

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XXX.

"TRUTH AND RIGHT: GOD AND OUR COUNTRY."

NUMBER 17.

E. B. HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1873.

Terms: TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Business Gads.

A. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
Attorneys at Law, Office over the Bank, Montrose, Pa.,
Notaries, May 10, 1871.

D. W. SEARLE,
Attorney at Law, Office over the Store of M. S. Decker, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 12)

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS—Preston & Main street, Montrose, Pa. Aug. 7, 1867.

M. C. SUTTON,
Actioner, and Insurance Agent,
Friendville, Pa.

G. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer,
Great Bend, Pa.

AM. E. L. Y.
U. S. Auctioneer,
Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

J. K. SHOEMAKER,
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, over J. H. Decker's Store, opposite the bank, Montrose, Pa. Jan. 17, 1867.

R. L. BALDWIN,
Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office with James F. Venable, Esq., Montrose, Pa. Aug. 20, 1871.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office at the Court House, over J. H. Decker's Store, opposite the bank. (Jan. 17, 1867)

W. A. CROSSMAN,
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commercial Block, Montrose, Pa. May 17, 1871.

MCKENZIE & CO.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses' Trimmings, &c. Also, agents for the great variety of Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, July 17, 1872)

DR. W. W. SMITH,
Physician, Rooms at the Commercial Block, over the Store of J. H. Decker, opposite the bank, Montrose, Pa. Jan. 17, 1867.

LAW OFFICE.
PETER & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Decker & Pugh, Montrose, Pa. W. W. SMITH, & P. FRIZZ.

J. SAUTTER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Shop over J. H. Decker's Store, Montrose, Pa. 1873.

AMEL TURBELL,
Dealer in Dress, Clothing, Chemists, Patent, Oils, Druggists, Trunks, Valises, Fancy Goods, Jewellery, Perfumery, &c. Also, agents for the great variety of Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, Jan. 17, 1872)

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
Physician & Surgeon, Rooms at the Commercial Block, over the Store of J. H. Decker, opposite the bank, Montrose, Pa. Jan. 17, 1867.

CHARLES S. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather Goods, Trunks, Valises, &c. Also, agents for the great variety of Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, Jan. 17, 1872)

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want a good shave. (Montrose, Pa. Oct. 15, 1869)

DR. S. W. DUTTON,
Physician & Surgeon, Rooms at the Commercial Block, over the Store of J. H. Decker, opposite the bank, Montrose, Pa. Jan. 17, 1867.

DR. J. A. HATHOR,
Admiral's Quarters and Surgeon, at the Postoffice building, over the Store of J. H. Decker, opposite the bank, Montrose, Pa. Jan. 17, 1867.

CHARLEY MORRIS,
THE HATTY BANNER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by J. H. Decker, where he is prepared to receive all kinds of work in his line, such as making, repairing, and cleaning hats, &c. Also, agents for the great variety of Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, Pa. Jan. 17, 1872)

H. BURRITT,
Dealer in Stamps and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Nails, Druggists, Patent, Oils, Druggists, Trunks, Valises, &c. Also, agents for the great variety of Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, Pa. Jan. 17, 1872)

EXCHANGE HOTEL.
A. W. MCKENZIE, wishes to inform the public that he has received the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, Pa. He is prepared to accommodate all who may wish to stop in the city. (Montrose, Pa. Aug. 23, 1872)

HILLINGS-STROUD,
FINE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office at the Court House, over the Store of J. H. Decker, opposite the bank, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 17, 1867)

J. D. VAIL,
FRESH AND SALT MEATS, and BUTCHER, has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will prepare all kinds of meats in the most skillful manner. He has also a large stock of choice meats, and is prepared to furnish all who may wish to purchase. (Montrose, Pa. Feb. 17, 1873)

F. CURCHILL,
Dealer of the Patent Office over S. L. Lehm's Store, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 17, 1867)

BURNS & NICHOLS,
Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyeing, &c. Also, agents for the great variety of Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, Pa. Jan. 17, 1872)

GET ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING, ETC.

