

trouble about. Let me see—one part of the concert is to be sacred and the other profane—I hope that doesn't mean that it is to be wicked. If I may choose, I prefer appearing in the sacred part, I will sing 'Deeper and deeper still.'

There ran a sort of terrified gasp through the assembled ladies. Mr. Crane, who liked to be everywhere, and hear everything that went on, snatched the knob of his stick and checked. At last some one said very feebly, 'What, that grand thing!—the song John Brahms made immortal?'

'Did he?' said Hugh. 'I should have thought the composer had some hand in doing that. Don't you approve of my choice?'

'It is a difficult song,' was the reply. 'Do you know the recitative?'

'Recitative,' repeated Hugh, absently; 'O, to be sure. That is, of course I shall get the music, and my sister will run through it with me at home. I don't think you will want me at the rehearsals,' he added, with a twinkle in his eye. 'I wish you good evening.'

Mr. Carton's step was more elastic than usual as he went away. Perhaps the fresh summer air and the beauty of woods and fields did him good. At any rate it was with a very bright face that he stopped at the little door in the wall that divided Mrs. Wynne's garden from his park. He opened this door, listened, and shook his head, but indignantly. Some one was playing a piano which was not in very good tune. By and by the sound ceased, and a little figure came to the window, peeped through the muslin curtains, and saw him. Mr. Carton took off his hat, as she met him at the door.

'I thought you didn't play,' he said.

'I don't—for visitors,' was the reply; 'but mamma likes it. I was only trying a bit from 'Oberon.' It is such sparkling music, just as if the writer were just so brimful of happiness and mirth that he didn't know what to do with himself!'

'Then you couldn't fancy the man who wrote it dying slowly while he wrote?' said Mr. Carton, gravely.

'What judges we are all of us?'

'Was Weber dying when he wrote 'Oberon?'' asked Bertie.

'Yes,' replied Mr. Carton, 'and knew that he was.—He wrote it for an English opera company, and came to England to put it on the stage. He left his wife and bairns behind him in the far off country, and worked all the harder in the hope of seeing them once more before he died. He never did, though. It's sad, isn't it? We won't talk about it. What's that puzzled face for?'

'I was wondering,' said Bertie, 'how you, who don't care for music, came to know all this about Weber, and to be so interested in it?'

'I may know something of the life of a clever man, though crotchets and quavers were Greek to me, mayn't I?' laughed Mr. Carton. 'And how can you tell that I don't care for music, eh?'

'Well, you never say anything about it,' replied Bertie. 'And then the choir—'

'O, the choir,' said Hugh, slowly. 'But then you see, in the foreign churches, at least some of them, one might get a little spoiled for—your choir?'

'Don't call it mine,' said Bertie. 'They wouldn't admit me if I wanted to join it, which I do not, for I couldn't spare time as the others can?'

'Why wouldn't they admit you?' he asked.

'O, I don't know,' replied Bertie, with a little shrug of indifference. 'I'm insignificant and a nobody, and then my voice is neither one thing nor another—not worth having, you know. I can't go up to B nor down to wonderful depths, Mr. Carton.'

'Will you let me hear it?' said Hugh quickly.

'Are you serious?' said Bertie, looking up, with a little flash of astonishment.

'Indeed I am,' he replied. 'Sing something for me.'

Mr. Carton was silent for a while after the song was finished, and he looked over Bertie's music discontentedly.

'These don't suit you,' he said at last. 'I wish you would let me get some soprano things for you. I am going to send to London. Ah, by the way, I haven't told you about that. I hope I shall not disgrace myself; but I am going to sing a solo at this grand concert.'

'It's quite true,' said he. 'Don't look so terrified.—Your amateur performers are always indulgently allowed to blunder. Is it not so? What o'clock is that?' he added, suddenly. 'I had no idea it was so late; and Ethel will be waiting for me. That reminds me, Miss Bertie; take my thanks for all your kindness to her, and to me, through her. And now let pay my respects to Mrs. Wynne, for I must go.'

