

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

"TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHT."—Thomas Jefferson.

TERMS: ALSO PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES.

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HARVEY SICKLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW and GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT, Office on High Street, Tunkhannock, Pa.

DR. J. C. CORNELIUS, HAVING LOCATED AT THE FALLS, will promptly attend all calls in the line of his profession—may be found at Beemer's Hotel, when not professionally absent. Falls, Oct. 10, 1861.

DR. J. C. BECKER & CO., PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS, Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wyoming that they have located at Tunkhannock where they will promptly attend to all calls in the line of their profession. May be found at his Drug Store at his office or residence, when not professionally absent.

J. M. CAREY, M. D., (Graduate of the J. M. Institute, Cincinnati) would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wyoming and Luzerne Counties, that he continues his regular practice in the various departments of his profession. May be found at his office or residence, when not professionally absent.

Particular attention given to the treatment of Chronic Diseases. Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co. Pa. -v2n2

WALL'S HOTEL, LATE AMERICAN HOUSE, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

This establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House.

B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor. Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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JOHN MAYNARD, Proprietor.

HAVING taken the Hotel, in the Borough of Tunkhannock, recently occupied by Hiley Warner, the proprietor respectfully asks its share of public patronage. The House has been thoroughly repaired, and the comforts and accommodations of a first class Hotel, will be found by all who may favor it with their custom. September 11, 1861.

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HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no effort to render the house an agreeable place of resort for all who may favor it with their custom. Wm. H. CORTRIGHT.

June 24, 1863

M. GILMAN,

DENTIST.

M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.

ALL WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION. Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post Office. Dec. 11, 1861.

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Refresh Grounds Plaster in quantities and at prices to suit purchasers, may be had of HARVEY SICKLER, A. T. W.

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Poet's Corner.

MY MOTHER.

BY ANON. SIXTY.

When wandering in a stranger's land,
A stranger's hand, I feel
And thoughts of home and boyhood's hand,
Are thronging fast before me;
And as they rise, each friendly face—
Or father, sister, brother—
And seek in mind the fond embrace,
Come first of all thy sorrows!

A brother's warm and faithful heart,
Draws closely to me ever;
A sister's love beyond the art
Of chance or fortune to sever;
My father's form, revered, will rise,
Praised far beyond all other;
Save when I see, with boyhood's eyes,
In memory's glass, my mother!

Earth's other ties may seem full strong;
I loved sports, round and sinuous;
And beauty, form, and wealth, and song,
May win me for their loves;
But still will memory's magnet trace,
Point ever to one other,
Investing with hope's brightest hue,
That most loved form—MY MOTHER!

Then let the post sing for fame;
The miser hoard his treasure;
Let warriors win a doubtful name,
An fill their glory's measure;
Go, if they will, and at the shrine
Of proud ambition, another
Each noble impulse—yet may mine
Forever rest my mother!

Or wert thou now, how'er the tide
The barrens o'er life's ocean,
One heart to mine is still allied,
And points the path to heaven;
With unpunged dagger; let them go,
Let fortune fail, and friends forsake;
There's one, and she's my mother,
Whose love's the life of time and space!

In childhood's hours, mature years,
From life's bright noon till even;
She aids our hopes, she eases our fears,
And points the path to heaven;
And if a sky-born spirit'er
Was sent to guide another,
In mortal guise, from your own sphere,
That spirit is my mother!

