

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"—A. LINCOLN.

VOLUME 3.

BUTLER, BUTLER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1866.

NUMBER 48

Behind the Scenes.

"Four o'clock, and no Ellen yet! What can detain her so—she that is usually more punctual than the clock itself?"

It was scarcely a room in which Laura Avery was sitting—rather a magnificent bay window with draperies of embroidered lace.

"Poor Ellen, she murmured, how different our lots have been ordered in this world—her parents dead, and their wealth irretrievably lost and she too poor to accept a cent that she had not laboriously earned. Oh, dear!" and Laura sighed again just as the clock's liquid voice chimed the half hour.

"She don't come, soliloquized the perplexed little damsel, there's something the matter! Perhaps she's sick—oh yes, she must be sick. I'll send James to enquire—no, I'll go myself."

Before the sentence was out of her lips she was up in her own room adjusting a soft gray shawl over her black silk dress, and trying the strings of a quite little brown velvet bonnet, whose one crimson rose among its trimmings of emerald moss was not unlike the bloom of her own cheek.

"I don't think it's going to snow, she pondered, looking out at the gray threatening sky, as she drew on her perfectly fitting gloves. At any rate I shall walk very fast."

As she came through the softly carpeted vestibule a servant approached her.

"A note, Miss Laura. It came five minutes ago."

All the rose was several shades in the back ground now, as Laura Avery broke open the sealed seal, and glanced over the delicate, cream-colored sheet, with a bright, half-suppressed smile dimpling the corners of her mouth. Yet the note was a very simple one, after all.

"My dear Miss Avery:—May I promise myself the pleasure of accompanying you to hear the new opera to-night? Unless I receive a message to forbid me, I will call for you at half-past seven. Your most devoted slave & subject,
"FLORIAN RICHEY."

Laura instantly slipped the note into her bosom, as if fearful lest the very pictures on the wall should catch a sight of the elegant encephalography, and pursued her way down the gloomy street, with eyes that saw the murky atmosphere through a radiant glow of *colours de rose*.

Meantime the gray October twilight was falling away from a dreary room on the third story of a house situated on one of those side streets where decent respectability strives, hand to hand, with the grim assailant, want.

Strangely out of keeping with a shabby and poverty stricken aspect of the apartment was a newly finished dress of lustrous purple silk, bright as the dyes of Tyre, that lay folded on the table beside the window in such a manner that you could see the costly trimming—a wide border of purple velvet, edged on either side with a fluting of white point lace.—For poor Ellen Waynall was nothing more important than a hard working and poorly paid dress maker.

She lay on the little white bed in the corner, with her flushed cheek pressed against the pillow, and her slender figure partially concealed by a coarse plaided scarlet shawl, while the occasional involuntary contraction of her forehead bore to the pain she was weakly suffering.

As one or two quiet tears escaped from her closed eyelids and crept softly down her cheek, a light step sounded on the landing outside, and a knock came gently to the panels of the door.

"Come in," said Ellen, hurriedly dashing away the tears. "Laura, is it possible that this is you, dear?"

"Yes, it is myself, and none other, Nell. I could not imagine why you did not come and fit that dress, as you had promised. I know the reason now—Nelly, you are sick. Why did you not send for me?"

Nelly tried to smile faintly.

"I'm not very sick, Laura; at least I have not suffered much pain until to-night, and the doctor says if I only had a little wine—no, Laura, do not draw your purse, she adds, with a slightly perceptible sparkle in her eyes, and a proud quiver on her lips. I am not quite so low as to accept charity. Don't look so hurt and grieved, dearest. You know how sensitive I cannot help being on some points. It is only for a little while. When I am well enough to take that dress home and receive the money for it, I shall be enabled to purchase whatever I may require."

Laura Avery knelt down at her friend's bedside, with soft, pleading eyes.

"Dear Ellen, you surely will not refuse to accept a temporary loan from me."

Ellen shook her head with a grave smile.

"I can wait, Laura."

Laura looked from the dress to Ellen with a face of pained perplexity. Suddenly a bright inspiration seemed to strike her.

