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THE KILLDEER'S LAMENT.

In pensive mood, upon an autumn day,
A walk I took, amid the woods, alone—
The leaves were tinged with yellow, and decay
Upon the flowers of summer sadly shown.
Down in a cove, where solitude might reign,
I heard a voice, a half moan—
A trembling voice—which, in a plaintive strain,
Lamented evils in her pathway shown.
With cautious steps, I nearer drew, unheard,
And peering through the leaves whence came
The trill,
I saw upon the sloping bank a bird—
A killdeer—saw with her a whip-poor-will.
Then o'er me came a most mysterious spell,
These trembling tones at once were under-
stood.
I heard the wailing bird her sorrows tell,
In accents sweeter far than moral could.
"There was a time," so runs this tale of woe,
"When love and life to me alike were dear,
Ere man had proved himself our deadly foe,
And beasts of prey were all we had to fear.
"It pillaging fox, or prowling raccoon came
Too near the tuft, where slept our tender
brood,
With well dissembled action—feigning lame,
We led him, duped, into the distant wood.
"But such device with man did not avail,
Too dull to see, or wise to be misled,
Regardless of a mother's wing or wail,
He trampled o'er the living and the dead.
"What is the lily, or the rose to him?
Why should a mother for her children plead?
Why look for pitying tears his eyes to dim,
Who crushes beauty like a noxious weed?
"Why hope for favors on a fragile race,
From him, whose children cry in vain for food?
And, (fouler still his image to disgrace),
Who writes his history with his brother's
blood?
"Why has the red men from the forest fled?
The buffalo, the elk, the timid deer?
Why lives the wren, the robin now in dread?
And why, bereft, do I sit trembling here?
"The health-inspiring breeze comes from the
West,
An eastern wind has ever evil blown,
The setting sun the world with freedom blest
His rising rays reveal the tyrant's throne.
"So, from the East man came with pick and
spade,
And down each valley, where we once abode,
On levelled earth, a winding track he laid,
And, to our cost, built, what he calls, a road.
"He filled the air with dense, sulphurous
smoke,
Which led consumption with each struggling
breath,
And thus the tender ties of nature broke,
And scattered o'er the land the seeds of death.
"Two little DEARS were left—my only boon,
When down the track there came a thundering
train,
Which frightened one into a deadly swoon,
And drove the other hopelessly insane.
"But honor still to whom there's honor due,
While men like Stillman, Taylor, Rich, and
Free
Have to themselves and to their kind been
true,
They've wrought the overthrow of mine and
me."
Then like the waves upon the troubled deep
Emotion swelled the night-bird's heart sincere;
And if, in sorrow, birds do ever weep,
I'm sure there was a sympathetic tear.

MILLIE'S SURPRISE.

BY FRANCES RENSCHAW BADEN.

"MILLIE! Millie! where are you?
Do come down and help me, that's
a darling. Watch the pies, and fry the
doughnuts, do!" called a merry voice.
A moment after, a tall graceful girl
entered the kitchen. She would have
been beautiful, but for her pale face and
sad eyes.
"Oh, Millie, we have had just the best
luck with everything! Not a pie scorched.
Every cake done beautifully. The
pudding, I know, will be the best in the
country, for Rachael was never known to
fail! And just look at the turkey. Isn't
it a perfect beauty? Don't you remem-
ber what Doctor Gray said two thanks-
giving ago? That we had the best din-
ner and prettiest girls in our house that
could be found in the whole state, he was
sure! We will have just as nice a din-
ner to-morrow. But for the girls we will
let somebody else speak. I hope Archie
will come. He half promised."
A sigh from the sad girl reached the
ear of the happy cousin, who quickly
said:
"Oh, Millie, how thoughtless I am. I
forgot—indeed I did—that you were not
so light-hearted as—as when we were
getting ready for Thanksgiving last year—
no, two years ago. I can hardly think
it has been so long."
"It has been very, very long to me,
Katie," Millie answered, wiping away the
tears that had gathered, and, filling her
eyes, stole down the pale cheeks.
"Millie, indeed I would not stand it.
It is just hateful in uncle to act so. He
was always the strangest man I ever saw.
But while aunty lived, he was not just
so hateful. She could win him to some-
thing like civilization."
"Don't, don't, Katie. Remember you
are talking of my father."
"Can't help it. He is my father's
brother. And I don't care if he hears
me say it. And if I were you I would
not run away. I am opposed to that;
but I'd wait until I was twenty-one—that
will be in six months—then I'd send for
Frank, and have him ask once more for
you. If uncle did not relent, I'd walk
off with Frank right before his eyes, and
be married. I would just as sure as my
name is Katie Gordon."

