

NEMESIS.

We were sisters, fortune favor'd,
Born of noble race;
She was fragile, timid, tender,
With the sweetest face.

Like a shy half hidden snowdrop,
Pure, and pale, and meek;
Not the faintest glow of summer
Resting on her cheek.

She was guileless, good and gentle
I was restless, strong,
With a fierce ambition burning,
Goading me along.

She was like a star at evening,
Exquisitely bright;
I was like a flashing meteor,
Putting out her light.

To be fairest, first and greatest,
Heart of heart's desire,
Raged beneath my proud cold beam
Like consuming fire.

Daring, reckless of the future,
Conscience, shame, remorse,
Earth despising, heaven defying,
I pursued my course.

By my guileful arts work
Treachery, cold deceit,
Soon I bro't my sister's suitors
Vanquished to my feet.

Victims but to grace my triumph,
On their necks to tread;
What to me was love or rapture?
I who scorned to wed!

Till at length he came, O Nature,
What a skill was thine,
Out of worthless clay to fashion
Creature so divine!

Dowered with grace and every virtue,
Noble, gentle, grand,
All my pulses thrill'd and quiver'd
When he touch'd my hand.

Oh, what rage, disdain and anguish
In my bosom strove,
When I knew he loved my sister,
Answering to her love.

Sleep forsook my burning eyeballs,
Tortures rack'd my brain;
Nought remain'd 'twixt death and
Save his love to gain. [madness]

Then the deadliest powers of evil
To my call obey'd,
Envy, hate, and malice forging
Slanders for mine aid.

Demons in my bosom warring,
Scheming night and day;
Iron will at length prevailing,
Iron fate gave way.

In my bride-robes, at the altar,
On my finger shone
Golden circle that betoken'd
Me his chosen one.

While my cup of dizzy transport
Brimm'd and spark'd o'er,
Era I drain'd the draught delirious,
Death stood at the door.

Death, to claim my hapless sister;
Happier she than I!
Happy when the broken-hearted—
When despair can die.

While earth's crown of love and glory
Circled my vain head,
I must live among the living,
Let the dead be dead.

Nothing to my selfish cravings
To my matchless pride,
To my never resting fretting
Fancy, was denied.

On from change to change I hurried,
On from land to land,
Till at length an arrow struck me
From an unseen hand.

Aye, and with an aim so secret,
Subtle, sure and dread,
Scarcely I knew the point had touch'd
Till the poison spread.

Then upon my heart and spirits
Fell an icy weight;
'Mid the crowd that once ador'd me
I stood desolate.

Evermore a long black shadow
On my pathway lay;
Wheresoe'er I moved, the sunbeams
Seem'd to slant away.

Every hand I sought shrank from me
As from touch of death;
If I plucked a flower, it withered,
Tainted by my breath.

Thro' the festive crowds, ungreeted,
Like a plague I passed,
And with a sudden gloom and terror
Every soul o'ercast.

Loved no more—and how unlovely I
Speak! my soul's despair!
Where were now lips that prais'd me?
Hearts that worshipp'd—where?

Ev'n that one, for whose brief favor,
Fond, mad dreams of bliss,
I had plung'd past all forgiveness,
Into guilt's abyss.

When, with bitter cries I sought him,
Comfort, help, to crave,
Even him I found lamenting
On my sister's grave.

—All the Year Round.

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OUADA.

A Story of the Desert.

Old Sadem, who was the Shiek or Chief of the Arab tribe encamped in an Oasis of the Desert, had a daughter whose name was Ouada; she was so beautiful that she was surmised the *Star of the East*. She always appeared veiled, and passed for a Peri in the imagination of the poor Arabs. Her father idolized her, and she loved her father above all things, after Allah.—The old Shiek had often been asked by the sons of the Sheiks of the most valiant and richest tribes for the hand of his daughter, but he had as often refused, for how could he make up his mind to part with his beloved Ouada? It was she who made him happy in his old days; it was she who prepared his *hunka*, and helped him to *sergo* and other cordials, which impart renewed strength and vigor to old age. On his return from a journey in the Desert, and under the burning sun, it was Ouada who wiped the dust from his feet and prepared his refreshing bath. When at the close of day, he sat in front of his tent on his Persian carpet, with his legs crossed under him, enjoying the evening breeze, his beloved Ouada either read to him from the Book of Wisdom, or delighted him by the sweet strains of her melodious voice. In one word, Ouada was the pride and happiness of her old father, and the children of the tribe had exhausted all the figures of their rich and imaged language to express their admiration of her.