The following is one of the most remarkable compositions ever published:
EXPLANATION.—The initial capital spell, "My heart was in the glorious Christ of Christ." The words in italics, when read from bottom to top, form "The Lord's Prayer." Make known the gospel truths, Our father, king, Yield us thy grace, dear Father from above, Bless us with hearts which lovingly can sing, Our life thou art for ever, God of love! Assuage our griefs in love for Christ we pray, Shine the bright prince of Heaven and glory thee, Took all our sin and banished the display, Infant being first a man and then a man, Stripped down to thy grace and power make known, In Jesus' name let all the world rejoice, New labors in thy heaven's kingdom own, That blessed kingdom for thy saints the choice; How vile to come to thee in all our woe, Enemies to thy will and all that's thine, Graciously will, we live for sanity, Loathing thy cry being evil in desire, O, God, thy will be done from earth to Heaven, Resting on the gospel let us live, In earth from sin deliver and forgive, O, as thy will be done, let us be free, Unless it's power temptation doth destroy, Sure is our fall into the depths of woe, Carnal in mind, we've not a glimpse of joy, Rained against heaven; in us no hope can flow, O give us grace and lead us on thy way, Shine on us with thy love and give us peace, Self and the sin which rise against us stay, Oh! grant each day our trespasses may cease, Forgive our evil deeds that oft we do, Consume us daily of them to our shame, Help us with heavenly bread, forgive us, too, Recurrent lusts, and we'll adore thy name, In thy forgiveness we as sinners can die, Shine for us all our trespasses so high, Thy Son, our Savior, bleed on Calvary.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

My heart was in the glorious Christ of Christ. The words in italics, when read from bottom to top, form "The Lord's Prayer." Make known the gospel truths, Our father, king, Yield us thy grace, dear Father from above, Bless us with hearts which lovingly can sing, Our life thou art for ever, God of love! Assuage our griefs in love for Christ we pray, Shine the bright prince of Heaven and glory thee, Took all our sin and banished the display, Infant being first a man and then a man, Stripped down to thy grace and power make known, In Jesus' name let all the world rejoice, New labors in thy heaven's kingdom own, That blessed kingdom for thy saints the choice; How vile to come to thee in all our woe, Enemies to thy will and all that's thine, Graciously will, we live for sanity, Loathing thy cry being evil in desire, O, God, thy will be done from earth to Heaven, Resting on the gospel let us live, In earth from sin deliver and forgive, O, as thy will be done, let us be free, Unless it's power temptation doth destroy, Sure is our fall into the depths of woe, Carnal in mind, we've not a glimpse of joy, Rained against heaven; in us no hope can flow, O give us grace and lead us on thy way, Shine on us with thy love and give us peace, Self and the sin which rise against us stay, Oh! grant each day our trespasses may cease, Forgive our evil deeds that oft we do, Consume us daily of them to our shame, Help us with heavenly bread, forgive us, too, Recurrent lusts, and we'll adore thy name, In thy forgiveness we as sinners can die, Shine for us all our trespasses so high, Thy Son, our Savior, bleed on Calvary.

IS THERE GROUND FOR HOPE?

We are often asked, says an exchange, is there any ground for hope of good in the future? There is—but it can be reached only by a change of rulers. The present "powers that be" have proved themselves unfit and unworthy; the progress of affairs under them, has been, and is likely to be, from bad to worse; they have shown themselves ignorant and reckless experimenters, vainly sacrificing the blood and treasure of the nation, to such an extent that there is now no choice left to the people, but a RUINED COUNTRY, or A CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION.

SIR, THE ABOLITION PARTY IS A DISLOYAL ORGANIZATION. ITS PRETENDED LOVE FOR FREEDOM MEANS NOTHING MORE OR LESS THAN CIVIL WAR AND A DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION. HONEST MEN OF ALL PARTIES SHOULD UNITE TO EXPOSE THEIR INTENTIONS AND ARREST THEIR PROGRESS.

HONEST OLD ABE.

Honest old Abe, when the war first began, I denoted abolition was part of his plan. Honest old Abe has now made a decree, The war must go on till the slaves are all free. As both can't be honest, will some one tell how, If honest Abe then, he is honest Abe now?

Select Story.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY NELLIE WILD.

"She was, and I thought her cold, Thought her proud, and I thought her cold." T-day I have been looking at a picture of Bretzel Castle. It was built two hundred years ago, principally of light grey stone, now darkened at the buttresses into purple and green, and bisected by the storm of centuries. On the south the magnificent garden opens towards the sea, which tumbled and foamed on a rocky coast. Westward is a fine village, and on the other side the park stretches for miles away.

I know the history of Bretzel Castle, and sometime I will tell you the story of the original of each of the portraits that hang in the hall. But to-day can only relate the story of the wedding of its present lord and lady.

