

The Democrat.

BY HAWLEY & CRUSER.

MONTROSE, PA., MAY 10, 1876.

VOL. 33—NO. 19

GENIUS.

MINNIE J. OWREY.

When God, from the chaos created
This world His own glory revealing,
A mystic chain, Nature related
To beauty, 'twas infinite feeling;
And the flowers 'neath the gaze of their lov-
er
The sun, bent their heads with a blush,
And the sky, earth's God given cover
Grew dr. any, with even tides flush.
Then Nature, the mother of beauty,
Let sparks from her depths depart,
As God formed the mind for its duty
Of striving for Heaven and Art.
And His master-hand, rich in completeness,
Decked landscape, and ocean, and sky,
With a hidden thrill blessing their sweetness,
To charm with this secret, man's eye.
Then Genius arose in its real
Bright queen-hood, of purple and gold;
And the man, formed from God's mind ideal
Sat monarch of richness untold.
And pure Love was twin sister to Genius,
Our God was the Father of each,—
As their children, the earth-mist between us
We call them, and fall from their reach.
I have pined,—their souls grow so weary,—
The Poets and Artists, who strive,
To impart some lost glow, "mon, the dreary
Of earth, and failing cry sadly, "forgive."
But the world at best is but an ocean,
If we lose, why it laughs o'er our clay,
If our Genius is great, why its motion
Bring tears, with our laurel, and bay.
For Genius, when given a birth-right
To mortal, is born of the fire
Of beauty, which even to earth-sight
Seems subject to God's own desire
Of harmony, and we being mortal
Can never on earth, attain
Full growth, so we moan at Time's portal,
Reaching upward, for'er, through all gain.
Down through star-phantom of splendor,
God sees us, and understands,
And his father heart growth more tender
As we heavenward reach our hands;
Toward Him, who creator of Genius
Is holding its mystery secret;
When He crowns us, ne. earth-mist between
us.
We shall see our poor striving, complete.

FALSE, YET TRUE.

BY S. ANNE FRIST.

A SCENE repeated since the days of
Adam, yet ever new to the actors
therein the supreme moment when love
long hidden bursts its bonds and stands
revealed, heart meeting heart. The wide
modern drawing-room of John Amherst's
country-house on the Hudson presented
no startling novelty in appearance, yet
for the moment it was surely fairy-land
to the couple who clasped hand there.
The one a man of twenty-five, tall and
noble featured, with eyes deep and dark,
and a voice musical in every intonation;
the other a tall graceful girl, just passing
the threshold of womanhood, with nut-
brown hair and eyes, a fresh, fair face,
and the possibilities of a rarely perfect
nature shadowed upon the low, broad
brown and sensitive mouth.
The man, Egbert Warburton, poet,
artist, lawyer, as the mood seized him,
heir to moderate wealth, traveled, talent-
ed and fascinating, had carried many fair
faces on the surface of his heart, but never
loved as he now loved, Francis Amherst,
who gave him the first flower of her
maiden heart, trusting, loving with all
the sweetness of her nature. Not that
she was an untutored girl, won by her
first suitor, for Frank Amherst had had
two seasons in New York and Saratoga,
under her aunt's care, and was under-
stood to be heir of her uncle John's
broad acres and heavy bank-account.
But she was of that temperament, not
often found, that can gather all the grace
and finish of society-manner, without
one touch of its affectations, can carry
hearts captive and never flit. The love
Egbert Warburton had won was as pure
and fresh as that of any country maiden
who was listening for the first time to the
voice of a wooer.
"You will let me speak to your uncle
when he returns to-day?" Egbert said,
having won the sweet confession he crav-
ed.
"He has returned. He came on the
early train this morning. I do not fear
his answer, for he has never crossed me
since I was a child. Aunt Delia may
persuade me sometimes, but uncle John
has never done so. Do you know, I
think he must have loved my mother
tenderly, he is always so gentle with me."
"Yet you are his brother's child?"
"No, my mother was his sister, but she
married his second cousin, whose name
was Amherst."
"The name misled me. Do you think
I could see your uncle now? I am im-
patient till I know you are to be mine,
Frank!"
Half an hour later, John Amherst, a
gray-haired man, with a grave, sad face
facing the suitor for his niece's hand,
having heard the story of their love, and
answered it in this wise:
"I regret that this has gone so far
with-out my knowledge; that my absence
has kept me so long in ignorance of your
intention. There is no man I would
ever trust Frank's happiness to, than
you, Egbert, the son of my lifelong friend.
Had your father have lived, he would
have told you a heavy secret it is my pain-
ful task to impart. But, before I do so,
I must exact a promise that you will never
repeat the sad story—above all, that
you will never tell Frank the secret of

her life, that I have guarded so closely
that even my own wife does not know it."