"Let me take the dress home, Ellen!" she exclaimed. "The walk will be just what I need, and I can stop at Dubour's on my way back and order the wine for you. You will never be strong unless you clost yourself up a little. You will let me, Nell?"

Ellen hesitated a moment.

"But Laura—"

"No buts in the matter, if you please, Nell, laughd Laura, gleefully beginning to fold the rich dress into the little basket that stood upon the table beside it. Where is it to go?"

"To Mrs. Richeys, in River street.—Why, Laura, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, only I am folding this dress wrong," returned Laura, in a low voice. It was well that Ellen did not see the scarlet flush that rose to her friend's lovely cheek, as she stood with her back to the bed, smoothing the lustrous breadths of pure silk. Mrs. Richey's Laura was almost sorry that she had volunteered to go, but it was too late to retract her offer now.

"What a selfish little creature I am," she mused.

"Poor Nelly needs the money so much and cannot go for it herself, and it isn't at all likely that I shall see Florian. I will go—there is an end of it."

"Thank you, dear Laura; it is so kind of you," said Ellen, fervently, as Mrs. Avery came to the bedside with the basket over her arm, and a blue veil drawn closely over the brown velvet bonnet.—"She owes me three dollars for this dress and there are seven dollars on the account which she has never yet paid me."

"Ten dollars! I'll collect it, never fear," said Laura, gaily, as she disappeared, while to Ellen, it seemed as if the sunshine had all died out with the bright presence of her beautiful friend. It was nearly dusk, when Miss Avery, summoning up all her resolution, ascended the brown stone steps of the Richey mansion and rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Richey at home?"

"What's your business with Mrs. Richey?" asked the servant, suspiciously scrutinizing the little basket that she carried. Laura bit her lips. This manner of servants was entirely a new experience to her, yet how often must Ellen have endured it.

"I have come to bring home a dress that was finished for her," she said in a tone of quiet dignity.

"Oh—ah—yes, well, I suppose you had best walk in."

The servant conducted her up stairs to a sort of sitting room or boudoir, where Mrs. Richey, a portly dame of about fifty, gorgeously dressed in a crimson silk, was sitting in her easy chair in front of a glowing coal fire. Laura was inwardly grateful that the gas had not been lighted, particularly when she observed that Mr. Florian Richey was lounging on a velvet sofa in one of the window recesses. Mrs. Richey looked up as the servant ushered in the new comer.

"Well, young woman, what do you want?"

Laura's cheeks tinged at the tone of coarse insolence in which she was addressed, but she commanded herself to reply meekly:

"I have brought home your dress, Mrs. Richey."

"Where is Miss Waynall?"

"She is ill."

"Very well, lay down the dress, it is all right."

But Laura stood her ground valiantly. "Miss Waynall would like the money to-night, Madame—seven dollars on the old account, and three for this dress."

"It is not convenient to-night."

"But, Mrs. Richey, Miss Waynall is ill and needs the money," persisted Laura.

"There, Florian, said Mrs. Richey, petulantly, addressing the young man in the Turkish dressing gown and the elaborately arranged hair, I told you just how it would be."

"What the deuce is the matter now?" snappishly asked Florian, for the first time condescending to evince any interest in what was going on.

"Why, these impertinent dress making people are always clamoring for money, just when you have drained me of my last cent."

"Let 'em clamor, then, that's my advice," said Mr. Florian, without taking the trouble to move his head.

"Just give me back that ten dollar bill Florian," urged his mother; "you cannot want it to-night."

"But I do want it, it happens," said Florian, coolly.

"You are just going to fritter it away in some of these gambling places, or

drink yourself stupid again," fretted Mrs. Richey. "It's too bad, getting my money away from me to indulge in those horrid habits! Why don't you earn money for yourself?"

"Easy, mamma, easy," said the dutiful son, lazily dragging himself to a sitting posture. "Don't lose your temper, for it isn't worth while. This ten dollar bill is going to help make my fortune. It shall take the lovely Laura to the opera, to-night."

"Nonsense; this fine scheme will flash in the pan, just like all the rest of your castles in the air. She won't have you."

"Oh, yes, she will, my ingenious mamma; wait and see. I shall bring her to the point pretty soon. Then, I'll pay you back the money, with interest, out of my lady's bag of shiners."

