

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE, UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1864.

VOL. 11--NO. 44.

"DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL" is published every Wednesday Morning, at Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance; Two DOLLARS AND TWENTY FIVE CENTS, if not paid within six months; and Two DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid until the termination of the year.

No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be at liberty to discontinue his paper until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the editor. Any person subscribing for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR TWENTY FIVE CENTS, unless the money is paid in advance.

Advertising Rates.
One insert'n. Two do. Three do
1 square, [12 lines] \$ 50 \$ 75 \$ 1.00
2 squares, [24 lines] 1 00 1 50 2 00
3 squares, [36 lines] 1 50 2 00 3 00
3 months. 6 do. 12 do
8 lines or less, \$1 50 \$3 00 \$5 00
1 square, [12 lines] 2 50 4 50 9 00
2 squares, [24 lines] 4 00 7 00 12 00
3 squares, [36 lines] 6 00 9 00 14 00
half a column, 10 00 12 00 20 00
One column, 15 00 22 00 35 00

Select Tale.

Twice Loved.

"Forever, forever! the home that was to have been the home of all my life; the husband that I vowed to love all my life; his family that had become mine—to leave all forever! To loose reputation, friends, all!" So spoke Estelle Vergennes, as she walked slowly through the small but neat apartment, to which it had been the joy of her husband to bring her some two years previously, when she had come a young and happy bride from her mother's home to his.

Then she had loved, then she had faith, then she had hoped and dared to look forward to life. What long weary days and months had passed by since then! How one by one had her illusions faded; how had long weariness made her almost desire death rather than the dull monotony which, like a heavy pall, had hung over her young life.

She walked on slowly and sad through the small neat rooms, till at last she stood in what was her husband's study, and paused in front of a full length picture of herself that was hung above his desk.

"How will he gaze on this when he returns and finds me not? Years ago he would have cursed me for he loved me then; but now he will discard the picture as he has discarded me, I will not weep; why should I; I am nothing; I have been long nothing to him; I go to love and happiness, ridding him of a burden on his life."

As she uttered these words Estelle drew from her finger her wedding-ring and laid it on the writing paper which lay open on her husband's desk; then taking a pen she wrote beneath:

"Farewell; forget me."

For one moment she bent over the desk, then kneeling before it, she pressed her lips on it, and a tear fell on its polished surface.

"Now it is over!" she exclaimed; "now I have renounced all forever."

Then with a firm step she passed from the apartment, and, going to her own room, threw over her dark grey dress a large black cloak, turned from the mirror which never was to reflect her image again.

"Madame is going out," said the polite dapper servant, emerging from a kitchen that looked like some elegant amateur cooking plaything.

"Yes," said Estelle, "Monsieur will be back to-night; tell him there is a note from me on his table; that will tell him where to find me."

"A pleasant evening to madame," said the woman, politely advancing to open the door, and shut it after her mistress.

"Good bye, Jeannette," said M^{rs}. Vergennes, and thus it was that Estelle passed from her home for the last time.

In a few minutes she was in the crowd of the Rue Boulevard, and then passed on with rapid step to the Rue St. Honore.

At the corner of the Place de la Madeleine, just beyond the place where the *maroche aux fleurs* is held, there was a carriage waiting, and pacing the pavement in front of it a gentleman who every now and then would rush to the corner nearest the boulevards and look with a straining gaze at the ever-moving crowd that came toward him. At length he descries the dark, unobtrusive figure making her way with quick step through the gay and busy multitude. Then he utters a cry of delight and dashes not towards her, but back to the carriage. He opens the door himself, lets down the steps, and, bidding the coachman be ready to start, he waits, looking eagerly towards the corner of the boulevards.

The pavement by the church is entirely deserted; the lady in the grey cloak has turned the corner, she comes along, the shadow of the tall marble columns falling on her as she passes, and at last she reaches the spot where he stands. Her breath comes quick and fast, her eyes are wildly bright, and her cheek glows. She cannot speak, she holds toward him two little trembling hands and tries to smile. He seizes them both in his grasp, then placing his arms around her waist, he lifts her into the carriage. Another moment and he leaps in himself, closes the door, and in a loud tone bids the man drive on. The coachman gives the horses a touch with the whip, and with a start and a snort they start off at a rapid pace.