Mr. Carton was a bachelor, and rich; so it would never do for Dykewood to offend him outright. He must sing his song; that was, if some happy chance did not interfere to prevent it. If the Dykewood magnates did make fun of them all, they must bear it. Mr. Crane said it would serve them right for besieging the man as soon as he came among them; and of course he would make a fool of himself. The ladies comforted themselves with the reflection that a failure would do him good; would make him more humble and tractable, and teach him not to make remarks about the choir.—But little Bertie Wynne went about with a troubled face among the flowers, and told herself, with rising anger, that she hated the concert, and that nothing should ever induce her to go to it. She was thinking this one evening contentedly, while her busy scissors nipped away here and there a dead rose from the standards, when suddenly a voice, which she knew pretty well by this time uttered her name, and she looked up and saw Mr. Carton's brown face above the wall on which his hands rested.

'The roses are finer than mine,' he said, demurely.—'May I have one of them if I come for it?'

He did not wait for an answer, but raised himself to the top of the wall, and then dropped on the other side.

'It's so far round to the gate,' he said, glancing at a wicket about three yards distant. 'And besides, I feel very like a school boy still. I never see a wall like this without wanting to climb over it. Now for my rose.'

Bertie handed him the scissors, but Hugh said, 'No cut it for me. Now place it in my button-hole; thank you. What's the matter?'

He asked this question quietly, and in a tone which had lost its lightness, for looking down at her as she obeyed his command, he saw her face was pale, and fancied her fingers trembled.

'What a ruffian of a fellow I am!' said he. 'What is it? Mrs. Wynne—'

'No, no,' interrupted Bertie; 'mamma is all right; it isn't that. And there's nothing the matter, only— Mr. Carton, I want very much to say something to you, if you're sure you won't be angry.'

'Angry?' said he. 'We ought to be friends by this time, Miss Wynne. You are not afraid of me?'

'No,' said Bertie; 'but—I wanted your sister to say it, but she wouldn't. She said that I must speak to you myself, that you would not listen to her. Mr. Carton, it's about the concert.'

Hugh's face changed in a moment. Subdued mirth gleamed in his eyes, and twisted the corners of his lips under the black moustache, but Bertie was not looking at him.

'You think I shall make a worse mess than the rest?' he said.

Bertie did not answer; she was looking away over the woods toward the spires of Dykeshamby, some miles distant.

'Mr. Carton, everybody is talking about the concert,' continued Bertie. 'You see, it is not the thing as it would be if it were confined to Dykewood and the choir. The Dykeshamby Music Hall is a very grand place, and then people will come from all parts—'

'For fun of hearing what a fool I shall make of myself, eh?' said Mr. Carton.

'Well, don't you perceive that by such means I shall be adding to the receipts? And as it is for charity, one shouldn't mind being laughed at.'

'But, Mr. Carton, you don't know—'

'But, Miss Wynne, you don't know how I was beset on all sides about this affair just at first,' interrupted Mr. Carton. 'They have begun to look coolly on me now, I am aware; so see how amiable I am to be still willing to help.'

'But if you can't?' said Bertie.

'A man never knows what he can do till he tries,' said Mr. Carton.

'Why, you don't even attend the rehearsals,' said Bertie.

There was an involuntary movement of Mr. Carton's hands toward his ears. 'No,' said he, 'I do not; and have not got the song yet.'

Bertie turned a horror-stricken face toward him.

'Do you know that the concert is fixed for Wednesday?' she asked.

'Yes,' replied Hugh. 'I expected to get my packet by post this morning, but it didn't come. I wonder if I remembered to put in the address?' he added with a spirit of mischief he could not control.

'Mr. Carton,' said Bertie, 'don't do it.'

Hugh's air of light raillery changed altogether at these pleading words. He bent down and took the two nervous little hands in his, and his face was very grave.

'You don't like me to be made fun of,' he said. 'You are unhappy—that is, anxious, on my account, Bertie?'

'Yes—and Ethel's,' added Bertie, quickly. She hardly knew what made her add that. Perhaps it was something in his face which she had never seen before; or it might have been the consciousness that he had called her by her name for the first time. If she had looked at him then she would have seen that a debate was going on in his mind, but she did not. He was silent for some minutes, still holding her hands; then dropping them, he turned away, and said, coldly, 'I shall hope to see you at the concert, nevertheless, Miss Wynne; don't disappoint me.'

The words fell chill on Bertie's heart, and she took a step toward him.

