The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

"GIVE ME A PIN AND I'LL SHOW WOHE A BOY."

"Give me a pin and I'll show you a show !"
By little hox shouts as he climbs my knee,
and he folds up his toy with childish joy;
"Peop through the hole and she what you'll
he !"

Be fancies I'm tranced with the wheeling And the shifting crosses of green and gold; But my heart looks out through the years that and these are the pictures it sees unrolled

A bright lad'reitding a pictured page To a fair young girl, who is kneeling there "And when I am King, you shall wear I And weave me a scarf of your waving hair!

A bride half turned at her bridel door,
All her awest face ill by the taper's glow
That one white hand holds, while the other

enfolds His mock, as she murmurs, "I love you so!" A warrior armed for the morrow's field.

To his breast is olinging a weeping wife; And she sobe, "If you fall, I will lose my all. But, descent, your honor is more than life.

But, dearest, your restless babe,
A mother, hushing her restless babe,
suddenly ceases the cradic sons,
if he comes not. I die nd the wan lips cry, " if he comes not For my heart is faint with watching so

Ah! noter these lips will greet him again:
Ookl, cold is that heart as the wintry sleet.
Though her lord spurs fast through the rising blast,
Too late! Nevermore shall they
meet.

"Give me a pin, and I'll show you a she My darling" henceforward, through me,
The bravest shows that the wide world knows
Are not worth the weight of your childish
fee.

[Written expressly for DENOCRATIC WATCHMAN.]

WEARING

THE CROSS!

A NOVEL.

BY NELLY WARSHALL.

CHAPTER I.

air was ripe with the richest perfume rising like inconse from the floral censers that were sparkling with crystalline dews: the radiant stars gemmed the blue battlements of heaven, and the round full moon rose slowly like a golden globe from the shadows that crowned the dusky hills. And from the booky ravines came the mellow creak of the motfled frog mingled with the shrfll chirping of the green-winged orthopters hidden amid the scarlet and white althea blooms, and the plaintive notes of the whippo'wil touched the silence like a prayer. And amidst all this beauty of night and sweetness gentleman. Everything about that home moved the soul with fresh pleasnre; every object was enchanting. The beauty of nature's scenery and the splendor of art were combined to render it the pleasantest spot on earth. Its noble terraces crowned with verdure and flowers; its green sward bloomenamelled- its gardens- the mansion itself, its fountains, fanes and statues, uplifted arm, that enchanted her fathcomprised all that could enchant the eye, captivate the sense, and delight i the beart.

And on this pleasant evening in September sat Col. Grandison, his wife and impulsive girl to his heart, for he was daughter, out upon the verandah in delighted to find a partisan in his close and serious conversation. As the daughter. But Mrs. Grandison returnlight from the lamp suspended from the ed no answering smile, and reitersted portico ceiling in a richly chased globe not her husband's self, congratulations of purple glass, fell upon the group, it upon the patriotism of their child. ships on three faces on which beauty head, "I'felt as enthusiastic once as and grandeur of intellect had impressed such ineffaceable seals. The broad brow, the prominent profile, the dark mournful looking eves, whose deep in ner light, fringed fide east in shadow, never be contented to glide his bark the McGregorsthe pobly shaped hend, the stately person, all bespoke in Col. Grandison a man created to command men-a man to whom sages and philosophers would lister in delight and attention and deference which superior intelligence ever claims as its due. Beside him sat Mrs. Hentive and manifest duty, that I man Grandison. Fifty years had passed over her, and the Was mill beautiful. Girlish freshness, and maturer vivacity had given place to a swingled dignity and wedcomess that was ifreehilble. Beauty had yielded her acepire to majesty. Her brown bair was slightly. silvered with age, and it was worn with a severe plainness that was remarks. his beautifus to her entry and hosten mittenantil. Her even were dark and pieroing Apil bere was countiling posi-Gyaly imperial in the point of the de-

And sitting, homer dawn upon the stop stante of the world by was all bly daughter, the tole during of their nearly and home a black of their nearly and home a sema-ready duding girl. Her tone was acquiling her forehead aimost 100 Themmanding John Women arabedidaliancy heavy denuth subique CONTRACTOR DESCRIPTION OF THE PARTY OF THE P

rance, and from those eyes shone a soul proud and high man the seven should be supported by the supported by the supported by the seven should be supported by the supported b physique & worlderut po

eaid in a voice husky with emotion. "No, no, Charles; you do not, you cannot mean it! I have not watched, and prayed and waited, through all these weary, desolate years, to lose you, now! You cannot mean it?

