

# The Democrat.

BY HAWLEY & CRUSER.

MONTROSE, PA., MAY 17, 1876.

VOL. 33—NO. 20

## BLUE AND GRAY.

"Oh, mother, what do they mean by blue  
And what do they mean by gray?"  
Was heard from the lips of a little child  
As she bounded in from play.  
The mother's eyes filled with tears;  
She turned to her darling fair,  
And smoothed away from the sunny brow  
Its treasures of golden hair.  
"Why, mother's eyes are blue, my sweet,  
And grandpa's hair is gray,  
And the love we bear our darling child  
Grows stronger every day.  
"But what did they mean?" persisted the child;  
"For I saw two cripples to-day  
And one of them said he fought for the blue;  
And the other, he fought for the gray."  
"Now, he of the blue had lost a leg,  
The other had but one arm,  
And both seemed worn and weary and sad,  
Yet their greeting was kind and warm.  
They told of battles in days gone by,  
Till it made my young blood thrill;  
The leg was lost in the Wilderness fight,  
And the arm on Malvern Hill.  
"They sat on the stone by the farmyard gate  
And talked for an hour or more,  
Till their eyes grew bright and their hearts  
Seemed warm.  
With fighting their battles o'er,  
And parting at last with a friendly grasp  
In a kindly, brotherly way,  
Each called on God to speed the time  
Uniting the blue and gray.  
Then the mother thought of other days—  
Two stalwart boys from her riven;  
How they knelt at her side, and hisping prayed  
"Our Father who art in heaven";  
How one wore the gray and the other the blue,  
How they passed away from sight,  
And had gone to the land where gray and blue  
Are merged in colors of light.  
And she answered her darling with golden hair,  
While her heart was sadly wrung  
With the thoughts awakened in that sad hour  
By her innocent prattling tongue;  
"The blue and the gray are colors of God;  
They are seen in the sky at even,  
And many a noble, gallant soul  
Has found them passports to heaven."

## THE BRIDE'S TRIAL.

IT IS strange what different estimates  
I people will put on a man's character,  
according to the eyes with which they  
view him. In the opinion of some Ben  
jamin Benedict—not our hero exactly,  
but the next thing to it, his uncle—  
was a gentleman, a scholar, and a philan-  
thropist; while others, quite as well  
qualified to reason and decide, wondered  
that such a monster was allowed to walk  
the earth unchallenged. For old Ben  
Benedict was just the sort of man to  
provoke and please in alternations—a  
human March Jay, with streaks of sun-  
shine and chilling gusts sandwiched thro'  
his nature. People who knew him liked  
him, passing well, but it sometimes took  
a lifetime to know him as he really was.  
"You will be sure to like my uncle,  
darling," said Hugh Benedict, to his  
young wife. "He is eccentric, but he is  
striking."  
Rachel did not answer, but her blue  
eyes were wistful and full of perplexity.  
Uncle Ben, whom she had never seen,  
but of whom she had heard much, was to  
be an insupportable riddle, whom she  
feared more than she was willing to ac-  
knowledge. For Hugh's future depend-  
ed to a certain extent on Uncle Ben  
Benedict, and with Hugh's fortune her  
own was bound inseparably.  
She was a fair, fresh-looking girl, with  
velvet cheeks, bronze bright hair, and  
features as correct and delicately cut as a  
cameo.  
Hugh was quite certain that  
Uncle Ben could not see her without lov-  
ing her; but then these young husbands  
are not apt to be impartial judges.  
She was sitting in the fire-light at their  
bedroom, when the old gentleman first  
beheld her; and the only warning she  
had of his presence she saw reflected in  
Hugh's eyes.  
"My dear, how do you do?" said the  
old gentleman, kissing Rachel on both  
cheeks.  
And she thought he was not so terri-  
ble after all.  
He turned to Hugh, when he had thus  
rather unceremoniously made himself ac-  
quainted with his niece-in-law.  
"Well, you-g man, are you ready to  
leave these rooms and go to your new  
home?" he asked; for he it known that  
the old gentleman had given Hugh and  
Rachel a wedding present of a new  
house, wherein they were to live.  
"Quite, sir," Hugh answered very cheer-  
fully.  
"Shall it be to-morrow?"  
"Yes."  
"All right."  
And Mr. Benedict sat down to spend  
the evening.  
"Well, sir?" said Hugh, when his un-  
cle was taking his leave, and paused on  
the door-step to light a cigar.  
"Well, sir," said Uncle Benedict calm-  
ly.  
"How do you like her?" asked Hugh  
earnestly.  
"How can I tell?" demanded the old  
gentleman, irritably. "She's pretty to  
look at, so is a china doll, or a white kit-  
ter. It isn't always the prettiest calicoes  
that wash the best! Good evening."  
And Hugh Benedict, albeit he was  
very fond of his uncle, did not know  
whether to be vexed or not.  
Early the next morning, however, Un-  
cle Ben made his appearance before the  
young couple, breathless and eager.

