

The Democrat

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THE FROST KING.

From out this winter palace
The King has started forth;
The birds have left their summer nests,
The wind is in the north,
The river and the mountain
The brown and wrinkled sod
Begin to show already where
His messengers have trod.
The clouds unroll the ermine,
And o'er meadow, lane and street,
Make courtiers spread their mantles down
Before the royal feet.
Close to the friendly corners
The sheltered ivies cling,
And wear their emerald cloaks despite
The coming of a King.
His mien and look are haughty,
His voice is cold and stern,
And yet his kisses on the cheek
Like crimson roses burn.
Down from the crested mountain
With grandeur in his tread,
The Winter King is coming with
A white crown on his head.
Not amid waving banners,
Or to the sound of drums,
Beating their gladdest music,
This conquering hero comes,
But silently and solemnly
He enters his domain,
With twenty and a hundred good
Stout yeomen in his train.
Clasping the old earth tightly
Against his frozen breast,
As if she were his chosen Queen,
He says: "I bring thee rest,
Thou hast reigned long and nobly,
Thy virtues all are known,
And thou wilt not be forgotten
Though I possess the throne!"
Contentedly resigning
Her scepter and her crown,
Beneath a dowry cord,
The weary Queen lay down,
To sleep with her companions,
Who, at the touch of Spring,
Shall rise again in time to see,
The going of a King.

Maud Duval.

BY COUSIN CARRIE.

In a lovely village, nestling among the beautiful hills of Vermont, was situated a complete little villa. Whoever saw this beautiful spot never forgot it. Flowers grew everywhere; over the door, climbing the trellis in front of the piazza itself. In fact, it was a perfect Eden of flowers, and well deserved its name of Rosedale.

The mistress of this beautiful place was Maud Duval, a young lady of twenty-two summers, who had lost her mother when a mere infant, and had, but nine months before my story opens, laid her father in his "last, long resting-place." Here she lived, with her old, trusty nurse, Catherine, who had been in the family ever since Maud was born, and could not have loved her more had she been her own child.

Maud was not a beauty, as beauty goes nowadays, but her face had a pleasant expression, and whatever plainness was in it was relieved by a splendid pair of brown eyes—those eyes which, if you look at once, you wanted to look at again.

Maud was not without suitors, especially since her father died; but whether it was for herself they sought her hand, or for her snug bank account, could not be told. Maud rather thought it was the latter, and decided to take them "for better for worse."

One day, as Maud sat reading on the piazza, she was disturbed by loud shouting in the road, and, looking up, she saw a crowd of men entering the yard, bearing a man on a stretcher. Maud ran down to the gate, and was told that the man—a stranger—had seriously injured himself, and it would be dangerous to move him any further until a physician had examined him.

Maud's sympathies were aroused, and, calling Catherine, she told her to prepare a room for the sick man. It did not take long to do this, and in a little while the sick man was placed in Maud's best room, and the doctor called. When he came out of the room Maud met him in the hall and asked him what he thought of the case.

"Hell, Maud, I'll tell you the truth," he said, "if the man is moved he will probably die; but if he is left here, where it is quiet, with good nursing I think he can have no fear of his life. So which will it be?"

"Why, leave him here," Maud said, "for you know there is no other place where he can have as good nursing as Catherine can give him."

So it was decided.

Six weeks passed, in which time the stranger became convalescent. While he was ill, Catherine faithfully nursed him, while Maud daily sent in bouquets of flowers, and also prepared for him little dainties to tempt his palate. When he was strong enough to bear any conversation, she went in to see him. He told her his name was George Maybrey; that he lived in Ohio, and that he was on the way to Montpelier when he was attracted by the beauties of this place, and thought he would stop until the next train, so that he could see it. While he was crossing a stone fence, he slipped, while part of it became detached, and fell on him, breaking his arm, while he also injured himself by striking his head against a stone.

He thanked Maud very earnestly for her kindness, and begged her to write to his mother, his only living relative, so that she would not worry about him.

Perhaps you would like to know something more about this young man. He was about twenty-four years old, with light hair which curled in tight ringlets all over his head, and deep blue eyes, which were always laughing. In health he would probably be called fine looking, but now he was very pale, and thin, and his good looks had taken unto themselves wings.

After this, Maud would go in every day and read to him, and he would tell her of his mother, and of the beautiful place in which he lived. He listened to all her troubles, and showed her the picture of his sister, a beautiful girl who had died within a year.

Well, you know how it is when a young man and woman are thrown in each other's society; and as there was a great deal of pity on Maud's side, and deep gratitude on his, it did not take them long to fall in love with each other, and Maud thought herself the happiest woman alive when George told her of his love.