"My wife," he replied with a gentle dignity that became him infinitely, You forget in the tenderness and warmth of your affectionate heart that I must often yield my own desires and pleasures for the interest and advancement of others. I occupy one of the most prominent-positions in the State, and it would brand me with undying disgrace were I to fail in my duty as a patriot, a gentleman, and a Kentuckian. I must go."

"But why go now, so early in the struggle? Why not cling to the alluring enjoyment of your home while you may yet de so?"

"th, mother!" Ethel Grandison had hitherto remained silent, but she sprang to her feet, at her mother's words, with a flush on her cheek, and the burning eplendor of her eyes blazing. "How can you bid father stay, when you know the South needs him; when you know that up from the rich plains of that sunny land, and over the mountains near and far, has rung the battle cry for freedom; when you know that the proudest, and the bravest and the best have rallied to the standard of the free, and sworn by their life blood It was twilight in September. The to defend it! How can you plead with him to sit thus in conscious security and luxury and think of the peaceful homes that have smouldered to dust and ashes, because a free people rose against despots and laughed their chains to scorn! Oh, mother, it was not thus that Spartan wives and mothers plead. They bouyed their loved ones on to victory by smiles and prayers, and bade them conquer, or return boon their shields! It is thus that I feel! No. father, do not listen to her pleading to night! She will be braver and stronger when the morrow comes; she is only the weak woman to-night, with the dawn she will be the true wife, of sound arose the elegant residence of the true woman, the true daughter of Colonel Charles Grandson, a Kennicky the South Your place is in the vanguard, your voice, your arm is needed now! Then sneak! then strike! for your country, for your allars, for the very graves of your dead!" Ethel's and emotion, and there was a splendid dah balcony—the other toyed with the passion and power portrayed in the poise of her haughty head, the dauntless fire in her eyes, her erect form and

> "Spoken like a woman of the South!" he exclaimed, as he extended his arms and folded the passionate.

> "Ah." she said eadly, shaking her you do now, my poor Ethel, but you will one day learn to your cost as I have to mine, that a man who sounds the shoals and depths of ambition, will over the smooth waters of the quiet lake of domestic felicity." There was a keen represent in her volce, and the expression of her filed. "Helen! I min wounded deeply that you should reprosch the because Lighter to ignore a greatity my own self-indulgence! If L have hitherto been engroteed with pablic affairs and public life. I have not the bist to de for and the allerements of my Benevial kome! Whink you. there but wear, been the titles when he would are have exchanged my consist in the torum and the workly marter among were who have grown cold and millsty, and igned as the greed of trace ultry bods on the sweet enjoyeens of hitma-wardownsi beaks-wasy sandini-and bur belongillines? I wate Maken tell beneit below makisheed to make that it mishi wis at anne -thee dubbi nut and yetheren's authors your corbust-lej beerweild ellicorenduling hene upper signification and their question And is state delegate yourse de just cir in é

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sporter and happy. It is thus that him as he sidely disappeared down the

tears ghittered on her eye-lids, as she elegance, from every land and every clime, but when you are far away these do not entiefy and soothe my, soul's just discontent! No, no, Charles, you must not-you will not you shall not leave me !"

> And she clasped her arms about his neck and again burst into tears.

"Helen, Helen, why do you thus aggravate my misery? You know that my earthly happiness is centred in you and our child and our home, but even these allurements cannot blind me to a sense of my duty, nor swerve me from my positive intention to keep clear from any tarnish an escutcheon which has ever remained unblemished

through peace, and through war." "Then you do not love me!" she exclaimed passionately, as she hastily withdrew from his affectionate embrace: "and you do care more for the fulfillment of political schemes and the gratification of ambition, and public aggrandizement than for the happiness or the one woman who has loved you in joy and sorrow, in success and disappointment, alike unchanged. Oh, Charles!" and again she caressed him and wen "do not-do not leave me! I feel within my heart a presentiment that if we part it will be forever! Do

not leave me !" "Helen:" and as he pronounced her name, Col. Grandison unwound her clinging arm from around his neck and gazed full in her eves. "I am telling you the solemn truth-if I could nass. I should not waver an instant. I should do my duty, though I died for it. Death at least would find me at my post of honor. Were I faithless to my principles you would, yourself, no longer trust me. Come, now! smile, for my decision is irrevocable l'

But Mrs. Grandison refused to be comforted. Slowly rising, she entered the house, weeping bitterly as she re-

gle of the ball, and then turned abruptly to his describer:

"Ethel, sing to me," he said.

posture-which was easy and graceful, nodded their sprays from the latticework over her head. There was a wild enthusiasm about her to night that her father had never seen before-a smouldering fire such as must have blazed in the eyes of the Maid of Sarragosea when she said: "War to the knife, and the knife to the hilt!" He had never felt so fired with patriotism as he wrapt in reverie to heed his first re-

"Sing to you? O, yes, with pleasure," she said "here or in the drawingroom ?"