Fifty miles north of Bretzel lives Sir Ralph Preston and his only child, Amabel, a brown-eyed, sunny haired girl of eighteen summers. My story opens on the first morning in May, a warm moist morning, and beautiful as June. Amy, dressed in white and green, dawning till noon with the village girls, after crowning the queen of May. Early in the afternoon there were several fresh arrivals, and Amy ran to meet her old friend and playmate, Arthur Morton, younger brother of the haughty young heir of Rothwell Manor. What care! Amy for the village party then? She studied away with Arthur, and presently the woods echoed their distant laughter. They rambled about till nearly sunset, chatting about old times and absent friends. At last Arthur told Amy that he was going to leave England.

"I knew it before," said Amy. "Howard told me."
"My brother? When did you see him?"
"Last week. He came with Lord Bretzel."
"Then you have seen Roberto. Do you like him, Amy?"
"Yes, he is splendid. So says Howard, so says my father, and so says I."
Arthur bit his lips.

"He looks like the pictures of the Knights of Saint George, with his raven hair, flashing eyes, and marble face. But every woman likes a commanding presence, and a lip shaded by a moustache as dense as a Centaur's of the Old Guard." Arthur laughed rather scornfully at Amy, who was watching the changing reflection of the jealous boy in the fish-pond. She saw a slender figure, blue eyes, chestnut hair, but a smooth lip and a smile that came of age on a row, and I have come to ask you to ride with me to the Manor, continued Arthur, in his usual tone. "I shall stay here until then, if you write me, and are willing to accept my attentions."

"Of course you will stay, Arthur. But your invitation comes too late. I have promised to go with Lord Bretzel."
"I am sorry; you will love no kind words for me to-morrow. Why do you not ask why I leave England so suddenly?"
"Because I do not believe that you will go soon."
"But indeed it is true, Amy. I have only a younger brother's portion, and it will never satisfy me. I must win a name, Amy, or I can never be content. As an artist I hope to do this. I shall go to Italy, and I can but fail!"

"My father says you were not born an artist; you can paint well, but you will never find fame or fortune in Italy."
"I shall try."

"The next day a splendid carriage, drawn by superb horses, drew Roberto and Amy to Rothwell, a distance of five miles. Arthur followed slowly on horseback. Passing by the pond he saw a green and white scarf that Amy had dropped the day previous. He put it in his bosom and rode on to Rothwell.

No expense had been spared to make the late magnificent. All the beauty and noble blood of fifty miles around assembled to honor the future Lord of Rothwell. Arthur was the merriest of the merry young men who loved him far better than his haughty brother. Amy Preston, in a robe of violet silk, and with pearls on her neck and arms, was envied by all fair ladies, because of the marked attention paid her by the young Lord of Bretzel. At twilight Arthur found her alone and proposed a walk on the terrace. "It will be our last for many months, perhaps years," he said.

"Amy accepted bravely; Roberto had left her but for a moment, and she was waiting his return. But she allowed Arthur to lead her away, and night and the stars found them walking among the early flowers. They talked of the past and the present, but not of the future. Music floated out from the hall; dancing had commenced.

"You will dance the first with me, Amy. Will you not?" Arthur asked pleadingly. "But will I have permitted Roberto? See, he is approaching. You will come to Preston House to bid me good-bye before you go, will you not, Arthur?"

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Amy danced and sang till midnight. Her eyes were brighter than usual, and her step lighter. Roberto was often by her side, and she blushed beneath his meaning glances and at his earnest words. But she walked with Arthur, and sang his favorite song. "That night, from her turret chamber, Amy could see Arthur's win low in the main building on her left. His light burned till the morning star grew dim at day dawn, and she watched for one glimpse of his face, but she saw nothing. She fell asleep at sunrise.

Five days later Amy met Arthur in the hall at Preston House; he had come to bid them good-bye, for he was going away the next morning.

"I will go as far as the old oak with you," said Amy as Arthur was leaving the house. Arthur looked pleased. They walked slowly in the bright sunshine, and talked of the time when the trees would cast a darker shadow when the grass would be taller and the flowers would blossom under the hedge-rows. Not one word of the friendship that had bound them so closely in the years that had gone. If either heart ached the face and voice gave no sign.

