

BY N. E. DR.

The sweetest of the seasons
Has blossomed into birth,
And heaven for an instant
Is imaged on the earth.
June's glories float around us,
A sea of gold and green;
We shut our eyes beholding
Too vividly the scene.

The liquid sunshine floweth
So thickly through the air,
That everything appeareth
More golden and more fair;
A flood of gold is streaming
Round every rock and tree—
The clouds are golden islands,
Within a silver sea.

If earth still had an Eden
'T would be a place of bliss,
But who to taste its glories
Would think of leaving this?
We wander in a stupor,
As people walk in dreams;
Not knowing it this beauty
Be rest or only seems.

The winds from off the ocean
Are blowing o'er the grass,
Each slender stem and floweret
Bends back to let them pass.
And every tree is waving,
And every leaf is stirred,
And every branch is swinging
Some sprightly little bird.

The billows of the rye field
Are driven by the wind,
With a speed that leaves the lap wing
Lagging far behind.
The young red-headed clover
Is bowing to the breeze,
Or nodding to his neighbor,
Whichever way you please.

And in a kind of dreaming
I see the mountains blue,
And castle walls and turrets
Are gleaming on my view;
And knights in burnished armor,
A bright and glittering train,
With banners, plumes and lances,
Are pictured in my brain.

Oh, June! your golden glories,
Too soon will fade away,
On Earth's bleak hills and valleys
You cannot always stay
Fill up our hearts with longing
For that immortal bliss,
Where joys eternal blossom,
Beyond the vale of time.

MORNING, PA., June 22, 1868.

For the WATCHMAN.
The Chronicles of Tattletown.

BY VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER XIX.

The next few days passed happily for the inmates of Compton Hall. Out-door amusements were not needed to pass the time away. There was so much to be talked over among those who had for so long been separated. Charlie declared himself delighted with his situation as the only beau of the party, Eugene being considered mortgaged property.

Ellie Burke had returned home on the morning after the arrival of Charlie, but the communication was kept up between "Lanifer's Retreat" and the Hall by the numerous visits of the girls to say nothing of the frequent visits of Charlie, which would have satisfied the most exacting of maidens. He found Ellie much changed, but in the first flush of happiness in having him with her, this change was not so apparent. To Charlie's earnest solicitations that she would name an early day for their marriage, she would plead the recent death of her only brother and the failing health of her mother, as an excuse for deferring it indefinitely. He saw that the subject was one she avoided, and after two or three attempts he gave it up, content with his present happiness.

Claudia had returned to her old life, thankfully. It was a grave, quiet happiness, it is true, but sure withal. She believed, in the light of her past sufferings, she could be more than contented, and would in time learn to look upon the happiness of Charlie and Ellie without a regret for the past.

The old Hall once more resounded with the song and laughter of the young and happy, and Mrs. Compton, as she looked into their happy faces, saw but a reflection of her own happy childhood and youth. The lines of grief and care were no longer visible upon the quiet, happy face, and the sisters of Eugene no longer wondered that their brother's laudious praises should fall on the daughter of such a woman.

A busy and pleasant week passed away, and the afternoon preceding the wedding day arrived, fair and bright, foretelling a fair and beautiful morn. Ellie Burke had come over to remain until after the wedding and now with Daisy, Eugene and his sisters, had started to the grove for evergreens, ferns, and other forest treasures wherewith to add to the floral beauties of the garden, destined to decorate the old house on the morrow. Claudia and Augusta sat upon the porch enjoying the cool breeze that swept through the lindens and oaks. Charlie in his own room was engaged in writing letters to be entrusted to Eugene's care for transmission to Richmond.

"Claudia," said Augusta, "don't you

think Ellie Burke has changed very much?"

"In what way?"
"I do not know that I can explain exactly. I know she feels the loss of her brother deeply, also the failing health of her mother; still I cannot ascribe this change in her to that alone. I asked Charlie the other day if she had consented to naming an early day for their marriage, but he rather evaded the question. I think the question pained him, so I did not press the matter, though I know he is anxious that it should take place at an early day—this fall, at least."

"I have noticed a change in her, but accounted for it by her recent bereavement, also her own health, which she told me was not good."

"Then you noticed that her health was not so good?"

"No, I do not think I should have done so had not she called my attention to it."