"Here." And obedient to his re-

"The moon's on the lake And the mist's on the brae,"

It is utterly impossible to describe the sendition of the past's wards or the magic of the air. "Ethel," her father signed, as her roice siled away on the office white-woller endeather wheels so pittlector lieyond yourself during thy sheence. F Wave Abmestmen with ad that! I had not a son! I shall never do so kesin. 'I am soo richiy gifted in pursuelling your God bless you, my daughter. Now, good files. Sleep bna egaruos suay wherements the Mer strength will be sailed into requisi-دار 71 مصدر

Exhel gently returned his good night catemiand left him windsly affected. Blief calling back to his vide butare who had tiken twenty heps. " Mathet, W ske said with a textifact purpose wan ped on heriface; "I will protect the hotter! and four need not tear for I will do my Carry Trads a section of the contractions

-When the dawned Col (Grandleon

with property for his journey wants. ward. A veil of brightness hung over the land, investing everything with new inia mby otto abel à trasseph est of the morning die Philipy and the wait beaute ideas? Manager bei mein eren mehrer mertegefar ber in " But have with brighter day dide 104 dalider Mittita. Mille. Grandford softristent there is guide the particle with her husband; Hade ther there was

"Peace, my mother," said Ethel. "You have given a hero to your bleeding country. What is our woe in comparison to hers? What are our tears in comparison to the blood of her sons? Murmur not at the sacrifice which as a wife and a mother it be hooved you to make for the South!"

'And it was on these two unhappy hearts that a sun set in clouds red-hued as the gold of Ophir and the night was

starlers. This was on September 28th, 1861.

CHAPTER II.

The golden Autumn, the cold bleak ness of winter, the balmy sweetness of spring, and the voluptuous warmth of summer had passed in due season, bringing blessom and fruitage and frost since Colonel Grandison had kissed his wife and child farewell. And oh I since then, into what wreck and desolation had fallen the beautiful home in which he had left them surrounded by every luxury and elegance which civilization afforded. The invasion of Federal troops had rapidly enough mutilated the fences and statues, the parterres of flowers, and the richly adorned ter races: and the mansion itself had been used as a barracks for soldiers during their surveillance of the surrounding counties. Fruit-trees of rarity, and wonderful exotics that had been brough from far Egypt, and which grew in large alabaster vaces were broken down stolen or destroyed; fountains were lift the veil from the future's face and torn up-statues were shattered; only know for a fact that what is now only here and there a dwarf sphinx was left a presentiment would surely come to upon the wreck; and one or two obelisks quaintly sculptured with hie roglyphics intaglio, were left with the rare vines, that had been trained about them, still undisturbed.

Slaves had been freed, stock confiscated, farming utensils etolen or de stroved. And within doors everything of value had been attached either by Government decree or military neur pation. All the rare wonders that Col Col. Grandson watched her in moody Grandson had garnered up in this silence until she disappeared as an anteresting house of his heart, the truits of a life of wandering, and the marks of dilettanteism had all been confiscated -- ivory from Ind, precious stones, She was standing in a half-leaning onex, beryl, topaz, sardins and jasper superbly carved with images of Horus without being either abandon or indo | Osiris and Pthabs; damascened sword voice trembled with ill suppressed ire tent. Die arm rested upon the veran | blades; magnificent embroideries, and costly houseings of leopard skins. Won scarlet wood and bine blossoms that derful stuffed birds, bronzes, stained glass, footstools-and furniture from over the seas that exhausted all forms and tables of ver-antique, ivory and ebony ornamented with quaint devices or carved in intaglio and inlaid with gold and silver and mother of-pearl All had been removed from Colone Grandison's homestead to a distant city and with his magnificent library did gazing on her, impassioned, beauti- the finest private one in the State, had ful, eloquent. "Sing to me, Ethel," he been sold at public auction—to prevent said again, for whe was too deeply the bijouterie and riff-raff of the world from ever being gathered to the rightmansion escaped confiscation because they belonged to Mrs. Grandison, and thus was a roof saved-over the heads of two defenseless women. The quest she sang that wild war song of "Southern Rights" people of the coun try were cold and careless and indifferent as regarded the fate of the Grandi none, who, through the prominent position of the Colonel, came especially under the surveillance of military authority and the rod of military despot