"You will not see the roses bloom that you planted a month ago, Arthur."
"No, only in dream."
"Not the autumn woods that you love so well."
"No matter; I shall not forget them."
"Not like Christmas trees. What will Christmas be to your father without his favorite son, Arthur?"

Arthur did not reply. Amy thought his lip quivered, but it might be fancy.

"You will be at home on Christmas eve, Arthur?"
"Not unless you bid me come, Amy."
"Did Amy see the wistful, imploring, questioning glance he cast upon her as he said this? If she had would she have answered as she did?"

"Unless I bid you? You are not my servant, Arthur. You will do as you please; but you know that no other can ever fill the place vacant in our hearts and homes—your fathers home and mine."
The words contained more of regret at his departure than any he had heard her utter; but even they were too cold for his purpose. They reached the old oak tree; Amy paused, and Arthur said:

"Good-bye, Amy; think of your old playmate sometimes; and if you are ever happier than you have been in years that are past, send me a line across the sea, and I will congratulate you, and send you my blessing if it is worth anything." So they parted in the May sunshine.

Arthur walked rapidly homeward. He did not turn back, thinking that he had heard a voice calling him; but it was only fancy. The words "good-bye" would have kept him in England for a time, eager as he was to see the land of romance—far Italy. He knew that he should never be happy in a distant land, far from home and kindred; but he could brave every thing for fame. As he could not win it as an artist; he might mortify his self by the success if he could stand in his brother's place. He was but a younger brother, yet far nobler and more fitted for the master of the Rothwell than Howard. He knew this, and yet he never envied his brother the position fate had given him. The day following he left England.

CHAPTER II.

"'Tis good to be merry and wise;
'Tis good to be honest and true;
'Tis good to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new."

Amy wandered about among the trees till night fell. The little maiden of a month ago was a haughty woman to-day. Arthur was very proud; so was she. She asked herself the question, why, if Arthur really loved her he did not tell his love now that he was going away. She could not satisfy herself on this point. He might be jealous, and, if so, why had she never discovered it. "He does not, he never did love me," she said to herself, and yet her heart told her that her words were untrue.

She reached home at last. Roberto had sent her an exquisite antique vase that he had brought from the East. She fell to musing over it, wondering if he intended to travel again; she had heard him express a desire to do so at some future time. If he must, would he take his bride with him, if he married? She thought what a fine thing it would be to be able to call those woods and streams at Bretzel her own; to be the mistress of the grand old castle; to wander among the cool fountains in the breezy gardens; to be lulled to sleep by the music of the sea.

Preston would be her own at her father's death, but it was only a plain country mansion, although the lands were broad; but it did not satisfy her. She had seen Rothwell Manor ever since her childhood, and she had associated it with all that was grand and excellent until she saw Bretzel a few years before. Rothwell faded into insignificance there. Since she had met Roberto her girlhood had departed, and she was possessed of the change as she went to her chamber that night.

May departed into June; July, the queen, hurried her hours upon the earth, October came and the golden glory of autumn was seen at the land, but no letters came from the wanderer of Preston House. Amy received the visits of Lord Bretzel with pleasure, yet she longed for tidings from Arthur. Should she write to him as a sister might write to a brother? No; he did not ask her to write. She would wait till she could bid him know with her own pen that she was certain she should be. Roberto was a noble, whole souled man, above the ordinary stamp of mankind, and there was no mistaking the intentions of such as he. She determined to wait until he proposed for her hand, and then she would ask the blessing that Arthur had promised. The opportunity came sooner than she expected.

One day in October, when she had returned from a walk, her father told her that Roberto had proposed for her hand, adding that he had given his consent if his daughter's heart could go with it.

"I once thought that you loved Arthur Morton. I should not have objected, Amy, for I wish to make you happy; but Lord Bretzel is a more fitting match for you, my child, although I am an old man, and Bretzel is fifty miles away, yet I can give you to him with pleasure if you can be happy with him. He is waiting for you in the garden."