"And will you leave off your gambling habits? Oh, Florian, they will be the ruin of you yet."

"Perhaps, perhaps not," returned the young man insolently. "That will be very much as I please."

Both the mother and hopeful son had apparently forgotten the presence of the young girl, who was standing in the dusky shadows near the door, until this moment, when Mrs. Richey, turning sharply round, saw her.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked, irritably. "I have already told you that it was not convenient to pay you the money to-night. Why don't you go about your business?"

Her cheeks were flushed even beyond their artificial bloom of rouge, and her chill gray eyes sparkled with rising anger as Laura Avery composedly walked forward.

She took one of the wax tapers from the china shell, and lighted the gas with a steady hand, whose flash of rings struck Mrs. Richey with astonishment.

"I am sorry that you cannot pay your just debt, Madame," said Laura, quietly looking the amazed mother and son in the face; "but I am not sorry for any occurrence that has had the effect of opening my eyes to the true character of Mr. Florian Richey. I will take the ten dollars, sir, to my sick friend, as you will find it entirely unnecessary to go to the expense of taking Miss Laura Avery to the opera to-night."

Florian's handsome cheek had grown pale, his knees quivered beneath him as he mechanically took the bill from the pocket book and placed it in the hands of the imperative beauty, while Mrs. Richey sank back aghast into the cushioned easy chair.

Florian made one desperate attempt to retrieve his lost fortune, even in the moment of severe defeat and discomfiture.

"I am very sorry—awkward mistakes—hope you will afford me an opportunity for explanation," he stammered.

"I require no explanation, sir," was Laura's cold reply, as she withdrew from the apartment, haughty and unapproachable as a statue of ice.

She hurried homeward through the twilight streets with a burning cheek and a burning heart, and it was nearly dark, when once more she entered Miss Waynall's room, lighted only by the faint glow of the low fire.

"Back so soon, Laura?" asked Ellen, somewhat surprised.

"Here is the money, Nelly, and the wine she said, thankful for the dim light that could not betray her tell-tale features. "And now you must get well as fast as you can."

"Oh, Laura, I am so much obliged to you," said Ellen earnestly.

Laura stooped to kiss her friend's pale cheek, inwardly reflecting how much she had to thank Ellen's indisposition.

But she never told Ellen of the discovery she had unwittingly made, while fulfilling the gentle mission of friendship, and so one never knew the precise manner in which the contemplated match between Florian Richey and Laura Avery was broken off.

There are some things that bring their own reward in this world, and the one act of kindness has saved Laura from unconsciously taking the step that would have precipitated her into a life-time of misery.

—For the current year, 1865, the aggregate gold and silver product of the United States is estimated from \$82,000,000, to \$106,000,000. The details of the largest estimates are, that California will produce \$25,000,000, Montana \$18,000,000, Nevada \$16,000,000, Oregon \$8,000,000, Idaho 17,000,000, Colorado \$17,000,000, and various other sources \$5,000,000. Total \$106,000,000.

—The tobacco crop in Kentucky is better this season than was ever before

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The Long Strike—Twelve!

—Epitaph on a Printer—Dead matter.

—Matchless Misery!—Having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

—Who was the first little boy mentioned in the Bible? Chap 1.

—What is fashion?—Dinner at midnight, and a headache in the morning.

—Caution to the Ladies.—A silk dress should never be *sat-in*.

—Wanted—Some milk from the ocean's breast.

—When a wife hugs her husband it is always because she wants to "get around him."

—Why should we never sleep in a railway carriage?—Because the train always runs over sleepers.

—Model wives formerly took "a stitch in time," but now, with the aid of a sewing machine, they take one in no time.

—Avoid early rising. "The early bird catches worms;" then they have to take vermifuge and all sorts of disagreeable medicines!

—A sentimental old bachelor says a woman's heart is the "sweetest" thing in the world; in fact a perfect honey-comb full of *sella Beccaro*.

—A Mystery cleared up.—No wonder that ghosts enter rooms though the doors are locked. They are all provided with skeleton keys.