"Trunks packed, eh?"  
"All but the last one, uncle."  
And Rachel lifted her pretty head  
out of the tray, as you may have seen a  
red clover blossom rise up from beneath  
a child's foot-step.  
"I'm going down to Bloomingdale  
myself, my dear," said Uncle Ben.  
"Hugh, I want you to go off at once  
with these letters. They're of impor-  
tance. I'd go myself if I were ten years  
younger, but sudden journeys don't  
agree with old bones like mine."  
Hugh looked aghast at the proposal.  
Rachel turned pale.  
"Cannot the business be postponed,  
sir?" said Hugh, hesitatingly.  
"No, it can't," replied Uncle Ben, curt-  
ly. "If you don't want to go, say so. I  
dare say I can find some one else to oblige  
me."  
"Of course I shall go," said Hugh.  
"But Rachel?"  
"I suppose I'm old enough to take care  
of a little girl like that," said Uncle Ben  
in an aggravated tone. "You'll find us  
both in the residence, with the table laid  
for dinner, when you come back to-mor-  
row."  
So there was nothing for it but for  
Hugh to kiss his little bride a half score  
of times, and commission uncle to take  
the best possible care of her until he  
should return.  
"Foolish children!" said Mr. Benedict  
as he saw Rachel sobbing on Hugh's  
shoulder; but there was a cheery twinkle  
in his own keen, gray eyes, neverthe-  
less.  
Poor girl! the atmosphere had lost  
some of its sparkle, and the world looked  
less bright as she journeyed toward her  
new home.  
As the Autumn twilight began to fall  
her thoughts became busy as a woman's  
will at times.  
"Uncle, what sort of a house is it—  
ours I mean?" she said, turning sudden-  
ly toward him.  
"Well, it's a cottage, I should say," he  
said reflectively.  
"A modern cottage?"  
"Well, no, rather of the antique order  
than otherwise."  
"Oh," cried Rachel, "I'm glad; I de-  
spise these stiff, formal places, that look  
as if they were merely to be admired, not  
lived in and enjoyed. Uncle, what are  
you laughing at?"  
"At your curiosity, my dear," replied  
the old gentleman.  
"Then I won't ask another question,"  
she said resolutely.  
But she fully atoned for that depriva-  
tion by sketching on the tablets of her  
own fancy an endless variety of Gothic  
structures, with bay-windows and trellises  
covered with climbing roses and honey  
suckles, while Uncle Ben watched her  
from behind the screen of his newspaper,  
with the queerest of expressions on his  
brown, old face.  
"I'm almost sorry I commenced this  
thing," he said to himself. "If I should  
be disappointed in her! But, pooh! it's  
the only way to find out if she's worth  
my boy's love."  
Presently the lumbering old carriage  
came to a stand-still; but to Rachel's  
surprise, not in front of a new fairy cot  
or low eaved edifice surrounded by veran-  
das and flower parterres. A tumble-  
down, unpainted farmhouse stood a little  
back from the road, with its shutters  
hanging loosely on one hinge, and one  
or two lilac bushes forlornly tossing their  
foliage in the wind.  
"How dreary it looks," thought Rachel  
with a shudder. But Uncle Ben at once  
jumped out.  
"Come, my dear," he said.  
"Is this the place?"  
"This is the place, uncle Ben answered,  
with a sudden paroxysm of coughing.  
"Gate's a little out of order," as the us-  
ual mode of ingress became suddenly de-  
tached from its sole remaining hinge, and  
fell with a crash to the ground, "but  
that's soon set right with a screw driver  
and a half dozen or so of screws."  
Alas, poor Rachel! What were her  
sensations as she looked blank around  
the neglected, dismal spot which was the  
sole realization of her fairy dreams?  
"This the home Uncle Ben gave them!  
And for an instant our poor little heroine  
felt as if she could repel the unwelcome  
gift, and tell uncle Benedict plainly that  
she could not spend her days in a hovel  
like this.  
But then came sober second thoughts,  
Uncle Ben had meant kindly, they were  
poor, and could not afford to dispense  
with even the meanest of roofs over their  
heads. "No; she must gratefully accept  
the present in the spirit in which it was  
given, and check in the bud all her re-  
bellious and unamiable repinings.  
"I told you it was a cottage, you know,"  
said Uncle Ben keenly scrutinizing her  
face, as they stood on the doorstep wait-  
ing for the door to be opened.  
"Yes, I know," said Rachel, glancing  
round with brightening eyes. "This is a  
very choice climbing rose over the win-  
dow, if it were only properly trained."  
"It's rather lonesome," said Uncle Ben-  
edict.  
"I like the country," Rachel answered,  
hopefully.

