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MY WIFE AND CHILD.

Written while an artillery officer in Mexico.

The tattoo beats, the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on—
The shadows thicken o'er the skies,
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad uneasy thoughts arise.
I think of thee, O dearest one,
Whose love my early life hath blest,
Of thee—of him—our baby one,
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast,
God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest.
And hover gently, hover near,
To her whose watchful eye is wet,
To mother, wife—the doubly dear—
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love, so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirits.
Now while she kneels before thy throne,
Oh! teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That while by thy best angels
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies—
That thou canst stay the ruthless hands
Of dark disease, and smother its pain,
That only by thy stern command
The battle's lost—the soldier slain,
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bringest the wanderer home again,
And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly prest,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening quiver of her breast,
No frowning look or angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.
Whisper fate those forms may show
Loved with a passion almost wild!
By day, by night, in joy or woe,
By sleep oppressed or hopes beguiled,
From every danger every foe,
O God, protect my wife and child!

DOLLY'S FIRST OF APRIL.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

DOLLY was dusting the drawing-room, with her dusty duster, and tucked away under a jaunty little sweeping-cap, and her small hands encased in very big old gloves to protect them from the dust. She had opened the window to let the fresh morning air in, and was leaning out to enjoy it, when her cousin Rob ran down the steps on his way to school. Jane was washing the steps, and as he came down she looked in at the basement window where the cook was standing, and they both tittered. Rob looked at Dolly with a very red and angry face, and shook his fist at her threateningly. "Dolly Sanford, you'll get your pay for that yet; you had better believe it," he said, hotly.

Dolly only laughed; she was not at all frightened by Rob's threats, and then just at that moment Mark Vanderhuyten passed by, and drove it all out of her mind. For she was a little dismayed for an instant, that he should see her in a sweeping-cap—Mark Vanderhuyten who was such an exquisite! He would be so mortified to know that she swept and dusted. She felt an impulse to shrink back out of sight, but the sturdy little pride that was in her came to her aid the next moment, and she leaned forth and bade him good morning with a gay nonchalance. As for him, he looked at the cap and the gloves and the big duster in her hands, with a simple smile, half surprised and half amazed.

"Just like him," said Dolly, angrily. "Another man might not have noticed it at all. The cap isn't very becoming." This with a glance in the mirror. "Ned Jarvis, now, would have thought it a new-fashioned breakfast-cap, and complimented me upon it; but Mark, I verily believe, knows the fashions for ladies better than I do. How I do detest a duster!"

And to give emphasis to this last remark, Dolly made her duster fly furiously. But for some unexplainable reason, two or three times before her dusting was finished, she went and looked in the mirror, to see just how badly that cap looked; and she was not a vain girl either.

So it happened that Rob and his wings and threatenings vanished entirely from her mind. But O Dolly, if you could only have known!

Rob's dignity had been sore wounded. In all her jokes—and she was continually having them with all her cousins—she had never touched him at so tender a point. "It was the silliest thing and the meanest thing he ever heard of, and everybody in the house, down to his three-year-old brother Dick, knew it," and in his most heart he recorded a vow to be revenged. This was Dolly's offence; Rob had nearly completed his sixteenth year without the slightest particle of down having manifested itself upon lip or chin and his friend Jack Haliburton, who was fifteen, was in the same situation. It was not known that either of them was dependent from this cause, until the day before Dolly had discovered, securely hid away in Rob's room, a mysterious looking box, whose contents were announced upon the cover, "to procure luxuriant whiskers upon the smoothest face, in a mysteriously short space of time." The box was evidently new and untouched, and by a strange coincidence Jack Haliburton was invited to spend that night

with Rob. Dolly had divulged the secret to Rob's mother, and one of the children had overheard it. Worse than that, she had sent Jane up to the young gentlemen's room with shaving water in the morning!

There was a continual playing of tricks in the house, and Rob was so often the aggressor, that all his brothers were delighted with an opportunity to tease him, and his sufferings, taking the children's persecutions and the tittering of the servants together, had not been slight.

So, though the sight of Mark Vanderhuyten drove her little joke entirely out of her mind, the memory by no means departed from Rob's. He too, had seen Mr. Vanderhuyten, and the sight had suddenly inspired him with a project for a splendid revenge upon Dolly. But weeks and months went by, and Dolly, if she ever gave a thought to Rob's threats decided that she must have forgotten all about it.

The first of April—the boys gala day—came and went, and the usual number of small jokes were perpetrated, but Rob was more quiet and dignified than ever before. "He was growing out of his mischievous ways," his mother remarked, with much gratification; "and Dolly, too, was growing quiet and sensible, and was not putting the boys up to so many tricks as she used to."