For some reason Catherine had taken a great dislike to the young man, ever since he had been able to sit up. When Maud told her she was betrothed to him, her face expressed anything but pleasure. Maud noted this.

"Why, Catherine," she said, "aren't you going to congratulate me? How many times have you told me I ought to get married? And now, when I am going to please you, you won't even say you are glad!"

"Well, Maud," said Catherine, "I know I have said you ought to get married, but not to a stranger. What do you know about this George Maybrey, as he calls himself? It's only my opinion be's only after your money."

Maud laughed.

"Well, if he is trying to secure my wealth," she said, "you might say that I am trying to secure his; for he owes a place ten times as much as this."

"Yes, that's what he tells you," said Catherine, "and he puts the place off far enough, so you could not make inquiries if you wanted to. I don't want to wrong the young man, but I think he is an adventurer."

George recovered, and prepared to return to his place of business, which, he said, must have degenerated sadly during his absence. He told Maud he would be back in six months, accompanied by his mother, and then the wedding could take place, when she was to prepare to leave her native village and return to Ohio with him.

After he was gone, Maud commenced to prepare for the approaching wedding, and never felt happier in her life. Every other day she received a letter from George, how he wanted to see her, and how his mother was ready to receive her into her heart in place of the daughter she had lost.

Catherine's face grew sadder and sadder, and one day Maud found her in tears.

"Why, what is the matter, Catherine," she asked. "It actually makes me feel sadly to see you so gloomy all the time, won't we be just as happy in Ohio as here? We've no one to leave behind us."

"It is not that," Catherine said. "But I distrust the young man. Won't you write to him and ask him for references, or something to find out all about him?"

"Why, that would be the same as saying I distrusted him. I could not do that."

"Well," said Catherine, "I only wish you did not have any money, and then we would know what he wanted."

"Then supposing I write and tell him I have lost all my money?" Maud suggested, laughing.

Catherine jumped up.

"Oh, will you, Maud?" she said.

"Why, what are you thinking of? Do you suppose I could deceive him in that way?"

"It would be deceiving him, but God only knows whether he is deceiving us or not!"

Catherine had taken an idea into her head, and every day she would tease Maud to write George that letter. Maud refused at first; but when she saw how much the old woman's heart was set upon it, she at last consented, although much against her will.

"We will not shut up this place, and not tell anyone what we are going to do, and then we will go to the city, and I will write from there."

Maud did so. She told George that the bank in which she had placed her money had failed; that the house was mortgaged for more than its value; and that she must go to the city to earn her living. She expected an answer to this the next week; but no letter came. Day after day she watched for the post-man, but he always passed her door. The happiness faded out of Maud's face; she never smiled now.

Catherine watched her darling mournfully.

"Poor thing!" she said to herself.

"She might better have married him, scapegrace though he is."

The days went by, and still Maud watched, but only to meet disappointment, until at last she said to Catherine: "Let us go back to our own home. I shall feel happier there, if I ever can feel happy again."

They returned home after an absence of six weeks, and you would hardly have known our old Maud, who now sat in the front room, with some light work in her hands, while you can see her mind was far away.

One day there was a sudden knock at the door. Maud opened it, but reeled back, for there stood George Maybrey. He caught her in his arms.

"Why, Maud, darling, what is the matter, why haven't you written?" he asked her.

Maud could not answer, but Catherine came in, and, catching Maud from her lover, she said:

"You're here again? Well, it didn't take you long to get back from Ohio after Maud regained her house?"

"What do you mean?" asked George.

"Why, when—" commenced Catherine.

"Hush, Catherine!" said Maud. "Let me speak. Mr. Maybrey, did you receive a letter from me from Montpelier?"

"From the city? No, I haven't received a letter for six weeks. Oh, darling, tell me what it means! Why haven't you answered any of my letters?"

"I have received no letters to answer," said Maud. "But they may be at the office now. Catherine, go to the post office, and see if there are any letters for me." Turning to George she said, "We have been to the city for six weeks, and have only recently returned."

Catherine soon returned from her errand, with a pile of letters which she threw in Maud's lap, and then left the room. Maud opened the last letter and read it.

"George," she said, "you asked me why I have not written; I will tell you."

She then explained the whole affair to her lover; when she had finished, he took her in her arms and said:

"Darling, as God is my witness, I never received that letter, or I should have hustled to you! I don't blame Catherine a particle. It was wrong for me to win your love without telling you anything about myself. But I think I can refer you to people who can quiet even her scruples. My father was a judge, when living, and my uncle is president of the Bank in the city. Does that satisfy you?"

"Forgive me," was all Maud said.

Well, I think he did forgive her, for six weeks after there was a wedding in the quiet village, and Rosedale was shut up once more.