"I suppose," said Augusta, "that knowing the family to be a delicate one, and consumption an hereditary disease, renders us more anxious on her account. Ellie, though, seemed remarkably healthy, and we had hoped she would prove an exception to this terrible disease."

Charlie from his window overhead had caught the name of Ellie in the conversation going on down in the portico, and with trembling interest listened, while he knew every word but confirmed his worst fears.

Mrs. Compton's appearance changed the subject of conversation.

"I have just received a note from the village, Augusta. It is from Mr. Gardner, who at Miss Nancy Peck's request, or rather Mrs. Cummins, as she calls herself, wishes me to come and see her. She has, I suppose, learned that her mother made me executor of her property, and will call me to account for it. But where are the other young people?"

"Not yet returned from walk. Charlie is busy writing letters."

"Claudia," said Augusta, after her mother had left them once more alone, "but mamma told you of the conspicuous part Miss Nancy played in the capture of brother Charlie?"

"No, I knew it before," replied Claudia, quietly.

"Claudia!" exclaimed the astonished Augusta, "is it possible you knew it, and yet permitted us to mourn him as dead for so many sad months?"

"Yes, but you must remember I left shortly after, and for months was ignorant of his fate as yourselves. I said nothing to you then, hoping some means would be tried to secure his release."

"It is strange—very strange," said Augusta.

"Yes, it is natural that you should think it strange, and my marriage to Colonel Bell seems more so. A few words would explain my conduct in both cases, yet I would prefer to say nothing about it, unless it be to vindicate what, naturally to you, seems an unkind and ungrateful return for the love and tenderness your family have shown me."

"Your share in this unfortunate affair, dear Claudia, needs no explanation—we can trust you for doing what you deemed best. As to your marriage, you yourself can be the best and only judge of that."

"Yes, I know it. Colonel Bell may have had faults, but certainly he possessed none of the heart. He loved me truly—more so than I deserved he should, and yet I married him with no feelings save those of respect and esteem."

"You did yourself the greatest wrong then, dear sister. There certainly could be no necessity for marrying at all. You have an independent income of your own, and a home so long as you choose to make Compton Hall such."

"Augusta, do you remember the evening of our flight through the woods to avoid Colonel Bell and his companions?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Do you remember your surmises as to the object of his visit to the Hall?"

"I do, certainly."

"And my reply?"

"I cannot recall your words. What did you say?"

"I said I would not marry him under any circumstances, not even to save my self, but to save those I love, as I do your mother, your sister, and brother, I would."

"I cannot understand what that has to do with brother Charlie's being cap-

"No, how should you? But you can understand perhaps when I tell you that to save your brother and mine I did marry him. He was very kind to Charlie, and did all he could to effect his release, for your brother was condemned to die as a spy. Perhaps I believed I could in person accomplish that which Colonel Bell's influence had failed to do, and I married him that as his wife I could appeal to the Federal authorities at Washington for his release, but after all, I have the bitter satisfaction of knowing that the sacrifice was in vain. The Providence that frowned upon my marriage chose not to consider the sacrifice worthy, and by means far worthier than mine rescued him."

She ceased speaking and leaned wearily back against the column of the portico near which she sat. Augusta's eyes were full of tears as she laid her hand upon Claudia's.

"My noble, generous sister, how little have we dreamed of this great love for us—of this greater sacrifice made to secure our happiness! May God bless and reward you as we never can!" and she leaned forward and kissed the trembling lips of the girl beside her.

"Augusta, you must promise me to say nothing of this, will you?"

"But Claudia, does Charlie know of this?"

"No, and he, of all others, I would have remain ignorant of it."

"I wish," said Augusta, after a while, "you would not bind me to this promise."

"It is better as it is, dear Augusta," said Claudia, sadly. "It would but recall the saddest period of my sad life, and I have borne it better than I feared. Let the dead past bury its dead."

