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NOTICE.
CASH PAID FOR HIDES,
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Factory Point, Dec. 3, 1861.

MARK'S MARK.

Luke and Mark Hill were employed by joint inheritance in the management of their father's farm and the care of their aged mother, who occupied the house and ruled the labors of both sons. He left them also, as equal heirs, the person and care of their sister Salome, who, by the paternal will, was to be maintained in the old homestead, as far as board and support went, so long as she should remain unmarried.

This indefinite period was of course sure to become definite, being only a question of time; for Salome was a person of parts and capabilities, and it is supposing a great degree of stupidity in contemporary young men to infer that they would all be so blinded as to forget to overlook such a pattern of good housewifery.

Taking her own views of the matter it was evident enough they were entirely excusable, though she had attained the mature age of thirty-six in the house of her brothers. You may be certain it was not for want of imploring glances from Joe Darby, the blacksmith, who was too bashful to do more than look hard without due encouragement; neither was it from want of unmistakable tokens of interest on the part of every widower far and near; besides, there were such signs of partiality from Rev. Mr. Armory, a neighboring divine who had had the misfortune to lose two or three wives, that Salome, who was nothing of a coquette and would on no account court attention, felt herself obliged of a hot day to sit through the sermon with her veil down, besides taking some pains to avoid meeting the soft-handed clergyman in the broad aisle.

So it wasn't for want of chances, as you plainly perceive. Salome remained single and a sister's part to Luke and Mark, who were her inferiors by some years and therefore had need of, and received a great amount of looking after from her black eyes. Luke had already taken for his wife the tavern-keeper's pink-cheeked daughter, and having been eminently successful in making a flourishing beginning, so far as lumber went, in a family of his own, you can readily see Salome must have all she could turn her hand to in making sure the mild faced Mrs. Luke neither wasted her husband's substance nor added thereto an undue proportion from the common store. And then there was the next generation to be taught the duties of obedience and self-denial when never they were caught out of sight of their parents, who, naturally, were far from strict enough to comport with the ideas of their impartial aunt.

Nevertheless, with all these matters weighing upon her, Salome found plenty of time to look after the affairs of her younger brother, Mark; to discover which of the girls he walked home with from singing school; to mend his clothes and his manners; to examine his letters if he were so unguarded as to leave them anywhere above ground, and to search out his secrets generally. For as a war horse snuffeth the battle afar off, so her nose, which was sharp and long, seemed especially adapted to scent out anything hidden; and when once started on a track nothing could divert or hinder her till she had found out all she wished to know, which was always the whole.

Now Mark was particularly anxious Salome should not hear there was a letter awaiting him in the Meadville post-office, at least before he had secured the first reading. For four months he had been in a state of unenviable suspense, which of late had begun to culminate in a still less unenviable certainty. There was of course no reason why his labors should go to support the wife and children of Luke, while he was put off every time with the shabbiest coat and second-rate pieces of cloth. But this must be; unless he provided some one to mind his individual interests, and to help appropriate his righteous part of the manual income.

There was no use looking about him, for he knew every girl in town, and his ideas of what Mrs. Mark must be, being exhibited according to the pattern of many young men, who wish to see in their supposed wives every excellence to be wanting in point of education or opportunity for acquirement in themselves, it was cast in that Experience Russell Sweetland the rest, who were all very well to talk and laugh with at quilting and husking bees, were none of them the lady he was looking. Neither did she live in Squeakeag or Falltown, but far up the river, where in one of his brief and rare journeyings he had somehow made her acquaintance. Miss Euphrasia Reynolds, with blue eyes and golden hair which she wore in curls on her face; who sought school and wrote poetry; who knew botany and the Greek alphabet, and painted, or was supposed at home in Paris, old fashioned accomplishments the use of the spinning wheel and loom, being skilled in all manner of elegant and substantial housewifery as well.

