

Dhu." It suits our own times so well, and our own grand soldiers, that I must transcribe it:

"Come from deep glen, and
From the mountain so rock:
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Ivorloch:
Come every hill-dwain, and
True heart that wears one—
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

"Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
Leave the bride at the altar;
Leave the dear, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting-gear,
Broadwords and targes."

Helen sang it with spirit, and listening to the stirring words, the blood thrilled in Hugh's nerves.

"These are thrilling words, Helen—just what I needed."

"Ah! good evening, Hugh. You come so softly, I did not hear you. Yes, they are glorious words. I love to sing them over, to a tune of my own improvising. They suit these stirring times. Change the words a little, and they will just express the way in which our brave boys have left their homes, and donned the fighting-gear."

Then Hugh told her all his heart, how duty was urging him battleward, and how his love for Nettie was standing between him and his country he loved.

It was hard for Helen to listen while he told of his love for Nettie, loving him as she did, but these things happen every day; they are only a part of life's discipline.

"Help me to decide, Helen."

You had but to look at the girl to know what her answer would be. The soul that looked out of those large gray eyes upon the world was no common soul, but earnest, questioning, strong. Life was a serious thing to her.

"I do not think any one is justified in sitting at home, Hugh, when our country needs them, and certainly not when their own soul bears witness to that need and their duty."

"Helen, you have decided me. I will see Colonel Dana this very night."

Soon after, there was a tearful parting at Nettie's home; and the girl seemingly inconsolable, lay all day long on the sofa, face downward, much to the worry of her mother. In a week's time, she was as happy and care-free as ever; consoling herself for Hugh's departure by flirting with the numerous young officers that made famous the latter part of winter and spring.

Time crept on, bringing the usual changes. Hugh Leicester, lying in the hospital with an ugly fleshwound in his shoulder, thought tenderly of his fair-haired Nettie.

"I am going home, Leicester. What news shall I carry for you to Nettie Lawrence?"

"Tell her, Colonel, that if my right arm were not a prisoner—not to the Rebels, but to pain—I would write; but I can only send my love, and this ring by my Colonel."

"Keep up a brave heart, Leicester," I said; for I had loved him from a boy and it bothered me to see him sad. "In just five days I will return to camp, when I hope to be able to meet you in the field again."

In just five days I returned, and the first man I saw was Hugh. I made him believe I did not see him, and moved to another part of the field. At night, as I sat in my tent, chewing the end of sweet and bitter fancies, a voice outside startled me.

"Pomp," I whispered, "if Lieutenant Leicester inquires for me to-night, say I am engaged with papers of importance." But, ere the order was fairly understood, Hugh stood before me.

"Ah, Leicester I am very busy, you must excuse me to-night, I—"

"Only give me Nettie's letter, Colonel and I will make myself scarce."

My face flushed, then paled, I felt it, then determined to have it over, I jerked out, "I have no letter, Hugh, I—"

"Not write to me Nettie, I do not quite understand—the ring, Colonel, why have you still the ring upon your finger?"

"Leicester, my poor fellow? I have had news for you, but you must bear it like a man."

He staggered back against the table, and said hoarsely:

"Nettie is dead."

"Worse than that, Hugh—she is married."

"To whom?"

The voice was fearfully calm, but the face was as the face of the dead.

"To Captain Sydenham Travis, of the—"

you see as how de Colonel's drollish sick, kind a fighty like."

I heard the woman go off muttering; doubtless, some of the boys had been "foraging."

At midnight there was an order to march, and hundreds of eager, determined souls turned their faces southward.

In the gray dawn I met Leicester. His handsome face was full of heroism and courage, and an ineffable sadness.

Then came the battles of the Wilderness, wherein we all suffered more or less.

"After the battle", with a broken arm and shattered body, I found myself under a friend's auspices at Alexandria. I knew Hugh was wounded and in the hospital—"dangerously", the papers said. I found him with both legs broken, and a bullet in his shoulder. He was calm and peaceful, spoke of the battles, and of his own wounds and mine; but not of the false woman who had hurt him worse than the enemy's bullets. I left him, promising to return at six. As I entered, a surgeon said:

"Who is that interesting young fellow that is lying so patiently while all around him are moaning or tossing to and fro? He is looked for the better country; cannot possibly last three days. He seems all unconscious of his fate, too; my heart aches for these poor fellows."

I glanced at a cot in the officers' quarters, on which their eyes were fixed. My God! It was Hugh! I waylaid the surgeon and learned that no human skill could save him. As I drew near his bed, I saw he was sleeping. One arm was flung, boyish fashion, over his head, the other was pressed upon his heart. He opened his beautiful eyes as suddenly, I was startled.

"I was dreaming of home, Colonel."

"Call me Reginald, Hugh," I said, with a shake in my throat.

