

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"—A. LINCOLN.

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Original Poetry.

SHOULD THE RIGGER VOTE?

Should the rigger vote? ah, well,
I leave that for other tongues to tell;
I will not say for money's sake,
But I should make a good man's sake,
That to me it matters not a grain,
If people let the rigger vote.

Must the rigger vote? well, now,
Do not ask me when or how,
I give you even that I might say,
I only knowing words away;
I do not get the bill of state affairs,
I only look about the rigger vote.

How can the rigger vote? you say—
Perhaps you'll tell some other day,
When they from the north in throngs,
March up to town, and lo! they throng,
And drop in tickets stamped or white,
This is the way the rigger vote.

And will the rigger vote? ah, there,
I leave you to decide, I care not,
I will not say for money's sake,
But I should make a good man's sake,
That to me it matters not a grain,
If people let the rigger vote.

Ought the rigger vote? well done,
I only know that it is worth a tone,
To say, it is in the state affairs,
I should like to see the rigger vote.

When will the rigger vote? you ask,
To answer, that's an easy task,
I will not say for money's sake,
But I should make a good man's sake,
That to me it matters not a grain,
If people let the rigger vote.

Will the rigger vote? you ask,
To answer, that's an easy task,
I will not say for money's sake,
But I should make a good man's sake,
That to me it matters not a grain,
If people let the rigger vote.

Will the rigger vote? you ask,
To answer, that's an easy task,
I will not say for money's sake,
But I should make a good man's sake,
That to me it matters not a grain,
If people let the rigger vote.

Secret Story.

The Gold Watch.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"That's a darling father!" said Rosa Percival, drawing an arm about her father's neck, and kissing him. "You are the best man living. I knew you would say so."

"Of course you did, you're a sensible young fellow! If you were bold enough to ask my head for a foot ball, you'd feel confident of getting it," returned Mr. Percival, with a grave smile.

"It must be an elegant one, you know, if he set in diamonds and rubies."—And Rosa laughed merrily.

Mr. Percival's gaze, while lost a few rays of light. But, Rose had become so used to her father's looks, and so certain that she regarded it as his ordinary expression.

"What were you saying to your father?" asked Mrs. Percival, as her daughter came up from the hall where the brief interview we have mentioned took place.

"Oh, that's our secret," Rosa answered, smiling. "Father and I don't tell you anything."

"It might be better if you did," said Mrs. Percival.

"Why, mother?" exclaimed Rose, the light going out of her countenance, "what makes you say that?"

"If you answer my question, it may help me to explain."

Rose dropped her eyes for a few moments. Then looking up, with heightened color, said—

"I asked him to buy me a watch."

"And he promised to do it?"

"Yes."

"I heard something about diamonds and rubies."

"Oh, that was merely in jest."

Mrs. Percival sighed. A troubled look, such as Rose had often seen there, crept into her face.

"How much do you think your father will have to pay for a watch?" she inquired.

to lay upon you the very disappointment that, in all probability, you needed, and so promised what it was wrong for him to do.

"But, dear mother! is father not able to give me a watch?" surprise and pain mingled in the young girl's voice.

"He is not able, my child. If he buys you this watch, it will be at a cost I tremble to think of."

"Mother!" And Rose clasped her hands and looked frightened.

"Last summer, your father did not leave the city, though he needed change and mountain air. You remember how weak he was, and how we all urged him to go away for a short time; but could not persuade him to take any recreation, although in the early spring, as we began to look forward to the warm weather, it had been settled that he must go to the country."

"Oh, yes. I remember very well, and how disappointed I was that he did not come up to Crosson, where Helen and I were having such a delightful time."

"Did you never guess the reason of this self-denial—fatal self-denial, it was on my lips to say?"

"He could not leave his business, I imagined no other reason," said Rose.

"The reason lay deeper than that, my child. He could not afford to take us all away from the city, and so denied himself that you and Helen might not be disappointed."

"Dear, good, father!" exclaimed Rose, tears gushing from her eyes. "Oh! I never dreamed of this. Why did you not tell us, mother? It was so wrong for you to let us go away and spend the money that should have been taken rather to the mountains."

"Yes, it was wrong, my child. But your father could not bear to have you disappointed, and would not let me even hint to the true reason why he remained in the city. It must not be so again, though I fear."

"What a beautiful watch! How lovely! How lovely!" she exclaimed, as she gazed at the watch which her father had just presented to her.