Small wonder a mere knowledge of acquaintance with one who excelled in every department, Mark decided, should found his Kohinoor. And the girl he might not see her peer, he had at least the merit of being able to appreciate her, which was something. He wrote and told her this, together with the due amount of protestation and sentiment which goes to make an offer; and not having the morbid taste which would lead him to desire the reading of his own death warrant, he closed his letter by requesting that a simple no, not words, should signify it, if the lady felt she could be to him 'only as a friend.'

So after allowing four months for her to make up and change her mind, Mark had, as I said, come into a state of unenviable certainty that Miss Euphrasia Reynolds did not care to become Mrs. Mark Hill. But when doubt had become despair, it happened that he heard by way of Jedediah Downs, who somehow managed to know almost everything about almost everybody, that there was a letter for him in the Meadville post-office, and had been for three months.

"It's put in the list for to be advertised," said Jedediah, "and Moses Felix, that married my wife's sister, her that was Martha Ann Sprague, he works in the printing office, and that is how he come for to see it, and says he to me, says he, 'You jest mention as how Mark has got a letter, if you see any of them Hillses,' says he."

Mark didn't manifest great emotion, being a young man who thought twice before he spoke once, neither did he ask Jedediah in to take a mug of cider, as his heart prompted, inasmuch as he greatly preferred his ready tongue shouldn't meet with any more of "them Hillses;" but he promised to take him over a basket of seed potatoes of good variety, soon, and Salome noticed that he hummed a pleasant tune to himself as he worked which was such a sure sign of good spirits in him that she set herself to watch like a cat at a mouse-hole for what could have happened, when she wasn't looking, to give him such happiness. You needn't tell her it was because the sledding and chopping was so nearly done, and the stock in such condition; she knew something more made him so fond of "Coronation" of a sudden.

While she thus pondered, Mark was also pondering how he could contrive to get his letter, without raising the family curiosity and suspicion, before the next issue of the Meadville Weekly Whig or any friendly newsmonger should inform them, especially Salome, of the advertised letter. Meantime he knew it could be from no one but Euphrasia, who had probably mistaken the postmark on his letter (dropped in eight miles off at Meadville, to save inquisitive townfolks from the folly of gossipping) for the proper direction to her reply. This was very certain and very satisfactory, but now how to get it was the question.

Fortune always stands ready to help those who help themselves, and thus it happened now.

Luke, an excellent and sensible man in the main, had a crochet. We all have, in one form or another, I suppose; I wonder what is yours? I knew one lady with whom it was dying of a cancer, and therefore every pimple was magnified like the frog in the fable, while she doctored and bathed in every and each green mixture she could hear of by way of fidgety old nurses or quaint advertisements, till at last she died, poor soul, with no disease, but dropsy of age. Another finds her enjoyment and food for thought in detecting undeveloped scrofula, while another bows herself down and worships at the shrine of a flower garden; and another before bed-quilts and calico pieces.

Luke's crochet showed itself in a tendency not to let well enough alone, and luckily Mark knew how to turn it to his advantage.

"Don't you think it is a good plan to doctor up the horses a little every spring, so they can gain strength not to give out to plowing and haying? You know an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," said Mark, quoting Luke's favorite adage with a solemn countenance.

"I suppose it is as excellent thing to doctor them up a little, and the sooner it is attended to the better," replied Luke.

"What do you recommend that we give them?" pursued Mark, with gravity.

"Tamarack bark has great virtues, as I happen to know by experience, and I've been told horses when in a wild state are in the habit of gnawing the bark from the trees at this season of the year,' remarked Luke, sagely.

Mark, the prolting deceiver, knew very well what the prescribed portion would be for the unfortunate beasts, and he knew, moreover, that the only place for procuring the bark was in the swamp half way to Meadville. So there was but one more question, which he put with great apparent indifference:—

"Will you go, or shall I?"

He knew Luke had set his mind on tying off a few broods that afternoon, to take to the store to pay for Mrs. Luke's new gown; so he was prepared for the answer.

"Oh, you will have to go; I can't spend the time now. I wonder you should think of asking me, busy as I am with the care of my growing little family."

"Well, then, suppose I go after town-meeting to-day. Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day," said Mark with still greater unconcern, as he repeated another of Luke's favorite proverbs.