Then for the first time the gentleman turns towards Estelle, and putting his arms around her presses her to his heart.

"Mine now forevermore."

"Yours alone Octave, for I have left all else; the world is naught to me now; from this moment I am no one; I have renounced even my name, and if you forsake me, I have but to die."

"Estelle, my life is dedicated to you from this moment. I know all you have sacrificed for me."

"Ah! nothing if you love me; for what is all in the world besides love? I have made no sacrifice. You know, Octave I have not deceived you; I have loved my husband devotedly, passionately, I was content to share with him his mediocrity of fortune, and to wait the result of those talents which it is said he possesses. But alas! he cared not for me; I was nothing to him; I shall be nothing in his life; scarcely will he perceive my absence."

"Estelle, you know not how much tenderness there is in my love; it was the utter neglect with which I saw you treated that first interested me in you. Believe me, Estelle, had you been a happy wife, I loved you too well to have sought to take you from it. Now you are to me a holy trust, the only woman I have passionately loved, and to you again, I repeat it, I devote my life. I know society will turn from you—for this one act that binds you to me forever, but the world is open to us. I am rich; never till now did I know the value of riches; and so long as this heart beats, you, so help me heaven, shall not know a pang."

Octave Seran drew Estelle toward him, and she laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed. Strange are the workings of woman's heart; to feel at that moment that she was the sole object of love to a true heart restored her to her own esteem, healed the wound to her vanity, yet never did the house she had left forever appear in such a seductive form; and leaning on the shoulder of her lover, she regretted, if not her husband at least his love.

But the carriage bore them on; they reach the railroad station, "Chemin de Midi," and in a few minutes are rushing on with all the power of steam.

Meantime, weary and full of thought, Henri Vergennes comes from a long session in the courts back to his home.

"Madame is out," says Jeannette, "but she has left a note for you on your desk in the study."

Henri scarcely hears what she says; he is absorbed in a difficult law question, and if he had thought at all about Estelle, it would be think it was a relief that she was not there to interrupt. Taking out a cigar, he laid down on the sofa in his study, and opening his briefs, began to read the difficult point over again.

Jeanette was the first person who interrupted him. The dinner was ready.

"And madame?"

Then Henri remembered what Jeanette had said, and went to the desk. There his eye fell on the wedding ring, and the few words written beneath told him all.

For a few minutes he stood, not stunned by the blow, but recalling as he gazed on the ring all the events of the last three years. The love that had laid dormant in his heart all arose with its strength and passion, and, as he thought, his conscience told him how he had neglected her, how for the last year this young, beautiful, loving wife had been as nothing to him in his home.

One look he gave up at her portrait that smiled down on him; then throwing himself into a chair, he laid his head on the desk beneath, and wept as man weeps in his life but once, tears that are the very heart's blood.

At last weak and exhausted, he looks up once again, he gazes on the portrait, and feelings of pity and tenderness came over him. He has forgotten his own sorrows; he thinks of her only—of her whom he had sworn to shield from all evil, till death should part them. It might yet be time to save her; she was forever lost to him, but perhaps he might rescue her from disgrace, from the long life of wretchedness that must inevitably be her fate.

He does not waste time in seeking information; but, like a good lawyer, goes at once to the right source to the Rue de Jerusalem; there one of the French detective officers will soon put him on the track, tell him all.

Meantime on goes the train, night has come, and the fugitives, the first emotion over, have begun to get anxious as to pursuit. They may be traced to the railway station, resuming their journey south next day by a later train, so that if Henri shall have left Paris in search of them, he will have had time to take one of the trains that starts in the night.

With a feeling of security, next morning they re-entered the train. They have been undisturbed; yes, Estelle has left Paris, her home, her husband, her cares forever. Twenty-four hours and they will be on the Mediterranean, safe from all pursuit. But all at once there is a

strange commotion, a violent shock, a sudden scream, that is the concentration of the agony of hundreds, and then Estelle remembers nothing.