"That your father, whose income scarcely reaches I fear, his two heavy expenses, and in such weak compliance to his daughter's request, spend in the purchase of a watch, the very money that would have taken him for a few weeks into the country. I know his habit of mind. Thoughtfully liberal to-day, and in consequence, unwisely careful to-morrow. When the pinch comes, he is the one to bear it. You will get the watch, and he will lose his summer holiday. I feel morally certain of that."

Rose covered her face with her hands and wept silently.

"Oh, mother!" she sobbed, at length, "if Helen and I had only known just how it was! There is nothing of which we would not have denied ourselves for dear, good father's sake. How pale and sober he looks all the while. I see it now—I understand it now. How blind I have been! How selfish, and exacting, and unkind to the kindest and best of fathers! Why didn't you tell us all about it? It was so wrong in you, mother. If you said nothing how were we to know?"

"It was wrong in me, I confess it again. But your father said, 'I can't deny the dear girls anything. Life will too surely bring its discipline, its crosses, and its privations. Let their spring days be bright and cheerful. Let them enjoy while they can. The shadows of care will fall upon them soon enough.'"

"Dear, good father!" murmured Rose, large tears dropping over her face.

"If Mr. Percival had waited for a few hours before buying the watch for Rose, reasons enough would have presented themselves to cause hesitation. But he was a man apt to move quickly to the consummation of a purpose, especially if it was to give pleasure to his children. When he left home his intention was to stop at a jeweller's on his way back, at dinner time, and get the watch. He was too much like a child, however, and could not wait. His mind had become full of the watch, and the pleasure he was to give his daughter. So he called at the jeweller's on his way to business. Prudence made a feeble effort to hold him back, but he silenced Prudence by saying, 'It is to be late now. I have promised the girl, and cannot disappoint her.'"

Mr. Percival did not intend to pay more than a hundred dollars for a watch and chain. But, weak man, he could not resist the temptation that lay in an elegant lady's hunting lever, valued at one hundred and fifty dollars, nor in that of a new style chateleine at thirty dollars more. His check for one hundred and eighty dollars made them his property, and he left the jeweller's—pleased

as a child with a new toy?—not so, but with a dull, heavy, weight of self-condemnation already pressing down upon his feelings.

"This is all wrong," he sighed, as he walked away. "but how could I say so? Dear girl. How delighted she will be."

After reading his morning's letters, which, to his no trifling disappointment, covered not a single remittance, Mr. Percival referred to his bank-book, and deducted the check given for the watch and chain. After this deduction the balance looked very small. Three notes were to be paid on that day. They were not large, but their aggregate amount covered the balance in bank by a sum nearly equaling the check just drawn. He knew this would be the case when he gave the check, but he had weakly counted on a remittance. Now he must do what was never pleasant to him—borrow.

"It was early in June, and the day proved to be one of those warm, depressing days so trying to feeble constitutions. Business matters did not run very smoothly during the morning, and Mr. Percival suffered much annoyance. The sum of two hundred dollars which he had to make up was a small matter, and yet he was more than an hour on the street, going from friend to friend, before he found one who could spare that amount for a few days. He felt weak and out of spirits, when he started homeward at dinner time, taking with him the handsome present for Rose. She was in the parlor, alone, waiting for him. Too restless to sit, she was standing at the window, looking out through the partly drawn curtain, when she saw him ascend the steps with a slow, weary air. His face was turned towards her, and she noted, herself unseen, its care and languor. How the pale face of that loving father brightened upon her as she met him at the parlor door. He drew out the package containing the watch, kissed her as he presented it, and looked into her beautiful face lovingly."

"You are so good, dear, dear father!" Rose hid her head upon his breast and sobbed two or three times. Mr. Percival drew his arms around her and held her tightly.

"Father," said Rose, as soon as she could utter a word. "I feel I must tell you, I want you to promise me one thing."

"What is it, my pet?"

"That you will not say one word about this to mother, or Helen, or anybody else."

Mr. Percival might well be surprised. "You're a strange girl," he said, looking puzzled.

"And you are a good, obedient father, and will do just what I say," answered the flushed maiden, as she kissed him. "Now, remember, not a word. No one is to know anything about this until I say so."

And she dropped the unopened package into her pocket.

"And you are really in earnest, Rose?"

"In downright earnest. Now, you promise?"

"Oh, of course. I will be as silent as the grave until you say speak."

"That's a darling father." And Rosa drew her arm through his, and they went up stairs together. Mr. Percival kept his word, and said nothing about the watch. Wife and daughters noted with feelings of anxiety the expression of more than usual concern in his face, the air of physical and mental depression, and lack of appetite for food. To their many questions and remarks, he tried to answer cheerfully; but they were not deceived. It was the first warm summer day, and already he was breaking down.

