

THE QUESTS OF THE HEART.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stars with a tremulous rustle
And the wind and the falling leaves;

They call and they answer each other—
They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
Make harmony still in their strain;

The slumberous sense of seclusion,
From storm and intruder aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearning
To take all its wanderings home,
Or afar in the regions of fancy
Delights on swift pinions to roam,
I quietly sit by the fire-light—
The fire-light so bright, and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart—
Deserted, I should not be lonely;
There still would be guests in my heart.
The faces of friends that I cherish,
The smile, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander,
And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and the sorrows of life—
Who sing the sweet songs of the angels
In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, O evening of autumn
Your rain and your shadows may fall;
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
My heart holds a feast with them all.

[Written for the WATCHMAN,
The Chronicle of Tattletown.

BY VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER III

THE "MITE SOCIETY."

The "Mite Society" of Tattletown was
as yet in its infancy; having been organized
since the establishment of the Rev. Henry Gardener,
as minister of the parish; which until now had been
"sheep having no shepherd" if we may
except the occasional spiritual visitation
of an itinerant Methodist preacher, whose
talents consisted only in the ability with
which he hurled the "thunders of Mount
Sinai" at the hardened hearts of the
devoted Tattletownians—considering "the
Cross of Christ as of no effect."

The plain wooden structure—dignified
by the name of church—which stood in
a conspicuous portion of the town, had
been erected by the united efforts of Mr
Gardener, and the—not very liberal—
contributions of the community added to
the more substantial contributions of a
few of the most influential, and wealthy
gentlemen of the neighborhood.

Just on the outskirts of the town stood
an old church—now fallen almost to decay
whose solitude was unbroken, save when
a party of sacrilegious school boys, tired
of their rambles in the woods around,
made the old church resound with noisy
girth; perhaps some young sinner, more
tiring than the rest would mount the
stairs leading to the quaint old pulpit
and test the strength of his lungs on the
antiquated sounding board above. It
had been built just after the Revolution
and generation after generation of those
who once worshipped there, slept beneath
the sod of its ancient chancel, and the
wild flowers of summer, and the
snows of winter—standing like sentinels,
guarding the sacred ruins.

Mr. Gardener officiated in the new
church, but he hoped ere his ministry
closed, to see the old church repaired
and filled again with earnest worshippers—
once more from the old pulpit he
heard the solemn exhortation, the earnest
prayer, the exhorting—"I am the
Resurrection, and the Life"—around its
chancel kneel those who should partake
of the holy Communion, the Baptismal
and Confirmation service, and the silent,
and deserted choir once more awaken the
rebores of God's temple, and where again
should

The pealing anthem swell the note of
praise.

If Mr. Gardener had been other than
a courageous man he would have hesitated
ere venturing on the establishment of
the "Mite Society," any innovation of
the established customs of Tattletown
being looked upon by the Miss Nancy's
as an assumption of their especial prerogative,
and who immediately set themselves
in hostile array against him. They, however,
came off "second best." In the encounter,
Mr. Gardener being declared
victor, and whose bright armor of
zeal bore no mark of the weapons of
malice and envy that had been so unmercifully
aimed against it.

He had, however, no sooner established
the society, when it was quietly taken
in hand by a self-constituted committee
of managers. Miss Nancy Peck
being a fair sample. Finding any further
attempts at interference unavailing
he resigned all interest in it, so far as
his influence was concerned; though he
strive to render them, by the presence
of the more cultivated of his parishioners,
as pleasant as possible, while dis-
paraging of the object for which it had
been originally established, namely: a
mutual regard for, and interest in each
others welfare as a christian community.

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others welfare as a christian community.
The "Society," by appointment, was
to meet at the house of Mrs. Grover—the
male consideration of the family being a
secondary one, no one ever thought of
applying the possessive case to the les-
ser half of the concept. Mr. Grover; so
if he figures humbly in the proceedings
of the "Mite Society," we feel acquitted
of any intent to make him of any less
importance than he was held by the
members of the "Tattletown Mite So-
ciety."

