

The Democrat.

BY HAWLEY & CRUSER.

MONTROSE, PA., MAY 31, 1876.

VOL. 33—NO. 22

THE GAME OF LIFE.

This life is but a game of cards, which mortals have to learn.
Each shuffle, cut and deal the pack, and each a trump doth turn;
Some bring a high card to the top, and others bring a low,
Some hold a hand quite flush of trumps, while others none can show.
Some shuffle with a practised hand, and pack their cards with care,
So they may know when they are dealt, where all the dealers are.
Thus fools are made the dupes of rogues, while rogues cheat each other clear,
And he is very wise indeed who never meets defeat.
In playing some throw out the ace the counting cards to save,
Some play the deuce and some the ten, but many play the knave;
Some play for money, some for fun, and some for worldly fame,
But not until the game's played out can they count up their game.
When hearts are trumps they play for love, and pleasure rules the hour,
No thought of sorrow checks our joy in beauty's rosy bow;
We sing, we dance, sweet verses make, our cards at random play,
And while our trump remains on top our game's a holiday.
When diamonds chance to crown the pack the players stake their gold,
And heavy sums are lost and won by gamblers young and old;
Intent on winning, each his game doth watch with eager eye,
How he may see his neighbor's cards, and beat him on the sly.
When clubs are trumps look out for war, on ocean and on land,
For bloody horrors always come when clubs are held in hand;
Then lives are staked instead of gold, the dogs of war are freed;
This side the broad Atlantic the clubs have had the lead.
Last game of all is when the spade is turned by hand of time—
He always deals the closing game in every age and clime;
No matter how much each man wins, or how much each man saves,
The spade will finish up the game and dig the players' graves.

HER IDEAL.

MISS ISORA Beal was a young lady of sixteen, unaffected, good-hearted, and pretty. It must be confessed that she was also somewhat empty-headed and vain. But as these qualities are peculiar to a very large proportion of her sisterhood, they were not particularly noticeable. She possessed, beside, another trait, which used to be tolerated in the young, but which has, of late, gone quite out of date, along with the old-fashioned virtues—she was romantic.
I know not how to account for this circumstance, except by connecting it with the apparently incongruous fact of her having been educated in a nunnery.
From those "cloistered walls" the poor child who was an orphan had just emerged to begin her little career in the world, and to take the head of her old bachelor uncle's establishment. That worthy gentleman, though shrewd enough in his way, had about as much of the internal structure of a girl's heart, as I have of the process by which flowers are introduced or made to grow in the middle of those curious glass balls one sees everywhere. (Tormenting little problems as they are—they always perplex me as the apples in the pudding did poor King George—I must still be wondering how they got in!)

Of course Isora had never entered a theatre. She was now sixteen years of age, when, exposed to histrionic infection, she took the theatrical fever with uncommon virulence.
When Signor Ricco Rocco, the famous tenor, first broke on Isora's sight in a bandit's costume (which is well known to consist of loose leather boots, a red sash garnished with pistols and daggers and a velvet cap with a bobbing black plume), she felt that, for the first time in her life, she was in the presence of a hero. Her eager eyes were bent upon him, and her heart almost stopped beating.
Signor Rocco took two steps forward and stopped with a jerk, and by repeating this maneuver several times advanced to the front of the stage.
Isora's heart beat quickly again, and a flush of excitement rose to her cheek.
"He realizes my ideal!" she murmured.
After rather an awkward pause on the part of the bandit during which the orchestra got through with the prelude, he executed a sentimental aria, in a melodiously way, with first one hand and then the other alternately pressed to his heart, and sawing the air.
Isora heard the mournful strain with deep emotion.

"To think he should be unhappy!" She sighed, and the brimming tears were in her eyes. All was reality to her, silly child!
The whole evening was one of intense excitement and novel sensation to Isora, and the worst of it was that at this dangerous crisis she had not even the safety valve of a confidante. Neither sister, mother, nor "dearest friend" was at hand and when the poor, lonely child, in search of sympathy with her emotions during a very trying scene, glancing round timidly at her uncle, she was shocked to perceive that worthy personage sound asleep. She woke him instantly that he might not lose the treat.
Though the fact I have mentioned would tend to prove that the uncle did not enjoy opera-going much for its own sake, he delighted to give pleasure to his niece, nor did he see anything amiss or suspicious in her vehement entreaties to be taken every night while the opera lasted. He therefore went and slept, and Isora went and felt—or thought she felt—which answers as well sometimes—herself in love.
The season was a long one, and things went on till the silly little thing, carried away by all sorts of sentimentalities and delusions was firmly convinced her heart was lost beyond recall.
This topic filled her head so completely, that having, as I have said, no female confidante, she one day, in utter inability to keep such a secret pent up any longer, hinted the state, of the case to her uncle himself. The good man was aghast. Such a contingency had never presented itself to his imagination.
"In love with Signor Ricco Rocco, indeed!" he exclaimed, half amused and half enraged.
"Yes, indeed, uncle; so much in love—that—that I don't know what to do."
"In love! Bah! Do you know what will cure you?"
"No, uncle," she replied.
"An ounce of sense!" said he. And thoroughly vexed and annoyed the uncle left the niece alone to ponder on his prescription.
As to whether this remedy was applied or not, uncle and niece differ; at all events, it was not successful.
Isora began to "peck and pine." All her merry ways, her girlish gaiety deserted her. She moped—grew sallow—almost morose; a very common effect of moping, gentle reader, believe me, though novel writers never mention it.
This state of things forced itself on the attention of the uncle, who might otherwise have never again recurred to the absurd confession of his niece. As it was he was continually reminded of it.
He missed the life and gaiety which had swept like a breeze of spring through his dusty old house when Isora first entered it. He hated to see a pale, lackadaisical girl poking languidly about, instead of the fresh, lively, saucy thing who had amused him a few weeks before. He was one of the gentlest and kindest of men, but he was a man after all; and, therefore, it is probable Isora might have fretted herself to death without opposition, if she could have done so without diminishing his comfort or enjoyment; but, as the case, he felt the necessity of effort, and he bent his vigorous and practical mind to a removal of the difficulty. The result of much intense study and deliberation was an invitation to Signor Ricco Rocco to dine with him.
Isora was informed of this arrangement, and after thanking her uncle from the very depth of her fluttering little heart for his great and delicate kindness, ran off to choose betimes the dress in which to array herself on the momentous occasion.
The day and the hour came. (Isora began to think they never would.) She had been consulting the mirror all the morning, and was now dressed with simple elegance, walking up and down the drawing room with her uncle, awaiting the arrival of her distinguished guest.
In her innocent delight she could not help telling her only confidant how handsome and intelligent she thought the signor, and her opinion that all the world must see his very great resemblance to the noble and chivalric Sir Walter Raleigh.
To all this the wily uncle said little or nothing; though his shoulders would shrug a little, with a mysterious grunt, which puzzled Isora, now and then escaped him.
A ring at the door bell. Isora dragged her uncle to the door to listen, and then back to the furthest corner of the room, as she heard the step of the visitor approaching.
A moment more, and she was in the presence of her hero. He was shaking hands with her uncle—her uncle was introducing him to her; without flinching courage to raise her eyes, she could only blush deeply and bow her head before him.
For the first few moments she desired nothing more. It was enough to know herself in the presence, to know that the cherished object of her girlish adoration