"You must get away to the country as soon as possible," said Rose.

Mr. Percival looked at her tenderly, yet with an expression of pain about the mouth.

"I shall have to talk with business about that," he answered, evasively, and with a faint smile.

Rose glanced towards her mother, but did not meet her eyes. A thought of the gold watch in her pocket checked the words that were rising to her lips. As soon as they all left the dinner table, she went to her room, and after locking the door, so that no one might come in upon her suddenly, opened the package which her father had given her. Besides the elegant watch and chain, it contained the receipted bill, which the jeweller had placed therein.

"A hundred and eighty dollars!" exclaimed the girl, in fearful surprise. "Oh my dear, good, weak, and too indulgent father! Why did you do this? It was so wrong—so very wrong."

She did not look at the watch with admiring eyes; nor appear to take any interest in it; but speedily returned it to the morocco case, and to the paper in which it had been tied up. The bill she

kept open in her hand, and was most intent on that. An earnest debate was going on in her mind. Something she meditated doing; and it was plain from her manner, that she meant to take counsel with no thoughts but her own.

"I had hoped," she said, speaking with herself, "that he would not go there to buy the watch. But, it may be best after all, I know Mr. Everhart, and he, I am sure, will do what I wish. That is the chief thing now, and must be gained at any sacrifice. If Henry—" Her voice faltered, and there was a choking sensation in her throat. But, she soon recovered herself, and finished the sentence, heightened color, and a flash in her beautiful eye—thinks less of me because my father cannot afford his daughter a gold watch, he is unworthy of me!"

It required the spur of this thought to make action prompt. Rose began immediate preparation for going out. In half an hour she came down, unobserved, and left the house. A hurried walk of fifteen minutes brought her to the store which her father visited in the morning. As she entered, with eyes unusually bright, and her face glowing with the heart's warm coloring, a young man stepped forward, something more than a pleased smile of recognition on his countenance. Rose struggled with rising embarrassment, and asked, with forced calmness, if Mr. Everhart were in. The young man glanced down the store, and Rose, following his eyes, saw the person she desired to speak with.

"I wish to see him for a moment," she said, not able to suppress a tremor in her voice, and gliding past the young man, went to Mr. Everhart.

"Oh, good afternoon, Miss Percival," he said, pleasantly, on recognizing Rose. "Can I speak with you a moment?" she asked, her voice, in spite of all she could do, very tremulous. The beautiful rose tints were fading from her cheeks.

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Everhart, kindly. He saw that she was agitated. Stepping from behind the counter, he offered her a chair, which was placed quite out of the line of observation by any in the store, and near a desk, at which he seated himself.

Rose mastered her feeling quickly. "I have come to ask of you a very great favor, Mr. Everhart," she said.

"If it is anything right and reasonable, Miss Percival, I will surely meet your wishes," the jeweller answered, without hesitation.

"I shall ask nothing wrong. As to the reasonableness of my request, you will have to be the judge. It has cost me a painful struggle to come here, and even if I get what I ask I shall still feel hurt and humbled."

"Speak freely, Miss Percival—don't hesitate," Mr. Everhart said, with kind encouragement.

"I have the best and most indulgent of fathers," she began. "He will deny his children nothing in his power to give them—not even his own life, which, alas! he has been giving in times past too freely, though in our ignorance and selfishness we knew it not. Suddenly my eyes have been opened, and I am in distress and fear. This morning I asked him for a watch, and urged my request so warmly, that he could not find it in his too yielding heart to deny me. We were both wrong; but I did not know how wrong I was, until my mother lifted the scales from my eyes. My father is a just man, and will not indulge even his children at any one's expense but his own. The real cost of this watch"—and she took the package containing it from her pocket—"will be my father's incarceration in the city all summer—my dear, good father, who looked so pale and weak when he came home to-day and handed me the watch, that it gave me the heart-ache—and the pain goes deeper all the while."

"My dear Miss Percival!" here interrupted the jeweller, as he took the package from her hand, "say not a word more I understand it all. You wish me to take back the watch and return the money. I shall esteem it a privilege to do so, not only because it is right, but because it will lift a weight from your young heart that should not sit there. Young profit is not always the best profit men get in trade."

Mr. Everhart opened the desk where he was sitting, and from a well-filled pocket book counted out one hundred and eighty dollars, which he handed to Rose.

"May God bless you, as I am sure he will!" said the deeply moved girl, as she arose, drew down her veil, and hurried from the store, not even pausing to speak to the young man she had recognized on entering, although he leaned over the counter, in expectation, as she passed.

