

ALLE LEUTE
SOLLEN DIESEN

Vorsets Lesen.

Everybody Should Read This
EXPOSITION.

As people will buy where good goods are
sold cheap, and, as large sales at small
profits afford satisfactory pay for labor, time
and attention, we have determined to sell
our new stocks of

PRINTS,
MUSLINS, & C.,

just received, at the

VERY LOWEST LIVING PRICES,

thus insuring the trade and good will of our
friends, and offering inducements to all peo-
ple to trade with us.

We have just opened the best and most
beautiful styles of prints we have ever han-
dled from 12 1/2 to 20 cents,
Unbleached Muslin, from 15 upward,
Bleached " 16 "

Our stock of FRENCH MERINOS, All-
Wool De Laines, All-Wool Plaids, we will
close out at

COST.

Our large stock of Flannels, will be run
off at a very low figure.

Large Stock of Balmorals & Hoop Skirts.

Full assortment of ladies' Dress Trimmings,
Buttons, Velvet Ribband, Raffings, Tape,
Trimmings, &c.

100 Breakfast Shawls worth \$3.00 will be
sold at \$2.00.

Gents' Goods.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Jeans, &c.,
will be closed out at the very lowest figures.

Gents' Merino, Wool Shirts and Drawers
from \$1.00 to \$4.00.

Carpet Chain and Woolen Yarn at lowest
figures.

Groceries.

Sugar, from 10 to 16 cents,

Coffee, (Rio) from 28 to 33 "

Syrup, (tip-top) 25 "

Spices, Raisins, Dried Peaches, Currants,
Apples, Cherries, &c., constantly on hand.

TUBS, BASKETS,

BUCKETS, BROOMS,

BRUSHES &c., &c.

A full line of

Queens-ware,

at lowest cash prices.

The Finest Assortment of FANCY GOODS in
the County.

Fancy Soaps,

Perfumery,

Pocket Wallets,

NICK-NACKS

AND

JIM-CRACKS,

everything the gent, lady or child may desire.

Dobbins' and all other kinds of Soap.

Knighn's Cattle Powder Celebrated Through-
out the State.

A FULL, FRESH STOCK

OR

NOTIONS AT WHOLESALE,

to which the attention of Country Merchants
is especially invited.

Each buyer will be certain to get the worth
of his money.

Store-room and warehouses on the corner
of Valley and Mill streets, east of the Black
Bear Hotel.

PRATT, LAW & PRATT.

Lewistown, January 30, 1867.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE Gazette.

CHOICE POETRY.

AFTER THE WAR.

J. G. WHITTIER.

He sits beside her, bronzed, but young,
Scarce seeming one day older
Than when, five years ago, he flung
A gun across his shoulder.

The same broad brow and sunny hair,
The same frank, blue eyes smiling,
The face without a shade of care,
So earnest, yet beguiling.

Unaltered, and yet changed, for bright
Upon his breast is gleaming
The star whose ever beck'ning light
First set his spirit dreaming.

Its golden glories rise and fall
With each quick heart pulsation,
And he is only one of all
The brave ones of the nation.

Unaltered, yet changed, for see
Beneath the glittering spangles
Where his young, strong right arm should be,
An empty coat sleeve dangles.

Thus, in the autumn afternoon,
The blue mists slowly rising,
They sit as in that by-gone June,
When love first shunned disguising.

His one hand huddled fast her twin,
The brave heart proudly swelling,
As breathe the fervent lips again
That tale so sweet in telling.

Unchanged? no, dearer for the star
That has a hero named him:
But dearer for the life-long scar,
And the swift ball that maimed him.

And if she sought the wide world through,
Her heart could ne'er discover,
Nor fancy suitor, half so true,
As this, her one-armed lover.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

MAUD ARLINGTON.