As she spoke a slipshod old woman ap-  
peared to let them in, and led the way to  
the best room, a green curtained apart-  
ment, with a shabby carpet on the floor  
and a fire in the stove that emitted far  
more smoke than calorific.  
"Smoky, eh?" said Uncle Ben.  
"The draught seems to be poor," said  
Rachel; "but I dare say it can be alter-  
ed."  
"I hadn't any idea the ceilings were so  
low," grumbled the old gentleman.  
"It's partly the effect of the wall pa-  
per," said Rachel with a glance at the  
red and green monstrosities. "A narrow  
striped pattern will improve it."  
"What queer little cupboards at the  
sides of the mantle!" he said.  
"O, they will be nice for our best chi-  
na," said Rachel.  
"My dear, I believe you are determined  
to be pleased. Do you really think you  
shall like this place?" asked the old gen-  
tleman.  
"I shall like any place where Hugh is,"  
she said brightly.  
She went all over the house with the  
old gentleman, planning improvements,  
and suggesting and contriving, until he  
really began to think she would make an  
Arcadia of the tumble-down old farm.  
And if she shed a few tears on her pil-  
low, when she went to bed under the  
eaves of the roof in an apartment which  
must have been built for Tom Thumb,  
Uncle Ben never knew it.  
There was the carriage at the door  
when Rachel rose from her breakfast of  
bread butter and coffee the next morn-  
ing.  
"Come, my lass," said the Uncle  
"I want to show you a place further up  
the road, which has been taken by a friend  
of mine."  
The drive and the delicious September  
air were like an invigorating tonic to our  
weary little bride, and a picture after  
the style of Watteau awaited them, in  
the exquisite villa with its rose-clad bay  
windows and picturesque sloping roof.  
Rustic iron chairs stood under the bow-  
ing branches of the elms on the lawn,  
and a marble Cupid, holding up a conch  
shell, scattering bright rain into a flower  
bordered basin directly in front of the  
gates.  
"O, how beautiful!" cried Rachel. "I  
never saw such superb scarlet geraniums  
in my life; and what a lovely marble-  
paved hall!"  
"You like the appearance?"  
"O, yes, 'tis beautiful."  
"Come in my dear, and see how you  
would like the interior," said the old gen-  
tleman.  
It was perfect, from the parlor, with  
its superb Brussels carpet and exquisite  
silk hangings, to the bedroom, all in white  
and pink, like the inside of a rose's heart,  
and the fair conservatory, all stocked  
with camellias, heliotropes, and rare fu-  
shias at the south end of the house.  
"It is like a fairy land!" cried Rachel  
enthusiastically. "Do tell me Uncle Ben  
who is to live here?"  
"Uncle Ben turned round and faced  
her.  
"You, my dear!"  
"And Hugh, of course?"  
"To be sure!"  
"But Uncle," gasped little Rachel, quite  
overwhelmed by this unexpected good  
luck, "the other house—"  
"That's only a little joke of mine.—  
This is the real home, and I give it to  
you with all the more pleasure seeing you  
were disposed to make the best of a bad  
bargain you thought you were in for.—  
My dear, the contented mind you possess  
is worth a thousand houses."  
And Rachel felt something warm and  
wet upon her cheek, like a tear, as the  
old gentleman stooped to kiss her.  
When Hugh came home to find his  
little wife upon the veranda, all welcom-  
ing smiles to greet him, he exclaimed:  
"Why, Uncle Ben, this is a perfect  
casket."  
"But none too good for the little jewel  
that inhabits it," Uncle Ben answered.  
And Hugh read in the tone that his  
young wife had won the capricious old  
gentleman's heart.  
Three or four Detroit girls were the  
other day discussing the character and  
standing of a certain young man, and  
an old lady was a close listener. One of  
the girls finally remarked: "Well, I  
guess he is rich, for I saw him coming  
out of a bank the other day." "And I  
guess he drives a street car," put in the  
old lady, "for I saw him jump off a car  
one day last week."  
A subscription paper was lately circu-  
lated with the following object in view:  
"We subscribe and pay the amount set  
opposite our names for the purpose of  
paying the organist and a boy to blow  
the same."  
Don't you think you have a prejudice  
against the prisoner?" asked a lawyer of  
a witness. "Very likely, I have caught  
him stealing two or three times."  
Why is a store that don't advertise,  
like Enoch Arden? Because it sees no  
sails from day to day.