The next day Dolly received a letter addressed in Mark Vanderhuyten's handwriting. She knew it at once, because he had several times sent her a note inviting her to go somewhere with him; indeed he had often done so before he went abroad, for he was distantly connected with the family, and they had been very good friends as girl and boy. But since he had returned from Europe, and came into possession of his fortune, and grown to be such a lion, altogether, he had rather neglected her. He was always devoting himself to one or the other of the popular belles, and rumor was continually engaging him to this one or that.

He was altogether removed from her humble sphere, Dolly said to herself. Nevertheless, he did call on her quite often, and had once invited her to a concert, but she refused the invitation, without making any excuse. The reason was as she told her aunt, that "he had grown so conceited that she couldn't endure him." And when her aunt said:

"But you used to like him, Dolly!" she flushed a little, and said with rather unnecessary vim:

"Well, I just about detest him now, aunty!"

Mark had never repeated the invitation so it was rather a surprise to Dolly his writing. But how much more surprised when she began to read! It was a *bona fide* love-letter, and just such a one as she would have expected Mark Vanderhuyten to write, though perhaps rather more earnest and impassioned than it had seemed possible for him to be. He had loved her all his life, he said, though until he went away he had not realized that his affection was other than a brotherly one. Now that he had associated with so many brilliant women of the world, he realized how incomparably superior she was, and also how firmly his heart had fixed itself upon her. He knew that he was not worthy of her; but could she not give him a little hope? He could bear waiting if he might be sure of one day calling her his wife.

Dolly read it in the solitude of her own room, with the door securely locked against all intruders—read it over and over again, as if its meaning would never grow plain to her.

When she had read it long enough to commit it to memory she tossed it aside with a little scornful laugh, and then, for some unaccountable reason, she dropped her head on her hands and indulged in a good cry.

Mr. Mark Vanderhuyten was in his rooms at the B—House. Very luxurious rooms they were, and the gentleman himself had a very lazy, and luxuriant air, as he reclined with his feet at a considerable greater elevation than his head, and a fragrant cigar between his lips. He had been out very late at a succession of receptions the night before, and had only just breakfasted, though it was nearly twelve o'clock. A pile of letters which the postman had brought, hours before, lay untouched upon the table. Suddenly, glancing at them, Mark caught sight of a smaller envelope than the rest, directed in a lady's hand, and one which he did not recognize. He tore it open, and glanced at the signature—"Dolly Sanford."

"What in the name of all that is wonderful is Dolly Sanford writing to me for?" he ejaculated.

His nonchalant air vanished, and amazement became depicted on his countenance as he read:

"Your letter has surprised me more than I can say. I used to think, in the old times, when we were boy and girl together, that you liked me; of late I have thought you were utterly indifferent to me. I was sorry to believe that, but not so sorry as I am to know that you love me. For I cannot be—I never could be

—your wife. I know this will be a disappointment to you, at first, but I cannot help thinking that your feeling for me is only a passing fancy; how can you care so much for such a plain matter of fact little body, so unlike your fine friends? I am quite sure that the time will come when you will thank me for saying 'no.' I shall be your sincere friend—if you will let me.

DOLLY SANFORD.

Mr. Mark Vanderhuyten felt like pinching himself to see if he were really Mark Vanderhuyten.

"His letter!—some fool's confoundedly silly joke!" he exclaimed. And then he remembered that it must have been written on "April fool's day," and he wondered that Dolly had not noticed it—poor little Dolly, whose wits had been so scattered by surprise that it had not once occurred to her.

But above and beyond his anger to the perpetrator of the joke, Mark was conscious of a very strong sense of surprise and chagrin.

Dolly Sanford wouldn't have him! Little Dolly, who had neither beauty nor fortune, whom he had often pitied because she was a dependent in her uncle's family, where her busy feet and willing hands were always at the service of that half dozen of great rough boys. He had never even in the days when he had had a boyish liking for her, entertained the least idea of marrying her; but that she should object to such an arrangement, thinking he did wish it, was truly an astonishing thing! For Dolly Sanford to reject him, when he was sure that not one of the reigning belles of the season would say him nay!

Dolly was not wrong in regard to Mr. Vanderhuyten's conceit, you see. He was very conceited—a fault not altogether foreign to his sex, in general—but I am obliged to confess that his lady friends were in a great measure responsible for it. He was rich and handsome, had very elegant manners, and could make himself very agreeable—when he chose to do so—and young ladies fluttered about him and showed that they felt very much flattered by his attention, and mamma was necessarily polite to him.

Dolly Sanford! Mark could not get her out of his mind; he let his cigar go out, and his horse wait, all saddled at the door, while he read his letter over and over—almost as many times as she had read his.

"Poor little thing! I should think she would be glad to marry anybody that could take good care of her, and get her away from that place, where they make such a drudge of her. She's a nice womanly little thing, though; not much like the average society young lady. I suppose she wouldn't marry a fellow unless she really liked him." And Mr. Vanderhuyten heaving a little sigh—for what reason I cannot imagine, unless he felt suddenly that it would be rather nice to be "really liked" by such a girl.