BY MRS. N. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

The hour is midnight, and the season summer. The
full, round moon smiled a tender, subdued smile upon
the little, low-eaved brown house, hedged in by roses,
and covered with vines. It fell through the open door
in a broad sheet, and shone through the tossing vines,
falling in silver patches among the shadows on the floor.
There were two in the old brown house—an aged man
with sunken cheeks and glaring eyes and snowy hair,
resting upon a couch; the other, a girl of sixteen, with
long, black curls, eyes as brilliant as the stars and dark
as a rayless night, and face as pallid as the snow-white
locks her slender fingers were smoothing so tenderly
away from the wrinkled brow of her only parent. There
was no light in the room other than that of the moon;
and a solemn, invisible Presence sat by the watcher and
the watched. The eyes of the girl failed not to read the
unmistakable tokens presaging the coming of the Mes-
senger; and though her cheek blanched, and her heart
quivered with anguish, she never for a moment ceased
those gentle ministrations to the sufferer.

'Maud!' It was the voice of the dying man.
'Here, dear father,' she replied, pressing the stiffening
hand.

'Maud, I am going. Remember, dear, all that I have
said to you. You have now no friend to care for you.
This poor shattered frame can no longer stand between
you and life's storms; but, child, remember that the
Father of all is your refuge. He will not forsake you,
darling. Do you hear me, my daughter?'

'Yes,' sobbed the girl, and burying her head in her
hands, she cried: 'O, father! father!'

'Don't, Maud! Be strong. It is very beautiful whither
I am going. Maud, darling, make life glorious with
good deeds. Aspire always. Be good and pure—be
brave in all circumstances. God is your father now.'

A long silence followed, broken only by the convulsive
sobs of the bereaved daughter, who had thrown herself
beside the dead, laying her head upon the bosom so fast
turning to ice. Hours flew by, and the moon went over
and stood in the west; deep shadows crept over the place
on the floor where its radiance fell, and darkness filled
the apartment.

Anson Arlington, who lay dead in the brown house,
had appeared a strange, taciturn man, to all save his
child. He had come among the simple farmers with
Maud a babe in his arms, whence no one knew. He
gently but firmly repelled all their advances toward form-
ing a more intimate acquaintance—rarely going out,
and devoting himself to his child.

A poor woman in the vicinity prepared clothing for
little Maud, and came twice a week to wash, iron and
bake, for which she was liberally remunerated.

He adored his beautiful Maud, and surrounded her
with everything in his power to render her noble and
womanly.

Gifted by nature, and studying under so loving an in-
structor, she, at sixteen, fulfilled the rare promise of her
girlhood; and at this period her only earthly friend was
summoned away, leaving her the brown house, and gar-
den—a thousand sweet, tender memories—the books
they had read together—and the education he had given
her; a legacy more precious than gold.

al rites, Maud sat down to think upon some course to
pursue. The future looked very dark to the orphan;
but it would not do to spend precious moments in use-
less repining. She must act. Her last money had gone
to defray the funeral expenses, and in some way she must
procure a livelihood. Making up her humble wardrobe
in a small parcel, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and
closing the cottage-door behind her, looked about. There
was a clear blue sky overhead—green fields and wood-
lands stretching away to the right and left, and in the
distance the spires of a large manufacturing town were
just visible. What drear, desolate feelings swept over
her as she closed the gate, and paused to gaze for a mo-
ment upon familiar objects which she might never be-
hold again. She leaned against the old elms, whose
slender branches vibrated through the still air, and wept
bitterly.

A voice came to her, saying, 'God is your father now,'
and her grief softened. She looked unconsciously to-
ward the heavens. There was no familiar form floating
there, buoyed up on angel pinions—nothing but white
vapor sailing along on a cool western breeze. Yet she
felt new courage coming to her heart, and whispered,
'I will not despair.'

Footsore and weary, when the sun had reached its
meridian, she paused before a large, aristocratic-looking
dwelling. There was something repellent about the
massive stone structure, but she said resolutely, 'I will
try.' And ascending the granite steps, she touched the
bell knob.