**THE TWENTY COLLAR BILL.**  
"I MUST have one," said Cathie Hart-  
ford.  
Cathie was sitting at the breakfast ta-  
ble.  
"Must is for the queen," said Mr.  
Hartford, reaching out for another muf-  
fin.  
"Now, uncle, please!" implored Cath-  
ie.  
"How many hats have you got al-  
ready?" inexorably demanded Mr. Hart-  
ford.  
"Nothing that is suitable for this oc-  
casion," retorted Cathie. "Ladies dress  
so elegantly for Mrs. Hate-Willoughby's  
morning concerts. And Madame Persiani  
has the loveliest opera hat she will  
let me have for twenty dollars—only half  
price, uncle, dear; because Miss Hyde,  
for whom it was made, has gone into  
mourning, and decided not to take it!"  
"Indeed!" said Uncle Hartford.  
"Dear uncle, you'll give me twenty  
dollars!"  
"I'll give you nothing of the sort,"  
said Uncle Hartford, decidedly.  
Cathie Hartford cried a little when her  
uncle had gone to his office.  
"Mean old thing!" said she, apostro-  
phizing the portrait of her grand uncle,  
and hung stiff and simpering above the  
mantle. "With all your oceans of money  
to grudge me a poor twenty dollars  
for a dress hat! But I won't go shabby,  
that I'm determined on! I'll stay at  
home first! And Paul Atherton is to be  
there, and Rose St. Felix will have him  
all to herself—the hateful, flirting thing,  
and—and—"  
And a new gush of tears followed this  
dismal foreboding.  
"Lend you twenty dollars, Mrs. Apsell?  
What do you want me to lend you twenty  
dollars for?"  
Paul Atherton was looking very kind-  
ly down upon the pale, pinched, little  
widow in her rusty cape and worn bom-  
bazine, and Mrs. Apsell took courage to  
reply.  
"It's interest money that I owe on the  
mortgage my poor Hubert gave Mr.  
Hartford, the banker. And if it isn't  
paid promptly, I'm afraid he'll foreclose;  
and all the living I make for myself and  
children is by keeping boarders in that  
little house. I have hoped all along to  
raise the money without troubling you,  
but my best boarders left me last month,  
and the rooms are vacant yet, and—"  
Mr. Atherton put his hand into his  
pocket at once.  
"No more apologies, I beg," he said.—  
"If I can't spare a little money to Hubert  
Apsell's widow, I ought to be cashiered.  
Here's a twenty dollar bill—I've been  
keeping it for good luck, on account of  
the Maltese cross drawn in red ink on it,  
but I can afford to transfer the balance  
of luck to you, I think!"  
And Mrs. Apsell went immediately—  
the tears of gratitude bedewing her poor,  
little, weak eyes—to where Cathie Hart-  
ford was yet bewailing her affliction.  
"What is it, Bruce?" said Cathie to  
the pink ribboned parlor maid.  
Uncle Hartford would not consent to  
a man in plain livery, although Cathie  
had declared, over and over again, it  
was quite essential to their standing in  
society.  
"Please, miss, it's a person, as insists on  
seeing you, if Mr. Hartford isn't in. A  
person to pay some money, miss."  
Cathie roused up at this, and went out  
into the vestibule, where Mrs. Apsell was  
meekly waiting.  
"It's twenty dollars, miss," said Mrs.  
Apsell, "that I owe Mr. Hartford, your  
father—"  
"Uncle," corrected Cathie, rather stiff-  
ly.  
"Uncle—beg your pardon—for inter-  
est on a mortgage on the house in Hop-  
per street; and if you'll kindly give it to  
him—"  
"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Cathie,  
and Mrs. Apsell went away.  
"Now," cried our disconsolated young  
damsel, "I'll have that dress hat at Mad-  
ame Persiani's, or I'll know the reason  
why. Uncle won't know the money has  
been paid in; and next week, when my  
quarterly allowance comes in, I'll make  
it all straight!"  
Miss Cathie Hartford appeared at Mrs.  
Harte-Willoughby's in that superb white-  
velvet hat, trimmed with snowy ostrich  
tips and silver wheat, tipped with crystal  
dewdrops—and Mr. Atherton thought he  
never had seen so pretty and fascinating  
a little creature in all his life.  
"I do believe I'm falling in love with  
that little girl," said Mr. Atherton.  
He went home to his hotel. Mrs. Ap-  
sell was sitting in the reception-room,  
waiting for him.  
"Hallo!" said Mr. Atherton.  
"He's going to foreclose, sir," sobbed  
the woman. "Mr. Hartford is going to  
foreclose."  
"But he can't foreclose, if the interest  
is paid up to time?" remonstrated Ath-  
erton.  
"I don't know how that is, sir; I never  
did understand law, but—"  
"Did you pay him that twenty dol-  
lars?"