So it was settled and Salome didn't even guess she was being tricked out of knowing something was kept from her, but "did out the wash" in all good faith and innocency, while the sovereign people who didn't happen to be women went to town-meeting, and did the voting which was to secure to those who were, the "inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Mark was not long in depositing his vote, for he was never one of your dawdlers, and having done that he took the road to Meadville in what turned out to be a pretty fast trot, after he was fairly out of sight of the meeting-house, which was town-house as well, and the cluster of dwellings which went by the name of the town.

Of course the letter was from Euphrasia, and of course she said "yes," or else she would not have written it. So Mark gathered his tamarack bark on the return ride, and I never heard that the horses gave out during haying and harvesting, or a few months later than that, when they were taken a trip up the river to bring back Mrs. Mark Hill.

Forty years after, I passed by the Hill farm and saw side by side the white houses of the brothers,—gambrel roofed no longer—and in the first, in whose yard I saw growing a thrifty tamarack tree, is Mark's and Euphrasia's.

A PATRIOTIC MOTHER.

Disease, in league with bullet, cannon ball and bursting shell, began to crowd the hospitals of St Louis with sick and wounded men, thus bringing into the very heart of a city, peaceful and prosperous a few months before, the ghastly fruit of treason. Among the earliest to enroll herself in the common sisterhood of charity was Mrs. G——. Almost on the very day that the first wounded men arrived, she presented herself at one of the hospitals, and claimed a woman's privilege of ministering to pain. Her care was less for the sick than for the wounded, and less for strong men than for youth—tender boys, who had felt the kindling fires of patriotism, and gone forth in arms to meet the foes of freedom and law. Towards these she displayed all the interest and compassionate care of a mother, ministering to the mind and heart as well as to the suffering body. It was remarkable how completely her life came down into this work, and how soon duty was absorbed by love.

Among those who were brought in from one of the many battle fields of Missouri, were three young men, the oldest not over twenty-two. One of them had lost an arm; one had his right knee shattered by the fragment of a shell; and the other had received three bullets in his body. They were laid on three beds, standing side by side, and the first woman's face that looked down in pity upon their pale suffering faces was that of Mrs G——. The first sound, so full of home and love—so soft and sweet to their ears, and like the voice of a mother, was the voice of Mrs G——. Do we wonder that, as their eyes looked up to hers, they grew blindly fond?

Mrs G—— did not leave them when the surgeon came. The sight of his instruments pressed the blood back upon her heart, and she grew faint; but the eyes of a fair-haired stripling, whose fair face turned from the knife and probe, and reached upwards towards her, like clinging hands, held her to the post of duty, and compassion gave new life to her heart so that all its pulses were strong again.—The surgeon's best assistant, through the previous work that had in mercy been done upon the bodies of these young men, was Mrs G——; and their best strength came from her tender eyes and maternal voice. She was an angel to them, and thankful love filled their hearts and shone from their faces, but awakened by its ardor the purest and truest of all love in her heart—a mother's love.

She did not leave them through the feverish night that followed, and only returned to her home in the gray morning, that broke upon her self-imposed vigils. Nature demanded rest. Mrs G—— was more exhausted than she had yet been. It was not so much the night watch that left her weak and with jarred nerves; feeling had been too strong a life, and burned with too consuming an intensity. It was late in the afternoon when Mrs G—— returned to the hospital. Her first visit was to the three young men with whom she had passed the night.—They received her with grateful eyes and welcoming smiles. Something about them touched her more deeply than she had been touched by anything which she had seen during her walks of mercy amid sick and wounded and dying men. Sitting down, she talked first with one and then with another, about themselves and their homes. One had a mother in a far New England, and his lashes lay wet on his cheeks as he spoke of her.

'She loved her country, and has given three sons for its defense,' he said; and in pride of such a mother his heart beat quicker, and sent the flushing blood to his pale face. 'I will not tell her how badly I am hurt,' he continued, 'she shall only know of your kindness, dear lady. My first letter will tell her of that.'

'Happy mother, to have brave and loyal sons in a time like this!' answered Mrs G——, her voice losing its firm tones, and sinking to a sad expression.