'You are angry,' she said. 'I have offended you.'

'No. Good-night,' he replied.

Mr. Carton never looked back once, but went out by the gate this time, soberly enough, and walked away along the park. And Bertie stayed among the roses, thinking she had done a foolish thing; wishing that vainest of all wishes, for the past back again, till it grew late, till the moon came out, and she went into the house with the heart ache.

The clocks in the great square of Dykeshamby were striking seven, and one solitary gentleman was wandering about the orchestra of the music hall. The organ stood ready open and this gentleman went up to it and examined the stops; but he could not have done nothing further if he had desired it, since there was no one to blow for him. From the organ he turned to the grand piano, struck a few chords, and broke off with a gesture of amusement. It was the air the variations of which he had so unceremoniously cut short for Miss Grafton. Then this solitary gentleman espied in one corner a violin with its bow stuck invitingly across it. A strange expression stole over his face at the sight of this. He took off his gloves, and went up to it softly, looking round him as if he had been going to do some guilty thing. He had only time to adjust the instrument carelessly to its place, and to draw from it one long chord, when another step came up the stairs, and the conductor stood before him. Hugh Carton positively blushed as he put down his prize with reluctant fingers. He glanced with a comical deprecation at the new comer, who knew no better than other people what were the powers of this bold soloist, and said, half-smiling: 'Who knows? I might play as well as sing, if I tried.'

He then selected his corner in the orchestra and took his seat. He did not care about all the fuss and bustle of the green room, and he sat, indolently watching the chorus-singers, take their places, the arrangement of harps and music stands, and the gradual filling of the hall down below, till the conductor came forward with his baton, and the overture began. No one who looked at him would have thought that Hugh heard anything. He never moved a muscle of his face, never looked up even when the first soprano solo brought forth an encore, so clamorous that it had to be complied with. He was perfectly passive and immovable until his own turn came, when he stepped forward and took up his music.

Even Hugh himself could not help being conscious of the subdued rustle that swept through the hall at his appearance, a rustle of excited anticipation; a sort of self-gratulatory preparation to be critical. He knew that there were smiles more cynical than pleasant on some faces, and that opera glasses were being leveled at him. His blood might have flowed a little more quickly in his veins perhaps, as he looked down upon the audience below him, but that was all. He could not see, though perhaps he guessed intuitively, that Bertie Wynne had her head bent down, and her hands pressed tightly together in an agony of suspense for him; for Bertie had retracted her decision not to be present.—She had found it impossible to stay away; and she will never forget the moment when the first notes of Hugh's recitative broke on her ear, and the little rustle in the hall sank suddenly into breathless stillness. Bertie's head was raised, and the flush of nervous dread left her face. She had never heard anything like this before; it was very possible that Dykeshamby never had either.

The silence remained unbroken for some moments after the song was finished, and then the applause broke out in a deafening clamor, that would not cease until Mr. Carton came back, spoke a word to the accompanist, and substituted 'Angels ever bright and fair.'

The rest of the concert was hopeless confusion to Bertie Wynne. In the interval she heard dimly the exclamation of astonishment and delight that passed from lip to lip around her; she even recognized the harsh chuckle of Mr. Crane, as he asked old Mrs. Grafton what she thought of the choir after that; and she was vaguely watchful of that one figure sitting silent and grave in the orchestra, never moving, never seeming to notice anything that went on, and to all appearance profoundly unconscious of the commotion which his wonderful voice had stirred up in the hall. She knew little more until she found herself in Mrs. Grafton's carriage, and saw Hugh at the window petitioning for a seat. He did not say much after he got in. The stars were very bright, and the air of the summer night was very sweet after the close music hall. Perhaps although there had been no passage in Bertie's quiet life so wonderful as that drive home from Dykeshamby. At the little gate in the wall, they both got out, and Bertie's chaperon drove away, with a caution to Mr. Carton to see her safe into the house. Hugh took

off his hat to the retreating carriage, significantly, and stood in the gateway, looking down at the little figure all in white beside him.

'Well?' he said smiling.

'Mr. Carton, I never heard anything so beautiful in my life,' said Bertie. 'Why didn't you tell us?'

