

The Democratic

BY HAWLEY & CRUSER.

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ONLY A PRINTER.

"Only a printer!" a fair maid said.
As she haughtily tossed her golden head.

"Only a printer!" and poor as a mouse
That's lived for years in a meeting house!"

"Only a printer! and when he sought
The hand that riches might have bought,

A cold quale! "No!" was her scornful reply,
With an added smile as she marked the sigh

With which, lamenting, he turned away.

"He'll do to flirt with, but tell me, pray,

If you think I'd marry a workingman!

"It I want to marry a Count I can."

"Only a printer!" But after days

See men walking in devous ways

From those they have traveled in days of old

And holding posts that they had not held.

"Only a printer!" The years sped past,

And honor came to the typewriter.

"Only a printer!" at last had come

Into the heriship of quite a sum;

And following the bent of a printer's mind—

For true, it is they are all inclined,

No odds how happy they be at home,

To leave it, in foreign lands to roam—

Following the bent, as I've said before,

He traveled the land from shore to shore,

And finally crossed the raging sea,

And wandered around in the "old countree."

One morn as he smoked a contemplative pipe,

Pausing, the tears from his eyes to wipe—

For he thought of the golden head that was

tossed.

By the maiden that he in his youth had lost—

He suddenly thought he would take a shave,

For shorn men always appear most grave.

He entered the shop, and cast his eye

Upon the barber, who sat close by.

Aha! and why that startled gaze?

Why shouts the printer in wild amaze?

Seated upon that chair by the door

Was one who had shaved him in years be-

fore.

Yes shaved him—but not his bearded face!

Shaved him—but not in a barber's place!

Shaved him of stamps in a little loan,

When "only a printer," was "Count Tyrone."

And the girl who had cast off the typewriter,

With "if I'll marry a Count I can."

Had married the Count—and become the

wife of a Paris barber! O! such is life!

And the fancy French she had learned at

school

Was all the stock of the little fool,

Who had wedded a barber rather than one

Who was at the head of the highest fow.

"He was only a printer!" Ah, yes, my girl,

Your scornful "onches" at printers hurl.

"Only a printer!" is much the same thing

As only a hero, or only a king.

HOW SHE FOUND HIM OUT.

BY RUTH RANSOM.

"NOT engaged to Clarence Wyatt?"

"Oh, Gertrude!"

"It's broken off long ago, my dear,"

said Gertrude Effingham, serenely fanning herself with a great India fan,

mounted on mother-of-pearl sticks, and faintly odorous of teak and sandal wood.

"Haven't you heard? Sit down, then,

I'll ring for lunch, and, while we are

drinking chocolate, I'll tell you all about it."

Gertrude was an heiress in her own right—a plump, rosy-faced girl of twenty-five, who had always surrounded herself with luxuries, and walked through life like a benevolent fairy, dispensing smiles and kindness as she went. But Gertrude was like the rest of the world; she had her peculiarities, and one of those peculiarities was a strong inclination for having her own way.

"He didn't like my joining that Women's Rights Club," said Gerty, pouring out a cup of frothing chocolate for her friend, Miss Folliot. "And you know, I'm not used to being dictated to." And he objected to my dancing twice in succession, at the Charity Ball, with Percy Middlecourt. You see that sort of thing is all nonsense; and I told him so!"

"And what did he say?"

"Oh, some nonsense or other about being entituled by the solemn tie of our engagement to watch over me. At all events, his platform didn't suit me, and so I broke off the affair."

"Oh, Gerty!"

"But that isn't the worst of it," said Miss Effingham, half laughing, and half ashamed. "I'm engaged again—to Mr. Middlecourt!"

"To Percy Middlecourt?"

"Exactly."

"Now, Marian, you needn't shake your carles, and look so dreadfully lugubrious. I know just precisely what you are going to say, so there's no necessity for your saying it. I've heard it before, from more sources than one, and I know just how much weight to attach to it. Everybody says he is a mere unprincipled fortune-hunter, and that he merely wants me for my money; but I know him as no one else does. I know how cruelly he is misjudged and slandered, and I mean to marry him!"

"Then, of course, all remonstrances on my part will be useless," said Miss Folliot, slowly and gravely.

"Did I tell you so?" retorted Gertrude. "But you'll see for yourself, one of these days, Marian, that I was right and you were all wrong."

Miss Folliot went away rather low-spirited, for she really liked wilful, impulsive Gertrude. But what could she do?"

"She is just throwing herself away," said Miss Kuykett, a mutual friend.

"That is what everybody tells her," said Miss Kuykett. "And do you know she has actually made her will in his favor?"

"No," cried Miss Folliot. "Already?"

"Yea," nodded Miss Kuykett. "Charley Salisbury told me so, and Charley's father has been the family lawyer of the Effinghams for the last twenty years."

"Then she is a fool!" said Miss Folliot, with emphasis.

"Most women are, where love is concerned," said Miss Kuykett, who belonged to the identical Woman's Club, and didn't believe in Cupid and his double-pointed arrows.

The wedding day was set, and all promised fair for the matrimonial prospects of Miss Effingham and Mr. Percy Middlecourt, when the young lady's only brother most inconveniently brought himself to fall desperately ill of yellow fever, down in Florida, and telegraphed to his sister to come to him at once.

Gerty looked wistfully up in Percy's beautiful Apollo face.

"Oh, Percy, if we could only be married at once, and go on together!" pleaded she.

"It would be impossible, dearest," said Middlecourt, who hated sudden journeys, and had no particular fancy for exposing himself to the yellow fever. "Every instant of my time until the wedding day, is imperatively occupied. Couldn't you postpone your journey?"