"Uncommonly nice little thing!" he went on reflectively. "But she has rather taking ways; don't believe there's put on either. She's fresh and bright like a daisy, too, no powder nor rouge, nor anything of that sort. She looked almost pretty that morning last winter in that horrid cap that would have made a guy of any other woman."

Altogether, larger grew the sum of her perceptions as Mark reflected upon them, and the sting of wounded pride seemed to grow keener in proportion.

She had rejected him, finally and decisively rejected him. To be sure he didn't want to marry her, he had never proposed to her or thought of doing such a thing, but still it wasn't pleasant to know, for certain, that she wouldn't have him. He mounted his horse and rode briskly off, trusting to the air and exercise to get all that nonsense out of his head. But, strange to say, he came back still thinking of Dolly Sanford, and in a frame of mind, which showed that there was something of common sense and manliness beneath his conceit, for this is what he said to himself as he sprang from his horse:

"I don't know why in the world I should suppose that she would marry me. I'm a confounded coxcomb and that's the truth!"

Two or three weeks later he met her at a party. It was the first time he had met her since he received the letter in which she declined the honor of his hand. Had she discovered that she had been the victim of a joke? he wondered.

One glance at her face as she greeted him told him that she had not. She was frank and friendly, as always, though with the faintest shade of constraint, and he fancied, a trace of pity for him in her face.

He had opportunity only for a word of greeting; for Dolly, if she was not a belle, was not without her attractions, and tonight had quite a little court of her own about her, foremost in which was Ned Jarvis, a young gentleman for whom Mark had no great liking. On this occasion he assumed an air of proprietorship over Dolly which was exceedingly aggravating to Mark for some reason, which he did not himself quite under-

stand. He was gloomy and absent minded, to the intense dissatisfaction of Miss Laura Fanshawe, a brilliant belle to whom he had devoted himself of late. That lady noticed that his eyes wandered very frequently in the direction of Dolly, and remarked, at last—with a gleam in her own that Mark did not see: "Mr. Jarvis seemed determined to entirely monopolize Miss Sanford, already. I believe it always makes an object attractive to your gentleman to know that it is out of your reach."

"I don't understand you," said Mark, bluntly. "Do you mean to imply that Mr. Jarvis has a right to monopolize Miss Sanford?"

"O, don't speak so loud, please. I am not sure that it is public yet, but I have been told on very good authority, that they are engaged."

Mark tugged fiercely at his moustache, and stalked away, with scarcely a word of apology.

Engaged to Ned Jarvis! Well, why not? Ned was respectable, well-connected, had plenty of money. Of course it would be an excellent thing for her. He would have been glad to hear of it a month ago, Mark said to himself, and wondered what had changed him so. He would shake off this ridiculous feeling, and congratulate her frankly as he ought to do.

But it was not so easy to find an opportunity to do that. She evidently preferred to avoid him. But at last late in the evening, he succeeded in securing her hand for a dance, and afterwards in leading her into a deserted nook of the library, to rest. Dolly was a little shy and restrained, when she found herself alone with him.

"I suppose I may be allowed to congratulate you?" he said, abruptly.

"Congratulate me?" said Dolly, interrogatively, with innocent eyes.

"Perhaps it is a secret—but I have just been told that you were engaged to Ned Jarvis."

"Who could have told you that? Engaged to Mr. Jarvis! No, indeed!" said Dolly, with her cheeks in a flame.

And then—he never quite knew how, he surely had not meant to do it—Mark found himself pouring forth the story of his love, in the most impassioned manner and even forgetting himself, that he was not the author of the letter.

And Dolly listened with a feeling—of which she had more than half conscious of before—struggling fiercely with what she called her "reason" and her "pride."

"I can't take that 'no' for my answer, Dolly! You must—you will give me a better one, dear!" he pleaded.

"I can't—I don't quite know—you must give me time to think, perhaps another time," stammered poor Dolly, wanting to yield and determined not to.

And just then to her great relief, Ned appeared to claim her for a promised dance. And Mark saw her no more that night.

Dolly was dusting again the next morning. She was not exactly a "drudge," but she had a certain round of duties that must be gone through with, even though the night had brought more "counsel" than sleep, and "reason" had been utterly vanquished by love. The morning's post had brought her another fervent appeal from Mark, and Dolly had resolved that her lips should no longer say nay while her heart said yes. She was dusting Rob's room, and trying to bring order out of the inevitable school-boy chaos. Some loose slips of paper had slipped down behind Rob's writing desk. She glanced carelessly at them as she picked them up—carelessly, and then attentively, with a last beating heart.