When next she opens her eyes and gazes round her, who is it their glance encounters? Her husband; yes, Henri Vergennes, and with a shriek she turns away. Then she tries to recall what has happened; she tries to account for his presence there; but in vain, her brain is still full of confusion, and a dull pain numbs all her faculties. It is Henri's voice rouses her at last. He came towards her; He is leaning over her.

"Estelle," he says, "can you rise; it is necessary we should reach Paris to-night."

"Paris! You—" murmured Estelle.

"Do you remember nothing?"

"Why are you here?" said Estelle, evading the question.

"I will tell you all. I was on the train in which you were, when—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Estelle, "I remember now the horrible crash, the screams, oh! where," but here a deep color came into her pale face, and she buried her head in her pillow.

"Octave Seran is dead," said Henri, in a cold, calm voice; "you I believe are uninjured; I am not here to reproach you, this is not the time, but to save my honor and yours. Your flight was known to none; you must return with me; your guilt will be thus forever hidden to all but me, and I shall keep the secret for my own sake."

"What if I will not return?"

"I have not thought of that, because you will return."

"Will you take a faithless wife back again beneath your roof?"

"Rise, Estelle, I am your husband; I will be obeyed, and answer no more vain questions; we must be in Paris to-night, we must be together to-morrow at brother's wedding; there is no time to lose; the train starts in an hour. In an hour I shall come and take you, be ready."

Estelle, as soon as she was alone, threw herself down on the bed, and wept bitterly; she had the crime of murder on her conscience; yes, Octave had died for her; why had she not died, too. At that moment it seemed to her she had never loved any one but Octave. For Henri she had the most profound contempt. Forgive a faithless wife? forgive her? take her back to his bosom? she despised him. Still she felt she would be compelled to obey him, and drying her tears, with dogged resolution she began her preparations.

Henri found her ready, and without an other word, drew her arm through his, and led her to the train.

Once again Estelle is beneath the roof she thought to have left forever—back to her home honored as she was. Her husband's sister is there waiting for her. She speaks of Henri's absurdity in taking his wife on so hurried a journey; she asks details of the terrible accident. Henri never leaves the room, and under the influence of his firm, cold eye she contrives to give coherent answers.

At last they are alone; then Henri bids Estelle listen to him.

"Madame," he says, "it is right you should understand your position. I have saved you—brought you back for the sake of my reputation and for your sake."

"You cannot think I shall love you," said Estelle with contempt.

"Madam," continued Henri, with a cold, sarcastic smile, women of light virtue, women like yourself are plentiful in Paris for me to ask your love. You are here merely as the representative of my honor. Because I have sworn to protect you, I saved you from the ignominy into which you had thrown yourself; I was prepared to take you at any cost from your seducer; death saved me the trouble. By the way, that you may not there is a trick on my part, here is an account of the accident in this paper, you will find his name in the list of the dead. Madame, you are the mistress of my house; you are to the world, to our friends, even to my family, all you were before; and mind, that neither by word, or look deed you betray the past.

"You scorned and neglected me, Henri, when I was faithful to you—when I loved you—now do you think me so base as not to despise—"

"Madame," said Henri, "allow me to conclude; you have heard my first with regard to ourselves. To me alone, of all the world, you are not a wife; you are a woman who has forfeited all esteem and all respect; to me alone you are the mistress of Octave Seran, and as such a woman shall I look on you and treat you. Never speak to me when there is no witness; you will know nothing of my interests, nothing of my feelings, nothing of anything that concerns me. You have

no rights; you are a creature living on my bounty, at my mercy—a criminal living ever with her judge—remember this, Madame; but remember, also, that you have not the privilege of complaint, nor shall you dare to breathe to any living ear, not even to your confessor, one word of your past crime or your present punishment."

Henri left the room. Estelle's first impulse was to fly the house; but then whether could she go? Even her own relations, when Henri should reveal the truth—as in case she rebelled he would—would drive her from their presence.

"Octave! Octave!" said she wildly, bursting into tears, "why did I not die with you?"

But there was nothing but submission, and wretched and heart-broken Estelle submitted.