'Have you no son to give to your country?' asked the fair-haired stripling, whose head had rested a few hours before against her bosom, while the knife and probe were making him sick with agony.

'I will call you my son,' was replied, after a brief silence. Mrs G—'s voice was in a lower key, but calm and steady. She seemed to have encountered a strong wave of feeling, that made all the timbers in her vessel of life shudder; but the stroke had proved harmless, and she was herself again. 'And you are my sons also,' she added, almost proudly, as she looked upon the others. 'Worthy sons! I will give you a mother's care!'

There entered at this moment two men, carrying a litter, on which a man was lying. A surgeon and nurse were in attendance. The large room was full of beds, and on one of these the man, who moaned in a low, plaintive voice, was placed. Mrs G——did not stir from where she sat by the young soldier. Scenes like this were of almost daily occurrence, and did not disturb the order of duties of the institution.

'A wounded rebel,' said the nurse, who had come in with the litter. She had crossed the room to Mrs G——, whispered the sentence, and then moved back again. She did not know what a thrill of pain her brief sentence had awakened.

A wounded rebel! The very bullet that shattered the bone and rent the sensitive flesh of the loyal youth over whose couch she sat, might have been sent on its cruel mission by his hands! Yet was he now brought in, carefully to be ministered to in suffering and saved perhaps from death.—This was the very thought that flashed through the mind of Mrs G—— as the third of pain which the announcement occasioned went trembling away into stillness.

The moans of the wounded man sounded away. He had first been taken to the surgeon's apartments, and after the abstraction of a ball, the passage of which had been more painful than dangerous, removed under the charge of a nurse to the room where he now rested.

Mrs G——'s interest in the three young men, who were now specially in charge, found no abatement, but rather increase. In brief conversations with each of them, she gathered little facts, and incidents, and sentiments, that expressed the quality of their lives, of a character still further to interest her feelings. Each had been tenderly cared for in early years, and each was loyal, as well to all home memories as to the country he had gone forth to serve, bearing his life in his hands.

It was nearly an hour after the wounded rebel was brought in when a nurse, crossing from a distant part where he lay, came to Mrs G——, who was assisting the surgeon to dress the shattered limb of one of the young men under her care, and stooping down, said to her, with suppressed agitation:

'It is your son, madam!'

'Who? Where?' The color went out of Mrs G——'s face.

'The man who was last brought in.'

'My son?'

'Yes, madam. He says he is your son. Won't you come over to him? He wants you.'

Mrs G—— caught her breath with a gasp. But gaining self-possession, she answered with a calm eloquence of tone that was full of heroism. 'These are my sons!'

For an instant, she looked proudly from face to face of the three wounded soldiers, and then bent over the task in which she was engaged. Her hand showed no tremors, as she wound the long bandages about the tender limb, and in every minutiæ obeyed the surgeon's direction. When the painful work was done, she wiped from the sufferer's pale forehead the clammy sweat that covered it, and laid her hand softly upon his temples, smoothing back the damp hair. No mother's hand had in it ever a tenderer touch.

For a minute the surgeon drew her aside, and they stood in earnest conversation; then he moved away, and Mrs G—— resumed her place. Not long afterwards, the rebel soldier who had been brought in was carried out again, the man who bore the litter almost touching Mrs G——as they passed. But she did not stir or look around. One, two, three hours, and she was still in the hospital; but her loyal, heroic heart had taken up a burden that no true mother's heart has strength to bear. The surgeon, who comprehended the case, was watching her with intense interest. He saw, with eyes that could read signs which others might not understand, the gradual failing of power to sustain herself in this self-imposed ordeal, and more than once offered gentle remonstrances, which she failed to heed. But all things yield, when pressure is in excess of strength. Three hours after her wounded rebel son had been removed, by her order, with a nurse in attendance, to the home he had dishonored, Mrs G——was carried thither insensible, having swooned from exhaustion of vital power in the unnatural conflict of mind to which she had been subjected.