Two days after George's return, Catherine went to the city. She would not tell any one where she was going, and all she said on her return was, "I congratulate you on the husband you have gained, Maud."

THE COUSIN FROM THE SOUTH.

EDITH BELTON was the prettiest girl at Aspendale Springs that summer, and that is saying a great deal; for Aspendale is only a few miles from one of our largest inland cities, and the pretty girls there were as thick as clover tops in a July meadow.

Miss Falk was there, who had been the reigning belle at Long Branch the summer before; Carrie Armadale, who had queneed it in the diplomatic drawing-rooms of the National Capitol all winter long; and pretty little Ariel Fielding, from New Orleans, with her lovely, Creole complexion, and the great midnight eyes wherein young men's hearts lost themselves so hopelessly. Pretty girls fluttered on the croquet field, pretty girls organized picnics, and archery parties, and mountain expeditions, and in all the sparkling b-v-y of beauties Edith Belton carried away the palm.

And yet when one came to describe her, there were not so many points to describe, after all. She was tall and slim, with tiny, arched foot, brown hair, coiled in heavy braids at the back of her head, and hazel eyes, long-lashed, and full of magnetic scintillations. Her mouth was small and red, her teeth shone like pearls, and her features, though straight, were delicately rounded. The ladies, one and all, decided that she was "a nice little thing, but they didn't see anything so very remarkable about her," and the beaux hovered about her like moths intent upon scorching their wings at some candle blaze.

So matters stood, one brilliant July morning, when Edith drove a little wagonette down to the depot to meet the early train, with Carrie Armadale sitting at her side.

"You're sure he will come to day?" said the latter, pulling out the ends of her looped China crumpe scarf.

"Oh, quite sure. Didn't he write that he would?" answered Miss Belton, with airy confidence.

"Men don't always live up to their promises," observed skeptical Carrie.

"No, but Mr. De Waller does."

"How do you know so much about him? You never saw him."

"No, but my Cousin Kate has written me so much about him that I feel very well acquainted with him. I feel exactly as if he were a real blood cousin of my own."

"But why doesn't he bring his wife with him from Alabama?"

"Oh, Kate hasn't the resolution to take so long a journey, in hot weather; and, besides, she has a nest of birdlings around her, under the Southern Magnolia blossoms, I wish she had come," added Edith, meditatively. "Kate is all the sister I ever knew."

"She must have great confidence in this husband of hers," said Miss Armadale, laughing, "to trust him all alone by himself among the attractions of a Northern watering place?"

"What nonsense!" cried our Edith, jerking unconsciously at the reins, until the little milk-white ponies pranced and reared. "Do be quiet! 'Pet! Stand! still! Bessie! As if Edmund De Waller would stoop to flirting!"

"It's a way men have, my dear," said Carrie, demurely. "Here's the train," she exclaimed. "Keep a tight hand on your ponies' reins, Edith!"

"How ridiculous!" said Edith, "I care for the cars," said Edith, "The next minute flinging the reins to a porter standing by, she was putting up her rosy lips to kiss a tall, sunburnt man, with magnificent dark eyes, half hidden under the brim of a regular Mexican sombrero."

"Because you are Cousin Kate's husband," said she, innocently, "and I am going to adopt you for a brother, straightway. I never had one of my own, and I think it would be charming, Miss Armadale, this is Mr. Edmund De Waller. Come, Edmund, jump into the wagonette and we'll be at the Glen Spring House in plenty of time for breakfast."

Mr. De Waller had never visited the North before, and this first impression of a pretty girl in pink mignon, with a scint of roselids about her, shady hazel eyes, and the most kissable mouths, was naturally very prepossessing. Nor did the impression weaken at all subsequent, during a delightful course of croquet, trout fishing, sketching, and amateur archery.

Edith had a thousand questions to ask about Kate and the children; about the turbaned colored servants, and Mr. De Waller was never weary of expatiating upon charms and attractions of his Southern home.

"How I should like to live in the South," said Edith, enthusiastically, one sweet August twilight, as she sat on the river shore, making believe to fish, but in reality giving herself up to the day-dreams that sprang out of the young Southerner's words.

"And why shouldn't you?" he asked, letting his own rod and line drop in a most sportsmanlike manner, he looked into Edith's sparkling eyes.

"Oh, for a good many reasons. Perhaps, now, if it had been your brother instead of yourself who had come North—"

"and she lifted her merry, mischievous gaze to his.

"My brother?"

"Yes, your brother Ned, you know, as Kate calls him in her letters. I've always had the greatest curiosity to see Ned, don't you know—and all this time you have never spoken of him."

"I didn't know that you were particularly interested in Ned."