"No, no, Katie, I cannot do that. I
am all that my father has—the only one
who loves him. I cannot leave him. He
was good and kind until this trouble
with Frank's father."
"Indeed, then, stay miserable all the
days of your life! And keep Frank so!
Bless his dear heart! I just hope he
won't stay miserable! There are lots of
pretty girls who would jump at him. I
would try and comfort him myself, only
I love Archie a little better," the merry
girl said, with a bright blush.
Then with more apparent sympathy,
she continued:
"Indeed, I am very, very sorry for you,
Millie. But what is the good of being
so sad? You can if you choose, be hap-
py. If you will not, and have made up
your mind to do the dutiful at all cost,
then resign yourself with good grace,
and be content in the path you have
chosen."
"Katie, I will tell you why just now
I feel so very sad. Frank is to be home
to-morrow! His cousin told me. Oh,
think of it! Only a half mile from each
other, and yet so far apart!" Millie
could not help sobbing then.
"And you will not see him?"
"Of course not; I dare not. Father
forbade me. And it would only be going
over the same parting again; all the
more sad because still more hopeless."
The entrance of Rachael, the cook,
stopped the conversation.
Farmer Gordon and farmer Ralston
were neighbors, and, at the time, good
friends. Their farms adjoined. Once,
a fine piece of meadow land separated
them. Both wanted this land; both be-
ing willing to pay a very liberal price;
neither was willing to resign his chance
of purchasing, or to divide the possession.
So things remained for many months,
indeed years, and then farmer Ralston
came forward, and placed before his
neighbor the deed of the land. It was
obtained by some dishonorable means,
farmer Gordon did not hesitate to de-
clare. Since then, they had been bitter
enemies. Well, folks in the neighbor-
hood thought Ralston had done nothing
wrong, and all espoused his cause. Far-
mer Gordon was generally unpopular,
and it was a source of gratification to
many that he had not been the success-
ful purchaser.
The only son of one, and daughter of
the other, had played together from in-
fancy. After the quarrel between their
fathers, they were ordered to keep to
themselves. But this they couldn't do.
In the first place, they loved each other
too well. Then, they met at church and
singing-school. So it continued, until
Frank was twenty-one and Millie seven-
teen. Thanksgiving evening, two years
previous to my introducing Millie to my
readers, Frank had sought farmer Gor-
don, told him how truly he loved his
daughter, and begged that he would give
him permission to win her.
Even farmer Ralston, whose whole
heart was centered on his only son, ac-
companied him, and joined his entreaties
with Frank's, going so far as to offer the
disputed land and his hand in friendship
again. All of no use. The strange, hard
man drove them forth. He told them
he hated them both, and his girl should
never bear their name.
There was a painful scene between
Millie and her father. He said many
dreadful things that wounded the sensi-
tive, loving heart very sorely, and ended
by telling her the only way she could
gain his forgiveness for having allowed
her affections to be won by one so hate-
ful to him was to cast him from her mind
and heart. So it was that Millie had never
seen her lover since. She dared not
even permit him to write to her. She had
only sent word that she should never
love any one else. And so Frank, in
return, sent word by his cousin that he
would be as faithful, and they would
trust to heaven for their future happi-
ness.
Farmer Gordon had been harder and
stranger since this affair than ever before.
And poor Millie would have been very
miserable if merry, Katie had not spent
much of her time with her. She was an
independent little piece, not a bit afraid
of her "cross, old uncle," as she called
him. When she was with Millie, she
would have merry young folks about her.
Her uncle would take from her what he
would from no one else. He really liked
the straightforward, merry girl.
"Still sighing, Millie," Kate said.
"Now I just want to tell you plainly, you
are being really wicked. How much you
have to be thankful for! There are
many girls more miserable than you.—
You just look as if we had a funeral in
the house. You better thank our Father
for blessing you with health and strength,
and sparing you, and all dear to you, to
see another Thanksgiving! Just think
—"
"Oh, Katie, how could I be more mis-
erable? What could make me?"
"Millie had hardly uttered these words
when her father's own riding horse came
dashing, riderless, up to the stile.
Millie was terrified. She knew that only
an hour before her father had gone out
on Victor, and she cried:

"Oh, Katie! Where is father? Some-
thing terrible has happened! See! How
terrified Victor looks!" Her fears were
soon realized. Slowly along the road
came four of the hands bearing on a lit-
ter her father.
Although no favorite with his servants,
for they all feared him, the men looked
grave enough as they placed their burden
in the hall. Millie threw herself down
beside the cold, still form.
"Dead! dead!" she cried, and in an
agony of grief clasped her arms about
him.
One of the men nodding his head said:
"Taint no use to go on so, Miss," and
removed her from her father's form.
Lifting gently, they bore him in, and
placed him on his bed, stood around
waiting further orders from Katie.
"Are you sure there is no life? James
go quickly and bring Doctor Grey."
"Taint no use, Miss Katie; deed 'it
'taint," the man said.
"Oh, father! father! Why, why are
you taken from me? Oh, maybe he is
not dead. Run, James; oh, please, tell
Doctor Grey to come! Oh! if God will
give him back to me, I never, never will
be thankful enough."
Rachael, the cook, who had been in
the family for years, came forward, say-
ing:
"Taint no use to go on so, child. If
he is dead it's God's will. I only wish
he had been better prepared to go. And as
for you, child, I think you'll be all the
happier for a bit."
"No, no, no! I loved him, indeed I
did. I never would have left him. And,
oh, he used to love me once, so very much.
Don't you remember how he used to love
me, Rachael? And I remember when I
always used to go to sleep in his arms.—
Dear, dear father!" Millie sobbed.
"You had better go for Doctor Grey
anyhow, James. We want a friend at
this time," Rachael said.
"Oh, oh, oh!" sobbed Millie, bursting
forth anew with her grief.
"You will make yourself ill, child,"
Rachael said.
"Oh, I don't care! I wish I could go
to Heaven!" cried Millie.
"Miss Millie, Master Frank is home,"
whispered one of the men.
"Don't, don't, Bill! I can't think of
anybody but my dear, dear father. Oh!
if he would only open his eyes and speak
to me! Just say, 'Millie, and kiss me
once more! Oh, please, dear Lord, give
me back my father. Indeed I cannot be-
lieve he is dead. Only faint; Oh, if
father is given back to me, I never will
grieve any more about anybody. Katie,
come here quickly. Can't you feel a lit-
tle warmth coming?"
"Millie!" said farmer Gordon as his
eyes opened. "I am not dead. Kiss me,
child."
With a wild cry of joy Millie clasped
her arms about him, and fainted on his
bosom.
"I did not think the child loved me
so!" Farmer Gordon said, looking not a
bit like a dead or dying man.
"You scarcely deserve it, uncle, from
her," Katie said, sharply. She began to
see that it had all been one of her uncle's
queer whims.
"There Rachael! you know what to do
for her. She is just like her mother.—
She would faint, alike for joy or grief. I
know now how well you love me, Rachael,
too."
"As well as you will let me. Be more
like the Lord likes you to be, and you'll
find more love," Rachael said, as she,
with James' assistance, carried Millie to
her own room.
"Uncle you did this on purpose. I
know it. Are you hurt at all?" Katie
said, looking very reproachfully at him.
"Well, Miss Pert, I can do without a
doctor," he answered.
And Katie went off to help take care
of Millie. From James she worried out
the truth, who said:
"For Heaven's sake, don't let old mas-
ter know I told. But he got off Victor
gave him a sharp cut, and sent him fly-
ing. Then made us make a litter and
bring him home. It was lying still in
the cold, that made him look and feel
dead. He said he wanted to see if any-
one cared if he was dead."
Thanksgiving, Millie was quite her-
self again. All the day her father had
been more as he used to be years before.
"More like a Christian," Rachael said.
"Less like a heathen," Katie declared.
He had patted Millie's head several
times, and kissed her, saying he
wanted to see the roses come back to her
cheeks again.
Katie was as gay as a lark. Her Archie
came from town, and she presided over
the dinner, she claimed, surrounded by
a host of merry young friends and Doctor
Grey, the family physician. He had al-
ways been Farmer Gordon's friend, as-
serting he knew there was good enough
in Farmer Gordon's heart if one knew
how to find it.
The young folks were gathered in the
parlor, Katie was going to have a dance.
Millie's face, although not as sad as usual
looked not as Katie wished to see it. She
had been trying to make up her mind to
plead with her uncle for Millie.