On the day after, she was absent from the hospital; but on the third day she came in again, paler, and to some eyes sadder, and again ministered with loving care to the sons of her adoption.

Our homely prose has failed to give in fitting words this true and touching incident, worthy to be enshrined by some true poet in deathless numbers. It should not perish. Who will set it in the jewels of song?—*Home Magazine.*

A very bashful young man, desiring to "pop the question," but not possessing sufficient courage to do the thing outright, proposed by means of a note, containing a very ingenious puzzle. The lady solved it, and answered as follows:

I the, read see, that me,
Love is down, will I'll have
But that, and you have you'll
One and up, and you, if

Will some of our bashful readers tell the more courageous what was the import of her answer?

GENERAL WALLACE'S WARNINGS TO THE DRAFTED SOLDIERS.—Major General Lewis Wallace made a war speech at Evansville on the 12th inst., a verbatim report of which appears in the *Journal* of that city. The eloquent and gallant General, by authority, utters some warnings to the able-bodied men who fail to volunteer, which it will be well for them to consider. Read:

I come in the second place, by authority, to warn you that if you do not come voluntarily and willingly, that by the blessing of God you will have to come.

You say it is hard to leave your homes and your business, to bid farewell to wife and family. I know it is, but thousands have done it; I have done it. I found it hard, but I determined to do it as a duty I owed to my country. But don't you think you can say "good bye" with a prouder spirit to wife, friends or sweet-heart, as a volunteer than as a drafted soldier? And I warn you that if you do not go as a volunteer you will go as a drafted soldier.

I want to tell you now, in all confidence, that I have asked to have command of the drafted men, and as their term is but for nine months, while the volunteers are for three years, if I am placed in command, I'll see that the drafted men see as much service and perform as much duty in nine months as the volunteers do in their three years.

I drilled the volunteers, while in camp here, from eight to ten hours a day, but I'll drill the drafted men from sun to sun.

Having stood that, I will conclude that they can march further in a day than volunteers, and that they can fight better, and I'll see that they do it. How do you like the picture? (Cries of good, good.) You take it so good-naturedly that I think you all intend to volunteer.

THE DWELLING OF ANTS.—Ants, in the exotic regions, construct habitations of considerable size, and form large communities, consisting of a king and queen, soldiers and laborers.—Such especially are the white ants, whose nests, formed entirely of clay, about twelve feet high, and broad in proportion, soon become clothed with grass, and when a cluster of them are placed together, they may be taken for an Indian village, and are in fact occasionally larger than the dwellings of the natives. These dome-like buildings are sufficiently strong and capacious to inclose and shelter the interior from all change of weather, and the inhabitants from the attacks of natural or accidental enemies. They are divided into a number of apartments, for the king and queen, and the nursing of their numerous progeny; as also for the magazines of granaries, where provisions of various kinds are kept stored. The royal chamber occupies the center of the building; and on all sides, above and below, are arranged a kind of ante-rooms, containing both soldiers and laborers, who wait there either to guard or serve their common parents, on whose safety depends the well-being of the whole community.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Let then the aged woman be no longer the object of contempt. She is helpless as a child, but as a child she may be learning the last lesson from her heavenly Father. Her feeble step is trembling on the brink of the grave; but her hopes may be firmly planted on the better shore, which lies beyond. Her eyes are dim with suffering and tears; but her spiritual vision may be contemplating the gradual unfolding of the gates of eternal rest. Beauty has faded from her form; but angels in the world of light may be weaving a wreath of glory for her brow. Her lip is silent, but may be only waiting to pour forth celestial strains of gratitude and praise. Lonely and fallen and sad, she sits among the living; but exalted, purified and happy, she may arise from the dead. Then run if thou wilt, from the aged woman in her loneliness, but remember she is not forsaken of her God!

NAVAL APPOINTMENT.—Edwin F Lewis, of Wells, Vt., is appointed 3d Assistant Engineer in the United States Navy, and ordered to report to Commodore Paulden on board the Connecticut at New York.

An eminent physician has discovered that the nightmare in nine cases out of ten is produced by owing a bill for the newspaper, and that the best cure is to pay up at once.