"Henry!" Mr. Everhart called, a few minutes afterwards. The young man went back to where he remained seated at his desk.

"You know the young lady who was here just now?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Rose Percival."

"What are her father's circumstances?"

"He's very well off, I think."

"Not very well off, I fear," said Mr. Everhart, shaking his head gravely.

"Why do you say so?" asked the young man.

"Unless the possession of a daughter like Rose may be regarded as having a priceless treasure," remarked the jeweller, without replying to his clerk's anxious question. Then he related what had just taken place, closely observing the young man as he gave the narrative, and pleased to see the glow of admiration in his face.

"You like this girl?" said Mr. Everhart.

"I have always liked her."

"You love her?"

"I will not deny it."

"Have you offered yourself?"

"No, sir."

"Do it, then, at once. If I had a son of your age, I would consider myself a lucky man if he brought me such a daughter-in-law."

"But what has happened, Mr. Everhart? Why was Rose here just now?" inquired the young man, evincing much concern.

"She wanted me to take back the watch and chain her father bought this morning."

"Why?"

"Because, she did not think he could afford to make her so costly a present."

"Certainly. It was a hard trial for her, poor girl! and she felt it deeply. But I made it as easy for her as possible."

"It was very kind in you, Mr. Everhart," said the young man, with considerable feeling. "I know Mr. Percival to be very intelligent in his child ren, but I did not know that in his wish to gratify them he ever went beyond his ability."

"It seems that he has done so in this case; or at least his daughter thinks so. From something dropped by Miss Percival, I presume the mother has given her a word of warning. She spoke of her father's failing health, and of this watch being the price of his incarceration in city all summer."

"What a trial for her it must have been!" The young man spoke as if to himself.

"Say, rather, what a triumph," answered Mr. Everhart, with admiration in his voice. "It was one of those beautiful acts that nobly humanity. Henry, she is a treasure worth having. Gain this treasure if you can."

drew another and a deeper sigh, for he held in his hand the bill of a ladies' shoemaker for over seventy dollars.

"No country for me. That is settled!" He said it in a despondent way.

"Father?" It was the half hushed voice of Rose as she came in with a languid air that evening, calling to him from the parlor. She put her arms about his neck and kissed him, saying, "You are the best and dearest of fathers!—Come I want to talk with you." And she drew him to a sofa and sat down beside him. "Yes," she added, "the best and the dearest: But, sometimes, not as wise as you are good."

"Indeed, my pretty pet! How long is it since you made that discovery?"—And Mr. Percival patted her cheek fondly.

"Ever since your kind heart led you to buy that elegant watch and chain for your foolish daughter. If you had been as wise as you are good, you have said 'No, I can't afford it my child.'"

"And broken your little heart, which would have been a cruel thing."

"If your daughter Rose has so poor a heart as that implies, why the sooner it is broken the better," answered the girl, in a tone that caused her father to look at her half surprised, and half admiringly. "And now, dear father! I want to have an understanding with you."

"An understanding! Dear me! What next? I'm all attention."

"You are to treat me hereafter as a reasonable young woman, and not as a weak, exacting, foolish girl."

"Have I ever so treated you, Rose?"

"Yes—this morning, when I asked for a watch."

Mr. Percival did not really know what answer to make, for, in truth, his daughter had stated the case exactly as it was.

"And now, father," said Rose, "it is conceded that you did wrong when you paid a hundred and eighty dollars for that watch and chain."

"If it pleases you, I make the concession. What then?"

"One wrong deed is very apt to produce another," returned Rose. "I don't know but that I have been doing wrong also. If so, it's your fault; for my act followed yours as a consequence. Now I generously forgive you, even before you sue for forgiveness. Next, I crave your pardon if I have innocently done what your judgment cannot approve. Kiss me if I am forgiven."

And her father kissed her. Then she drew forth a roll of money and put it in her father's hand.

"Just one hundred and eighty dollars," said the fond girl, as she clasped one arm about his neck. "Mr. Everhart has the watch again, and you have your money; but this is the condition—you are to go into the country and stay all summer."

Here Rose broke down, and sobbed for a good while, with her head on her father's breast; and the surprised father mingled his tears with hers, and murmured in her ears the sweet words—

"My precious daughter!" Mr. Percival did not trust himself to say any more nor to ask for explanations. A great weight that had borne him down nearly all day was suddenly removed; light came in and swept away the haunting shadows which had curtained the chambers of his soul. He wondered at the change in his feelings; and wondered the more that so small a thing, apparently, had lifted him into a happier region. But it was no small thing, this change and new adjustment of relations between father and daughter. Hitherto, he had been the sustaining branch, and she the clinging vine—and the branch had been growing weaker and the vine heavier every day. All at once he perceived that the vine had taken hold of another stay, and not only lightened its weight on him, but offered support in the days of declining strength. He perceived, rather than thought this, and it was the perception that made so great a change in his state of mind.