She was not afraid to go in; only she
didn't want to put him in a rage when
he was trying to act like a human—but
she'll try it.
"Uncle come here," she said, drawing
him off to herself. "Uncle, if you had
been dead yesterday, do you not think
Frank Ralston would have found his way
over here to—"
"Give thanksgiving to God for deliver-
ing the neighborhood in general, and
himself particularly, from such a pest, I
suppose," said her uncle, with a half
serious, half comic expression.
"Nothing of the kind. Only to try
and comfort Millie."
"She would not have let him—not so
soon."
"No, dear girl, she is so doubtful, that
she would not, I fear. Uncle, why won't
you be worthy of that girl's love?"
"Be off with you, you saucy piece!"
"No, not until I say my say, uncle;
send for Frank—send now."
"I will not; neither now, to-morrow,
or ever. Go along and mind your own
affairs, and let Millie's alone!" Farmer
Gordon answered, yet not so wrathfully
as she thought he might.
All were dancing but Millie. She sat
with her thoughts far away. Her father
came up to her and asked:
"Will you not dance my darling?"
He had not called her so for years.—
She looked up with much surprise, and
answered:
"I care not to dance, father."
"Come, I will find you a partner."
He took her hand, and led her out into
the hall. With a cry of joy she sprang
forward.
"There is a partner for life, little girl!
Take her, Frank, and send to Heaven
with her a prayer of thanksgiving for
bringing an old man to his better nature.
God bless you and make you both as hap-
py as she deserves to be!"
"Oh, uncle! I thought you said you
never would," Katie exclaimed, almost
choking him with kisses.
"Because I had already done it, and
knew I would not have to send for him
twice," Farmer Gordon said, with a merr-
y chuckle.
"We will build a house for Millie, right
in the middle of the meadowland. And
it shall be hers—a peace gift from two
old men, whom, praise be to God, are
trying to get a little nearer heaven!" said
Farmer Ralston.
It was the happiest Thanksgiving ever
known to both families. All joined in
a grateful prayer to Him who doeth all
things well.

THEY CARRIED IT TOO FAR.

Mr. Butterwick called in to see me the
other day, and in the course of the con-
versation he said:
"I'm going to move. I can't stand
those Thompsons any longer. There's
the awfulest people to borrow things that
I ever saw. Coffee and butter, and sugar
and flour I don't mind so much;
although when a woman borrows high-
priced sugar and Java coffee, and sends
back sand and chickory, a man naturally
feels bilious and mad. But they have
borrowed pretty near everything in the
house. First its one thing, then its an-
other, from morning till night, right
straight along.
"Now there's the poker. A poker is a
piece of machinery that you would think
anybody might go around and buy, or, if
they couldn't afford it, they might use a
fence-paling to shake up the fire. But
Mrs. Thompson seems to hanker after
our poker. She borrows it fifteen or
twenty times a day, and last Saturday
she sent for it thirty-four times. She
pays a boy \$2 a week to run over and
borrow that poker; and she's used it so
much that it is all bent up like a cork-
screw.
"Now, take chairs for instance. She
asks us to lend her our chairs three times
a day at every meal, and she borrows the
rocking chair every time she wants to get
the baby to sleep.
"A couple of times she sent over for a
sofa; and when the boy came back with
it, he said Mrs. Thompson was mad as
thunder, and kept growling round the
house all day because there were no castors
on it. Last Monday she borrowed
our wash boiler, and we had to put off
our washing till Tuesday. She did her
preserving in it, and the consequence was
all our clothes were full of preserved
peaches. I've got on an undershirt now
that I'm mighty doubtful if I'll ever get
off, it's stuck to me so tight.
"Every now and then she has company
and they she borrows our hired girl and
all the parlor furniture; once because I
would not carry the piano over for her
and take down the chandelier she told
our girl that there were rumors about
town that I was a reformed pirate.
"Perfectly scandalous! They think
nothing of sending over for a couple of
bedsteads or the entry carpet, and the
other day Thompson said to me:
"Butterwick, does your pump log pull
up easy?"
"And when I said I thought it did, he
said:
"Well, I would like to borrow it for