"I fear not. Root Sidney may be dying," said Gertrude, sorrowfully. "But I will go and come as quickly as possible."

"And if he should die?" said Mr. Middlecourt, prudently anxious for the future.

"My dear love, pardon me if I appear unfeeling, but I cannot endure the thought of our being indefinitely put off."

Gerty's eyes filled with tears at this proof of her lover's ardent devotion.

"Nay," she said, "I do not think that dear Sidney would wish our happiness to permanently overclouded, in any event."

Mr. Middlecourt plucked up courage at this speech. He was badly hampered with debt, and even a month's delay would have been inconvenient.

Miss Effingham was to start for the Floridian city, where her brother lay ill, in an early morning train, which steamed out of the depot before the rays of old Sol had fairly glittered over the spires and chimney tops of the sleeping city.

Mr. Middlecourt was also to have met her there and bidden her his last adieu; but he was luxuriant in his habits, and unfortunately overslept.

"Can't be helped," said he, gazing ruefully at the little ormolu clock on the mantle opposite his bed. "And I think she's too much in love with me to really care."

So he turned over among the pillows and took another nap.

When Miss Effingham got to Florida her brother was on the mend.

"I declare, Gerty, I'm sorry they telegraphed for you. I'm all right, and—if you're really set your heart on this wedding, perhaps you had better hurry back at once."

"Perhaps I had," said Gerty, half of whose heart was left in New York.

Just then, in hurried her maid, with an open newspaper in her hand.

"Wel, if I ever, Miss Gerty!" cried she. "Ain't it lucky we wasn't in time to catch that morning express, and had to wait for the eight-fifty?"

"Maria, what on earth do you mean?"

"Are you not?" he asked, with all a man's selfishness to enjoy his sweet dream to the full perfection.

"I suppose so"—a little pettishly.

"Don't tease me, John. There, I must say good-bye, now; I hear Aunt Ann calling me."

She put up her rosy lips and met the kiss he gave her very much as if she felt it a duty she owed him; then, breaking away from the arms that fain would hold her a little longer, she hurried up the path to the house.

John Martin's face saddened slightly,

and his bright, earnest face clouded. He could not help wishing that she felt a little more keenly this separation. He had been engaged to her just one month, and he was going to be absent until December, and it was the first of May now.

surely she ought to feel very sad at the thought of such a parting. For him it be could hardly bear the thought of it.

Strong in truth and integrity, firmly fixed as the hills in his principles of right and wrong, swayed by no idle fancies, he had loved Maggie Wilmer ever since he

had loved Maggie Wilmer ever since he

could remember. She was barely twenty, he was thirty-two. A dreadfully old man, some of my sixteen-year-old lady readers

will exclaim. No, my dears; he was

young at three-score. By prudence and

economy he had got together a very comfortable property—got it honestly, too, which is more than can be said of the way in which most men make fortunes.

Maggie had consented to share life

with him, though she could not have

told what influenced her. Aunt Ann wished it exceedingly, and was more jubilant over the engagement than either of the parties concerned. She was a woman of discrimination, and she should

feel pride in speaking of "My nephew,

John Martin," before many years were past. And, besides, she felt that John would be a sort of balance-wheel for Maggie's unsettled purposes in life.

"There's company, miss," whispered Maria, who was close behind with shawls and parcels.

"Hold your tongue, Maria!" said Miss Effingham, excitedly, as the high tenor tones of Percy's voice rose above the rest.

"If she's dead, I tell you I'm the heir,

and you know that, Salisbury, as well as

I do!" uttered he.

"Yes, Mr. Middlecourt, but—"

"It's all nonsense!" persisted Percy. "She went in that train, and the mere fact that her name is not in the list of killed amounts to nothing at all in itself. Neither is it in the list of the saved. Of course she's dead! Dead as a door nail!"

"And if all you want is legal proof, you'll have enough of it in a day or two. As for me, I'm going to take up my residence here—it's all mine, you know—and get ready to marry Sybil Acton at once."

"What, so soon, Mr. Middlecourt?" cried out the lawyer, aghast.

"Why not?" said Middlecourt. "The wedding breakfast is all ordered—it's a pity to disappoint the trades people; and besides—there's no use mincing matters between two men of the world like you and me, Salisbury—Sybil has been the girl of my choice all along; only of course we couldn't marry without a copper between us. And now that Gertrude has so obligingly stepped out of the way—"

"But she hasn't!" snook up a clear and decided voice; and the "late lamented" Gertrude herself stepped upon the scene. "I didn't start in that early train, consequently, I wasn't wrecked on it. Of course, Mr. Middlecourt, I'm sorry to interfere with any post-mortem arrangements you have made, but I must really request you to leave this house."

"But you will allow me to explain—"

"No; I won't! Leave the house, I repeat."

"Miss Effingham, sir, if you please!" corrected Gertrude. "Go back to Sybil Acton, whoever she may be."

"But you will allow me to explain—"

"No; I won't! Leave the house, I repeat."

"And Middlecourt found himself literally turned out of his snug quarters.

He wrote a most melting letter to Gerty, the next morning; but she sent it back unanswered. He came to plead his case in person; but she sent down word that she was engaged.

The wedding came off, according to contract; but the bridegroom was Clarence Wyatt, after all—for Gerty Effingham had come to her senses at last, and as she herself sensibly argued, "better late than never."

"And only think!" said Gerty, "if it hadn't been for that business of that early train, I might have been Middlecourt's dape even now!"