

# The Montrose Democrat

HAWLEY & CRUSER, Editors and Proprietors.

"Stand by the Right though the Heavens fall!"

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## Select Poetry

THE GUARD'S STORY. BY L. L. CARL, JR.

We were on picket, at the end of the line, Under the blue of a midnight sky.

In the wilderness, where the night bird's song Gives back an echo all night long;

Leaves stars of dew on the tangled grass, And the rivings sing in the silent hours.

His sweetest songs to the listening flowers. Ho! a tender form and a girlish face, That seemed in the army out of place.

That smiled as I told him so that day, Aye, smiled and flushed in a girlish way.

That mimed me a foe of the foe, In a Northern village 'neath the blue;

When our army marched at the meadow's edge, She met and kissed me 'neath the stars.

Before us the river that silent ran, And we were placed to guard the ford.

A dangerous place, and we'd jump and start, Every time a leaf by the wind was stirred.

Behind us the army lay encamped, Their camp-fires burning bright the night.

And I had to keep the watch, And I had to keep the watch, And I had to keep the watch.

Somehow, whenever I looked that way I seemed to see her face again,

Kind of hazy like, as you've seen a star A people's thought a misty rain;

And once, I believe, as I thought of her, I thought aloud and called my name.

When he started quick, and smiling said, "You dream of some one at home, I guess."

"Was just in the flesh of the morning light," We'd stopped for a chat at the end of our beat.

When a rifle flashed at the river's bank, And I bashed in blood he sank at my feet;

All of a sudden I knew her then, And kneeling, I kissed the girlish face;

And I had to keep the watch, And I had to keep the watch, And I had to keep the watch.

When the corporal came to change the guard At 6:15 the morn he found me there.

With 6:15 the morn he found me there, With 6:15 the morn he found me there.

And I had to keep the watch, And I had to keep the watch, And I had to keep the watch.

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## Select Poetry

A WOMAN AFTER ALL.

"Take off that hideous bonnet, Dorothy. I want to see your sweet little face without it!"

"Then shouldn't I speak so, Charles? It is very wrong."

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## Select Poetry

JOHN AND I.

"Come John," said I, cheerfully, "It really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and look for you."

"I'm not going," said I, cheerfully, "It really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and look for you."

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## Select Poetry

THE WATCHER.

She sits by the cottage window, Watching the glowing sea, The while she soothes with drooping song The restless babe on her knee;

Watching and waiting and longing For the little babe to be born, That called for her over the outer bar, When the sea in the sunlight shone.

And now, when the storm is rising, As night o'er the great world sinks, There is sad unrest in her weary breast— "Ah! I will be home home!" she thinks.

For the winds and waves are fierce, And uncertain is Fate's decree, And lonely lives have the weary wives Of those who sail the sea.

The kettle is merrily singing, The kitten more merrily plays; Are the cat and her kittens at play; And baby at last is sleeping.

With red little fists doubled tight, But the sad eyes still from the window-ill Are strained through the stormy night, Is it the gleam of a lantern, Or but a cloud-chasing star, Or the light of the moon, then, then, Through the weeping shadows afar?

No; it swings and springs on the waters As only a ship's light can; And the father's wife hath found new life In the coming of her good man.

In his little cradle so softly Is baby now laid away; The light leaps higher from the sea-coal fire, The bluish on the cheek so comely.

Is bright as it ever can be; Sweet are the lives of the cheery wives Of those who sail the sea.

WHY AND WHEN LAMPS EXPLODE. All explosions of coal lamps are caused by the vapor of gas that collects in the space above the oil.

When full of oil of course a lamp contains no gas, but immediately on lighting, the lamp consumes all its gas, soon leaving a space for fresh gas, which comes from the lamp warm up, and after burning a short time sufficient gas will accumulate to form an explosion.

The gas in a lamp will explode only when ignited. In this respect it is like gunpowder. Cheap or inferior oil is always the most dangerous.

The flame is conducted to the gas in the following manner: The wick tube in all lamp burners is made larger than the wick which is to pass through it. It would not do to have the wick work tightly in the burner; on the contrary, it is essential that it move up and down with perfect ease. In this way it is unavoidable that space in the tube is left above the sides of the wick sufficient for the flame from the burner to pass into the lamp and explode the gas.

Many things may occur to cause the flame to pass down the wick tube and explode the lamp. 1. A lamp may be standing on a table or mantle, and a slight puff of air from the open window, or the sudden opening of a door, causes an explosion.

2. A lamp may be taken up quickly from a table or mantle and instantly explode. 3. A lamp is taken into a room where there is a draft, or out of doors, and an explosion occurs.