One day a deep gloom settles down on all the tents of the Oasis. The old men, women and children are seen running about with anxious looks and with tears in their eyes, and one would have asked if some pestilence was not decimating the tribe; if the waters of the waters of the eastern had not been dried up by the dog-days; or else, if the Si-moon had not destroyed the harvests. But there is no pestilence ravaging the tribe, the dog days have not dried up the waters of the eastern, and the harvests have not been destroyed by the Si-moon.

Whence comes then the mourning of the tribe? Alas! the flower that adorned is drooping and going to die! The beautiful and gentle Ouada is attacked by a mortal malady. One remedy alone can save her: the physician whom the unhappy father sent for as far as the great city of Cairo, said, "Unless you can have for your daughter some of the pomegranates which grow in Said, at Karnae, near the ruins of ancient Thebes, your daughter will die to-morrow."

A cry of surprise and stupor arose from the weeping crowd which surrounded the venerable chief, for it would be just as possible to a man to fly through space to the stars, as to go over twice in one day the distance which separates the tribe from the ruins of Luxor, that distance being one hundred and twenty miles.

"Allah! Allah!" cried the old man, tearing his turban from his forehead and throwing his yatagan at his feet. "Cursed be the day that I was born! O! must my daughter die? O! my friends, save my daughter. Who among you has the fastest horse or the swiftest camel? Let him speed over the one hundred and twenty miles of desert, and in gratitude I will give him all he asks, my leather purse with all my gold, my good *Damsak* blade!"

A mournful silence is his only answer; every face, with consternation depicted upon it, seems to say that such a distance cannot be traveled over in such a short time by any man, let him be mounted on the fastest horse or swiftest camel.

"Ah," adds the old man, sobbing, "I will give him all my horses, or if he prefers, all my camels. If he wishes it I will put him in my place as Sheik, or else I will give him my most precious treasure, my daughter! if he brings me the pomegranates which are to cure her." Saying these words, Old Sadem

sprang to the bedside of his dying daughter, and taking her hand, shows it to his people who were all moved to tears.

A cry pierced the crowd: "I shall go!" and a youth suddenly appears before the Shiek, panting for breath, and with his face pale with emotion.—It was Ishmael, a child of the tribe, and Ouada's foster-brother.

"By Allah, Shiek! if I die on the way, my camel will bring back the pomegranates to thy door!"

He had hardly spoken when he was already gone. He penetrates into the solitary desert where darkness and silence dwell. The camel dashes over the sand as a ship over the waves.

"Fly!" cries the youth to him, with oppressed heart and with his eyes raised towards Heaven—"Allah, come to my aid!"

"That generous child will be the victim of his devotion, he will die with fatigue—or if a tiger devoured him?" thus thought the old man.

How long and painful was the night to the child who was coursing in the Desert, as well as to the father who was watching by the bedside of his daughter.

"When shall I arrive?" cried Ishmael, "every minute takes me farther away from her, and every minute brings her nearer to the grave."

He presses something to his heart—it is a little scented bag, given to him by Ouada as a token of her tender affection for him. He is but a poor herdsman, Ishmael, but he is as courageous as a lion, and as gentle as a new born lamb. He is especially devoted to the Chief of his tribe. Ah! what would he not do to save the daughter of the Shiek. He left his poor mother, who is sleeping now, but will be in despair to-morrow, when she opens her eyes and sees him no longer. But then Ouada perhaps will have closed her eyes forever!