—At a printers' festival lately the following toast was offered: "Woman—second only to the press in the dissemination of news."

—A tailor, having set up his carriage, asked Foote for a motto. "There is one from Hamlet," said the wit, "that will match you to a button-hole: List, list! oh list!"

—A lady, meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am, I don't live any where now," replied the girl, "I'm married."

—When we picture the hundred or more trunks that ladies travel with, we can not help reflecting how happy is the elephant, whose wife when on a journey has only one trunk.

—To ascertain if your gun is loaded, put your foot on the hammer and blow the muzzle, letting the hammer slip from under the foot and descent with smart force on the nipple. If the gun is loaded you will be notified of the fact.

—"Ma," said the pride of the family who had seen seven summers, "do you know why our tom-cat is like a poet?" "Ma didn't." "Why?" exclaimed the precious pet, "doesn't he go out moonlight nights to invoke the mews?"

"My son, hold up your hand and tell me who was the strongest man?"

"Jonah."

"Why so?"

"Cause him the whale couldn't hold after he got him down."

—Mr. White will you have the kindness to lend me ten dollars?"

"Certainly—upon one condition."

"That you tell me why your request is like the back of my neck?"

"I must give it up."

"Well, it is because I can't see it!"

—A whiskey drinking Irishman was brought before a magistrate named Porter, charged with being drunk and disorderly. The magistrate committed the delinquent to prison for a month, telling him that would give him time enough to curse whisky. "Yes, faith," was the prisoner's reply, "and Porter too."

—Scene at the counting room of a morning newspaper.—Enter a man of Teutonic tendencies, considerably the worse for last night's spree.

Teuton (to the man at the desk). "If you please, sir, I want de paper mit dis mornings. One yet hash de names of de beetles yet kills cholera all de yile."

He was handed a paper, and after looking over it in a confused way, said—

"Vill you be so good as to read de names yet don't have de cholera any more too soon just now, and see if Carl Geinsenkoopoffen hash got em?"

The clerk very obligingly read the list, the Teuton listening with trembling attention, wiping the perspiration from his brow meanwhile in great excitement.—When the list was completed the name of Carl Geinsen—well, no matter about the whole of it—wasn't there. The Teuton's face brightened up, and he exclaimed: "You don't find 'im?"

Clerk—"No such name there, sir."

Teuton (seizing him warmly by the hand). "This ish nice—thish ish some funs—that ish my names. I pin drink ash never vas, and I vas afraid I vas gone mit cholera, and didn't know it."

A LITTLE TOO PUNCTUAL.

The hour was approaching for the departure of the New Haven steamboat from her berth at New York, and the usual crowd of passengers, newsboys, fruit vendors, cabmen and dock loafers, were assembled on and about the boat.

We were gazing at the motley group from the foot of the deck stairs, when our attention was attracted by the singular action of a tall, brown Yankee, in an immense wool hat, chocolate colored coat and pantaloons and a fancy vest. He stood near the starboard paddlebox, and scrutinized sharply every female who came on board, eyeing now and then consulting an enormous silver bull's-eye watch, which he raised from the depths of a capacious fob by means of a powerful steel chain. After mounting guard in this manner, he dashed furiously down the gang plank and up the wharf, reappearing on board almost instantaneously with a flushed face, expressing the most intense anxiety. This series of operations he performed several times, after which he rushed about the boat, wildly and hopelessly ejaculating,—

"What's the time of day? Wonder if my repeater's fast? What's the cap'n? What's the steward? What's the mate? What's the boss that owns the ship?"

"What's the matter, sir?" we ventured to ask him, when he stood for a moment.

"Hain't seen nothing of a gal in a blue sun-bonnet, with a Canton crane shawl, (cost fifteen dollars,) pink gowns, and brown boots, hey? come aboard while I was looking for the cap'n at the hind end of the ship—have ye, hey?"

"No such person has come on board."

"Tormented lightning! she's my wife!" he screamed; "married her yesterday. All her trunks and mise aboard under the pile of baggage as tall as a Connecticut steple. The darn black nigger says he can't hand it out, and I won't leave my baggage, any how. My wife, only think of it, was to have come aboard at half-past four, and here it is most five. What's become of her? She can't have eloped. We hain't been married long enough for that. You don't think she's been abducted, do ye, mister? Speak—answer—won't ye? O! I'm raving distracted! What are they rigging that bell for? Is the ship afloat?"