a few days till I can get one, for mine's
all rotted away."
"The only wonder to me is that he
didn't try to borrow the well along with
it."
"And then on Tuesday Mrs. Thomp-
son sent that boy over to know if Mrs.
Butterwick wouldn't lend her our front
door. She said theirs was away being
painted and she was afraid the baby
would catch cold. When I asked him
what he supposed we were going to do
to keep comfortable without any front
door, he said Mrs. Thompson said she
reckoned we might tack up a bed quilt
or some thing. And when I refused, the
boy said Mrs. Thompson told him if we
wouldn't send her the front door to ask
Mrs. Butterwick to lend her a pair of
striped stockings and a horse hair bustle
and to borrow the coal scuttle till Mon-
day.
"What in the name of Moses she is
going to do with a bustle and coal scut-
tle I can't conceive.
"But they're the most extraordinary
people! Last Fourth of July the boy
came over and told Mrs. Butterwick that
Mrs. Thompson would be much obliged
if she'd lend her the twins for a few
minutes. Said Mrs. Thompson wanted
'em to suck off a new bottle top, because
it made her baby sick to taste fresh india
rubber. Cheeky, wasn't it? But that's
her way.
"Why I've known her to take off our
Johnny's pants when he's been playing
over there with the children, and send
him home bare legged to tell his mother
that she borrowed them for a pattern.—
And on Thompson's birthday, she said
her house was so small for a party that
if we'd lend her ours we might come late
in the evening and dance with the com-
pany, if we wouldn't let on that we lived
there.
"Yes, sir; I'm going to move. I'd
rather live next to a lunatic asylum and
have the maniacs pouring red hot shot
over the fence every hour of the day.—
Indeed I would."

Mr. Skidmore's Bugle.

Mr. Peter Skidmore, of Germantown,
plays a little on the bugle. One night
last summer he went into the parlor in
the dark and felt over the top of the pi-
ano for the horn. It happened that his
aunt from Penn's Grove had been there
that day and had left her brass ear-trumpet
lying on the piano, and Peter got
hold of this without perceiving his mis-
take, as the two were of similar shape,
took it in his hand and went out on the
porch, where Miss Miles was sitting talk-
ing to his sister. He asked her if she
was fond of music on the horn, and when
she said she adored it, he asked her how
she would like him to play "Ever of
Thee," she said that was the only tune
she cared anything for.
So Peter put the small end to his lips
and blew. He blew and blew. Then he
blew some more, and then he drew a
fresh breath and blew again. The only
sound that came was a kind of hollow
moan, which sounded so queerly in the
darkness that Miss Miles asked him if
he was not well. And when he said he
was, she said that he went exactly like a
second cousin of hers that has the asthma.
Then Peter remarked that somehow
the horn was out of order for "Ever of
Thee," but if she would like to hear
"sweetly I dream, love," he would try to
play it; and Miss Miles said "the fondest
recollections clustered about that melody."
So Peter put his trumpet to his lips
and strained his lungs severely, in an ef-
fort to make some music. It wouldn't
come, but he made a very singular noise,
which induced Miss Miles to ask if the
horn was in the stable back of the house
had the heavens. Then Peter said he
thought somebody must have plugged
the bugle up with something, and he
asked his sister to light the gas in the
hall while he cleaned it out. When she
did so, the ear trumpet became painfully
dissonant, and both the girls laughed.
When Miss Miles laughed, Peter looked
up at her with pain in his face, put on
his hat and went out into the street,
where he could say over some sensational
language to himself. He is courting an-
other girl now, and learning to play on
the piano.

Referred for Decision.

There is a not very old gentleman, liv-
ing not many miles from Hickman, who
in addition to the fine landed estate he
possesses, has a most estimable wife and
family of children. He is in the habit of
replying to matters concerning his do-
mestic affairs, "Ask the old lady." Re-
cently a stranger called, and seeing the
fine lot of youngsters, asked if they were
all his children. "He replied, "Ask the
old lady." We are informed he asked no
more questions.

Won't Heat.

"Sally" said a fellow to a girl who
had red hair, "keep away from me or
you will set me on fire."
"No danger of that, you are too green
to burn," replied the girl.