Henri kept the conditions he had made strictly; in his public, in his own family, his attentions to his wife were greater than they had ever been; tenderly he cared for her, gently he spoke of her—he was growing richer; his genius was emerging from the crowd and bringing its reward; luxuries increased around Estelle; her home was one of splendor; she had numerous servants around her, and a carriage at her command. Her diamonds and dresses were the envy of her friends. Her own relations congratulated her on her happy marriage. The world, too, told her that she should be proud of her husband, prophesying that he would rise to the highest honors. But Henri had never changed his manner towards Estelle; indifference, silent contempt marked his manner towards her; not for an instant did he seem to forget that she was to him nothing but Octave's mistress.

All intimacies, too, were forbidden to Estelle.

"I cannot trust you," he would say; "you may find another lover;" or, if a young and virtuous wife would seek Estelle's friendship, he would command her to avoid it.

"You might corrupt a virtuous woman. You are not fit society for her."

Spite of his solicitude in public, he never noticed Estelle's health or sickness in private, and when he himself was suffering, resolutely refused all her care.

So for five years they lived. Perhaps, after all, the quality which inspires most love in the heart of woman is strength. The Indian squaw loves her husband for the number of foes he kills; the woman of civilization loves man for the power of his mind, the strength of his character and will. Estelle, for the first two months had revolted and resisted; she had mourned deeply Octave's death, but it seemed impossible that she could weep for him beneath her husband's roof; she was ashamed of grief for her lover in his presence. So gradually the grief faded, and rarely did the image of Octave intrude on her mind. Then came a deep feeling of humiliation. Then a spirit of defiance arose in her; but her husband's calm unalterable authority soon subdued her. Hearing the world's eulogiums of him, seeing him surrounded with its admiration, she grew to be proud of him, to be proud of the homage she received from the world as his wife. Then came bitter repentance for the past, deep remorse, astonishment at the folly which could have preferred poor Octave to such a man as Henri. She came to love him passionately, devotedly, and to feel that such a love was utterly hopeless. Yet, wherefore? She was beautiful, young, admired; he might be made to forget, he might be brought to love her. Patiently she began trying to win back his affection, but Henri perceived her intentions.

"Madame," said he, "do not try your arts on me. I am not to be seduced, and if by a strange irresistible fatality I had conceived a passion for you, a degraded woman and a faithless wife, I would die rather than yield to it. Pray, Madame, try no coquetries on me."

Estelle turned away, her brow burning with shame; she was a creature of deep feeling and sudden impulse; she was desperate, and all her woman's pride had been deeply wounded. She fled to her room, despair in her heart.

That night, when Henri returned home, on his desk he found, as he had found five years before, Estelle's wedding ring, and the word "farewell."

A deep pang shot through his heart; had she left him again? Was she so depraved, so corrupt? He rushed to her room, threw open the door, and crossed the threshold he had never passed for five years before.

All was still and silent; he dashed back the curtains of the bed; there lay Estelle, pale, beautiful, and very still; she did not turn as he approached her; she did not move; he put his hand on

her heart, it did not beat; Estelle was dead!

Then Henri knelt beside the bed, and pressed his lips to her brow, in one long and straining kiss—

"It is better thus," he said; "she has spared us both a life of torture, for I loved her."

"Oh! Angeline," said a young horticulturalist to his love one evening, "if you could only see my Isabella. How each day she develops new beauties—so beautiful!—hanging over me so tenderly—no honey so sweet to the taste."

Angeline suddenly fell to the floor like a flat-iron.

"Villain!" she cried, "you love another!" and swooned away.

"Oh! I have killed her!" exclaimed the young horticulturalist, jumping up wringing his hands. "Oh, Angeline—don't—don't! You musn't for the world, Angeline—I didn't mean it—I only meant the grape vine!"

Angeline recovered.

A minister once delivered a strong sermon against visiting on Sunday evening. After tea the young clergyman said to a friend:

"Come, let us go to the Deacon's and spend the evening with his daughter."

"How?" cried his friend, with much surprise, "is it possible you can make such a proposal to me, after the sermon you have just concluded?"

"O psshaw," said he, "I only made those remarks in order that we might have the better chance with the girls ourselves."