"It is the signal for departure—the first bell. The second bell will be rung in four minutes."

"Thunder! you don't say so! What's the cap'n?"

"That gentleman in the blue coat."

The Yankee darted for the captain's side.

"Cap'n stop the ship for ten minutes, won't you?"

"Can't do it, sir."

"But you must, I tell you. I'll pay you for it. How much will ye tax?"

"I could not do it."

"Cap'n, I'll give you ten dollars."

He gasped the Yankee.

The captain shook his head.

"I'll give you five dollars and a half—and a half and a half!" he kept repeating, dancing about in his agony, like a mad jackass on a hot iron platter.

"The boat starts at five precisely," said the captain, shortly, and turned away.

"O, you stunny-hearted heathen!" murmured the Yankee, almost bursting into tears. "Partin' man and wife, and we just one day married!"

At this moment the huge paddle wheels began to paw the water, and the walking-beam descended heavily, shaking the huge fabric to the center. All who were not going to New Haven went ashore. The hands began to haul in the gang plank; the fasts were already out loose.

"Leggo that plank!" roared the Yankee, collaring one of the hands. "Drop it like a hot potato, or I'll throw you in to the dock!"

"Yo—yo!" shouted the men in chorus, as they heaved on the gangway.

"Shut up, you braying donkeys," yelled the maddened Yankee, "or there will be an ugly sort of work!"

But the plank was got aboard, and the boat splashed past the pier. In an instant the Yankee pulled off his coat, flung his hat beside it on the deck, and rushed wildly to the guard.

"Are you drunk or crazy?" cried a passenger, seizing him.

"I am going to gimp myself into the dock and swim ashore!" cried the Yankee. "I musn't leave Sairy Ann alone in New York city. You may divide my baggage among ye—let me go—I can swim!"

He struggled so furiously that the consequence of his rashness might have been fatal, had not a sudden apparition changed his purpose. A very pretty young

VICISSITUDES OF A MILLION.

At the time of our story, there was an auction store near the Bourse.

The Viscount Robert N. de P— was 25 years of age, had an income of 25,000 livres, wit, good looks, an illustrious name, and could have made a very brilliant marriage. He ought to have been the happiest man in the world. He only had one regret.

He had nothing to do. He needed a little bitter in his cup of sweets, but Heaven refused to grant it to him. He resolved, to fly to other lands, there to seek the fatigues, the sufferings, and the novelties he lacked.

So five years ago, he entered by chance an auction room, just as they were putting up a capital portable writing desk. He was about to travel, and it was just what he needed; so he bought it for three hundred francs.

It probably cost more than ten times that sum. In the interior there were compartments for everything, and a plate bore the name of Lord N— one of the richest peers of England.

He was enchanted with his purchase, and carried it home in triumph. Some days after he set out for Spain. As he went from Madrid to Capiz he was stopped by thieves who completely robbed him. The only thing he missed was his desk. He prayed them to return it.

They refused; but their Chief, Don Jose Maria, promised to send it after him to Cadiz, on receipt of a ransom.

Robert promised two hundred reals, and gave the address of the hotel where he meant to stop when at Cadiz. He sent the money and got the desk.

In America, in the wilds of Mexico, his desk was carried off by Mexicans.

He thought it lost. Four months afterwards he found it in a shop in Vera Cruz, and paid five hundred francs for it.

In 1852, having returned to France, he thought of going to Baden. He passed the summer there, and went to Paris, visiting Cologne and Aix la Chapelle on the way.

Arrived at the frontier, which separates France from Belgium, he fell into the hands of the custom house officers.

Some day before some skillful fellow had defrauded the customs to a considerable amount; consequently the officers were on their guard.

The search was long, and the Viscount became furious.

"What do you fear?" He asked angrily.

"Oh, sir, objects of great value can be concealed in a small space."

"Have I the air of a smuggler?" he asked.