It was evidently an attempt to copy somebody's hand writing; certain letters were made over and over again; in the first of them she recognized Rob's hand, at once, but, by-and-by, they began to look astonishingly like Mark's! Then she came to a note of invitation that had been written by Mark to her long ago, and which had evidently served for a copy; and, finally—poor Dolly, it seemed if a cold, cold hand were clutching her heart, as she looked—a letter which was the exact fac-simile of the one she had received, except for certain erasures and repetitions where the letter had not seemed to satisfactorily imitate the copy.

When Rob came home from school she met him in the door, with a face so set and white that he asked at once if she had seen a ghost. Dolly held the paper out to him.

"Rob, did you do that?—did you write that letter to me, and sign Mark Vanderhuyten's name?" she said, as if imploring him to deny it.

"Why, yes, of course. You weren't green enough to believe it? Wasn't it as good a joke as ever you played on me, old lady? and didn't I tell you I'd pay you?"

A look at Dolly stopped him.

"But, I say, Dol, I'm sorry if it got you into trouble, you know! I thought you'd find out, that 'twas a joke—you might have known by the date."

But Dolly was out of hearing. She

had rushed up to her room, and thrown herself on the bed, in a passion of weeping. It seemed to her that the humiliation was too bitter to be borne. And how noble, how chivalrous he had been! How great a sacrifice he had been willing to make to save her from the sting of wounded pride!

An hour later, moved by a sudden determination, Dolly went down stairs, and announced to her aunt her intention of going, at once, up into the country to her uncle John's, to spend the summer. It had been arranged that she should go in June, and this was only a month earlier, and after a long argument she succeeded in convincing her aunt that there was a reason—though a secret one—for her sudden freak, and she was allowed to go. Perhaps Dolly's entreaty that Mark Vanderhuyten should, on no account, be allowed to discover her whereabouts enlightened her aunt a little as to the cause of Dolly's sudden flight.

Before she went—on that very night—Dolly wrote Mark a little note, telling him of her discovery, giving a cold and final "no," as to his proposal, and forbidding his seeking her again.

Ah, that was a long summer to Dolly! The country had lost its charm. There was no delight in the clear fresh air, nor the woods; nor the shady country roads. Life was a hard and dreary thing, she felt.

It was October, and her uncle's family were settled in town again, before she went back. Among the bits of news in her last letter from her aunt had been this item: "You will be surprised to hear that Mark Vanderhuyten has lost all his money, I don't know exactly how but I think unfortunate speculations, I think. He bears it in a very manly and brave way—you know I always told you that there was a great deal more of him than you seemed to think—and he has taken a position as clerk in his uncle's store. He looked a little downhearted, but not so much so as he did when you went away. I think he really liked you, Dolly, and you were a very foolish girl; however, as it has turned out, it is all for the best."

"All for the best" because he was poor! Dolly said that over to herself with a thrill of indignation, while the cars were whirling her rapidly homeward. But what if her aunt was right, in one thing, and he had "really liked" her after all?

"And I should be a better wife for him than Laura Fanshawe, or any of them!" she said to herself, suddenly. But he did not come to see her. She had been at home a week before she saw him. Then she met him in the street, and he turned and walked home with her. They talked of common-place matters, like ordinary acquaintances, until just before they reached the door, he said in his old abrupt way:

"Dolly, if you ran away from me because you thought I didn't love you, you made a very great mistake. I should have found out very soon that you were the only woman in the world to me, if that letter hadn't helped me to it. You will surely believe me, now that I am too poor to have any right to ask any woman to marry me."

Dolly hesitated, with a deep flush, and down-dropped eyes.

"But—but—don't you know? Uncle Julius died last spring in California, and left me twenty thousand dollars." And then Dolly thought she had said enough. And I think that I have.

Advice vs. Cash.

The other morning when a rawboned stranger was pacing up Broadway he was accosted by a chronic old beggar who whined out:

"I have been sick for twenty-two years!"

"Woosh! but that's tough!" replied the stranger, as he came to a halt. "What seems to be the leading complaint?"

"Fever sore, sir."

"Fever sore! Why, you've just struck my family. My late wife had fever sore for eleven straight years."

"And I want a little money to buy medicine," said the beggar.

"No use in doctoring," replied the stranger. "We doctored Sarah Ann and doctored and doctored, and we just threw money away. I spent over \$3,000 trying to cure that fever sore, and she died on me just at harvest time; when I was in the worst muck in the world."

"Only five cents, sir," urged the beggar.

"Five cents is nothing. It isn't the money I care for; it's holding out false hopes to you. I tell you that you can't be cured, and you'd better stop feeding the doctors. What you want is rest. Go out and buy you a nice country residence stock it with nice things, buy you a span of spanking nice horses, and take comfort while you can; for you are just as sure to turn up your toes on account of that leg, as you are sure that you see me!—Don't fool away any more money. I had one in the family, and I know what I'm talking about!"

Trowsers obtained on credit are hazardous of trust.