"Any confidence you trust to my hon-
or shall be sacredly guarded," was the
reply.

"I will not trouble you with particulars
You have studied and practiced law.—
You may have heard of one Jarvis Hunt
who was tried seventeen years ago for
the murder of Weston Hillary in a gam-
bling-house, convicted of murder in the
second degree, and sentenced to impris-
onment for life."

"I do not remember the case!"

"It has died out of the memory of
most people, and was but little talked of
here, as it all occurred in Cincinnati!—
But those were the facts. In the heat of
a dispute over cards, Jarvis Hunt stab-
bed his antagonist to the heart, and lies
in prison for the crime to-day. His wife
died, broken-hearted, in my arms two
years later, leaving her child a sacred leg-
acy to me."

"Frank?"

With dry, husky lips Egbert spoke the
name.

"Frank! My sister was Jarvis Hunt's
wife. The fiction of her name was one
of the trails we threw over the past as
Francis grew up. Jarvis Hunt is my
second cousin, but my name was given to
his child to spare her the shame of his.
We guarded the secret closely, coming
here after my sister died. My first wife
was living then, but after she died only
two old friends, your father one, knew
the story here. When I married the sec-
ond time Frank was twelve years old,
and I feared to tell my wife her father's
history lest some chance word might
blight her whole life. You will guard
her as closely as I have done, Egbert?"

"You may trust me!"

"I shall not blame you if you consider
this morning's work undone. I will
frame some excuse for you, if you desire
still to keep your freedom. For there
are serious matters to be considered.—
Jarvis Hunt may escape, may be pardon-
ed, and, in either case, may seek and find
his daughter."

"I do not wish one word unspoken,"
Egbert said, in an earnest, grave tone.—
"It shall be the care of my life as it has
been yours, to keep all knowledge of this
painful secret from my wife!"

The two words were spoken with a
shy, yet proud tone, that went straight
to John Amherst's heart. He grasped
the hand of the young man close and
fast, with a quick, fervent:

"God bless you, and grant you every
happiness!"

And while these two talked still, long,
and earnestly, of Frank, her future and
her happiness, in an upper room, a little
brilliant, blande, frivolous, and beautiful
as a butterfly, lay sobbing on her moth-
er's breast.

And her mother, John Amherst's sec-
ond wife, listened with drawn brow and
clouded eyes to the outburst of sorrow.

"I always hated her!" sobbed the beau-
tiful, who, tiny and childlike as she looked,
was fully five years Francis's senior, "and
now she has caught Egbert Warburton,
the only man I ever cared for. He likes
me, too. I am sure of it! While she was
in the country with that horrid aunt
she thinks so much of, he paid me every
attention. Then she came back, with
her sly, soft ways, and has won him!"

"You are sure?"

"I heard him propose to her this morn-
ing in the very plainest English. It is
too bad!" burst out the beauty in a fresh
tempest of sobs. "She will have her
mother's fortune, and father will leave
her most of his, for he says so. I do not
believe he will leave me one cent, and
your jointure will die with you."

"Elsie!" cried her mother, even her
shallow nature roused at this cold-heart-
ed speech.

"It is true; and Egbert is rich. Be-
sides, I love him.

"Hush! That girl has been the bane
of my existence."

"I know it," was the eager reply. "I
was sure that you would help me."

"If I can," musingly; "and I think I
can. Are you to be trusted?"

"Try me."

"Listen then. There is some mystery
about Francis's parents. I have no idea
what it is, for the only time I tried to
find out, her uncle was so stern, I never
dared repeat the question. But there is
something."

"Do you think it is disgraceful?"

"I am sure of it."

"We will find it out and tell Egbert
Warburton!"

All her tears dried, her eyes burning
with a spiteful fire, Elsie Mitchell tossed
herself back from her mother's embrace.

"You had not better meddle with
that," said the mother decidedly. "Make
yourself as charming as you can, and leave
the rest to me."