Aunt E. was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown.

"You see, my dear, how little chickens go to roost at that time."

"Yes, aunt," replied Eddy, "but the old hen always goes with them."

Fowler met Chapin the other night, and says he, "The street cars are going to stop running after to-morrow."

"No!" replied Chapin, "what for?"

"Because they can't catch up to it!" and Fowler dodged round a corner.

Once on a time a little boy was naughty, and his mother said to him very solemnly: "If you are such a bad little boy my son, you will not go to Heaven."

"Well," said he putting his lips, "I believe I'd about as lief stay in town."

A brow-beating counsel asked a witness how far he had been from a certain place. "Just four yards, two feet and six inches," was the reply. "How came you to be so exact, my friend?"

"Because, I expected some fool or other would ask me, I measured it."

A Pennsylvania editor says, "somebody brought a bottle of sour water into our office, with a request to notice it as lemon beer. If Esau was green enough to sell his birth-right for a mess of pottage, it does not prove that we will tell a four-shilling lie for five cents."

We note in a contemporary's column the advertisement of a lady for a husband. "None need apply under six feet!" Whew! but the lady goes in ferociously for Hy-men.

Jones writes to a friend and closes by saying: "I am glad to be able to say that my wife is recovering slowly."

A Mr Henn has started a new paper in Iowa. He says he hopes by hard scratching to make a living for himself and his little chickens."

"Well, John, did you take that note I gave you to Mr. Smithers?" inquired a gentleman of his rustic servant.

"Yes sir," replied John "I took the note, but I don't think he can read it." "Cannot read it!" exclaimed the gentleman? "why so, John?" "Because he is so blind, sir." "While I was in the room he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

A kind hearted wife once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for her husband's eyes, which were sore.

"Let him wash them every morning with brandy," said the doctor. A few weeks after the doctor chanced to meet the wife.

"Well, has your husband followed my advice?" "He has done everything in his power to do it doctor, but he never could get the brandy higher than his mouth."

Nothing is a more certain preventative of old age and its accompanying infirmities than a slit in the wind-pipe; but we can't recommend it to good members of society.

Business Cards.

D. McLAUGHLIN, Attorney at Law, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the Exchange building, on the Corner of Clinton and Locust streets—up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession. Dec. 9, 1863.-tf.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria County Penna. Office Colonnade row. Dec. 4, 1863

CYRUS L. PERSHING, Esq. Attorney at Law, Johnstown, Cambria Co. Pa. Office on Main street, second floor over Bank. ix 2

R. T. C. S. Gardner, Physician and Surgeon. Tenders his professional service to the citizens of EBENSBURG, and surrounding vicinity. OFFICE IN COLONADE ROW. June 29, 1864.-tf

J. E. Scanlan, ATTORNEY AT LAW, EBENSBURG, PA. OFFICE ON MAIN STREET, THREE DOORS EAST OF THE LOGAN HOUSE. December 10, 1863.-ly.

R. L. JOHNSTON, GEO. W. OATMAN, JOHNSTON & OATMAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Ebensburg Cambria County Penna. OFFICE REMOVED TO LLOYD ST., One door West of R. L. Johnston's Residence. Dec. 4, 1863. ly.*

JOHN FENLON, Esq. Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county Pa. Office on Main street adjoining his dwelling. ix 2

P. S. NOON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO. PA. Office one door East of the Post Office. Feb. 18, 1863.-tf.

GEORGE M. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, EBENSBURG, Cambria County, Pa. OFFICE IN COLONADE ROW. March 13, 1864.

MICHAEL HASSON, Esq. Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria Co. Pa. Office on Main street, three doors East of Julian. ix 2

G. W. HICKMAN & CO., Wholesale Dealers in MANUFACTURED TOBACCO, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SEGARS, SNUFFS, &c. N. E. COR. THIRD & MARKET STREET. PHILADELPHIA. August 13, 1863.-ly.

HIGHEST PHILADELPHIA RATES For Rent. An office on Centre Street, next door north of Esq. Kinkaid's office. Possession given immediately. JOSEPH M'DONALD. April 18, 1864.