"Fly! fly! fly! my faithful companion," cries Ishmael to his camel. "You will perhaps fall dead with fatigue, but I must sacrifice you as well do I sacrifice myself for the daughter of the father of my tribe."

The shadows vanish; a reddish light appears in the horizon; it is day. The faithful camel in his flight scarcely touches the sand with his feet. Ishmael is panting for breath, perspiration is rolling down his face in torrents. His eyes are eagerly fixed on a whitish line, which are the ruins of Karnae; he has gone over the one hundred and twenty miles! He seeks, find and culls the pomegranates so ardently desired. In his joy he speaks to them as if they were able to understand him, "O," says he to them, "you will cure Ouada; you will restore her to life, and the Shiek will live!"

Scarcely does he take time to quench his thirst at a neighboring spring shaded with palm trees. He caresses with gratitude the faithful animal, and seems to say to him with tearful eyes: "You are stronger, more enduring than I am. Perhaps I will perish in going over again the one hundred and twenty miles of desert waste, which separate me from Ouada. My dear companion, if I die on the way, follow your course with the rapidity of lightning. I have firmly attached to your back the leather bag, which contains the precious pomegranates. If you feel yourself dying also, struggle with death as far as the threshold of the tent of my good father Sadem."

As if the animal had understood this mute prayer, he looks at Ishmael with that expression of obedience and faithfulness peculiar to domestic animals.—He stoops with his knees bent under him, and, resting on the sand, in order that Ishmael may mount him again, flies back through the desert with the swiftness of an arrow cleaving the air.

The day brightens; the dew has refreshed the plants and trees of the Oasis, but the Star of the tribe is growing pale and dim. The old Shiek, in despair, goes continually from the threshold of his tent to his daughter's bed,

where her life is slowly ebbing out, and from his daughter's bedside to threshold of his tent again, to cast an eager look over the vast expanse of the Desert. "Is not Ishmael coming, that black spot detaching itself from the light colored sand where it seems to blend with the blue sky? Alas, no, it is an ostrich pursuing its solitary way. That cloud of dust yonder, is it not raised by the foot of a camel? Alas, alas, no, it is a gazelle crossing the Desert!" Thus nearly the whole day is passed in painful deception. "Allah! Allah! I am old; may the Angel of Death take me in place of my daughter!"

There is no more hope! The doctor has just said that Ouada is going to die. The whole tribe surround the tent of the Shiek. The sun is setting, and the day is drawing towards a close. Is Ouada dead? No. But what is that tumult breaking in upon the gloomy silence of mourning?

As if he were precipitated from the clouds, so rapid is his course, a camel cleaves the crowd; a man is seen on his back covered with dust, with perspiration, and completely exhausted with fatigue. "It is Ishmael!" that joyful cry is repeated by every mouth. It rouses old Sadem from his stupor of grief. The young man drags himself to the feet of his Shiek and to the bedside of the dying Ouada; she herself had started when she heard the shouts of the people.

The doctor opened the bag in which were contained the precious pomegranates, he pressed the juice from them, which he carefully collected, and moistened his patient's lips with it. Little by little, as the water returns in a dried up spring, a current of life rises to the pale cheeks of Ouada; her eyes become brighter, and she has strength now to take a deep draught of the healing beverage.

"Your beautiful daughter is saved!" cried the good physician to Old Sadem. They now bestow every care upon generous Ishmael. They carry him outside of the tent, and the cool breath of the evening, with the restoratives they give him, soon revive his wearied frame.

"Let all the tribe come together! My daughter is saved! I will keep my promise!" The old Shiek spoke with enthusiasm, and his face was radiant with hope and happiness.

Shouts of joy are heard on all sides. The whole tribe is in the utmost glee, and none would have thought that an army had just encamped around the tent where Ouada, the Star of the East, arises from the shadows of death.

Flags wave in the air, weapons are brandished as a sign of rejoicing. The faithful camel is paraded in triumph and honored by the strains of martial music.

Ishmael, who was overcome by sleep, is awakened by this extraordinary noise, and starting up, stammers: "Is the enemy at the gates of the camp?—Must I prepare to go and meet them?"