As the afternoon faded into twilight,
and twilight deepened into night, Mrs.
Grover's excitement increased. The
pleasant sitting room looked more pleas-
ant still in the bright light of the wood-
fire that crackled, and blazed merrily in
the huge, old fashioned fireplace. Mrs.
Grover fitted here, and there, arranging
for the twentieth time the stiff uncom-
fortable furniture, or adjusted her as-
tonishing head dress before the antiquated
mirror over the mantel. She took
herself and head-dress, after a while, off
to the nursery where the juvenile Gro-
vers, indifferent to the dignity and im-
portance of the occasion, were enjoying
a fine game of Yomps. The appearance
of Mrs. Grover upon the scene of action,
put the young rioters hors de combat.

After reading the "Riot Act," they were
undressed, and their mother hastily dis-
patching their "Now I lay me," left
them to the charge of the sable "Mam-
my," with strict injunctions to keep
them quiet, while she finished her round
of inspection, and drew up again in the
sitting room, satisfied that the arrange-
ments of the supper table were complete,
the sitting room all right, and her own
toilet such that "hands and pins couldn't
better it."

It might have been the fatigue conse-
quent upon the labors of the day—it
might have been the drowsy effects of
the fire, certain it is that the first knock
at the front door aroused her from what
might have been a reverie; but which
looked suspiciously like a nap; for the
head-dress had been nodding approvingly
to its reflection in the looking glass
for some time ere overcome by admiration
it had fallen softly on the back of
the arm chair.

Mrs. Grover recovered her wits, and
her head-dress, by the time she reached
the door, which on being opened, admit-
ted Miss Nancy Peck, and her mother,
escorted by her "bosom friend," Mike
Carter.

"You are punctual, Miss Nancy," said
Mrs. Grover, as her guests laid off their
cloaks, and hoods in the spare bed-
room "but you always is, I believe."
"Yes, if there is one thing I admire,
it is punctuation in folks. Some make
it a point to come late; but I haven't
them sort." Much folks as them don't
appreciate the benefits of punctuation!"

"And what may those benefits be,
Miss Nancy?" asked a young girl who
had just entered, and caught the speak-
ers last sentence, and who stood un-
winding the fleecy folds of a white nu-
bia that had performed the double duty
of hood, and comforter.

"Lard alive! Is it you, Ellie Burke,
why how did you come in so easy? I
thought I was a talking to Miss Grover
all the time!"

"Mrs. Grover passed me on the stairs,
and I suppose you were too much ab-
sorbed in contemplating the benefits of
punctuality to have heard me. But you
have not explained to me what those
benefits were."

"Oh! I had almost disremembered
what I was a talking about! Well, as I
was a saying, some folks don't appre-
ciate the benefits of punctuation at all;
they never see, nor hear anything until
every body else does, and I don't care a
fig for second hand news. If I don't
originate a piece of news, why I don't
care that for it!" and she snapped her
long fingers with emphasis.

Ellie Burke succeeded in securing a
seat near Miss Young, Mrs. Gardner's
sister, and from her learned the news of
Charlie Compton's marriage. Ellie could
only express surprise.

"I only repeat it as Miss Nancy told
it, when she brought sister Mary's dress,
and bonnet home on last Thursday,"
said Miss Young significantly, "I will
not vouch for its truth."
"I dare say much of it is true," re-
plied Ellie with a little sigh, "I know
the Hall is undergoing repairs, and Mrs.
Compton, told Mama yesterday when she
called to see us, that some young lady
would return with the girls, to make her
home with them. I did not pay much
attention to what she said; but I under-
stand it all now, I think," and she
turned idly the leaves of an old maga-
zine that lay on the table near her. It
was news, indeed to hear of Charlie Com-
pton's marriage; yet she accused herself
of acting foolishly in permitting the fact
to annoy her, and after all, "Charlie
had never given her reason to think he
regarded her in any light, than that of a
friend," though she could but admit the
want of confidence in her as a friend
that induced him to keep it a secret from
her.

The school master had taken Miss
Young off to the old piano—that never
was opened except upon state occasions
like the present—where she patiently
endeavored to extract some music out of
the cracked, and jarring instrument for
the edification of the village swains who
had gathered around her.

Miss Jenks seeing Nellie alone, moved
her chair across the room, and com-
menced the conversation by asking,
"Where's your beau, Miss Nellie? All
the other gals has paired off with their
beaux, and 'pears to me the prettiest one
in the room shouldn't go a begging! Where's
Mr. Compton?"

"My beau, Miss Jenks, I am inclined
to think is rather a creature of your im-
agination, I do not think I am blessed
with one, and unfortunately in not being
paired off as you call it."