'I wish to see your mistress,' she said to the servant
who appeared.

The menial eyed her superciliously, left her a few mo-
ments, and then returning, conducted her to a gorgeous
apartment, where, reclining upon a sofa, was the mis-
tress of the mansion—a handsome woman, haughty and
passionate-looking. Maud shivered beneath the search-
ing gaze of the stony, gray orbs, and a dim memory of
a face like that of the splendid female before her arose
like a troubled vision.

'To what happy circumstance am I indebted for this
visit?' asked the lady in a cold sneering tone.

'I am friendless and poor, and came hither hoping to
find some employment as a governess.'

'Indeed?' ejaculated the lady, running her eye over
the faded but neat apparel of Maud. 'Unfortunate, poor,
destitute—the old story! Doubtless you are a worthy
young lady, have moved in good society, are refined, etc.'

Maud's eyes flashed, but she only remarked:
'I will endeavor to prove myself worthy of your re-
spect and confidence, if you will permit me.'

'Possible? How very kind of you! Here,' she con-
tinued, shoving a book toward Maud, 'can you read
French?'

Maud read clearly and readily a few passages, after
which she was subjected to a rigid examination in Latin,
the higher English branches, and music; at the conclu-
sion of which, her future employer said:

'My name is Mrs. Lamoille; and my niece, Miss Ger-
aldine Mott, aged twelve years, of whom you will have
the charge, and a cousin, Gustavus Lamoille, with my-
self, comprise the family. What, may I be permitted to
ask, is your name?'

'Maud Arlington.'

Mrs. Lamoille sprang to her feet—a fierce, deadly
light glowing in her eyes, and her face colorless as fall-
ing snow.

'What?' she gasped.

'Maud Arlington.'

Mrs. Lamoille sank back, while a hateful expression
came over her countenance.

'Ring the bell,' she ejaculated, imperiously waving
her hand to Maud, who obeyed in silence.

A servant quickly answered the summons, whom she
bade bring Miss Geraldine to her.

Soon a child, beautiful as a dream, with long golden
curls, clear, sunny eyes, and step like a fawn, entered,
and crossing the room, asked:

'What do you wish, dear aunt?'

'To present to you your governess—Miss Arlington.'

The name was pronounced in a sharp, disagreeable man-
ner.

'I am sure I shall love you,' said the child, advancing
and placing her hand in that of Maud.

Mrs. Lamoille frowned, and commanded the servant
to show Miss Arlington her room, saying as she arose to
go:

'I shall expect you to set at the table with the family,
and hope you will deport yourself as becomes the gov-
erness of my niece.'

She well knew that this last insult would be keenly
felt by the sensitive girl, in whom, despite her own hard,
ungentle nature, she had perceived purity and native
refinement.

For a moment, Maud lost sight of the good principle
hitherto her guide, and stood flashing back upon the ar-
rogant woman the indignation burning within her soul;
but it was only for an instant. A remembrance of the
words uttered by loved lips, now motionless beneath the
clammy fingers of death, dispelled all angry feeling.

CHAPTER II.

Maud met the family at the tea-table. Mrs. Lamoille,
stiffly inclining her head toward her, said:

'Mr. Lamoille—our governess.'

The young man bowed slightly, fixing a pair of large
eyes upon Maud, who experienced an unaccountable fasci-
nation until those scintillating orbs were withdrawn.

Mr. Lamoille and his cousin conversed on a variety of
topics, in no way advertent to or addressing Maud, who,
pained and deeply embarrassed, excused herself early
and withdrew to her room. Her labors for the day were
done, and she sat there with a weary, heavy sensation
at her heart. Night spread its shadows darkly beneath
the feathery pines and under the hill; but the moon sil-
vered the forest-tops and the open valley, and coming in
at the window, tenderly unfolded the young mourner in
its radiant sheen. Musing alone there on the present,
so bitter with trial and sorrow, on the past—with its
delicious, as well as mournful recollections, she heard,
even in her reverie, the voices of Gustavus and Mrs. La-
moille in earnest conversation; then Lamoille came out
on the piazza, and began pacing up and down. She
could see him distinctly in the moonlight. He was tall
and massively built, yet of elegant proportions. He had
a haughty tread, and a defiant way of folding his arms
over his chest. His face was dark and unreadable, his
hair jetty and luxuriant, and his eyes flashed and cor-
uscated like diamonds.