> Seasons of the said want, and Ethel and her mother seldom saw any friend-IN face save each other's. Courageous ly Ethel had, taken her place at the lielm, and Mrs. Grandison was felt un disturbed ; her health was extremely delicate, and had it not been that Ethal's mirse, "Maitma La" remained faithful to tier post, this young girl must have failed; so marone were her domestic and filial duties combined Mrs. Grandlion was Mittalt wholly confined to her own room; and was not sware of the shorough wheek and desolation of her med beautiful home; and Below keept try smok: a smiling linkapy face, since nearth iti samundya and ahe might, Mrs. Grandison schuld Bnd no trinces of cars upow it, and then little dressed that the faster was almost drinty rate listle diambit that Manine List thad belowere the day letterery and that her baughts. Biled was as some stress which in process of the county conte apisacy appring the more because bours, tarben shouldy quistly discipling, so this now kind takeonup fide years as additional-utomo of guiding her Healtheadythabitifell -Had Pidger, dition would pain from. What longing sected best featerpes too the temples of tion would pure min. The longing sected the fenterpus to the temples of eager—if the manufacture in her within the longing sected the fenterpus to the longing sected the fenterpus to the longing sected the fenterpus of eager—if the remainder the fenterpus of the longing sected th

was through those swenuous executions knew this well enough; and though he that she was enabled still toughtine upon her configurable sols, and laste crisp crackers, crisp crackers, souchong from her district of scious that this indifference arose from the first is all the state of the fact that she was utterly unlearned in all affairs of the heart. And ruthing is all the state of the heart there is ever to the destitute a friend. For them that inty coo of "exception" came in the form of, Guy Arnold, a gentleman living not a dozen miles away from them. This Guy Arnold was a hero in his way. He was rail and commanding in person, limbed and graced like a Greek God, eyes black and of piercing splendor, with waving hair, almost golden in hue, side her in the gilded shallon and with apquiling nose, and a mouth whose exquisite sweetness and, expression was unsurpassable. A man with such a physique, and so winning and courtly an address could not fail to elicit admiration and love in any land or clime. And thuy Arnold received entangled his own heart in the glitteradulation to his heart's content. But he was married; and consequently, a gay Lotherio;" are of those modern heroes who refuse to put life's golden goblet by with its sweetness untasted, its flavor uhenjoyed "because the dregs may have a smack of bitter;" one of these social Launcelots who allowed no "pale and clinging consequences" to thrust themselves, between him and his joys. Men feared and envied him. women loved and admired him. Young girls entering society were taught or commanded to shun him, and manage ing mamas and over-nice chaperones ignored his presence, or declined introductions to him; and so between popular aversion and popular admiration,

Guy Arnold became a hero in his way.

which social on dila had hitherto woven

around her for him, became the great-

er, because he knew how heroically

she was struggling with adverse fate,

This power to "die and give no sign"

fascinating to this renowned "ladykiller." And it was not long after he became apprised of her helpless condition and that of her mother that he presented eyes laughingly-"no, no, not sorry. himself before them as their cavelier servant, until such time as they chose selfish and wholly patriotic I am, to to dismiss him from their service; or even think of the deprivation of your Col. Grandison was enabled to extend society and your friendship." to them that protection from which they were then necessarily debarred. If I should go ?" he asked softly "O, It is needless to picture the warmth of | yes, I would miss you'!" I was only their welcome, the sincerity of their gratitude, and the firmness of their faith in his nobility, his generosity and his goodness. He became the lone star in the firmament of hope. And so pleasant to float on thus peacefully; soon between himself and Ethel there arose the most cordial friendship; this to death-so gladly, so sweetly! No friendship was fraught with dangerous fascinations for both of them; for Guy Arnold particularly, for Ethel's innocence and naivete, mingled with such profound thought and exquisite culture, rendered her superlatively attractive to him, beyond all women he had arm as she spoke. Guy started, and hitherto known; for she charmed his looked in her sweet, unlifted eyes, then soul as well as his senses. Every comfort was again, supplied, the larder sails, he rowed rapidly up atream, sayfilled, servants fered, an overseer engaged, stock purchased, and the benefactor was (hy Arnold, and the pro- leasly-"I had no idea we were out so And Ethel set down in her little note- | Swift and steady stroking soon brought book all the installments that Guy made and promised "papa would set the some day," and Guy smiled, and was satisfied, and infinitely delighted by fastened its chain to a peg in the that he could be of service. He were sunds; and followed her. "Ethel Gransented for with a believing Canadian pony and a grey hound. Anti when I'l have one favor to ash of bon. Will she ladghingly told him one day she would wever be sittisfied until she owned a parrot and a petunonkey; he found a gendine pleasure in having both expressed from Reigh du worderfal managerie on Chatham street in New York City, "out West," and surprising her