PRINTED AT THE

DEMOCRAT OFFICE,

WEST SIDE OF PUBLIC AVENUE.

The Zoet's Corner.

RESURGAM.

The sun sinks in the west!
The stars are shining now, to sing again!
The moon, that hides beneath a cloudy veil—
But all to rise again.

The flowers in autumn die;
The verdant leaves wither, and droop and fall;
What is the bright light of this morn', to night may it be
Benefit Death's sombre pall.

But spring will bring again
The flowers that faded from the bed,
And our earth snow-clad dreary, trackless plain
Fresh beauty will be shed.

Yon stalwart, snowy form
Now pining proud with manhood's noble trust,
Now thrilled with honor's smile, so rich and warm,
Must low lie in the dust.

Yon beauty, proudly rare,
With cheeks like heart of young rose in the spring,
Whose brow is like the lily-petal fair,
Whose sweet lips glady sing,

The heart's full songs of joy—
As do the birds amid their native trees—
May in another world's voice employ
Ere comes the spring tide breeze.

Yon little cherub gay
With waven hair that winds a monarch's strength,
Must have the dead leaves o'er its tomb to play,
Must sink to sleep at length.

Yon eye of sapphire blue,
With look of love and tender pure, and true,
Must fold in darkness yet.

Yes, all must sink to sleep,
Must sink to sleep in Death's remorseless gloom,
The hearts that joy, the eyes which gleam,
Weep, All, all sleep in the tomb.

But spring's warm breath will call
Dull Nature from its long night of repose;
The ice-bound rivulets will all
In showers upon the rose.

The naked, shivering trees
Will smile again in summer's robe of green,
And fling their branches to the laughing breeze
Bright in their dewy sheen.

And though I lay in death,
And sleep beneath the marmosid man,
And meanly rest for me a coral grave,
I yet shall rise again.

Wherever I may make
My final home in this earthly mould,
There comes a time when I from sleep shall wake,
When Death shall loose its hold.

Why should we quake with fear,
And trembling cling to this poor, suffering clay,
When by thy hand, O Lord, we're all to be
Recreated eternal day?

The Story Teller.

TWO LIVES IN ONE.

More than fifty years ago my brother Stephen and I lived together in a village about ten miles south of London, where he was in practice as a surgeon. Stephen was thirty-two, eighteen. We had no relations but a sister, five or six years older than myself, and well married in London. Stephen was a solitary and studious man, living somewhat apart from his neighbors, and standing almost in a fatherly position towards me. Through the year we lived together, no one had thought of his marrying. This it was when the events I have to tell began. The house next to ours was taken by a Mr. Cameron, a feeble looking man, rather past middle age, with one daughter, Marion by name. How shall I describe her, the most beautiful creature I ever saw? She was, perhaps, twenty years old; I never knew, precisely. A tall, slight form, fair complexion, dark, elegant eyes and hair, and an expression more like that of an angel than a human being. Though I was much struck with her appearance, Stephen did not seem to notice it, and we might have remained unacquainted with them for ever but that he was required to help Mr. Cameron over an awkward stile opposite our house. Acquaintance once made, they soon grew familiar; for they had two feelings in common—a love of tobacco and Scotch denizens. Many a summer evening did they pass smoking the one and talking the other. Marion sometimes joining in, for she generally walked with them, while my chest, which was weak at the times, kept me at home. One day they quitted Stephen at the gate, and as he entered the door I said to him: "How lovely Marion is! I am never tired of looking at her." "Look at her while you may," said he, "she has not three years to live."

It was only too true. She had some dreadful complaint—aneurism, I think it was—which must carry her off in the flower of her days. Stephen told me that he had consulted the most eminent doctors without getting any hope, and the emotion ran enough in him, that he displayed, told me that he loved Marion.