'Tell you what?' he asked; 'that I once made a living by singing in public? I never said that I knew nothing of music. It was taken for granted; and, excuse me, your Dykeshamby people are rather supercilious, they amuse me a little. One only, out of all, did not sneer, but took a part that would have been doubly kind if I had been the presumptuous fool they thought me. Did you think I did not know the sort of lead him on, it will be fun, that possessed all Dykewood—you excepted? Yet one evening I was sorely tempted to tell. Do you remember?'

'I think so,' said Bertie, as she made a step toward the house, but he stopped her.

'One moment,' said Hugh. 'Something else dates from that same evening. My pulses are riotously quick. I can't go home till they are quieter. I began to think, Bertie, that evening, that I might give my little friend and counsellor a dearer title. It's very sweet to hope. You won't forbid it? Don't you care for me after all?'

'I'm not fit,' said Bertie.

'You are my pearl of price that I meant to win for myself, if I could,' said Hugh. 'Listen; no; thus, with your hand in mine, that I may feel if you shrink from me. My father married an Italian opera singer, and was cut off with a shilling for doing so. Do you think the worse of me for my mother's sake?'

'No,' replied Bertie.

'I have been next door to a pauper,' he continued. 'I have done the hardest manual labor. Finally, I have been a public singer myself. Do you think the worse of me for all this?'

Involuntarily, Bertie crept a little closer to him, which was answer sufficient.

'If those silent woods and lawns could speak, they would tell how you have haunted them with your ghostly presence. Come and make it real for me. I shall come to-morrow, and the next day, and every day until you will let me take you home. These things creep out, don't they, Bertie? To-morrow all Dykewood will know what came of the grand Dykeshamby concert.'

'They will say that I am not good enough for you,' returned Bertie.

Mr. Carton's answer was unimportant. He waited until the hall door had closed after Bertie, stayed a little while longer, looking up at the light in her window, and then went off to walk up and down in the starlight and wonder that Fortune was good to him, just as he used to wonder in the old days at the strange grudge she seemed to bear him.

Miscellaneous.

ENCOUNTER BETWEEN AN ELEPHANT AND A RAT.

A very extraordinary encounter between a rat and an elephant has recently taken place in the Garden of Plants, London, which was witnessed with interest by hundreds of persons:

The keepers were engaged in destroying a great many rats, when one of them escaped and ran to the spot allotted to the elephant. Seeing no other refuge, in the twinkling of an eye the rat snugly ensconced himself in the trunk of the elephant, very much to the elephant's dissatisfaction. He stamped his foot and twisted his trunk round like the sail of a windmill. After these evolutions he stood suddenly still, evidently reflecting on what was best to do. He then ran to the trough where he is accustomed to drink, and plunged his trunk into the water, then returned to his den, and raised his trunk; with the water he absorbed, he dashed out the unfortunate rat, which was in a sheet of water like that issuing from a fire engine. When the rat fell to the ground the elephant seized him and made him undergo the immersion and projection four times. At the fourth throw it fell dead. The elephant with a majestic air, but cool and placid, crushed his annoying little enemy with his foot, and then went round to the spectators to make his usual collection of cakes, sugar and other dainties. The feat was received with vociferous applause, which the elephant seemed fully to understand and appreciate.

A STRANGE STORY.

A few nights ago a respectable farmer, resident in the neighborhood of Barton was driving from his home in search of a nurse, when his attention was suddenly called in a field through which there is a public footpath. Alighting from his gig, the farmer hastened to the spot, where he saw a laboring man had been digging a grave. At the sight of the farmer he made off, leaving the lantern and spade behind him, and also an overcoat, which the farmer took possession of. Journeying a little farther in the direction of Brigg, he met a woman, who said she was going to meet her sweetheart at the lonely spot indicated. Believing that foul play was intended, the farmer drove the girl to her own house. The affair is now being investigated.—Reading Times.

Punch's direction how to make a hole in your income is sound,—to pay a large rent.

Cut a dog's tail short, and he can't wag it. 'Brevity is the soul of wit,' but not of waggery.

The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse.

Facts should always be stated in black and white. Any thing written in red ink, of course is ink-red-ible.

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Buck Gloves "	1 25 to	2 50
No. 1 Kid Gloves "	1 75 to	
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