"We will go home together, Reginald, you and I. You to see your dear old mother, and I—ah! I had forgotten. I long with an unutterable longing to go home; to snuff the clover-blossoms and the fragrant grass. Colonel, would your mother be my mother for a few days? Would she play mother to a home-sick boy? I am not much more than a boy, Colonel, only two and twenty."

"A hero, Hugh, who has given his life for his country."

"Only his blood, Colonel, but his life belongs to his country."

He closed his eyes wearily, and a deadly paleness overspread his face. I had promised the surgeon to tell him of his danger, and the task was painful; I must perform it. I told him as tenderly as I could. There was a little natural shrinking from the dread monster, then all was peace.

"Just as God will," he said, but his lip quivered.

Hugh, is there any one you would like to see, any one you would like to have with you, when—when—I could not finish, but he did it for me.

"When the King of Terrors comes, there is only one face I care to see on earth, Helen Burns; but I cannot expect it. I am glad I have neither father, mother, sister nor brother to mourn for me."

I left him as the surgeon entered, and taking the first train was—by sunrise I found the Burns family at breakfast. I made few words answer for time was precious.

"Helen, you know Nettie's perfidy. Hugh Leicester is lying in the hospital at Alexandria with only a few days to live. The only person he expressed a wish to see was Helen Burns, his boyhood's friend. He is an orphan you know, Helen, brotherless and sisterless. I came here without his knowledge, knowing what a pleasure it would give him to see you."

Her face was white and cold, as if her heart was turned to stone.

"Father, may I go?"

"Just as you feel about it, my child. I feel sorry for poor Hugh."

"I will accompany you, Colonel Dana I can stay at Cousin Mary's father, except when I am with Hugh."

We left within the hour, and reached Alexandria at nine o'clock, P. M. I sent Helen in alone. When I found them she sat by the cot with Hugh's hand in hers.

"God bless you, Reginald, I owe this to you. How long can you stay, Helen?"

"As long as you need me, dear Hugh."

"You know that I am going, Helen?"

"Yes, going to the new life, where there is freedom forevermore, where only Christ rules."

"Love is no false mirage there, Helen. His love alone can satisfy the soul; there is no love like God's love; there is no peace like his peace."

He grew more feverish as the night wore on, and his mind wandered somewhat. He talked constantly of Nettie, and the old times "before the war." I was studying Helen's pale, beautiful face, and reading the secret I had before suspected, that she loved the dying man. In the early, lonesome dawn, the messenger came. Helen had been kneeling beside him for hours, with a face only a shade less pale than his. The doctor came in at four o'clock, looked sorrowfully at his patient and the kneeling woman by his side, and went softly away.

The hue of death crept over the face, and the beautiful eyes were fast closing over.

"Are you there, Helen?"

"Yes, dear Hugh." And, forgetting my presence, she laid her head on the pillow beside his.

give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"I am not afraid, Helen, I know in whom I trust. Sing to me."

She sang a verse of a hymn, her voice scarcely trembling. He raised himself slightly and bent his head as though listening.

"I hear them, Helen, Reginald, the victors wearing crowns and bearing palms."

But even as he spoke, the "silver cord was loosed", and Hugh Leicester's earthly career was ended.

We took him home (Helen and I) and buried him by the side of his parents and sister. Two hearts are so much poorer by the battles of the Wilderness, Helen Burns and mine. Would that only we two were the sufferers!

OCTOBER.

With dyed garments of crimson and sandals of gold the prophet walks once more upon the hills, and proclaims the feast of the year to the inhabitants of the earth. The orchards are mighty tables bending under the weight of the great banquet which October has piled upon them. The air is delicious nectar, which we can quaff without measure or price. Then there is the wonderful architecture and paintings of the sunsets; the white embroideries of mists seamed with gold upon the hills, the stately splendors of the trees as the frost flushes them into their lost glory; and the tender, serene, solemn light that has a parting in its smile, not exactly sad, but yearning and tender as the last smile of one who goes home to heaven. "October!" It is the farewell of the year—is "Finis" of beauty. Beyond it lie decay and death, but the face of October is not one that mourns, it is a face which says, serene and victorious, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do!" Oh, reader, if our lines fall into autumn, may their last days be calm, serene, rejoicing like October's!

HOW TO GO IT.

Go it strong in your praise of the absent. Some of it will be sure to get around.

Go it strong when you make love to a pretty widow. More people have erred by too little than too much in this particular.

Go it strong when taking up contributions for a charitable purpose. It will pay.

Go it strong when you make a public speech. Nice people out of town never take any allusion unless it cuts like a short-handled whip or a rhinoceros cowhide.

Go it strong when you advertise. Business is like architecture—its best supporters are full columns.

Go it strong and pay the printer. Never grudge him his price. Recollect it is he who brings customers to your very door, who otherwise would never discover your whereabouts.

Why are hoops like church towers? They surround the bells (bells).

The young gentleman who flew into a passion has had his wings clipped.

A boarding-house keeper advertises "Board for two gentlemen with gas."

Why do hens always lay in daytime? Because at night they become roost-ers.