with them during one of his visits. W But this Wife dearest of all !" the exclaimed one evening when he abked her to take a row on the river, and est corted lier down to the kirlest, fally: like saif-bolit, glided With a wrenth of flowers bainted on the side, and its name "Our Dream" stamped within k. countoned with briffiebn," afid with purfile atained all the ettile hanging the the mast this believed concert was drawn up oh file wande and white Bettel in raptured rau from one lide of it to the other, day Arnold antised himself watching her mule foot printe in the vellow adnote, Whit with the ber grace ful abandon of movement. "Oh, yes, dear Mr. Arapid, this is the loveliest of Tour hearing all your Roomers to the hand in hot per hearing the hand in hoth produces the hand in hoth printing the hand in hear hand had been the hoth printing the hand in hear hand in hear hand had been hand to hear hand had been hand to hear hand had been hand to hear hand had been hand her had been had

felt; by his own emotion, she had so softly, so unconsciously glided. She was so fair, so sweet, so untroubled; her soul's great calm had never been roughened by the slightest gale of passion. He would spare her yet a little while, he thought, as he sat there bewatched her face, and the nunlight glinting on her golden hair which, un. bound rippled around her graceful form. For the first time Guy recognized the danger of his position-for the first time he confessed that he had ing meshes he had so defly woven for another. Perhaps he regretted it for her sake-when he gazed upon her ;certain it is, that he did not regret it for his own-when he remembered the gyves that linked him to living despair! Rather did he snatch at the sops of joy, which the Cerberus of BOT. row cast to him. And, "yet a hitle while before I waken her," he thought "she is so beautiful and so untroubled now; I will spare her!" And so ther drifted on on, down the current of the shining river and the purplesails swell ed to the evening breeze, and Ethel leaned back amid the crimson cushions and smiled and dreamed and Guy gazed on her and repented. Ethel coftly apoke; - holding her He had heard a great deal of Ethel hand out in the water and letting the Grandison, before the war, but he had

would acqueely have acknowledged is to himself, he was provid at her non-

chalance; yet, he was perfectly con-

scious that this indifference arose from

green ripples of the river slip through never met her. And now, the interest her slender, white fingers, as she talked-"Who, to view this sweet, peaceful scene would believe that war is desola ting our beautiful country,! Mr. Ar. nold!"--auddenly changing her dreamy and how unmurmuringly she suffered. | tones to one of vivacious inquiry-"Do tell me why it is that so gallant and which she evinced, rendered her doubly brave a gentleman, as you are, remains at home during these stirring times?" 'Are you sorry that I am here, Miss Ethel?" he asked reproachfully .-"No, no," she replied flashing her blue You must recognize how utterly un.

> "And you really would this me then. thinking a moment or two ago, how pleasant it would be to drift away, in "Our Drenni" on-on-out to the vast sea and so far away from the world. Tis it is like a quiet happy life going out regrets, no tears, and a great calm." Guy was talking dreamily-and Ethel's face grew sail with the reflection of his deep sadness.

"Mr. Guy, are you unhappy?" she asked gently, laying her hand upon his catching up his oars, after reefing the ing lightly, "Unhappy? no, my fairy friend-no, not unhappy," then, carethem to the shoal of yellow sands from whence they had started, and assisting Ethel to sten from the host. Guy light discon!" he said deches such her hand. TOU STEIR IS 9"1

"Cortaintly & will; May, Arnold," she said, "snlywell it to me, and see how gladly I Akamaonnoly with to."

" 'tigis this: 'sand Guylagana nappale, his eyen mene tropbled and sad; Unever forght recommendates, reasonings for med than you do sadby. Advere fer pleasures indife, and famen layer the brighted thaught in mer beart through night time and the year mail that garages sometings for me, and if I were to shiften you

forever that non-would reare me!" cannot spate! Would Bestel you you sycet massionless may hitery uncon-spect massionless may hitery uncon-scious of the five and tree of Guy Ar-moldisch. Lyne like about hitera-tic yoles theor that a figure spirit. And though any dream is shettered you will ever remember this row under stained eilken sails, in the sunset, and stained silken sails, in the sun diat pursued to unique detect thus Marter . Trom ned the to settlember

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