"No; but there are ambassadors who smuggle without scruple."

The search continued, and the Viscount was astonished to see the officers open drawers in his desk, of the existence of which he was ignorant. At last, full of impatience, he wished to reclaim it.

"Now that you have seen all," said he, "let us not prolong this unpleasant investigation."

"What do you say?"

"I say that you have seen all, and know that I have nothing contraband."

"Your coolness, sir, makes me pity you. Have you nothing to bring forth? If you do so, you will be freed by paying the dues; if not, and I find anything, there will be both a confiscation and a fine."

"But you have seen all."

"What do you mean by perhaps?"

"It is well made. Any one but myself might have been deceived."

"But I swear to you that you have seen all."

"Why deceive me? I am going to prove the contrary."

"If you find anything else, I'll swear I know nothing of it."

"A poor excuse. I warn you that I do not believe you."

"Let us finish this bad joke as quiet as possible."

"We will, and so much the worse for you."

And with the nail, the officer pressed against what was apparently a little ornament, which flew back disclosing a drawer in which was a paper parcel.

The officer took it out, looked at it, and put it back.

"That is not contraband," said he with a bow, "and with so much money I was worth to accuse you."

But the Viscount was stupefied with astonishment.

"Bank notes! But I did not put them there."

"You are very fortunate, sir, if you can forget a million so readily."

In fact there was a million of pounds sterling.

The Viscount took the notes, counted them, replaced them, and determined to find the owner. Arrived at London, he sought out Lord N—, whose name was engraved inside. The Nobleman affirmed that the money was not his. He had given this desk to a former valet of his, whose address he gave the Viscount.

This valet was now a wealthy shopkeeper in Pall Mall. He told the Viscount that he knew nothing of the money, but while in Italy had sold the desk to Count Luigi Settinnani, who was immensely rich, and in whose service he then was.

The Viscount set out for Italy, and went to Ravenna, where Count Settinnani lived. He recognized the desk but avowed that he had never placed any money in it. He sent the Viscount, however, to the Signora Laura R—, a former prima donna of the San Carlo, at whose house, in his gay days, he had forgotten his desk.

The Signora Laura recognized the desk and related that she had given it to the Russian Prince, Alexis B— in exchange for a pearl collar.

The Viscount set out for St. Petersburg. He was very happy. He now had something to do—to find the true owner of the hidden money; He placed it at interest, in order that it might not run the risk of being lost.

Prince P— knew the desk, but declared that he had never concealed a bank note in it.

He told the Viscount that in leaving Italy he had gone to Paris, and had given the desk to a danseuse of the opera, Louise P—, who was now in the habit of concealing money.

Robert returned to Paris.

There he learned that, after a life of gallantry and luxury, Louise P— had died in misery, and that her fortune was sold by creditors. It was at that sale he had bought the desk.

What to do? He could only think that the maker of the desk had placed the money there, or that it was there deposited by the Spanish robber who stole it.

The maker at London wrote that he knew nothing of it, and the Viscount learned that the Spanish robbers who had stole it had all been hung.

Ah! perhaps it was deposited there by the Mexicans. He went to Mexico from whence he returned two months ago.

He there discovered that one of those into whose hands it had fallen, was a trapper, who carried on a considerable trade in skins with the Americans. This was sufficient. He must have been the man who had concealed the bank notes.

The viscount continued his search, and at last one day found at Vera Cruz a very pretty young girl of seventeen, the daughter of the Mexican by a French woman who had come to Vera Cruz as a milliner.

In answer to this question, she told him that she knew nothing of her father, but that he was killed by a Texan ranger.

She was excessively pretty, and like a sensible fellow, he married her, and having at last something to do, returned to France with her to enjoy the fortune of which a singular chance had brought him into possession.

"SEE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY."

—Such was the brief but impressive sentiment which a friend wished us to add to an obituary notice of "one who had gone before." What better tribute could be offered to the memory of the loved and lost? Eloquence, with her loftiest eulogy poetry, with her most thrilling dirge, could afford nothing so sweet, so touching, so suggestive of their virtues of the dead, as those simple words:—"She always made me happy."

—It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time kills beauty.