But Charlie from his window above them had heard it all, and with the knowledge of the sacrifice came also that of the great love that prompted it. The afternoon wore on, and still he sat at his desk, his head bent over the unfinished letters lying upon it. Was no emotion awakened save that of gratitude and brotherly affection for the woman who had done this for him? He felt humbled under the great sense of his unworthiness. Then, as if afraid to trust himself to think longer of it all, he recalled Augusta's words in regard to Ellie, and for a time every feeling was absorbed in this one fear, that she was slowly but too surely passing away, and he vowed his vows of allegiance to her whose very helplessness, and hopelessness of the future appealed to him more effectually to his stronger nature. Yet as the moments went by his thoughts went back involuntarily to Claudia, and as he recalled the four years of her residence among them, he recalled also many things which, until now in the light of this new revelation, had passed unnoticed. The tea bell roused him from his painful reverie, and hastily collecting his writing materials, he placed them together with the unfinished letters in his writing desk, and then joined the group upon the portico.

If there was a shade upon his handsome face when, with the others, he seated himself at the supper table, none noticed it of the chatty party unless it might have been Claudia, who of late had seen the shadow often there.

"Eugene, can you not be prevailed upon to remain some days longer—say until next week?" asked Charlie, as he helped him to the dish before him.

"Easily, my dear sir; but unfortunately the authorities in Richmond are not so easily persuaded. But why do you ask?"

"Because, I have concluded to go to Richmond, there to obtain some employment until the term of my parole admit of my entering the army again."

His mother looked up surprised, as in deed all of them were, at this sudden determination.

"So soon, my son? Surely you can make us happy for a month longer!" and the tears gathered in the soft, loving eyes.

"It cannot be, mother, dear. It is but a necessary precaution, for should I chance to be caught here by the Federals, I cannot think they will honor my parole, and it may be the means of untold trouble to you; for the crime of harboring a rebel is the most heinous in their opinion."

"But why this haste?" asked Augusta.

"I am in no haste, I assure you, to leave my home, but if it distresses mamma, I will wait until Eugene obtains a situation for me. In the meantime I am

at the service of these ladies as gallant extraordinary, or ordinary, as the case may be," and he bowed to the ladies around the table.

As he looked around upon their smiling faces he caught a glimpse of Claudia's face, and as their eyes met, she knew he had overheard the conversation between Augusta and herself. As they rose from the table, he called to her, but hurrying past him, she quickly gained the quiet of her own room. How could she forgive herself for driving him from his home? for she knew he was leaving it, that for her sake it might be a peaceful one.

It was late in the evening when fearing her presence would be missed, she went down stairs to join the group, who were enjoying the beautiful moonlight, and cool breezes at one of the loveliest of summer nights. As she reached the foot of the stairs some one came out of the library, and in another moment a strong arm encircled her waist, and drew her into the room, and to the window that looked out upon the balcony. It was Charlie.

"Claudia! sister—darling!" he whispered passionately, "I know all—your love, and generosity—my unworthiness, of it!"

"Charlie! Charlie!" moaned Claudia "this is wrong, all wrong!"

Yet he only answered her by mute caresses, and passionate kisses on brow, lip and cheek. In vain she endeavored to free herself from the clasp of his arms.

"Dear Charlie, remember Ellie, and say if this is right,"—she pleaded "justice to her—justice to me."

"I do think of her dearest, but it is to ask if she loved me as you did?"

"Charlie! Charlie! would you be false to the woman, you have promised one day shall be your wife?"

"Never! I love her still, but not with the love she should claim. Do me justice, Claudia, and believe I am not the heartless man you think me, for I swear to you that I believed my love was true until the knowledge of your generosity, awakened in me sentiments that I tremble now to admit, and which comes only to make me the most wretched of men. Pity me, Claudia!"

But she tore herself from his embrace, and without another word, left him, and gained once more the solitude of her own chamber, a guilty, frightened thing, trembling in every limb she sank upon an ottoman beside the bed, and buried her face in her hands.

A light touch upon her shoulder caused her to start from her seat, and looking around she saw Ellie Burke standing near her.

"Leave me Ellie, dear Ellie! Leave me to my shame and sorrow."

"No Claudia, not until I've said that for which I've sought you here, and seating herself upon the side of the bed she drew Claudia back to the ottoman, and kissed the tearful eyes, and flushed cheeks.

"Claudia I know it all—all, and yet I do not blame you—nor him. Once I loved him as well perhaps as yourself, but for the last few months, since I heard of his safety, and since his return, I've known that I will not live long, and I have tried to wean his love from me. Perhaps the task has proved less painful since I know your secret and his, and when I am gone, I would wish him no greater happiness than your love."

