

# THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

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Physician and Surgeon, Office at the Court House, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (last 10)

**Poetry.**  
**UP IN THE BARN.**  
Old farmer Joe steps through the door,  
As wide to him as the gates of Tiber;  
And thoughtful walks across the floor  
When he sees his winter store  
And counts the profits of his glories.

Ten tons of timothy up there,  
And four of clover in the bay;  
Red top that's cut well, middlin' fair;  
And bins of roots along and square,  
To help eke out the crops of hay.

A dozen head of cattle stand  
Reflective in the leaf-strewn yard;  
And stacks are stacked on every hand,  
The last offering of the land.

Content is rich, and something more,  
I think I've heard somebody say;  
If it rains its up to pour;  
And if it snows it will be there to stay.

**The Story Teller.**  
**MR. ARUNDEL'S DAUGHTER.**  
I was about to take a journey to Philadelphia to transact business for the firm of Van Dyke & Co., to which I had just been admitted partner, after serving a term of years as a book-keeper.

My father, having reached those balmy days when easy chair and slippers would with irresistible force, and being well off in this world's goods, had decided to retire from business, leaving me to occupy his place in the firm.

By letter it was arranged that on my arrival I should immediately repair to Mr. Arundel's house, he insisting on receiving me as his guest, and make his acquaintance, and that of his family.

"To be sure not! to be sure not!" exclaimed Mr. Arundel, heartily, before I could reply. "We'll give our young friend Arthur, here, plenty of time in which to rest before the play begins, and he can receive his introductions later. So my boy, we'll have a cup of tea, and let John show you to your room at once."

Abundant and shallow as was this plot, the play was rendered in the most spirited manner. The part of Lady Alice was played with touching pathos, by a lovely girl with fair hair and gentle eyes, dressed simply in white.

Mr. Arundel pointed her out to me. "That young lady is my daughter, Julia. She is called very pretty," he added a little complacently.

"And merits the praise," I assented, warmly. "But who is the dark one—the bewitching Elsie? I confess I have fallen in love with her."

Mr. Arundel laughed so heartily that there were several cries of "hush!" ere he replied: "That young lady is my daughter, Miss Elsie Arundel, very much as your sister, she's a sad helen, I assure, Arthur."

"Perfectly bewitching at any rate," I murmured. In fact, I could not keep my eyes off the tall and dazzling beauty, who in short skirts, high heeled slippers, velvet bodice, ruffled apron, and a cap of white, made such a bright and bewitching contrast that almost seemed Sir Eustace might be pardoned for falling in his allegiance.

"I was more impressed with her than I had been the evening before, and wondered how I had failed to appreciate her extraordinary beauty and loveliness.

"I was a little disconcerted by this charming candor; but every one laughed, and Miss Julia asked: 'Are you sure you didn't fancy Mr. Van Dyke the hero of the play, and made such an effort to fascinate poor Sir Eustace?'"

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I really like you very much, but I cannot marry you. "And why not?" "Papa would not believe in such sudden love, for one reason."

"But I'll make him believe in it! Hark! They're calling us!" "So they are," said Elsie; and she actually kissed me of her own accord, ere we went back to the parlor, where our re-appearance was greeted with much merriment, and was made the subject of more silly jokes than good taste seemed to warrant.

"Of course he did. You see, Mr. Van Dyke, I made a bet I could get you to propose!" "Could I believe my ears? How had my old become clay!"

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**A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL.**  
"Look sharp, Doc—up by the fence!" Loud and clear rang the crack of a rifle on the frosty midnight air.

"Doc," finding he was not hit by that shot, and fearing another that might be more successful, fired into a small strip of woods near by, and made for the village.

"This sudden flight of the doctor and the accomplice, who, as watch, had given the alarm, 'Old Jim Fenton' stepped from the fence at the higher part of the country graveyard, and after listening intently for a moment, could not decide in which direction the fugitive had gone.

"I'll take the blanket," said the doctor, and he turned to go. "Walk in," said he. "After being snatched, the lady held out her arm, which was duly examined by the doctor, and the liniment prescribed, although he couldn't see that anything was wrong. As the fair visitor left, he saw her pick up an envelope on the table, which he picked up after her departure, and read:

"Doctor, if you ever bought a blanket at the store of K—, and lost it, buy another precisely like it and keep it; you will need it."

"I'll take Mr. Van Dyke in tow," announced Master Fred. "He shall benefit by my riding on a horse, and I shall be able to leave you to Mr. Van Dyke, that to leave you to Julia's music and croquet, which often proves snoring to the contrary. As for her embroidery, that's a very worse, for into it she weaves her spite."

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**At the Last.**  
Three little words within my brain  
Beat back and forth their sad refrain,  
Three little words, whose dull distress  
Means everything and nothing less.

Have, lingering, we talked or late  
Beside the hedge grown garden gate,  
Till, smiling, ere the twilight fell  
She made me take a last farewell.

I see the very gown she wore,  
The color I had pressed before,  
The swaying length, where she would pass  
Made a light rustle on the grass.

**People That We Hate.**  
There are some subjects on which we feel more deeply than we have ever given out in editorial or on the platform—some people toward whom we harbor the most bitter intentions, although we have never before publicly denounced them.

**A Good Sell.**  
According to a Detroit paper, a "gentleman of color" to that city, having bought a colored woman, and being afraid to come out openly and reveal his passion, went to a white man of his acquaintance the other day, and asked him to write the lady a letter asking her hand in marriage.

**How They Awoke.**  
Thomson and Simms live opposite each other in a narrow street up-town. They were going on a "fishing excursion" the other day, and as they wanted to be sure to awake in time to catch the early train, they ran a bit of clothes across the street, in the second story window, and each had an end to his leg, so that if one awoke the other would immediately fall a pill.

**A Colored Debating Society in Tranton, Tenn.**  
has just debated the question "Which is the most profitable to man—money or education?" One of the debaters argued that if it had not been for education the world would not have been half as large as it is. This clincher was met, however, by the "argument" that "if it wasn't for money, how you give to ride on de dears?" It was at once decided in favor of money.

**A Detroit woman** recently forwarded the following letter to the insurance company in which her life was insured: "Dear Sir—I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am well, but that my dear wife is more. She died to-day. Her policy is no more. I can truly say that she was a good wife and a good mother. I have the doctor's certificate, so that there will be no trouble about the policy. She was only sick a short time, but suffered much. Do you give a check in advance, or wait sixty days for the money?" "You are the seige of Paris will be impossible."

**Varieties.**  
**The Controller-General—Cupid.**  
Kentucky papers are calling for their back pay.

**No-Given Aboard Here,** is a sign intended for the information of sportsmen down in Name.

**A bachelor editor,** who had a pretty unmarried sister, lately wrote to a friend, "Please exchange."

**A Western gambler** has an idea which is an idea. He proposes to arrange church seats on pious, so the devout may conveniently examine the toilets of those on the back seat.

**The Utica Herald** says that a man will never know what effect it would have had on Job if eleven little girls had called on him one after another, and tried to sell him Sunday school picnic tickets.

**Two young ladies** of LaCrosse were standing by the side of a ditch thirteen feet wide, which they did not know how to cross, when their escort said "snaps," and they cleared it at a bound.

**When a burglar gets hurt** in climbing through the window of a Louisville home the charitable inmates do him no worse than kindly, make out a paper, carefully, and when he gets well, tuck him away tidily in the penitentiary.

**A John Bull, conversing** with an Indian, asked him if he knew the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions. "No," said the Indian. "You know the sun who?" asked John Bull. "The sun is afraid to set on an Englishman in the dark," was the savage's reply.