4. A lighted lamp is taken up and an explosion occurs. 5. A lighted lamp is taken up and an explosion occurs.

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22. A lighted lamp is taken up and an explosion occurs. 23. A lighted lamp is taken up and an explosion occurs.

## Home Reading

HOW A MAN FEELS WHEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

"Mr. A. Castle, whose experience in this line we have alluded to before, has told us that he and we are content to take his word for it. As the storm came up to put his tent in the barn and set down in the door facing the horse, the stroke of lightning which killed his horse and prostrated him did his work too swiftly to give him the slightest warning of its coming. His first remembrance upon returning to consciousness was of hearing his daughter, who had run down from the house, about twenty-five yards distant, exclaim, 'O, father is dead!' Upon opening his eyes, the whole air and sky seemed to be in a blaze. He also became conscious of the most intense suffering, and especially in his lower limbs. He says the pain was like that of a burn, and that he could not have suffered more severely had he been held in the flames. His wife and daughter, upon seeing that he was still alive, desired to remove him to the house, but he begged to be left where he was and not to be disturbed, as he felt that he could live but a few minutes, and that by night he would die. There was no need to put to the needless torture of removal. As he seemed to gain strength, however, he was soon taken to the house and made as comfortable as possible; but eight or ten hours elapsed before he was able to move either of his lower limbs. The left hip and leg seemed to be more affected than the right, and the symptoms for a time indicated that the bones were injured. But these have passed away, and only a slight lameness now remains. The right lung was very sore over the occurrence, but this may have been caused by an injury received in falling. The marks of the lightning is apparent from the shoulders to the calf of the right leg, in the shape of a broad irregular strip, the skin has peeled off as though it had been scalded.—*Whittaker's Register.*

JUST GOING TO. "I suppose you have mailed my letter to me Bob," said his father.

"I was—just going to run over to the office with it, and the stage drove off."

"Then I must send a telegram; and that will cost me several dollars."

"I am so sorry," said Bob. "I will try to be more prompt next time."

But one day more after, when he was coming home from the mill, he stopped to see Rodney Brown's grey squirrel.

"Your house seems a little restless," said Mrs. Brown, opening the window; "had you better fasten the door?"

"Yes, I was just going back to the mill," said Bob.

But at this moment a bit of white paper fluttered over the road; the horse took fright, and ran down the street, breaking the wagon and losing the horse. "Oh, dear," said Bob; "I wish I had started a little sooner." That was the way with him most of the time; he was a little late at the table, at school, and at church; and people began to see that he could not be trusted to do errands.

What kind of a man will that boy make who is just going to do things?

A FRENCH SOLOMON TO HIS SON. Women love but once—ah! that once. Women hate in proportion to their love. Women retain their virtue, but may like to risk it.

Not all women are virtuous, but none ever tells the whole truth.

Hated is at the bottom of love, as death is at the bottom of life.

One always thinks he is in love when going up stairs; coming down he is not so sure of it.

You can't impede a woman in her love; you cannot recall the arrow shot into space.

A woman is a fortress which can always be taken by a man who knows how to make the assault.

Man's vanity is inflated by defeat and consoled with a rupture. Woman's vanity acts in an inverse sense.

Ask not a woman's heart, she has but one and may give it. Of all fatal presents a woman's heart is the most deadly.

Do not love a woman, man. She will make an idol of you which you cannot realize and which will give you to destroy.

WOULD YOU? Would you keep your rosy complexion, wear thick soled shoes.

Would you enjoy quiet content, do away with all sin and pleasures.

Would you have others respect your opinions hold and never disown them yourself.

Would you have good health, go out in the sunshine. Sickness is worse than frost.

Would you respect yourself, keep your heart and body clean.

Would you retain the love of a friend, do not be selfishly exacting.

Would you get the confidence of business men, do not try to support the style of your employer.

Would you never be told a lie, do not ask personal questions.

Would you sleep well, and have a good appetite, eat heartily.

Would you get on in the world all that is not necessary to publish to the world all that is strictly personal, unless it is of a nature to do honor to your country, or to the benefit of your fellow-men.

Would you have the respect of man, never permit yourself to indulge in vulgar conversation.

DON'T TELL ALL YOU KNOW. It is a bad plan to place unreserved confidence in man or woman. Never tell any one everything about yourself; let there be a little mystery, and reserve; your friends, then will like you all the better for it. A look that you know by heart must inevitably be cast aside for a fresh vision; so will you be served if you allow yourself to be thoroughly read. But be prepared, in any emergency, to look your own life and acts squarely in the face without ever flinching, or making yourself a tower. It is not necessary to publish to the world all that is strictly personal, unless it is of a nature to do honor to your country, or to the benefit of your fellow-men. Never tell any one everything about yourself; let there be