Weeks sped away, during which Maud completely
won the love of Geraldine, whom she found intelligent,
gentle, and assiduous. Mrs. Lamoille remained repelling
as at first—the keen, cold, gray eyes looked as stony,
and in no way did the proud woman acknowledge that
the poor, but beautiful and gifted governess, was enti-
tled to the least consideration; while the latter, in her
presence, was always startled by her resemblance, to
some one whom she had seen before.

Gustavus Lamoille seldom addressed Maud, yet she
never lifted her eyes, save in the solitude of her own
chamber, without meeting the fascinating gaze of those
inexplicable orbs; and at such times, a power irresisti-
ble seemed chaining her to her seat.

She was happy only while in the society of her pupil.

At length, when Maud had been at Mrs. Lamoille's

nearly a year, that lady was seized with a most violent
malady, and the servants, all save one, fled in affright.—
Gustavus placed Geraldine out of the reach of danger,
and then returned to the infected dwelling.

Maud's womanly heart would not permit her to for-
sake Mrs. Lamoille, though there were no ties of grati-
tude to bind her to the spot, fraught only with unhappy
memories. Day after day she ministered to the suffer-
er, who, wild with delirium, uttered—when life had near-
ly ebbed to its close—in the ear of Maud, the startling
story.

'I am your mother, Maud Arlington!' she shouted.
'I never loved your father, and I hated you, you looked
so much like him. I tried to smother your worthless
life out when you was a babe—but he foiled me. Then
I struck deeper at his heart; and agonized at my perfid-
y, he took you and fled from me! Ha, ha! He forgot
the riches, which I hastened to bear beyond his reach.
I begged you both. 'See there, Maud!' she ejacu-
lated, springing upright, and pointing to a darkened cor-
ner—'Your father! Beckon away, old dotard. I won't
come. O, my God, I am dying!' and shrieking a loud,
hideous shriek, she fell back dead.

Maud remained pale, breathless, and shocked at the
terrible scene, and the words of the dying woman.

Lamoille sat opposite, regarding her with a strange
intensity. Presently Maud whispered:

'Mr. Lamoille, can you tell me the meaning of those
frenzied words?'

A sinister smile curled the scornful lips of Lamoille,
as he answered slowly and deliberately:
'She was your mother. After she forsook your father,
she came hither and lived with me.'

He paused to watch the effect of his words. Maud,
terribly agitated, gasped:

'She could not; my own mother could not have done
so unwomanly a thing!'

'She did, nevertheless,' sneered her tormentor, 'and
your father was cognizant of the fact.'

'My poor, poor, father!' murmured the horrified girl.
'It is no wonder you never smiled.'

Lamoille's black, fathomless eyes regarded her even
when—in the heavy stupor which had come upon her—
she seemed unconscious of his presence.

'You are to fill your amiable mother's place,' he said,
crossing to where she sat, and laying his hand on her
arm.

She felt in every fibre the subtle mesmeric power of
the lustrous orbs which appeared penetrating her very
soul.

She would have spoken, but her lips were frozen, and
would not move; her tongue chained, and a deadly
weight pressed upon her brain.

Few people came to Mrs. Lamoille's funeral; they
feared infection, and they kept aloof. Poor Maud, with
a flood of discordant emotions surging up in her heart,
beneath an exterior of perfect apathy, beheld her old
enemy placed in the family vault, and almost uncon-
sciously, Lamoille became her constant attendant, and
with a fiendish joy, which he took no care to conceal,
went on weaving about his helpless victim those strong,
intangible cords holding her in such loathsome bondage.