Amy glanced at her soiled dress, and leaving a kiss on her father's cheek, she went to her dressing room. Two dresses lay side by side—a beautiful rose-colored robe, and a white India muslin. She took up the latter, if I am to sacrifice love to ambition, white is most fitting," she thought, half aloud. "If I knew—if I only knew that he—that Arthur loves me, I should hesitate even now." A tiny case lay before her, and she took it up. It was the face of a boy of sixteen, and the laughing eyes looked into hers, the handsome lips smiled upon her; she made a movement to throw it from her, and yet she grasped it. "I cast him from me and rejected his love; without words, but he knew it." She thought how happy she was on the day that Arthur gave her that picture, three years before. Should she ever be as light-hearted again?

Raising her head from the picture she saw the reflection of herself in the glass. She was surprised at the beautiful face before her. Her eyes sparkled, her cheek was flushed with a rich rose color, and the defiant expression she assumed as she raised her head was becoming to her face, she thought.

"He was too proud," she said, "and yet— and yet—"

She thought of the diamonds that would one day gleam in her hair, the silky brown hair that she knew to be very beautiful, of the robes of velvet that she had seen others wear, and she took up the white dress and commenced her toilet. Before she had finished the color had gone from her cheek and the brilliancy from her eyes. Her face wore a look of pain, and she knew that she must not meet Roberto's searching eye until she was calmer.

She knelt by the open window, hoping that the warm south wind would give back the bloom to her cheek, and fell into a reverie, from which she was aroused by a rain drop that fell upon her cheek. A heavy shower had gathered, and the rain was increasing. She could not go to the garden, and she was about to ring and request Roberto to wait for her in the library, when the post-boy galloped up to the door. She was expecting a letter from her cousin Agnes, she thought a perusal of the usually well-filled pages, brimming over with fun, would restore her cheerfulness. She rang the bell.

"Are there letters, Estelle?"
"There is a letter."
"Bring it up, and ask Lord Bretzel to wait a few moments for me in the library." The letter was brought. It bore a foreign post-mark. The sight of the well-remembered hand writing brought the coveted color to her cheek. Breaking the seal she read the following lines, traced by an unsteady hand.

TO AMABEL.
Fair is this land, dear Amabel,
The land of all my boyish dreams;
But dearer is my native land,
And fairer are its woods and streams.
I watch the sunshine as it falls
On many a shrine of song and story;
And oh! my heart beats high to win
One sparkle of the golden glory.
And yet I sigh—thou art not here!
The hours go by on leafless wings;
Sometimes I hear your favorite song,
And every bell of memory rings;
And then I long to see your face,
And find and fortune, wealth and power;
All that I'd hope to win on earth
With only dreams of earlier years.
Beside you, Amy, one short hour,
I did not tell my love for you,
And yet you know it, Amabel;
You read it in my eyes, my lips
Could not have spoken it as well.
And to your eyes, in the stars,
I thought I read my destiny.
Yet when you parted, you were cold,
With only dreams of hope to me;
And now I pine in this sweet land,
With only dreams of earlier years.
Think of me now—no proud or haughty
Thought of greatness; think of me
I am not weak, yet all my life for me
I am not weak, yet all my life for me

Christmas eve came and with it Arthur, they met as they had parted; without a word or a sign of love that was in their hearts.

"I knew that you would send for me said Arthur in a tantalizing tone."
"I shall send you away when I have amused myself with you, as I do birds," bared was a Greyhound.

"I hear that you have rejected Lord Bretzel."
"It is true. Have you won fame as an artist?"
"Not yet."
"You never will."
"I fear not, Amy. I shall stay in England if you will let me."
"As you please."

The day following Arthur told his history while absent, his love and pride.

"You could not understand such love as mine," he said. "It was unselfish, for I could have given you up to Roberto, or any other who could have made you happier without causing you pain by a declaration that could result in nothing but coldness between us who had been friends so long. I saw that you were dazzled, bewildered by the attentions of Roberto and that you were blinded by ambition. I knew that you admired Roberto, and I feared that you already loved him. If you cared for me my absence would test your affection and mine. I wanted no divided heart."