"Well I shouldn't wonder now," said
Miss Jenks if it's the one!"
"Who do you mean?" asked Ellie.
"Why the creature of imagination you
talked of."

"I don't understand you," said Ellie.
Miss Jenks was becoming angry—
"Who should the creature be if he ain't
Charlie Compton? I s'pect you an him
has quarrelled—hadn't you?"

"No, Miss Jenks, I have neither quar-
relled with the creature of your imagi-
nation, or with Charlie. If you mean
Charlie Compton, why we are better
friends than to quarrel for nothing—
Why do you think so?"

"I don't know, only I heard tell of
his going to get married soon to some
Miss from the city, so I 'cloded you and
him had quarrelled, and he had gone off
and popped to her for spite, like," and
Miss Jenks looked relieved to think she
had solved the question to her own, and
perhaps, her companion's satisfaction.

"Another edition of the news," though
Ellie—then aloud—"You are mistaken
as to our quarrelling and if he really is
to be married, his motive will be quite
different from so mean, and insignificant
a thing as spite."

"You're friendly with the Comptons,
and I shan't say as how you oughtn't to
be knowing all about it; but if you and
him ain't sweethearts what's the use of
flaring up so? Your face is as red as a
piny."

"Nerves me right for listening to gos-
sip!" thought Ellie, and thoroughly dis-
gusted, she left her and crossed the
room to Mrs. Gardner's sofa who made
room for her. She did not ask her what

was the matter, for Miss Jenks' conver-
sation had been overheard by all near
her and Mrs. Gardner had heard suf-
ficient to form her own conclusions as
to Ellen Burke's feelings in regard to
Charlie Compton's anticipated marriage.

"Let me finish that for you," said El-
lie taking a child's crochet sock from her
"I really must have some employment, for
my hands—for if it is true that Satan
finds some mischief still, for idle hands
to do, then work will keep him at arms
length, and give some of these dis-
agreeable."

"Hush! my dear you should be
more guarded in such society as this!
You know 'she added significantly, 'we
are always stepping on some one's toes,
and that caution is necessary I need not
tell you."

"Thank you for the hint, I only wish
it had been given a little earlier in the
evening. Old Miss Jenks has applied
the 'pumping process' to me with, I
fear, some success."

"We've had a lively time in this
corner," said Mrs. Gardner changing the
subject "discussing the inexhaustible
subject of the singing class. You know,
my dear, that it is the wish of the major-
ity of the members to dispense with it,
in the 'Mite Society' at least; but its
advocates, though few, are determined
to carry the day, and we must resign
all hopes even of improving it. Miss
Peek who leads the class, and who has
no small appreciation of her talents, as
a vocalist, defended it warmly, and in-
formed us flatly that the 'Mite Society'
was not going to be ruled by a few and
for her part, the more it was opposed,
the more firmly she intended to stand by
her rights. I do not know what is to be
done! It is becoming almost intolerable,
as Miss Peek insists upon the regular
'oddp meeting style' of music, which
being beyond the capacity of ordinary
lungs, generally amounts to a solo!"

"Mr. Gardener should assert his au-
thority as a pastor, and put a stop to it!
Miss Peek and her clique are the pests
of the town! If it cannot be done by
fair means, it can by strategy!"

"What's that, Miss Ellie?" asked Mr.
Gardener, who had joined them while
Ellie was speaking. "What treason are
you and my wife plotting against Miss
Nancy?"

Ellie repeated the substance of their
conversation. Mr. Gardener laughed,
and shrugged his shoulders. "My dear
child if there's the remotest idea of out-
generating Miss Nancy, I'm only too wil-
lingly resign the matter. I confess Miss
Peek and her clique are too much for
me."

"Never mind!" said Ellie I shall
wait until brother Willie comes, and put
it into his hands. I can trust him to
carry 'out my plans. He said he would
be here as soon as the office closed."

Meanwhile the question had been dis-
cussed by the Peck party who unani-
mously resolved to "fight it out." Pend-
ing the discussion supper was announced,
and the house resolving themselves into
a "committee of the whole" proceeded
to discuss Mrs. Grover's bountifully pro-
vided table.

William Furke and Charles Compton
came in during supper, and Ellie found
no difficulty in enlisting the young men
in the singing matter. There was a
short and amusing consultation held by
the two gentlemen on leaving the supper
room, and seeking Mr. Gardener, they
informed him that their plan of action
was agreed upon. As they turned to
leave him, he laid a detaining hand on
Charlie's arm.