I said no word to him about it; I knew better; but I saw with what dreadful doubts he was perplexed. Excitement might shorten Marion's life—such an excitement as a declaration of love from him might be of material injury; and even if it did not prove so, how could he condemn himself to the prolonged torture of seeing the life of a beloved wife ebb away day by day? Besides she did not think he cared for her. I, who had watched her carefully, knew that she loved him with her whole heart. He struggled with himself severely, but he won the fight. He left home for some weeks, and returned looking older and paler; but he had learned to mention her name without his voice quivering, and to touch her hand without holding his breath. The influence of his changed manner, and I dared not help my two darlings to be happy. An unexpected aid soon came—Mr. Cameron, who was in bad health when we first saw him, died suddenly—Poor Marion's grief was not so great. Her father was dead, Stephen, as she thought, estranged; and there was no one else in the world who cared whether

she lived or died, except myself. I brought her home with me, and was with her hourly till Mr. Cameron's funeral. How we got through that time I hardly know. Then came the necessary inquiry into his affairs. He had died, not altogether poor, but in reduced circumstances, leaving Marion an annuity that would scarcely give her the luxuries her state of health required. And where was she to live, and what to do? Stephen was the sole executor, the one adviser to whom she could look. He took two days and nights to consider, and then offered her his hand and home. At first she could not believe that his offer arose from anything but pity and compassion; but when he had told her the story of the last few months, and called me to bear witness to it, a great light seemed to come into her eyes, and a wonderful glow of love, such as I had never seen, over her face. I left them to themselves, evening till Stephen tapped at the door of my room, and told me all—nothing, in fact, but what I knew long before. In their case there was little cause for delay. "Trousseau were not the important matters in my day that they are in your grandchildren's; and Marie was married to Stephen, in a black gown, within a month of her father's funeral.

The next few months was a happy time for all of us. Marion's health improved greatly. The worried, frightened look she used to wear left her face as she recovered from the depression caused by constant anxiety about her father, and the loss of rest she suffered in attending upon him. It seemed as if she were entirely recovering, and Stephen, if he did not lose his fear, at least was not constantly occupied with them. How happily we used to look forward to the future, for Stephen was beginning to save money; and how many were our day-dreams about professional eminence for him, and fashionable life in London. I have tried fashionable life in London since, but I never found it as happy as our days in that dear old Surrey village.

Well, our happy times did not last long. Marion caught a cold as the winter came, and was soon so ill as to be taken to London for advice. Stephen, looking back upon that winter, death-looking face, Marion had broken a blood-vessel on the journey—not anything serious in itself, but ominous enough. They were to go at once to a warm climate—not a day to be lost. Sorrowfully I packed up the necessary things, and went with Stephen to London, the next day to go to the doctor, who had forbidden us to go home. The same afternoon they were on board a vessel bound for Leghorn. Luckily, Marion was a good sailor, and well used to ships, for she had made more than one voyage to Madeira with her father. Much as I wished to go with them, and much as I should like to see them, the question, Stephen had saved but little money, and could hardly see how he and Marion were to live, unless he could make himself a practice somewhere among the English abroad, and his taking me also was not to be thought of. I was to live for the present with my mother, and I had to enter me all over my life with Stephen, with whom I had lived all my life; it was almost sorer to part with Marion, who had been more than a sister to me ever since I saw her. Stephen and I were nearly overcome with emotion; but she was calm and silent, with an intent, wistful look about her lovely face that has haunted me all over my life. I can see it now, when I shut my eyes, thought it was fifty years ago. Need I say that I never saw her again?

I went to my sister's house and began the fashionable life I used to wish for. It was not all that I pictured it, though it was pleasant enough to occupy me in the day time; but at night I longed sadly for my darlings.

Stephen wrote letters full of hope, and talked of returning after spending two years in Italy. Marion, too, wrote favorably of herself, and my anxiety began to lessen. There was another reason for this at the same time; my late husband, who was at the same time partner of my sister's husband, was at the same time beginning to pay his addresses to me, and the tender feelings of my own case made me careless of others. Summer came around again, and one day as I was half wishing for my country home a letter arrived from Stephen. Marion's complaint was at a crisis, and a great change would take place, one way or the other, in a few days. I was to go home, put the place in order, and be ready to start in the morning. I did not know till afterward that Marion had begged to be allowed to die at home, if the change were for the worse; if it had been for the better there would have been no reason for her staying abroad.