"But I am *entre vous*," Edith added; "I've always thought I should fall in love with Ned, if he should ever come across my orbit—and if he is all like you, Edmund, I am quite sure I should."

"Are you in earnest, Edith?"

"Of course I am; I may say what I please to you, Edmund, you know, because you are Kate's husband. And I really do think you're the nicest man I ever saw."

He dropped the line and rod into the water, now, heedless of the gold-speckled trout who had been cooly eyeing the bait for some time, and who darted off in fright to the shelter of the dark and sunless points beyond.

"And supposing I was not Kate's husband?" said he. "Do you suppose you could learn to care for me?"

"But that isn't within the range of allowable suppositions," cried Edith, for the first time beginning to be a little startled.

"And I say that it is," asserted Mr. De Waller. "Edith, I have a confession to make. You took it for granted that I was Kate's husband; I never told you that I was; and it was so pleasant to receive the warm greeting of friendship that I had not the moral courage to resume my own identity afterward. No—I am not Edmund De Waller. At the last moment my brother could not make up his mind to leave his wife and children, so I came in his stead. I am Ned, after all; and now, Edith, I claim your promise."

"What promise?" cried the girl, involuntarily shrinking back, although there was no genuine anger in her eyes. "I made no promise."

"But you implied one. If you will take pity on me, Edith, say so, if not, I'll take this first Southward train to-morrow morning."

"That would be a pity, in such hot weather," said Edith, mischievously. "But what will the real Edmund say when he hears how you have been personating his individuality?"

"He will say it was all your fault."

"You should have told me whom you were at first."

"Should I? Should I have said, hande off, here; don't kiss me; I am not Kate's husband, I am only brother Ned? That would have been taking things for granted with a vengeance!"

And Edith was forced to confess, he was right.

When they walked up from the river at twilight, they were engaged. And within a month Aspendale Springs lost its brightest star; for Edith Belton had gone to Alabama, with her cousin from the South.

WHO GOT BUSTED!

Yesterday St. was found engaged in one of his philippic, political harangues to some of his colored friends.

"Does your publican's kin promise till de las' day in de morning, but dat ain't gwine to ketch dis hyar black bird wid no more chaff!" he exclaimed positively.

"What's you mad 'bout?" asked another darky.

"Dis is what I'm mad 'bout—mind my word now! Didn't dey say when de war was played out, dat de nigger was gwine to be made as good as de white folks?"

"Oh, koarse dey did!"

"An' dat de nigger worked for all dat de old masters had and could soon yearn all dat property back for demselves, hey?"

"Yes, dat's true, top!"

"Dat de white folks was gwine to be poor as church-mouses and nigger's rich, hey?"

"Oom-hook; dat's what dey said!"

"Dat all sounded jes' as purty as reason in on a circus, bill, didn't it?"

"You're right, it did!"

"Well, what makes me mad is dat cirkus hain't arrove down yer yet, an' we can't hear dat it's comin'!"

"Hress de Lord, de white folks is jes' as rich as ever, and de nigger what got busted, and he been busted eber since, an' is gwine to stay busted!"

"Dat's what makes me mad, an' ef de publicans eber get another chance at us, I'll go die wid de yaller jandiss a chawin' ole yaller leeshum tickets!"

No one felt capable of responding to St.'s point.

A United Brethren presiding elder, out in Minnesota, preaching to a strange congregation, was much annoyed by some of the young folks talking and laughing during the service. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church. In the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man who sat just before me was constantly laughing, talking and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service one of the official members came and said to me: 'Brother—, you made a great mistake! The young man whom you rebuked is an idiot. Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church, lest I should repeat that mistake, and reprove another idiot.'" During the rest of that service, at least, there was good order.

Not in The Family.

An old Detroitier brought home two jugs the other day, one labeled "boiled oil," and the other "turpentine." They were placed in the barn, and pretty soon it was noised about that the old man had business there at regular intervals. His oldest son a-lyly, followed him and saw him take a deep draught from one of the jugs. The old man heard a step outside, and before going out he arranged those jugs according to his artistic taste. He was hardly gone when the son skipped in and took a drink from the jug out of which he supposed his father drank. The next moment he was sputtering, coughing and gasping, and the old man entered and asked:

"Turpentine doesn't agree with you, does it?"

"But I saw you drink it!" exclaimed the injured and indignant son.

"That is true," said the old man, while a beautiful smile played over his face, "but it doesn't necessarily follow that the rest of the family must relish turpentine because I do!"

A Obtinaman in California whose life was insured for a large amount, was seriously hurt by falling from a wagon. There was some doubt of his ever getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company, "Charley half dead; like half money."

A not able phrase—"I can't."