I was in the balcony of the library to night, and was an unwilling listener to his confessions. I will not pain him by telling him this. Let time work out my plan for his happiness. A few months, and I will be no more, and he will be comforted for my death by you."

"Ellie how can you speak so calmly? My heart is breaking for you."

"I speak calmly because I wish you to think of this matter as I do. Will you promise me you will? Only keep him here. Let me, the little while I have on earth, have him near me. It is all I ask."

"Claudia!" called Daisy from the open doorway. "Mamma has sent me to see if you are too unwell to give us some music. Brother Charlie said you were not well, and had gone to your room. Will you have lights brought, or have Mamma to assist you?"

"No, dear, I will just keep quiet awhile. I wish you would excuse me to all of them down stairs. My head does ache sadly."

"Certainly I will, but won't you let me come up and bathe your head, Claudia? I'd like so much to sit here with you."

"No but you must go down again, and come to me after a while, if you will."

"I've been looking every where for Ellie Burke," said Daisy. "Have you seen her since tea?"

"Yes, she was in here a moment ago. You will find her on the portico when you go down, I dare say."

Daisy went off, and Ellie coming out from her hiding place at the foot of the bed, hurried down after. Charlie must not suspect she had been with Claudia.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Word of God Abideth Forever.

We find the following beautiful thought in the North British Review:

"It is a matter of congratulation, that the Bible has passed triumphantly through the ordeal of verbal criticism. English infidels of the last century prematurely gave over the discovery and publication of so many various readings. They imagined that the popular mind would be widely and thoroughly shaken so that Christianity would be placed in imminent peril of extinction—and that the Church would be dispersed and ashamed at the sight of its Magna Charta, but the results has blasted all their hopes, and the oracles of God are found to have been preserved in immaculate integrity."

"The storm which shakes the oak, only loosens the earth around its roots, and its violence enable the tree to strike its roots deeper in the soil."

"So it is that Scripture has gloriously surmounted every trial. These gather around the Bible a dense 'cloud of witnesses,' from the ruins of Nineveh and the valley of the Nile; from the slabs and bas reliefs of Sennacherib, and tombs and mountains of Pharaoh; from roots of Chaldee paraphrases, and Syrian versions, from the oaks and libraries of monastic scribes, and the dry and dusty labors of scholars and antiquarians."

"Our present Bibles are undiluted by the lapse of ages. Her oracles, written amid such strange diversity of time, place and condition—among the sands and cliffs of Arabia, the fields and hills of Palestine—in the palaces of Babylon, and in the dungeons of Rome—have come to us in such unimpaired fullness and accuracy, that we are placed as advantageously toward them as the generation which hung on the lips of Jesus, as He recited a parable on the shores of the Galilean lake, on those churches which received from Paul or Peter one of their epistles of warning exhortation."

"Yes! the river of life, which issues out from beneath the throne of God and the Lamb, as it flows through so many countries, sometimes bear with it the earthly evidences of its conquests, but the great volume of its waters has neither been diminished, nor dimmed in its transparency, nor bereft of its healing virtue."

There is a delusive promise that the "General of all our armies" will at once issue an order for the withdrawal of the troops from Arkansas. The reservations destroy all hope that any confiding persons may have derived from the deceptive promises of the Radicals. General McDowell is to withdraw as far as possible the military control over the State. This means that just as much military force is to be maintained there as shall be necessary to hold the people in subjection. We repeat that, in spite of Radical pretenses to the contrary, it is the deliberate purpose of Congress, and their military candidate, to hold every Southern State under military power until after the November election. The Radicals know this, and on this and this alone, base their hope of success.

The Freedmen's Bureau is to be maintained, too, notwithstanding Radical promises that it will be discontinued. The very bill which professes, in its title, to put an end to the Bureau, is, in fact, a bill for its continuance, with increased powers. The desperate tricks to which the Radicals are compelled to resort, are evidences of their own dread of the coming judgment.—Harrisburg Patriot.

VERY STILL!—Somehow it is very still now since Johnson was impeached! War, does not make such a bad President after all! In a few months we shall have cleared the house of all high folks—the Republican party will keep on frizzling out, growing less and beautifully less by degrees till there will be none so poor as to do it homage.

New York is flooded with bogus one-cent nickel coin.

Black Crook going to Chicago again.