The programme suited precisely to the
blonde's disposition and ability, met with
no demur. Never had her brilliant beau-
ty been more witching than it was at
luncheon on the momentous day. Her
dress was of dark blue set off the deep-
est gold of her rippling hair and the rich
bloom of her pure complexion, while

her vivacity was a vivid contrast to the
quiet of the lovers, the gravity of the
host.

It was characteristic of Frank Amherst
that she folded her deep happiness in the
innermost recesses of her heart, making
no outward demonstration, if anything
being more shy and quiet in the presence
of her lover. And Egbert, being bur-
dened with the confidence reposed in
him, found a relief in the frothy sparkle
of Elsie's chatter, and responded in kind.

They were old friends, and the lively
banter was nothing new between them;
but it jarred a little upon what Frank
felt was a day consecrated in a measure
to her to see Egbert so quickly won to
join in it. Not that she was jealous.—

There was no littleness in her grand, tull
nature, but her own happiness was too
intense for trifling, and she had a nat-
ural desire for Egbert to sympathize per-
fectly with her.

They were a Summer party of idlers,
Egbert having rooms at a neighboring
hotel, but spending most of his time at
John Amherst's. So, after luncheon the
carriage was ordered for a drive.

It was nothing new for Mrs. Amherst
to tyrannize in small matters over her
husband's niece, so Frank was not alto-
gether surprised to be interrupted while
dressing by a rather peremptory request
to remain at home, and superintend
some household matters. She hesitated,
and then, as usual, consented, being long
accustomed to yield where only her own
pleasure was sacrificed.

"Where is Frank?"

They were all seated in the open ba-
rouche when Egbert asked the question.

"She has a fit of the sulks, and will
not come," Mrs. Amherst replied. "You
should know better, Elsie, than to make
yourself conspicuous when your cousin
is present," she added, severely.

The carriage was in motion when this
startling development of Frank's char-
acter was offered for Egbert's inspection.
Sulky and jealous! Pleasant truly, and
that dark background revealed in the
morning to set the picture off.

He would not think of it, and to avoid
thought he dashed off into conversation
about anything or nothing, being a man
never at a loss for matter to chat with
ladies.

The drive was a long one, and the trio
languered at the romantic spot where it
terminated, just escaping being late to
dinner on their return. And meeting
the dark soft eyes of his betrothed, the
lingering, tender smile of greeting, Eg-
bert Warburton wondered how he could
for a moment imagine her jealous or
ill-tempered.

All the long evening the unsuspected
war went on, Elsie, ably seconded by her
mother, attracting Egbert's attention on
every passing pretext and keeping him
beside her by such quiet persistency as a
man finds difficult to combat without
positive rudeness.

The natural reserve that kept Frank
from opposing her own powers of attrac-
tion to this influence deepened into a
proud pain that it should be necessary,
and she drew back from what seemed to
her a contest unworthy of her woman-
hood.

She would make no effort to force at-
tention that was now her right, and
Elsie made every effort. Egbert, being
but a man, accepted the subtle flattery
of Elsie's evident desire to please him,
while not one iota of his love for Frank
was shaken by the fascinations of the
beautiful blonde.

Yes, as the days passed by, he became
conscious that Frank was more and more
difficult of approach. The intercourse
that had been so pleasant and easy was
restrained and hampered on every side.
Very rarely could he find his betrothed
alone, and still more rarely idle.

Mrs. Amherst taxed every power of
feminine ingenuity to invent employ-
ment for Frank's time, and Elsie devel-
oped a desire for her step-cousin's society
as novel as it was disagreeable.

Only that John Amherst, knowing
nothing of these feminine tactics, would
suggest walks or drives for the lovers,
they would have had no hours of that
precious heart-intercourse that is so sweet
in the spring-time of true love.

But while Frank was conscious only
of regret that she was kept so busy, and
let neither bitterness nor jealousy taint
the perfect trust and sweetness of her
love, Egbert found himself dwelling
more and more upon that sad story told
him in such solemn confidence.

He told himself that it made no differ-
ence in his love, and would have felt
the bitterest self contempt had he allow-
ed it to influence his betrothal, and yet
unconsciously that convict father would
come ever between himself and the noble
beautiful face of Francis Amherst.

It was long before Frank would admit,
even to her own heart, that Egbert was
changed. She missed the eager desire
for her society that had been so marked
in the first months of their intercourse,
the lover-like devices for securing those
stolen meetings that had been so pre-
cious.

