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| And dusty clouds o'er the conffict lower, <br> If in battle tray the cross gave way And Christian courage waned; <br> Thix glorious flame began to fatil; <br> But lambent firckeriags, faint and pale, <br> Soemed glancing upon the coats of mail, <br> Ard tha Christian heluns to fret. |
| :---: |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
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MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16. 1874.
NUMBER 37

| sle, forgetful of duty, of her plichted troth ot everybing for this man, promised to be bis wito-to ly wit man fly with him. <br> At fi:st, Geralà bud renarked |  |
| :---: | :---: |
|  | orpmans. |
|  |  |
| tested against her apending so much tim with the stranger, but she met his complaints with a reproach. | Think of our loneliness all thro |
|  |  |
| You are evo exacting, Gerald, Pond kuow te is our guest; we mast pay |  |
| him some attention," she eaid, rather impatiently. G-radd sighed. |  |
| "Forgive me, dearest, if I do seeni esactirg," he said. "It is candeed by my | Close |
|  |  |
| great love fur goo. I cannot bear the thuughts of any one else monopolizing |  |
|  |  |
| your time. If you ooly tell me," he cuacall yoa my owa: Dearest, wheu ghal uur wedduy de? Say, shail it be nex$\square$ "Next month? N $\qquad$ |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| "Next month? No, no ; that is mach twi soon. We are very bappy as we ais;why do gou wish to change? Next summer will be quite soon enough ; orof - pr rhaps in the spring." |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| And with that be wus compelled to be satiafied. <br> The invalid was almost well now, |  |
| The invalid was almost wel! now, would, indeed, soon be able to leare then |  |
| and then, Gerald thought, things would |  |
|  |  |
| would te happy again. The granger's |  |
| Vane. He vas an artist, gnd had been sketching the Abbey at the time of the uccident. Climbing upon the broken crambling wall, to get a better view, his foot slipped, und in talling, he must havestruck his head against a s.arp corner of a prujecting stone. |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| Five weeks more have passed. All iscon fusion and terror at the Grange.- |  |
| Edith Stantun. the Squire's promised bride, and Edward Vatue have gone- |  |
|  |  |
| Hed togetber, it is whispered in the servants bull. |  |
| and on going to Edith's room, had |  |
| found the bed unslept in, and a note for |  |
|  |  |
| Hastily he tore it open and read :"Gerald I do not as |  |
|  | me; my sin has been too great for that. |  |
|  |  |  |
| i was never worthy of your lofe and |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| Gone! -his Elith! It could not betrue! Yet here was her handwriting to prore it. |  |
|  |  |
| A deep gram excaped the young | d |
|  |  |
| Levense hearless!" he mutterad, be- |  |
| tween hiv clenched teeth. "This is the way he repays oar kindoess - - the treach erous villian! she. too, must have been |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| fisbe--utterly false! Forget ber: Yes, if I cun." |  |
| lif. And this ended the romance of his |  |
|  |  |
| Nine loug yeara have been added to the past. |  |
| In a small, poorly farnisked roon, in a narrow Lundon street, a woman lies $d y$. |  |
| her only companion a hatle girl.Her face is thin and haggard ; but the hair which strays over tee pilluw is long |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |










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