"Mr. Armor wants to see Miss Rose," said a servant. It was after tea. A deeper color came into the maiden's face as she answered—

"Tell him that I will be down in a moment."

Mr. and Mrs. Percival looked at each other, and then at their daughter. They saw that she was agitated, and understood the cause. Henry Armor had been a frequent visitor of late.

It was an hour before Rose rejoined the family. Her father looked up, with ill-repressed concern, as she entered the room; but the beautiful light in her countenance told him more than words could utter.

Two weeks later, and Mr. Percival was in the mountains, drinking in health of body and mind. In the later autumn,

when he gave away, in marriage, his daughter Rose to Henry Armor, he looked as if he had taken a new lease of life—ten years younger, some of his friends said.

Of the bridal presents, one touched the heart of Rose, and sent back upon it a flood of old emotions, once very painful, but now so mingled with sweeter feelings as to give thrills of pleasure.

It was a gold watch and chain from Mr. Everhart, the jeweller. She could not keep back the tears that dimmed her eyes as she looked upon and recognized it as the very one her father had bought from him six months before.

LIGHT ON DARKENED PATHS.

BY MELLICENT IRWIN.

"My love you are wearied. Is it imperative that letter should be written to-night?" and Mr. Vernon playfully laid the evening paper on the fair blank sheet his wife had selected before dipping her pen in the Angely inkstand.

The gentle face, with the sweet earnest look in the clear eyes, was raised for a moment.

"I want Edward to know that I think he has done right; and the sooner the better, poor boy! After the first excitement of carrying resolution into effect, I am afraid there will be reaction. His is a determined spirit, though."

"Then Ed has really given up college, and turned book keeper? I thought he was too much of a hero for that!" spoke Frank, a bright, high-spirited boy.

"The more a hero for so doing, my son!" replied Mrs. Vernon, as her pen began rapidly tracing the clear, delicate characters, and as later she turned the page she continued—"A hero first in his struggle with difficulties in fitting himself for the University, and now just when hope seemed on the eve of fruition, none the less one in relinquishing his cherished ambition because duty points another way."

But Colonel Rosevelt invited Mrs. Mayo and Cornelia to come to Keenborough, I thought Colonel Rosevelt lives like a nabob, too!"

"It was that offer that made me wrong Edward by doubting him. A home, whose uncongeniality a young man could hardly be expected to appreciate, being offered to his mother and sister after the settlement of his father's affairs, he has from a child been so persistent in his aim, so intellectually ambitious, that knowing his mother would for his sake hide so far as possible her repugnance to giving up a home of her own, I could not tell how it might be with him. He has decided nobly!" and the quick tracery began again on the white page.

"You are feverish, Anna. You are wearing yourself out with this constant activity, carried on so quietly, to that none of us notice it until its effects are too palpable!" said Mr. Vernon, as later in the evening his wife, with a weary look, pressed her hand to her brow as if for momentary relief.

"Better wear out than rust out," you know. Whose motto is that, Mr. Vernon?" she asked, archly and brightly, driving the weary look from her face as she spoke. "But, seriously, I am doing neither. I neglected my walk both yesterday and to-day—that is all. I must have my fresh air, you know, or I will like any other growth that once opened open clogs at me!" and the bright smile came again.

"But all these 'little things' that you do so punctually," expostulated her husband, "like the writing of this letter to-night, for instance; though you had acknowledged you were suffering from headache."

"And because a headache had rendered a neglected walk was that reason 'most learned judge,' that Edward Mayo should miss a fragrant ray of light on his darkened way?" half playfully, half earnestly.

"But merely a letter!" still pursued Mr. Vernon, though in a concluding tone as though relinquishing the subject.

"It could have been written another time as well."

"I know; I would not overrate a trifle; and yet, oh, Thomas," and her voice, smooth and sweet as it was, let tones into it from some sad, far away country, as the sunshine lets flicker suddenly into it the shadows of summer leaves stirred by the soft south wind. "I have known the time when a few kind words had been given me, would have filled the whole heaven with light. The most common expressions of faith and hope, true though they may seem to others, are clothed with new meaning when coming from a friend. There would be fewer doubts of Heaven, human hearts were more faithful to their trusts. I can never forget," she resumed, after the little silence that was broken only by the soft rustling of Frank's "Weekly," "that there have been times