"No, but prepare to meet my daughter!" and a father's arms are extended to him. "Come, let me press thee to my heart, thou, the saviour of my daughter; come, let me embrace thee as my child! By Allah! thou shalt be the husband of my daughter!"

The old Shiek's declaration is welcomed by enthusiastic cheers. The young man rushes into the arms of the venerable Sadem, and tears of surprise and gratitude flow from his eyes.

This patriarchal scene was lighted by the last rays of the sun, which was sailing in a cloud of purple and gold in the distant horizon of the great Desert.

—If those persons who have consumption, or who have an inclination to it, would spend an hour every day in breathing pure air to the fullest extent to which their lungs are capable of taking it in, they would do more to prevent and cure the disease than it is possible to do by medication.

—Pay your honest debts.

NEWS AND NOTICES.

—Chicago employs five hundred and eighteen lady clerks.

—Queen Victoria says every third woman in Cork is a beauty.

—Light colored silks will be the fashion for the coming spring.

—Ten thousand bachelors in New York city can't afford to marry.

—Five hundred valentines exchanged in Madison, Wis., on Feb. 14th.

—The ladies of Youngstown, Ohio, are taking lessons in pistol practice.

—The Empress Eugenie bathes in milk; improves her complexion.

—It is said that old maids always stop at the Mansion (man-shun) House.

—An exchange thinks a domestic young lady must be a "home-made!"

—A New York paper says the American girl costs more than she is worth.

—One thousand unmarried women are wanted in Colorado. Husbands waiting.

—A lady in Cincinnati has seven husbands living. Her address is the city jail.

—Some one calls the time of squeezing girls' hands the "palmy" season of life.

—A young lady is walking from New Lisbon, Ohio, to Pittsburg for \$500 and a husband.

—Nearly two columns of female names appear in the St. Louis Republican asking for suffrage.

—A divorce was granted in Terre Haute, Ind., in less than a minute from its commencement.

—Lucy Stone don't attract very much in Connecticut. Female suffrage isn't very popular there.

—A courtship of seventeen years' duration in York, Me., has just bappily terminated in marriage.

—A jealous husband in Cleveland vented his resentment by chopping his wife's piano to pieces!

—It is a wise remark that is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

—Olive Logan says the only woman who ever achieved an enviable success as a lecturer was Mrs. Caudle.

—"There is but one good wife in town," said a clergyman in the course of his sermon, "and every married man thinks he's got her."

—Two Springfield girls, playing leap year, escorted a couple of gents to the rink, offered them every attention, and finally stole their skates!

—"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" asked an amiable wife of her loving husband. "Till he got a wife," answered the husband, calmly.

—Thirteen Radicals in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives voted in favor of the Constitutional amendment to strike the word "white" out of the State Constitution.

—The Democratic party, in the language of a distinguished exponent, Judge Woodward, of Pennsylvania, "denies the right of the House to impeach anybody," and for the reason that is not such a House, nor such a Senate as the Constitution requires for the purpose.

—The President has ordered General Grant to order ex-satrap Sickles to report to Gen. Hancock for duty as Colonel. Sickles has been stamping New Hampshire for the despotism conspirators for some time past, whilst at the same time drawing money from the public treasury. To serve him right, he should be cashiered.

—Thousands of Radical office hunters are already in Washington, arranging "places" and laying plans to get fat salaries under "President" Ben. Wade. These hungry dogs will wade so far into the coffers of the Treasury that before next fall there will not be a five cent shipplaster remaining of the one hundred and fifty millions of the gold and greenbacks now there.

—Forney says, "the people of the United States owe it to the Republican party that their nation is respected in Europe." How much we are respected there, is seen in the fact that in London, the sureties of the United States are quoted below those of Turkey, Chili, Peru, and Morocco. Even the Denver securities of four per cent. interest sell higher than the six per cent. bonds of the United States. Such is our credit in Europe. How was it in the good old days of Democratic rule?