"Be careful, my young friends, that
you wound the feelings of no one; for
much as I desire some change in the
arrangements, I would give it up, rather
than effect anything by wounding them."
"Never fear!" replied Charlie. "We
promise to wound the pride and feelings
of no one. You have only to tell us
when the meeting adjourns."

"Ten o'clock, I believe, is the hour,
though we often make it half past, or
even eleven sometimes."
"Plenty of time," said Willie Burke,
"Come Charlie."
Ellie and Mrs. Gardner exchanged
looks of astonishment when the two
young men walked off to the other side
of the room, and proceeded to "beard
the lion in his den"—in other words
Charlie devoted himself to Miss Nancy,
while Willie did the agreeable to the
wall flowers of the evening. Miss Nan-
cy's heart fluttered, as Charlie Compton
came near her, and resting himself com-
menced a conversation.

travelers from Clareville to Tattletown,
on last Thursday! You must not think
me rude in not recognizing you; for
really, and he accompanied his words
with an admiring glance—"your very
stylish appearance deceived me, and I
may be excused for thinking you a stran-
ger." I trust I shall never again be
accused of want of gallantry to the belle
of Tattletown!"

"Law me!" just to listen to him! you
know how to flatter a body, Mr. Com-
pton! But I knowed you the minute I set
eyes on you, and two or three times made
up my mind to speak to you; but you
looked as if any talking would be un-
pleasant to you!"

"You do me injustice—upon my
word you do! I am a social creature,
and Miss Peck's conversational powers
are too well known to suppose I would
fail to avail myself of them during that
long ride. Your conversational powers,
Miss Peck, only equal your musical
talents!"

Miss Nancy glanced, her delight and
appreciation of this flattery, and the
gold setting of her false teeth was plainly
visible. Charley noticed also the gau-
dy finery with which she had bedecked
herself—Miss Nancy inwardly congratu-
lating herself upon the happy chance
that decided her to "outshine creation"
—as she called her dress occasions—on
this memorable evening.

"I am glad to find a genial soul, Mr.
Compton—one who enjoys music as I do;
though there's some in this room"—and
she glanced significantly at Mr. Gar-
dener—"who have done all they could to
put a stop to the singing class."

"It's seldom we meet with appreci-
ation of talents, and would you believe it
Miss Nancy, if I told you I am what is
considered a good musician? Yet rather
than subject myself to the unkind criti-
cisms of unappreciative people, I "wrap
my talents in a napkin," or exercise it
only in the family circle."

"To be sure now! I never would a be-
lieved it Mr. Compton if you hadn't told
me! Why haven't you joined in our sing-
ing at the close of the Mite Society?"

"Simply because I do not like to have
my feelings injured by any invidious re-
marks; and that reminds me that I
heard it had been suggested by some of
the members to dispense with the sing-
ing at these meetings!"

Miss Nancy was an her hobby in a
minute, and Charley smiled in spite of
himself to see how she bridled up.

"Mr. Compton I hope I know my duty,
sir, and I will know it is only them as
is set up, and spiteful like, that is de-
termined on opposing it—I will put my
foot down on any such doings, I will, and
the more they's agin me, the more con-
trary will I be, and—"

"Sacrifice your feelings for, the
satisfaction of doing your duty!" put in
Charlie, "you astonish me, Miss Nancy!
If there was a woman in Tattletown, who
possessed sufficient appreciation of self
to enable them to soar above these little
jealousies, that one was Miss Nancy
Peek—at least that was my opinion of
you! Why not follow my example, and
reserve these accomplishments which
you possess for the benefit of your
friends—myself for instance!" The last
sentence accompanied by a "killing
look," was the coup de grace of the argu-
ment, and Miss Nancy succumbed.

"I never looked at it that way," said
she looking quickly up from her sewing,
but not quickly enough to see the expres-
sion that followed the "killing one"—an
expression that had she seen it, would
have undone all that he had accomplish-
ed." What would you advise me to do?
To let them go their own way, and do
away with the singing?"

"Most assuredly, and let me assure
you that your graceful surrender of your
right, and the compliment you pay my
opinion, will ever be gratefully remem-
bered, and that you may feel no further
uneasiness, as to the remarks of others.
I will assume the responsibility of in-
forming the company of the discontinu-
ance of the singing class. Will you
leave it in my hands?"

nouncing that "the singing would be
dispensed with in future," doubtless
his brief remarks by complimenting
"Miss Peck's zeal in devoting her ac-
complishment to the welfare of the com-
munity, regretting (1) the modesty that
shrank from exhibiting in public those
talents which she possessed to such a
remarkable degree."