Well, I went home, arranged everything, and waited for them. Three weeks passed (the usual intervals) and no letter for a month, and I supposed they were traveling slowly to avoid fatigue. On the day five weeks after I had received the last letter I was sitting alone, rather late in the evening, when a quick step sounded in the road outside, and Stephen came to the gate, opened it, entered the house, and sat down in silence. He was dressed as usual, but looked tired and travel-stained; but there was no sorrow in his face, and I felt sure that Marion must be safe. I asked him where she was. He said she was not with him.

"Have you left her in Italy?" I asked. "She is dead," he answered, without a shadow of emotion.

"How?" I asked. "I was beginning to question him, but he stopped me. "Give me something to eat and drink," he said. "I have walked from London and I want to sleep."

"I brought him what he wanted. He bade me good night, and, as I saw he wished it, I left him and went to bed full of grief, but even more of wonder, that he, who truly loved his wife, if ever after death without his voice faltering or his face changing in the least, "To-morrow will solve the question," I said to myself, as weary with crying. I felt asleep over me. But to-morrow did not solve the question. He told me, as before, without emotion, what he wished me to know, and from that moment he

spoke no more on the subject. In every respect but this, he was my own Stephen of old—as kind and thoughtful as ever, only altered by a rather absent and abstract manner. I thought at first that he was stunned by his loss, and would utilize it more painfully afterward; but months passed on without a change—he used Marion's chair, or things of her work, or sat opposite to her drawings, not seeming to notice them; indeed, it was as if she had dropped out of his life entirely, and left him as he was before he knew her. The only difference was that he, naturally a man of sedentary habits, took a great deal of exercise, and I knew that he kept laudanum in his bedroom.

At this time my lover was pressing me to marry him, and with much difficulty I consented to tell Stephen about it, though I had no intention of leaving him. To my surprise he seemed pleased, and said that he would never leave me alone for all the husbands in the world; but he would not hear me.

"I think it is your duty to marry him, Margaret," he said. "You love him, and you have no right to sacrifice him to me."

"My first duty is to you, Stephen. I will not leave you alone."

"I see that I must explain to you," he said, after a pause. "When you leave me I shall not be alone."

"Who will be with you?" I asked, wondering. "Marion."

I started as if I had been shot, for I thought he must surely be mad; but he continued quite calmly, and as usual, without emotion.

"She died at mid-day. Till night I did not know what I did. I felt stunned and broken and dying myself; but at last, worn out as I was with watching and sitting up, I fell asleep; and by God's mercy she came to me in my dreams, and told me to be comforted. The next night she came again, and from that time to this has never failed me, and cannot answer to me as my duty to live; that if my life was useless to myself, it was not to you, so I came. I dare say it is only a freak of my imagination. Perhaps I even produced an illusion by an effort of my will; but however that is, it has saved me from going mad or killing myself. It does not seem to me that I have ever felt so near to death as I did in that first summer that we spent here, or in our early time in Italy; always cheerful and beautiful, always alone, always dressed as she used to dress, talking as she used to talk—not an angel but herself.

Sometimes we go through a whole day of depression, sometimes she only comes, and goes out no night has ever yet been without her; and, indeed, I think that visits are longer and nearer as I draw near to her side again. I sometimes ask which of my two lives is the real one. I ask myself now, and cannot answer, but that which I am in this I recollect the other, and while I am in the other I know nothing beyond. And this is why my sorrow is not like that of others in my position. I know that no night will pass without my seeing her, for my health is good enough, and I never feel so nearly dead as I do now. I am sure that I shall die, now you are provided, if it were not to see a thing to be spoken of with-out necessity. Now write to your husband that to be, and tell him to come here."