"If you had told me this I should have bade you stay."
"You gave no sign of love, of regret even; or I could not have held my peace."
"I was proud, Arthur."
"So was I. I cannot blame you."

When the June hours rustled there was a wedding in the church where Amy was baptized in her infancy. Very fair was she in her white robes as she stood at the altar beside the manly form of Arthur Morton.

Three years after the bridal, Howard Morton was laid in the mausoleum of his ancestors; and not long after Lord Rothwell was laid by his side. Arthur succeeded to his fine estates, and years afterward took his seat in Parliament. There he won the fame the distinction he craved in his boyhood. Even Amabel's ambition was satisfied.

ANOTHER FEMALE SOLDIER.
The police of Manayunk arrested a few days since, a small lad, for wandering about the streets, who gave the name of Chas. Martin. The youth stated that he had volunteered his service with a captain of a company, and had been at the seat of war. He had just returned, having had a severe attack of typhoid fever, and had come home to recruit his health. He was committed to the House of Refuge, but he was still suffering from the malignant disease, he was sent to the Pennsylvania Hospital. After being admitted into this institution the nurse who had charge of him discovered that the youth was a girl. Upon the detection of her sex, the girl said that her real age was fourteen years, she having stated, when taken up, that she was but twelve years of age, in order to carry on the deception. Up to the hour of her admission into the Hospital no one ever dreamed of this poor unfortunate creature being a female. She resided in Bucks county, and during her sojourn in the army had passed through seven or eight battles, during which time she acted as a servant, and performed all the duties of one in that position.

Amy dropped the caressing robes and took up the miniature. There was one more struggle between love and ambition, and the former conquered. She dared not meet Roberto until she had sealed her fate, for there was a fascination in his voice and eyes that few could resist. She took up a pen and wrote rapidly:—

"Come to me, Arthur; I have received your letter, and I am happier than when I parted with you. Come and congratulate me. Come to me on Christmas eve. AMABEL!"

Was there hope? but her pride she would have written—"You are dearer far than all the world beside."

She sealed the note, gave it into the hand of a servant, and went down to Roberto and told him her heart-changes. She told him everything but that she would have married to satisfy her ambition; for that surely was not all. She was confident that his love would give place to contempt; but she told her story honestly, and he believed her.

"I have loved you," she said, "far better than I ever did or ever could love any one except Arthur. I could have made you happy, Roberto."

"I know it, Amabel, I know it. I can forgive you the pain you have caused me, for I love you still, because you did not understand Arthur and human nature coupled with pride, and yourself least of all. I could not have made you happy—but no more of this. I shall leave England; when I return we shall meet as friends I trust."

He grasped Amy's offered hand, and leaving a kiss on her flushed brow, was gone in a moment. It was years before Amy saw him again, and when they met, a dark-eyed German girl sat at his feet, and sang an English song that brought the color to Amy's cheek. "It is his favorite song," said the beautiful Wm. She little knew why.

CHAPTER III.
"Ring, Christmas bells, ring merrily,
My Willie has returned to me!"

Christmas eve came and with it Arthur, they met as they had parted; without a word or a sign of love that was in their hearts.

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"I shall send you away when I have amused myself with you, as I do birds," bared was a Greyhound.

"I hear that you have rejected Lord Bretzel."
"It is true. Have you won fame as an artist?"
"Not yet."
"You never will."
"I fear not, Amy. I shall stay in England if you will let me."
"As you please."

The day following Arthur told his history while absent, his love and pride.

"You could not understand such love as mine," he said. "It was unselfish, for I could have given you up to Roberto, or any other who could have made you happier without causing you pain by a declaration that could result in nothing but coldness between us who had been friends so long. I saw that you were dazzled, bewildered by the attentions of Roberto and that you were blinded by ambition. I knew that you admired Roberto, and I feared that you already loved him. If you cared for me my absence would test your affection and mine. I wanted no divided heart."

"If you had told me this I should have bade you stay."
"You gave no sign of love, of regret even; or I could not