Rumors derogatory to both were circulated by the
lovers of scandal, which, through a faithful servant,
reached the ears of the miserable girl. It was a rare
exemplification of the ascendancy gained by a strong,
wicked being over one physically weak. Maud, under
the baleful influence of Lamoille, seemed gradually for-
getting the past, and losing intelligence; and he with a
zeal, favoring of *diabole*, watched coolly, and trium-
phantly, the sad spectacle of a mind sinking into idiocy.

Having established, beyond a doubt, in his belief, that
Maud was fully and irretrievably under his control, he
left her one evening, for the first time since Mrs. La-
moille's death—three months having elapsed since that
event.

It was a dark, starless night, and a south wind mean-
ed drearily through the yews and quivering aspens with-
out, and penetrating crevices, flared the pyramids of
flame capping the tall waxen tapers burning on the mar-
ble table.

Maud crouched before the fire, listening to the voice
of the approaching storm. Thoughts began to move
like shadows through her sluggish mind. There was a
sensation of pain as she gradually awoke from her long
mesmeric sleep, and became conscious of the life she had
for weeks been leading. She shuddered as memory, in
part, reproduced the wretched past. She started to her
feet, glancing fearfully around, and, perceiving herself
alone, bounded from the apartment, out into the dark-
ness. With feet swiftly impelled by terror—for she was
now fully aroused from the lethargy imposed upon her
by the demon in human form—Lamoille—she fled to-
ward her early home. The gray dawn of morning came
in rain and tempest, when Maud reached the door of the
cottage. The elm-boughs vibrated slowly, for they
were heavy with moisture, and the birds twittered in
the rosebushes—just crimsoning with unfolded buds—
She lifted the latch, and went in; a damp, musty odor
greeted her senses. Sick, and almost insensible, she
flung herself upon the couch, last pressed by her dying
father; and then ensued a wild delirium, induced by the
fierce fever raging through her veins. She thought the
rain-drops pattering upon the mossy shingles were bul-
lets dropped by Lamoille into her burning brain, and
the rosebush tapping against the window was his fingers
on the panes.

From this delirium she awoke, one evening, just as
the setting sun was tinging with gold the deep shadows
under the trees. Through her partially closed lids she
saw widow Brown (who came to the cottage in her
childhood to labor for herself and father,) sitting by the
open door knitting. She heard the tea kettle humming
on the coals, and inhaled the aroma of the boiling tea.
She felt weak and languid, while a sensation of perfect
peace and security stole over her.

A new life was opening upon her perceptions—a life
of wider activity and truer aspirations. The words of
her dying father had a deeper import than hitherto.

She had a bitter experience, but it made a grand ba-
sis for the superstructure builded in the aftertime.

CHAPTER III.

The neighbors were kind to Maud, and with their aid
she established a school, which was liberally patronized;
while Mrs. Brown became her ally in the household
duties.

Thus a year passed quietly away. Maud remembered
the time spent at Mrs. Lamoille's ever with a shudder.
She had expected Lamoille would seek her out in her
humble retreat—but no tidings of him had reached her.
He might have died as well as her former pupil—Ger-
aldine; but she shrank from making any inquiries.

One evening in mid-winter, when the air was filled
with descending snow—which the wind in its erratic
gambols tossed wildly about—Maud sat alone before a
comfortable fire. Her scholars had gone to their re-
spective homes, and Mrs. Brown had been summoned to
the bedside of a sick child. The clock on the bureau
had just chimed eight, when a heavy step, partially
muffled by the drifting snow, sounded on the stone step
without; then the door was unceremoniously pushed
open, and the form of a man, deeply muffled in furs,
paused before the somewhat startled girl.

'You do not recognize me?' said the stranger, in a
hoarse, rattling voice.

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