Even gentle and attentive, there was
still an indescribable cloud ever between

herself and Egbert, and when it became
so dense she could no longer ignore it,
she found herself unwillingly seeking
for its cause.

Only one reason was apparent. Eg-
bert had found, too late, that Elsie was
dearer to him than the woman he had
asked to be his wife. Utterly unsuspect-
ing of the devices of Mrs. Amherst and
her daughter, Frank only saw that the
brilliant, shallow little blonde was ever
with Egbert, and that their lively, ban-
tering chatter was ceaseless.

With no littleness of jealousy, Frank
could not restrain a contempt for the
man who could be won from his allegi-
ance by such empty handed frivolity as
Elsie displayed. The affections of child-
ishness, the pretty pretenses of helples-
ness, the graceful, appealing attitudes,
the silly acknowledgements of ignorance,
seemed so pitiful to the grand, broad na-
ture of Frank Amherst, that little by
little she despised herself for giving her
heart to one that could so easily be won
away.

And yet, while all these undermining
influences were threatening the beautiful
castle of lifelong love these two hearts
had built, there were hours of intercourse,
growing rarer as time passed, when by a
few words, a hand-clasp, a soul look,
the old love sprang to life vivid and true,
as in that hour when it seemed the crown-
ing glory of both.

And while shadows gathered over the
love-dream that had been so bright, Mrs.
Amherst was exercising her woman's
wit to discover the secret she was sure
rested upon Francis's birth. She could
scarcely have told in what unguarded
moment her husband had dropped the
tiny clue that she held, but he had done
so, and she watched eagerly for some
thread to lead her to the truth.

John Amherst was not a man to be
coaxed out of a secret it was a sacred
duty to defend, and it was long since his
wife had known that much of her in-
fluence over him had faded away. There
were depths in his nature her selfish,
shallow heart could never penetrate, and
he had gradually shut himself more and
more from intercourse that was never
wholly sympathetic.

So, when only cunning to help her
resolute will, Delia Amherst watched her
opportunities. Many hours when the
student thought himself alone in his
library, his wife securely hidden, watched
every movement, hoping to discover
some secret receptacle of papers that
would aid her in her search.

And her reward came! From a draw-
er, hidden behind a large one, she saw
him take some letters, select one, and re-
turn the rest. This settled the fact of a
secret drawer in the large writing-desk.

Like a thief, in the night hours, Delia
rifled the drawer, and in the morning
found what she sought. A number of
long newspaper slips recorded the trial of
Jarvis Hunt, his conviction and sentence,
and, wrapped with them, was the mar-
riage certificate of Ellen Amherst and
Jarvis Hunt, and the record of baptism
of Francis Amherst Hunt, only child of
the unhappy couple.

With the stolen papers in her hand,
Mrs. Amherst sought Francis. She found
her alone in her own room, idly looking
upon the vessels passing up and down
the river, her face pale and sad, as was
becoming habitual with her.

In a long preamble, Mrs. Amherst
pressed upon Frank the fact that Elsie
was poor, dependent upon her stepfather
and deeply attached to Egbert Warburton.
Also that her devoted mother
could not stand idly by and see her dar-
ling sink broken-hearted into the grave.
She alluded to Egbert's engagement as
an unfortunate complication of which
he evidently repented. Finally, she
placed in Francis's hand the papers so
long and carefully concealed from her.

"If, after reading those, you still hold
that unfortunate man to his engage-
ment," she said, "I shall consider it my
duty to tell him who you are."

"Who I am! Who, then, am I?"
thought Frank, as, once more alone, she
opened the first slip in her hand.

The answer dawned upon her slowly,
with crushing weight. She was the
child of an imprisoned convict, a murder-
er, a man who ought to have been
hanged. A deadly faintness crept over
the unhappy girl as the full significance
of those dreadful papers came to her
mind.

It was long before she looked up, to
see the dazzling sunlight upon the water,
to realize that the world was jogging on
as quietly as if all its brightness had not
been stricken out of her.

As the semi-numbness wore away, Mrs.
Amherst's last threat rang again in her
ears, but the effect was different from
that wily woman's expectations. To the
noble, generous nature of Frank, it ap-
peared a positive crime to conceal from
her betrothed the disgrace that had so re-
cently come to her own knowledge. Her
first impulse was to tell Egbert all the
truth, and release him from his engage-
ment.