The end of a spotted dog's tail is always white; and that of a spotted cat, black.

What word is that which, if you take away the first letter, all will still remain? Bail.

Why is an auctioneer's advertisement like a stiff breeze at sea? Because it blows about the sales.

Whistling orders the arrangements in front of your house, don't forget that a man is often judged by his gait.

"I am surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush." "The fact is, husband, I was born to blush unseen."

An eminent teetotaler would only consent to sit for his portrait on condition that he should be taken in water colors.

A Dutchman being asked how often he shaved, replied, "Dree dimes a week, every day but Sontag, den I shaves every day."

What do you think of my music, father? "Why, Polly, I've listened to your music, as you call it, till I'm new-sick myself."

There is a woman in Iowa so homely that they won't allow her to travel on the railroad for fear she will frighten the locomotives.

"I say, John, where did you get that rogue's hat?" "Please yer honor," said John, "it's an old one of yours that missis gave me yesterday."

A dashing and fashionable widow says she thinks of suing some gentleman for breach of promise, so that the world may know she is in the market.

LET IT PASS.

"Let former grudges pass."—SHAKESPEARE.

Be not swift to take offence; Let it pass!

Anger is a foe to sense; Let it pass!

Brood not darkly o'er a wrong Which will disappear ere long; Rather sing this cheery song— Let it pass! Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind; Let it pass!

As the unregarded wind, Let it pass!

Any vulgar souls that live May condemn without reprove. 'Tis the noble who forgive, Let it pass! Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word; Let it pass!

Think how often you have erred; Let it pass!

Since our joys must pass away, Like the dewdrops on the spray, Wherefore should our sorrows stay? Let it pass! Let it pass!

If for good you've taken ill; Let it pass!

Time at last makes all things straight; Let us not resent but wait, And our triumph shall be great; Let it pass! Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart, Let it pass!

Lay these homely words to heart, Let it pass!

Follow not the giddy wrong; Better to be wronged than wrong; Therefore sing the cheery song— Let it pass! Let it pass!

Election Proclamation.

WHEREAS, in and by an act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled an act to regulate the general Elections within this Commonwealth, it is enjoined on me to give public notice of such Elections, and to enumerate in said notice what officers are to be elected. And whereas, by a supplement to said Act, passed April 11th, 1848, it is enacted:— The election for Electors for President and Vice President of the United States, shall, in the year of our Lord, 1848, and every fourth year thereafter, be held on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November.

In pursuance whereof, I, P. W. HAYS, Sheriff of the county of Elk do hereby make known and give notice to the Electors of the county of Elk, that a General Election will be held in said county, on

Tuesday the 8th day of November, next, at which time they will vote by ballot for Twenty-Six Persons FOR ELECTORS of a President and Vice President of the United States, at the several Election Districts, as follows:—

And the qualified electors of the county of Elk, will hold their elections in the several Districts as follows:

In Highland township at the house of Levi Ellithorpe.

Jones township at the house of R. W. Brown.

Spring Creek township at the house of Stockdale, Downer & Co.

Ridgway township at the Court House.

Fox township at the Grave Yard School House.

Beninger township at the School house on Michal Street, near Elk creek bridge.

St. Mary's borough at the house of Ignatius Garner.

Jay township at the house of Alfred Pearsol.

Benzett township at the house of Thomas Overturf.

And I also give notice, that every person, excepting the Justices of the Peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the Government of the United States, or of the State or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary department of this State or of the United States, of any incorporated district; and also, that every member of Congress, of the State Legislature and of the select and common Council of any city, or Commissioner of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of exercising at the same time the office of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of an election in this Commonwealth and that no Inspector, Judge or office of any such election, shall be eligible to any office then to be voted for.

And in and by the 4th section of an Act, approved the 15th day of April, 1840, it is enacted, that the 18th section of an Act passed July 21, 1839, entitled an Act relating to the elections in this Commonwealth, shall not be construed as to prevent any military or borough officer from serving as Judge, Inspector or Clerk at any general or special election of this Commonwealth.

And the Return Judges of the respective districts aforesaid, are required to meet in Ridgway, the county seat of said county, on Friday after the second Tuesday of October next, then and there to discharge the duties required by law.

P. W. HAYS, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ridgway, Oct. 22d, 1861.

New Goods at

FREDERICK RUDOLPH'S STORE, St. Mary's Elk County Pa.

I take pleasure in calling attention of the public to my

Choice Stock

OF Clothing Boots and Shoes,

Hats & Caps

For Ladies, Gentlemen and children.

Groceries

Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Rice &c.

Flour, Salt,

Pork, Fish &c.

"ALSO"

A large stock of Confectionary, such as candy raisins, nuts of different kinds figs and all other goods of the kind usually kept.

YANKEE NOTIONS.

A small assortment in the above line, will be kept on hand and sold at low figures

My stock is full and cheap.

Call and

Post up before buying.

F. R. St. Mary's, June 11, 1864.