EGGS per dozen	30

ERIE, Pa., Oct. 18, 1866.

FLOUR per bbl.	\$ 8 50 to 14 00
PORK	33 00 to 35 50
BEF F.	22 00 to 23 00
WHITE FISH 1/2 bbl.	9 25 to 5 40
MACKEREL	10 00 to 12 50
WHEAT per bushel	2 60 to 2 75
BEANS	1 75 to 2 00
EGGS per dozen	23 to 25
LARD	24 to 25
CHEESE	16 to 17
BUTTER	23 to 25

New Advertisements.

PUBLIC SALE!
AT LAKE CITY, Elk County, Pa.
On Tuesday, November 13th, 1866, there will be exposed to sale the following:
1 set of Blacksmith Tools, complete;
1 set of Carpenter Tools; Chains, Cables, Rafting Tools of all kinds; Bedsteads and Bedding; Two Barrels Molasses, Groceries, Bob-Sleds, Log-Sleds, Stoves; 1 yoke of Oxen, and various other articles too numerous to mention. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day. Five months credit will be given for all sums over ten dollars. Approved security required.
R. S. HUNT,
C. RHINES,
Oct. 18th, 1866-41. Adm'rs.

Reamed Oil, Good Quality, by the barrel, at 60 cents per gallon, by Oct. 11-17 J. POWELL.

If you want Dr. Jans' or Dr. Ayer's celebrated Medicines, pure, call upon the only authorized agent in Ridgway. Oct. 11-17 J. POWELL.

If you want a load of Salt, Flour, or Feed, you can save money by buying Oct. 11-17 J. POWELL.

Groceries of all kinds—cheaper than can be bought at Erie, at wholesale or retail, by Oct. 11-17 J. POWELL.

INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE.

THE Lycoming County Mutual Insurance Company at Muncey, Pa., continues to insure against Loss or Damage by Fire on all kinds of Merchandise. Public and private buildings, either in town or country. Also on Mills, Floureries, Barns, stacks of Grain, &c., at the lowest possible rates, consistent with safety to the Insurer and Insured. The Lycoming County Mutual Insurance Company invites an investigation as to its stability. Its capital amounts to \$2,800,000!

Thus assuring to every one of its patrons that their losses will be promptly and satisfactorily paid. Its management has always been prudent, as its existence of twenty six years fully demonstrates.
JAMES BLAKELY,
Agent for Elk county, at St. Mary's.

GOOD JEWS!

The subscriber begs leave to announce to the citizens of Elk and adjoining counties that he has purchased the harness shop lately occupied by John Smut, and that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in a suitable style.
SADDLES, BRIDLES, HARNESS kept constantly on hand at prices to suit the times. Give me a call—shop in the second-story of Hook's building.
Oct. 11-17 J. C. LEVIS.

FOR SALE!
Two Steam Engines 8 inch bore and 16 inch stroke, with main shafts and line shafts, &c.
Also, four cylinder boilers thirty feet long and of sufficient power to drive the two engines. Any one desirous of purchasing Steam Machinery will find it to their advantage to call upon the subscriber at Portland Mills.
HIRAM CARMAN,
Ridgway, Pa. Oct. 4th-3m.

SOMETHING NEW!

HOUSE SIGN & ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.
THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Elk county that he has just started in the above business in Ridgway, and feel confident that he can please all who may favor him with their custom. GRASSING, PAPER HANGING and CALCINING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE AND IN THE MOST FASHIONABLE and improved manner and style. Orders left at this Office or at the Banking House of Southern, Willis & Southern will be promptly attended to.
May-17-66-1y. W. P. WILLIAMS.

EXECUTIONS, SUMMONS, SUBPOENAS, WARRANTS, &c., on hand and for sale at this office.

NEWS DEPOT AND PERIODICAL STORE.

DAILY & WEEKLY PAPERS will be for sale hereafter, regularly at

THE BOOK STORE

IN

ST. MARY'S.

N. B.—Any work, either American or European, Religious, Scientific, Philosophical, Historical, &c., will be procured on application as above. Any article in the Book or Stationery line not in Store, will be sent for by mail and be received in a few days after ordering.
Jan. 14-ly.

J. Power's Column.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF GOODS.

THE MOST DESIRABLE ASSORTMENT.

THE UNDERSIGNED offers to the public at his commodious Sales Rooms in Ridgway, the largest and best general assortment of Merchandise that can be found at any Store between

WILLIAMSPORT AND ERIE, and at more favorable prices than can be bought at either of these points.

His stock comprises a splendid variety of

PRINTS, DELANES, SHEETINGS, DRESS GOODS, CLOTHS, READY MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, TINWARE, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, STONWARE, GROCERIES & PROVISIONS &c., &c.

The proprietor, thankful for the very generous patronage thus far extended to his establishment by the citizens of Elk and adjoining counties, hopes to merit and receive a continuance of the same.
J. POWELL,
Aug.-16-66-1y.

FURNITURE!

THE UNDERSIGNED TAKES pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Ridgway and adjoining towns, that he has just opened a Furniture Shop in Ridgway, and is prepared to sell all kinds of furniture at the lowest prices. His stock consists in part of

COMMON CHAIRS, TABLES, BEDSTEADS, SPRING BEDS & MATTRESSES, BUREAUS, WASH STANDS, CASE SEAT CHAIRS of all kinds, BABY CHAIRS, CRIBS, SOFAS, LOUNGES, TETE A TETE, BEDROOM SUITS of Chestnut, Mahogany and Black Walnut and every thing usually found in a first class country Ware Room.

PICTURE FRAMES of all sizes, and of Mahogany, Rosewood, Black Walnut and Gilt.
MADE TO ORDER.
ALSO COFFINS kept on hand, and made to order, of every kind and description. Please CALL and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere, for I hope by strict attention to business, and keeping all the market demands in my line, to merit the patronage of the public. Warerooms on the corner of Main and Depot streets.
HENRY H. THOMAS,
May-17-66-1y.

1866 1866

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAILROAD.—This great line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.

It has been leased by the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company, and is operated by them.

Its entire length was opened for passenger and freight business, October 17th, 1861.

TIME OF PASSENGER TRAINS AT RIDGWAY.

Leave Eastward.

Erie Mail Train 3 39 p. m.
Erie Express Train 10 30 p. m.

Leave Westward.