She rose dizzily, bathed her face in
cold water, and gathered her mental fac-
ulties by a strong effort of will. Then

with the papers folded in her hands, she
went to seek Egbert, if he was in the
house.

In the meantime, Elsie, in the conser-
vatory, had been trying her histrionic
powers in a new role. Egbert had found
her weeping, not unbecomingly, but with
a tender pathos that was irresistible. She
rose, seemingly deeply confused, as he
entered, and made a pretense of endeav-
oring to escape. Little by little, won by
his gentle sympathy, the cause of her
tears was revealed. She was so solitary!
No one loved her! Her stepfather had
never given her affection; Francis hated
her and was jealous of her; her mother
had other ties and interests apart from
her only child. Her loving, sensitive
heart was misunderstood, thrown back
upon itself. All this was a subtle shad-
owing of the one love that might replace
all others, but would never be hers, was
apparently, reluctantly told, with droop-
ing head and tearful eyes.

Suddenly the blue eyes flashed. "See-
ing something at the far-end of the long
parlors, and, with a quick pathos, the
beautiful face was raised with a half stifled
cry.

"Ah! let me go. I am betraying my
heart to one cold to me."

And, blinded, bewildered, Egbert
caught the little figure, and holding it
close, pressed his lips upon the soft, quiv-
ering ones pleading so piteously. One
long kiss, and looking up, he saw Frank
standing in the doorway.

She had come to him, humbled and
stricken, to make her confession and give
him his freedom. She stood now erect,
proud and noble in womanly indignation
for his treachery. Involuntarily her hand
closed more firmly upon the papers she
held. No need to tear her father's dis-
grace from its long concealment, to hum-
ble her own pride. By his own treach-
ery, he was free.

"Pardon me," she said, meeting Elsie's
defiant eyes, Egbert's startled ones, with
quiet dignity. "I did not see that you
were so pleasantly engaged until it was
too late to retire. Mr. Warburton, hav-
ing no further use of this, I will return
it to you;" and she put her diamond-
studded engagement-ring into his pas-
sive hand. "We have made a mistake,
but it is not too late yet to rectify it."

Before he could remonstrate, she had
crossed the room again to her uncle's li-
brary. From her earliest recollection she
had turned to "Uncle John" for com-
fort in every sorrow, and his grave sym-
pathy was now the balm she craved for
her bruised, bleeding heart.

Six years after the events already re-
corded, a malignant fever broke out in
the Ohio State Prison, and spread with
fearful rapidity amongst the inmates.—
Outside assistance was obtained for the
relief of the surgeon in charge, and
nurses were also hired for the emergency.

It fell upon Dr. G——, the prison
surgeon, to select these nurses, and one
evening, as he sat in the private office, he
was informed that a lady wished to see
him with reference to his business.

A tall, graceful woman in deep morn-
ing was ushered into the room, and, in
reply to his listening attitude, said:

"I have come to apply for admission
to the prison as nurse."

"Yourself?"

"You look surprised, and probably
think I am inexperienced, but I have
letters from the hospital where I have
been nursing for four years."

As she spoke, the visitor laid before
the doctor, two letters certifying to her
ability as a sick-nurse, and signed by
well known hospital surgeons.

"You are aware that there is danger
of catching the fever," said the doctor. "It
is not contagious in many cases; in oth-
ers it has proved so."

"I am well aware of the risk."

There was a moment of silence, then
the lady spoke, and her voice was sweet,
steady and clear.

"I heard to-day that Jarvis Hunt was
ill with this fever. One of the nurses
has a sister in the hospital where I have
been, and has kept me informed. If
possible, I should like to be put upon
duty with Jarvis Hunt."

"A relative?"

"My father, sir."

With no false shame for the disgrace
for which she was not responsible, quiet-
ly dignified as when she stood in crowd-
ed ball-rooms, the belle of the assem-
blage, Francis Hunt, waited the doctor's
decision.

Four years before she had lost her un-
cle, her best and most constant friend.—
Egbert had married Elsie, cursing his
own infatuation, and Francis had come
to Ohio, throwing aside all disguise, and
devoting her time and large income en-
tirely to the service of the paupers in the
hospital. For those who could pay for
hired assistance she had no care, but
there were many who had no service be-
yond the regular routine duty of the
pauper world.

It was a part of Francis's religion that
crime calls for atonement as well as
repentance, and she humbly laid the ser-
vice of her life at the Savior's feet, pray-

(Continued on Eighth Page.)