I did so, and the preparations for my marriage began. Stephen was very kind, but his thoughts wandered further day by day. I spoke to a doctor, a friend of his, about him, but it seemed that nothing could be done. I longed almost to pain to ask him more about Marion; but he never gave me an opportunity. If I approached the subject, he turned the talk in another direction, and my old habits of reticence to him prevented me from going on. Then came my wedding day. Stephen gave me away and sat by my side at breakfast. He seemed to hang over me more tenderly than ever, as he put me into the carriage and took leave of me.

The last thing I did as I leaned out of the carriage window was to tell him to be my first visitor in my own home.

"No, Margaret," he said, with a sad smile, "say good-bye to me now, my work is done."

The purely understanding what he said, I bid him good-bye; and it was not till my husband asked me what he meant that I remembered his strange look and accent. I then felt half frightened about him; but the novelty of my first visit abroad made me soon forget my fears.

The rest is soon told. The first letter I received from England said that on the day of my marriage he had been found cold and dead in his bed. He had died without pain, the doctor said, with his right hand clasping his left above the wrist, and holding firmly, even in death, a circlet of Marion's hair.

The Weather in Minnesota.

THE Minnesota papers are endeavoring to correct the impressions which have gone abroad of the extreme severity of the winter in that State. They claim that but fifty lives were lost out of the many thousands exposed to the great January snow storm, and that these were frozen by long exposure, growing out of the fact that they had missed their way in the newly and sparsely settled prairie regions of the frontier, where there are no fences to guide the traveler and houses dot the country at very distant intervals. The statement of the Minnesota papers is worthy of consideration by those intending emigration, especially as the agents of land-grant railroad companies are making use of sensational stories concerning the Minnesota climate to divert emigration to Arkansas, Kansas and other regions.

SOME Detroit burglars entered a jewelry store recently, and "stole a bushel of gold and diamonds," according to the Union, but as the looters estimated their loss at \$100, it is thought diamonds are cheaper in Detroit than in other cities.

THE season for keeping diaries begins with the first of the year and lasts up to about the first week in February.

Lina Posselli.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The St. Louis Republican publishes the following. A poor girl, now about nineteen years of age, was born in Rome, and received the above name. Her father was probably an organist of the wandering fish class, and her mother may have been honest, but they may have conceived a distaste for life in Rome, and started out to make her fortune. She was pretty, Italy's sun burned in her veins, and Italy's skies shone in her eyes. She got away from home at fourteen, and threw herself upon the wide world with that dangerous companion, beautiful face—

She drifted to New York and soon became noted as a "pretty girl." She did not stand on the corner with her blooming basket, but carried it around in fashionable avenues, and to the brown stone mansions seated there. Her fresh stock of flowers every morning, and her brightly gleaming eyes, and her cheek, and the perfect picture of beauty she made, harmonized with the aristocratic locality she loved to frequent. She always sold out and then fled away into the solitude of the great city, no one knew whither. Her swift foot defied frowlers.

She became a curiosity—and then a sensation. David Simmons, an old, rich, retired merchant, saw her and became one of her daily patrons. He was often seen talking to her on his marble steps, and afterwards with a posy in his button hole. Then Mr. Simmons tried to find out where the beautiful vision vanished when he looked at the quantity of flowers which he could not become greatly distressed—Mr. Simmons was a widower, but he had a daughter who was married, and she and her husband lived with the old man in the house. The daughter saw the beautiful Italian girl, and did not like her. She objected to her father making an old man's passion, and the quantity of flowers which she saw, and because she was his duty to live; that if my life was useless to myself, it was not to you, so I came. I dare say it is only a freak of my imagination. Perhaps I even produced an illusion by an effort of my will; but however that is, it has saved me from going mad or killing myself. It does not seem to me that I have ever felt so near to death as I did in that first summer that we spent here, or in our early time in Italy; always cheerful and beautiful, always alone, always dressed as she used to dress, talking as she used to talk—not an angel but herself.

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