Mr Pendleton's Plan.

The financial plan of Mr. Pendleton which has become so popular at the West, does not propose to increase the taxes or add one farthing to the currency. It assumes that the bonds are payable in legal tenders, and ought to be paid as soon as possible. The public debt which bears interest is of three kinds, and Mr. McCulloch says 800 millions of this debt cannot be redeemed before 1874; that 800 millions cannot be redeemed before 1881; and that the rest of the debt amounting to \$1,700,000,000, is comprised in five-twenties and bonds which bear interest in currency.

Seventeen hundred millions of five-twenties and bonds which bear interest in currency, will fall due within the next five years; but the government need not pay the five twenties until twenty years shall have elapsed.

Mr. Pendleton argues that the 5 20 bonds should be paid without inflating the currency. The unliquidated debt consisting of greenbacks and claims which have not been adjusted and amounts to \$800,000,000, paying no interest—\$388,000,000 of bonds and are deposited as security for a bank circulation \$300,000,000—this circulation ought to be called in, and these bonds redeemed with legal tenders, which will take the place of the notes of the banks. The effect of this he says, would be to reduce the \$1,700,000,000 of interest-bearing bonds to \$1,400,000,000, and save \$300,000,000 to the government from the interest which is paid to the bankers on their deposited bonds. Take this \$300,000,000 which it is said can be paid from the current revenue, and you have \$68,000,000 year by year, and if you convert that sum into greenbacks at 140, you have \$100,000,000 a year, and if this is appropriated as a sinking fund, the whole debt can be paid off in less than fifteen years without adding one dollar to the taxes or currency. He also shows how, by loping off radical extravagance, the sinking fund can be brought up to \$280,000,000 annually, with which in five years every cent of principal and interest of the public debt can be paid, without the addition of a dollar of taxes or currency. He also shows that by his plan, the \$300,000,000 which fall due in 1874 can be paid with a reduction of \$150,000,000 of taxation; that then taxation may be reduced 200 millions more, and by retiring greenbacks, the debt maturing in 1882 may be paid, when the country may return to its "Constitutional currency."—Ez.

How to cure a cancer.

A Milwaukee paper states that some eight months ago Mr. B. Mason, of that city, ascertained that he had a cancer on his face the size of a pin. It was cut by Dr. Wolcott, and the wound partially healed. Subsequently grew again, and while he was at Cincinnati on business, it attained the size of a hickory nut. He remained there since Christmas under treatment, and is now perfectly cured. The process is this: A piece of sticking plaster was put over the cancer, with a circular piece cut out of the centre a little larger than the cancer, so that the cancer had a small circular rim of the healthy skin next to it exposed. Then a plaster made of chloride of zinc, blood root and wheat flour was spread on a piece of muslin the size of this circular opening, and applied to the cancer for 24 hours. On removing it, the cancer will be found burnt into and appear of the color and hardness of an old shoe sole and the circular rim outside of it will appear white and parboiled, as if scalded by the hot steam. The wound is now dressed, and the outside rim soon separates, and the cancer comes out in a hard lump, and the place heals up. The plaster kills the cancer, so that it eloughs out like dead flesh, and never grows in again. The remedy was discovered by Dr. Fell, of London, and has been used by him for six or eight years, with unfailling success, and not a case has been known of the reappearance of the cancer when this remedy has been applied.

ANOTHER LARGE ADDITION TO THE PUBLIC DEBT.—No addition of the public debt will be published on the 1st of July, as the month will terminate the fiscal year, and the condition of the national debt will be included in the annual report of the Secretary to Congress. The result of the financial transactions of the present month, it is thought, will show a small reduction of the debt. On the 1st of July, however, about \$85,000,000 in coin will have to be paid out of the Treasury, \$28,000,000 of which is interest on the five-twenties and six per cent bonds of 1881, and \$7,000,000 principal on the loan of 1848. These expenditures will cause the next fiscal year to begin with another large addition to the national indebtedness.—Lancaster Intelligencer.

WE KNOW A MAN who is so poor and wretched, that he cannot get rich. He works hard all day and spends all his earnings at night in a saloon. We do not see why he should be poor at this rate.

NEW YORK IS FLOODED WITH BOGUS one-cent nickel coin.

BLACK CROOK going to Chicago again.