When he finished speaking, a perfect
babel ensued. Conjecture of every de-
scription, exclamations, protests, and
remarks passed from mouth to mouth,
no one listening to anything the others
said. Mrs. Gardner and Ellen Burke
smiled, but said not a word; but they
were not to get off so easily; Miss Nancy
suspected they knew Charlie's purpose
when he came over to where she sat,
and the smile that they exchanged con-
vinced her that she was not mistaken.

She walked up to where they sat, and
staring like a gronnedier, on dress
parade, proceeded to rebuke her mind.

"Mrs. Gardner, you call yourself a
christian; but I think you has mistook
your calling, to go and talk behind folks'
back, as you do! I has given up the
singing to Mr. Compton; but I'll be even
with you yet! As to you, Ellie Burke,
I'll advise you to mind you own business,
and let other folks, as is as good you,
alone. If I had been jilted, I should
keep away from the man, as did all, and
not be a hankering arter him, when he's
as good as another woman's husband,
and if I was Mr. Compton I'd—here
she was interrupted by Mr. Gardner
who with Charlie had come up in time
to hear her tirade. "Miss Peck you forget
yourself! Mary my dear, it is time to
dismiss the society with the usual prayer,
and Ellie, Mr. Compton has been hunt-
ing you in vain for some time!"

Miss Nancy was silenced, and she
seated herself with a bad grace, while
Mr. Gardner, read a chapter in the
Bible and followed it with an earnest prayer
in which the blessings of peace, and con-
cord was besought with unusual unctio;
after which the Mite Society adjourned.
Miss Nancy inwardly vowing vengeance
against the entire set of Gardeners, and
Burkes."

Charlie accompanied Ellie home; but
he made no allusion to the subject that
had worried her so much; though he
related the particulars of his visit to the
city, and the sad occurrence that placed
Claudia Henry under his mother's care.

Willie Burke took Miss Young home,
much to the schoolmaster's mortification
who solaced himself with the compen-
sation of Mrs. Hodges, the grocer's
wife, with whom he boarded.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Common Ground.

As we hinted last week there will be no
issue on the Greenback Question, be-
tween the mongrels and those in the
Democratic ranks who favor the pay-
ment of the bonds in government paper
issues.

The Indiana mongrel State Con-
vention came off on the 27th inst, and dis-
tinctly took the ground, by a resolution
to that effect, that "all the bonds"
"should be paid in legal tenders,
commonly called green backs, except
where, by their express terms, they pro-
vide otherwise."

Precisely the proposition of Mr. Pendle-
ton. To pay off the bonds in greenbacks,
is as unjust to the people, as to pay in gold.
Neither gold nor greenbacks are due, as
we have shown, and the people are not
so rich, nor the bondholders so neces-
sitous, that gratuities should be voted the
latter, to be raised by the present op-
pressive system of taxation.

The people demand relief.
It will not come from the proposed
greenback payment.
The people demand justice.
There is nothing but injustice in pay-
ing the bondholders eighteen to twenty
per cent annual interest, and two hun-
dred and fifty dollars in gold, for every
hundred dollars of principal loaned,
which they would receive if their bonds
were paid in gold, or one hundred and
seventy-five dollars in gold, for every hun-
dred dollars of principal loaned, if pay-
ment were made in greenbacks, at their
present current value.

The people want an issue upon which
they can go into the coming Presidential
canvass.
There can be none on the greenback
question.
They want a live issue—a square
issue—an dan issue upon which they
can win!

It can be done only in Repudiation!
—La Cross Democrat.

—Freddy, a fair-headed youngster
of four summers, the other day, after
being for some time lost in thought, breaks
out thus, addressing his father:
"Pa, can God do anything?"
"Yes, dear."

"Can He make a two-year old colt in
two minutes?"
"Why," said the astonished parent;
"He would not wish to do that, Fred-
dy."
"But if He did wish to, could He?"
"I insisted Freddy."
"You certainly, if He did wish to."
"What in two minutes?"
"Yes, in two minutes."
"Well, then, he wouldn't be two years
old would he?"
The old gentleman replied: