

The Democrat.

BY HAWLEY & CRUSER.

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THE PRINTER'S HOHENLINDEN.

In the seasons when the flints are low,
Subscribers so provoking slow,
A few supplies keep up the flow
Of dimes departing rapidly.

But we shall see a sadder sight,
When duns pour in from morn till night,
Commanding every sixpence bright
To be forked over speedily.

Our hands and due bills are arrayed,
Each seal and signature displayed;
The holders vow they must be paid,
With threats of law and chancery.

Then to despair were almost driven,
There's precious little use of living,
When our last copper's rudely riven,
From hands that hold it lovingly.

But larger yet these duns shall grow,
When interest's added on below,
Lengthening our chin a foot or so,
When gazing at them hopelessly.

'Tis so that scarce we have begun
To plead for time upon a dun,
Before there comes another one,
Demanding pay ferociously.

The prospect darkens—on ye brave!
Who would our very bacon save?
Waive, patrons, all your pretensions, waive,
And pay the printer cheerfully.

Al! 't would yield us pleasure sweet,
A few delinquents now to meet,
Asking of us a clear receipt
For papers taken regularly.

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

BUT Uncle Royal, I am certain he will reform," said Hero Lewis. "He has promised me."

Uncle Royal looked down with a sort of mild sublime pity from the height of his six feet two, upon his pretty niece, as he stroked her silky hair softly.

"My poor Hero," he said, "what is the word of a drunkard worth?"

"Oh, uncle, don't use that cruel word. Don't call him a drunkard," cried the girl, shrinking back as if from a blow.

"I hardly know what other word is applicable to him, Hero. No, he will never reform. And, child, I'd rather see you in your grave than married to a man that drinks."

"He has promised," pleaded the girl, her eyes shining like blue, wistful stars.

"Uncle, ought I not to give him another trial?"

He shook his head.

"My common sense, Hero, says no."

"I hate common sense!" flashed out Hero. "People always talk about common sense when they mean to be hard and cruel. I love Harry Rivers, and I mean to marry him, in spite of the carping sneering world."

And Hero went away through the golden waving of the ears of ripening rye, her blue ribbon fluttering like pennons in the breeze.

Uncle Royal looked after her with a countenance of misgiving.

"Like all other girls," he said, "she is determined to have her own way. Well, if she will wreck herself, I can't help it."

"Do you expect Harry to night?"

Miss Erminia Lewis was what the world irreverently term an old maid, but she was quite young enough at heart to sympathize in the love affairs of the sister fifteen years her junior, to whom she had always stood in the place of a mother, and she too had a soft spot in her heart for handsome dissipated Harry Rivers. She spoke from the window, while Hero was leaning over the gate, a light scarlet shawl thrown across her shoulders.

"He said he would come," with a half-hesitating answer.

"It is getting late and cold, better come in to the fire. You know as well as I do that your throat isn't strong," said Erminia.

"I'll come in a minute," said Hero.

"They were telling me down at the corners this afternoon," said Erminia, speaking with an effort, "that the Railroad company are going to discharge him from their employ."

Hero turned sharply around. "To discharge him! What for?"

"For habitual intoxication. They say it is not a safe thing to employ a man who is not always himself."

"It is a slander," cried Hero hotly. "It is the work of some base villain who wants the post himself."

"Very possible," said Erminia sadly. "Only Hero—don't be vexed with me darling—but they say Harry has fallen in with that set of men from the mines and is getting into worse habits than ever."

Hero turned her face away.

"Have you only evil tidings to tell me Erminia?"

"I would that they were good, for your sake, sister! But the air is growing chill; we will have rain. Had you not better come in?"

"By and by. Don't tease me?"

And Erminia, comprehending that at times solitude is the best medicine for a mind diseased, said nothing more, and closing the casement, sat down to her needlework, by the light of a lamp.

At eleven o'clock, punctually, she went to bed, after having ascertained by a peep through the window, that Hero was still leaning on the gate, all alone in the autumn darkness, with red leaves raining down around her, and the melancholy

cry of an owl in the distant woods lending an additional tinge of mournfulness to the night and the stillness.

"She'll come in when she is ready," thought Erminia. "I don't like to assert any authority over her when she is in one of these moods."

No sooner did Hero perceive, by the disappearance of the light from her sister's window, that Erminia had sought her pillow, than softly gliding through the gate, she hurried down the road with the scarlet shawl drawn tightly over her head.

"I will not be deceived and put off," she murmured to herself. "I will find out for myself, whether—whether he is to be trusted or not."

The Miner's Arms at the corner of three roads, was all aghast as she approached it; and from the wide open casements she could hear the uproarious chorus of a drinking song, the clink of glasses, and that sound of besotted laughter. And lifting a trail of scarlet leaves, wood-bines which formed a natural curtain to one of the windows, Hero peeped in.

With a sinking heart and a chill sensation of despair she saw Harry Rivers rise staggering to his feet with a brimming glass in his hand, and propose some hiccoughal toast which was received with noisy applause by the riotous assemblage. Dropping the woodbine once more, she hurried away with a white set face.

"God help me! God be merciful to me!" she muttered. "For the idol whom I worshiped has fallen to the ground!"

Just at that moment the far-off whistle of a train smote through the silence of the night—a sudden, ghastly possibility took possession of Hero's heart.

"The midnight express," she muttered to herself. "And he dead drunk in that bar-room!"

Hurrying down a steep ravine, heedless of scratching briars and cruelly piercing thornes that rent her dress and drew blood from her tender flesh, she sprang like a wild deer down the declivity, scarcely pausing for breath until she had reached the iron track in the valley below, where a side rail marked the intersecting course of a little freight road that led away toward the north. At six every morning and evening the freight train passed over the road, and it was among Harry Rivers' most important duties to turn the switch that connected this branch road with the main track, after the freight train had gone by.

Had he remembered to do so to-night? Or was the long and heavily laden express from the West even now sweeping onward to its certain doom of death and destruction?

Hero knelt to feel of the track. Her deadly doubt had too much foundation in fact—the switch had not been altered since the freight train came up at six o'clock.

A chill dew beaded over her forehead, a sinking sensation struck to her heart. What was she to do? Were she gifted with the flying footsteps of Mercury's self, she could not get to the Miner's Arms in time to avert the impending danger. And even supposing she could, was Harry Rivers in a condition to comprehend what was said to him? And with a bitter groan rising from the depths of her heart, she realized all the horrors which have their beginning and end in the wine cup.

Suddenly a gleam of hope shot across her brain. She knew where the switch key was kept—she remembered having once seen Harry slip it under a projecting ledge of rocks upon a sort of natural shelf, secure from the dew, rain or tempest, just beyond where she stood. What if she herself should attempt to save the lives of the doomed passengers every instant coming nearer their fate! The idea and to act were almost simultaneously telegraphed from brain to hand. Snatching the key from its resting place, she stooped in the faint starlight now beginning to glimmer through the breaking clouds, and strove with every force of her weak woman's strength, to move the iron rails.

God be thanked! they stirred—they grated on their sockets—and, even at the moment in which the fiery red eye of the approaching express train blazed in the foggy distance, Hero dragged the switch in its proper place.

Yet even then she could scarcely believe that it was right, as with the key dangling by her side, she leaned panting against the rocks until, with a shriek like that of some fire-throated demon of Avernus, the train swept by, a dizzying succession of lighted windows, and darkness and silence again settled down over all.

Hero Lewis neither fainted nor wept. She was not of the material that shrinkers and swooners are made of. She knew that she had saved the lives upon that express train; she knew that she had averted a great crime from Harry Rivers' soul, and that was enough for her.

As she climbed the hillside a few minutes later, she met Harry Rivers staggering down the road. She stopped him peremptorily.

"Harry where are you going?"

"Don't get in my way lass, for Heaven's sake," he cried in a thick uncertain voice. "It's the midnight express. I—I ain't quite certain about the switch!"

"The midnight express passed by fifteen or twenty minutes ago," said Hero, firmly. "I heard the whistle."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Then God have mercy on my soul!" cried Rivers, fairly sobered at last by the shock.

"You need have no fears," said Hero, coldly. "I was there. I turned the switch!"

"You?"

"Yes, I. I had seen you do it. I knew where the key was kept."

"Hero!" cried Rivers, with a strong sob in his throat, "you are my guardian angel! Hero you are a woman among ten thousand. Kiss me my darling!"

"Never again, Harry Rivers," answered she, shrinking from him. "This night has opened my eyes. Hereafter, we are the merest strangers to one another."

She left him, scarcely believing the evidence of his own senses.

The next day his formal dismissal from the service of the railroad company came, and he accepted it without a protest. He knew how dark a record would have laid against his name had Hero chosen to speak, and he dared not hazard a renouissance.

As for Hero herself, she never saw him again.

"My girl," said Uncle Royal, "you are worthy of your name. And believe me you never could have respected Harry Rivers as a wife should respect her husband."

"I know it, uncle," she said softly.

But always within the depths of her own soul she kept the secret of the midnight express train.

A Night of Alarm.

MY sister Julia was very courageous. In our youth the country was wilder than now; but it might be said of her that she was not brought up in the woods to be scared by an owl. She would traverse the most unfrequented paths, wondering at my timidity.

There was nothing masculine, however, in Julia's appearance; she was simply a sweet joyous child, with an absence of fear in her character, and a consequent clearness of perception in all cases of supposed or actual danger.

When I was sixteen and Julia was eighteen my father hired a laborer named Hans Smith a Hessian, who had been in the British service, and who, at the close of the war, had deserted from his regiment.

He was a powerful man, with a heavy, imbruted countenance, and both Julia and myself were struck, at the very first, with an intuitive dread of him. The feeling of Julia hardly took the character of fear, but was one rather of the most intense loathing.

One evening she read a horrible murder that thrilled her blood, and upon turning her eyes from the paper they encountered those of Hans Smith. There was something terrible in that glance, and from that moment, she resolved that the villain should be turned away.

As her wishes and opinions were always of much weight with her father, he took her advice and gave Hans his discharge. Soon after this Julia and I were left alone in the house, both father and mother being absent on a visit until the following day, and we happened to be without a servant at the time, for we kept more than one.

At night we went to bed, and had partly disrobed, when Julia turned hastily to the window.

"I declare," she said, "the evening is so pleasant that it is a pity to remain indoors. I don't feel a bit sleepy; let's go down on the lawn."

We descended the stairs. How little I imagined what was in Julia's heart! Harry Irving came up just as we reached the lawn. He was only casually passing the house.

Julia engaged him in conversation and he joined us.

"Where are Tom and Edgar and Will?" she asked.

"Oh," replied Harry, "they are over to my uncle's. They will be coming back soon."

The three young men soon appeared upon the road, and to my surprise, Julia arose at their approach and called us aside from the door.

"Now, Mary, you need not be nervous. Keep quiet and do not speak above your breath. There is a man under our bed—there, there!" and she clasped her hand over my mouth—"a man under our bed, and the Irvings are going to try to secure him."

They all provided themselves with big sticks, and then, guided by Julia, ascended the steps.

As for myself, I could not follow them, but remained trembling and leaning upon the doorsteps. Never did I experience a greater sense of relief than when the assailing party descended, looking partly ashamed and partly amused, having found nothing to justify their sudden armament.

Julia was in agony of mortification and wept pitously; for although but half convinced that her apprehensions

had been groundless, the idea that she, who never feared anything till now, had placed herself so ludicrously in the eyes of those men, was insupportable.

The man, she said, must have taken the alarm and fled out the back door, for she could not have been so deceived.

Our young friends, more in pity for her mortification than from any belief in the reality or the night intruder, offered to remain in the vicinity till morning, but she would not listen to the proposition, and they took their departure.

I was sorry to see them go, and watched their forms till they were out of sight, for the affair of the evening had frightened me almost into hysterics.

Julia, however, at once rushed to the room, and, flinging herself upon the bed, continued weeping bitterly. She had exhibited herself in a character that she despised, and her man under the bed? would be the talk of the whole neighborhood.

I followed her, but neither of us could sleep. The clock on the mantle struck eleven and then, "tick, tick, tick" it went on for the next dreary hour. Julia at last ceased weeping and lay in thought only an occasional sigh betrayed her wakefulness.

Again the clock struck, but it had not reached the final stroke when Julia leaping out of bed, flung herself upon an immense chest at the further end of the room.

"Oh, Mary!" she cried, "quick! quick! He is here! I cannot hold the lid! He will get out!"

There was indeed some living thing in the chest; for, in spite of Julia's weight, the lid was lifted, and then, as the instinct of self-preservation overcame my terror, I sprang quickly to her assistance.

Whom or what had we caught? Imagine yourself holding down the lid of a showman's box, with a boa constrictor writhing beneath; or keeping a cage-top in its place by your weight alone, with a hyena struggling to tear his way out and devour you!

But we had not long in suspense.—Horrid exclamations, half German, half English, chilled our very hearts, and we knew that there, in the midnight, only the lid of an old chest was between ourselves and Hans Smith!

At times it started up, and once or twice his fingers were caught in the opening. Then, finding out combined weight too much for his strength, it would become evident that he was endeavoring to force out an end of the chest. But he could not work to advantage. Cramped within such limits, his grant power of muscle was not wholly available. He could neither kick nor strike with full force, and hence his chief hope rested on his ability to lift us up, lid and all.

Even then, in the absolute terror that might have been supposed to possess her, a queer feeling of exultation sprang upon Julia's heart.

"I was right, Mary," she cried. "They won't call me a fool now. I shan't be ashamed to see Harry Irving."

Poor Julia! Under the circumstances the idea was really ludicrous; but nature everywhere asserts itself, and Julia listed a coward.

Thump! thump! thump! Lid, side and end alternately felt the cramped, powerful blows. Then came the straining lift, and Julia, cheered me when the cover shook and rose and trembled.

"He can't get out, Mary. We are safe. Only just keep your full weight on the lid, and don't be nervous, either. It is almost morning."

She knew it was not one o'clock. But one o'clock came. How I wished it was five! And two o'clock came; and three and four, and we hoped our prisoner had yielded to his fate, which must now appear to him inevitable.

A small aperture at one end of the chest, where there was a fracture in the wood, supplied him with air, hence we could not hope that he would become weak through suffocation. He was evidently resting from the necessity of the case, for his exertions had been prodigious.

There was a faint streak of morning in the sky, and there upon the chest we sat and watched for the gleam to broaden.

Suddenly there was a tremendous struggle beneath us, as if the ruffian had concentrated all his energies in a final struggle. At my end of the chest there was a crash, and the German's feet protruded through the aperture that he had forced in the boards.

So horrible now appeared our position that I uttered a scream such as I do not think I ever at any other time could have had the power to imitate. To get off the lid in order to defeat the movement through the chest at end would instantly have been our destruction; therefore, still bearing our weight on the chest, we caught at the projecting feet. In doing this, however, we partially lost our balance, and the sudden bracing up of the muscular shape below so forced open the lid that the head, arms and shoulders of Hans Smith were thrust forth; and with a fearful clutch he seized Julia by the throat.

Just then a heavy crash was heard at

the door below, the foot trampa springing towards us as if some one was tearing up the staircase with the full conviction that this was an hour of need. The dim daybreak hardly revealed his identity but I had a faint perception that Harry Irving had come to us in our hour of peril.

Sometime in the morning I found myself in bed with Julia and several of the neighbors standing about me. Julia clasped me in her arms and cried:

"We are safe, Mary. Harry Irving was near the house all night. He returned after seeming to go home. The least scream he would have heard, as he at last heard yours. But I'm glad you did not scream before, as now we have had an experience and know what we can do."

Hans Smith had decided upon the chest as a much safer hiding place than that in which Julia had first discovered him.

Upon the morning on which Harry Irving stunned and secured the ruffian in our room, the officers of justice were searching for the old Hessian scoundrel, as a supposed murderer, and he was soon afterwards convicted and hung.

Julia became the wife of Harry Irving, and a most excellent wife she was. Magnanimous and unrevenging, she was perhaps the only person who felt no gratification at the fate of Hans Smith, but rather a pity for the ignorance which had steeped him in crime.

The Outside Passenger.

It was in the old days of stage coaches, and one of those huge lumbering vehicles was plunging its way between Boston and Salem in a driving rain storm, filled inside and outside with a jolly set of passengers.

Among the number of the more fortunate insiders was a respectable, bald-headed gentleman, who seemed to be very solicitous about a lady riding on the roof. Every few minutes he popped his head out, regardless of the rain, and shouted to some one above. "Well, how is she now?" And the answer came, "All right!"

"Is she getting wet?" inquired the old man.

"No, not much," was the reply.

"Well, can't you put something around her? T will never do to have her get wet, you know."

"We've got everything around her we can get."

"Haven't you got an old coat or rug?"

"No, not a rag there."

A sympathetic young man, hearing all this, and feeling alarmed for the poor lady out in the storm, inquired of the old gentleman why they didn't have her inside, and not on the roof?

"Bless you there ain't room!" exclaimed the old man.

"Not room? Why, I'll give her my place, it's too bad."

"Not at all, sir; not at all. We couldn't get her into this stage anyhow."

Amazed at her prodigious dimensions, the kind young man said, "Well, sir, if my coat would be of any service to you she may have it," and sniting the action to the word, he took the garment and handed it to the old gentleman.

"It's almost a pity, sir, to get your overcoat wet, but—"

"Not at all, sir; by no means; pass it up to her."

The coat was accordingly passed up.

"How'll that do for her?" asked the old gentleman.

"Tip top! Just the ticket! All right now."

Thus relieved, no further anxiety was manifested about the outside passenger, till the stage arrived at the inn, when what was his sympathetic and the gallant young man's surprise and indignation to find that this nice coat had been wrapped around—not a fair young lady of unusual proportions, but—a double bass viol.

That was shrewd advice of a learned lawyer to a pupil: "When the facts are in your favor, but the law opposed to you, come out strong on the facts; but when the law is in your favor and the facts opposed to you, come out strong on the law." "But when the law and facts are both against me," said the student, "what shall I do?" "Why, then," said the lawyer, "talk around it."

Grindstones are considered safe property to invest in; because, if you cannot sell them for cash, you can always turn them.

In the well settled districts of Texas you can get a free ride on a hearse by picking up a rattlesnake.

"Mary" wrote to her "Dear John" to "Comsat apastate."

"Died in a vain attempt to twist the tail of a mule," is a Western obituary, the unfortunate subject of a practical joke.

The oldest Western settler—th ing sun.

London "fog-horns" are made of g