"I paid it into Miss Hartford's own  
hands, sir."  
"I'll go and see about it myself," said  
Mr. Atherton. "Go home—Mrs. Apsell,  
I will take the conduct of this matter  
into my own charge."  
Half an hour later, Mr. Atherton pre-  
sented himself at the office of Harpagon  
Hartford.  
"How's that about widow Apsell's  
mortgage?" he said. "I hear you're go-  
ing to foreclose."  
"Didn't pay her interest," curtly re-  
plied the banker.  
"How much is due?"  
"Twenty dollars."  
Atherton paused a minute or two,  
wrinkling his brow apparently in deep  
thought.  
"I'll settle it," said he; and he settled  
it accordingly, thinking within himself:  
"Poor soul! I dare say she has forty  
ways at once for her money, and hoped  
to see her way clear."  
And then he went home, stopping en  
route at the cigar merchant's to pay a  
quarter's bill. The merchant gave him  
a twenty dollar bill, with a red Maltese  
cross sketched upon its face.  
"The duce!" cried Atherton. "How  
came you by my lucky bill, Mr. Smokey-  
bridge?"  
"Let-me-see," said Mr. Smokey-  
bridge. "My wife took it from one M.  
Achille Persiani."  
"Can you give me his address?" he  
asked.  
"Oh, certainly, his wife is the fashion-  
able milliner on — street."  
And to M. Persiani's our hero went,  
resolved to see what Mrs. Apsell had  
done with the money he had given her in  
good faith.  
M. Persiani was obliging enough, in a  
flowery, French way. He had received  
the money from Aveline, his wife—  
Madame, summoned to the conclave, re-  
ferred to her books, and immediately  
informed them that she had taken the  
bill from Miss Catharine Hartford!  
From Catharine Hartford! And Mrs.  
Apsell had solemnly declared that she  
had herself paid it into Miss Hartford's  
hands!  
"I see this to the end," said Mr. Ath-  
erton, compressing his lips a little; and  
he called on Cathie.  
"Excuse me if I ask what may seem  
rather impertinent questions," said he.  
"Ask what you please," said Cathie all  
smiles.  
"You bought a dress hat the other  
day?"  
"Certainly," said Cathie.  
"You paid for it with a twenty dollar  
bill?"  
"Yes."  
"With this bill?"  
He held it up. Cathie colored scarlet.  
"And you received this bill from Mrs.  
Apsell, to be by you given to your uncle  
in part payment of a sum of interest due  
to him? I must beg for an answer."  
Cathie began to cry.  
"—I meant no harm. My quarter's  
allowance is due next week, and—"  
"That will do," said Mr. Atherton.—  
"A thousand pardons for annoying you."  
And he went away, and Cathie Hart-  
ford never saw him more.  
She had got her dress bonnet, but she  
had lost her lover!  
The boys of Detroit seem to be going  
down hill in their morals of late, Sunday  
one of the legion, who had always been  
noted for his respectful demeanor toward  
the great public, observed an old citizen  
yawning and gaping on the street corner,  
and said to him: "Better not open your  
mouth too wide." "Why?" was the sur-  
prised query. "There's a law again open-  
ing a saloon on Sunday!" continued the  
sinful child, as he slid for the middle of  
the street.  
An Indiana girl at Vassar College writes  
to her parents: "This is the most stylish  
hairpin of a boarding school I ever  
tumbled into. I can eat four times a day  
if I want to, and get a fair hack at hash  
every time."  
There is a reason to believe that the  
dynamite fiend was an aristocrat, with no  
sympathy for the masses. If he'd wanted  
to elevate the working classes he'd  
have shipped his explosive on an emi-  
grant ship.  
A Denver paper says that an Indian chief  
left his squaw in a saloon there the other  
day, as security for payment of a whisky  
bill. Probably one of the Pawn-ee tribe.  
A compositor, setting up a report of a  
horse race, said: "The fool sellers were  
busy" instead of the "pool sellers," but  
it did not alter the sense of the paragraph  
much.  
Of course it's absurd for a boarder to  
call a cockroach a fellow of infinite jest,  
because he appears on a new roll every  
morning at breakfast.  
The editor who was told that his last  
article was as clear as mud, replied, "Well  
that covers the ground, anyhow."  
Horned pigs are a Missouri novelty.