—her hero—her ideal, was near her—in the same room. But as it is a law of the human heart always to make an attained happiness the step by which to mount to another higher yet, Isora in time overcome her timidity; she raised her eyes, and saw a middle aged gentleman, red faced, and fat.
It was our heroine's instantaneous conviction that an impudent hoax was attempted to be played on her.
That the elegant lover! the chivalric hero! the brave soldier, with whose appearance she was so familiar from her seat in the boxes! No, she could not, would not believe it! It was only through her uncle's somewhat ostentatious iteration of the name of "Ricco Rocco," that she could in any way connect the impostor before her with the princely person she had hitherto known under that title.
The belief that her uncle was attempting to play off a trick upon her was confirmed at dinner-time, as she observed the guests half-bred manners and voracious appetite. It ripened into certainty during a conversation she had with him after they had returned to the drawing room.
Her uncle had been called away for a short time by a business visitor, and in the short *tele-tele* during his absence the signor became so confidential as to inform Isora, in broken English, that he had probably broken more hearts than any man living, and, at the present time, nearly twenty young ladies were doomed victims to his dangerous attractions.
Perfectly disgusted with his over-weening vanity, and embarrassed by a confidence so unsolicited and undesired, Isora was thankful for the reappearance of her uncle in time to obviate the necessity of a reply which she knew not how to frame.
"Ere long the guest departed, and the uncle immediately demanded:
"Well, Isy, what do you think of your Signor Ricco Rocco now?"
"Ah, uncle," answered Isora, smiling reproachfully as she passed his cheek with her fan, "do you think I don't see through you and your plans?"
The uncle changed countenances visibly, and with rather a conscience-stricken look, asked what she meant.
"Why, of course, uncle, I'm only a silly girl, and not hard to outwit, I dare say; but your trick is rather too palpable to impose even upon me. That red-faced man Signor Ricco Rocco, indeed! He was more like Daniel Lambert!"
The uncle suddenly recovered his spirits.
"Oh! that is the view you take of it, my little darling, is it? Then I'm all right, for I can tell you, on my word of honor, that our visitor was Signor Ricco Rocco himself, as sure as I'm the best of uncles."
But Isora was still unconvinced. She could not doubt her uncle's word; but neither could she realize any identification of the two widely different individuals claiming the same name. She had still the impression that some deception was being practiced upon her.
Her uncle, perceiving her doubts, wisely proposed another visit to the opera, assuring her that though she could not discern Signor Ricco Rocco in their guest she would not find it so difficult to trace their guest in him.
To her amazement, Isora found this prediction true. The next night, in spite of disguise, paint, and stage illusions, their fat guest of the previous day stood constantly before her. She was effectually cured.
Some years afterwards, Isora married a plain sensible man, with nothing of our hero about him, except a noble, loving heart, but whom she managed to love devotedly, notwithstanding.
Her uncle made one of her house hold, and exercised a great influence over her; for it was observable that whenever anything did not go as he approved, or his niece was about to act in any way he considered foolish, he had but to pronounce the mysterious words, "Ricco Rocco!" to reduce her to instant obedience to his wishes.
A new artist has turned up at Washington, a Mr. Witt, of Columbus, Ohio. An enthusiastic correspondent says of him:
"He is absolutely without a peer as a portrait painter here, and, it is believed in the country. He has lately finished portraits of Thurman, Swayne, Cowen and Ingalls of Kansas, which excel anything of the sort that has ever been produced here. Witt is a very laborious, pains taking young man, and he steadily improves. He has no superior, either, as a landscape painter, and has had some superb works on exhibition, but he devotes himself almost exclusively to portraits, in which, if he lives, he will earn a name equal to that of the most famous men in the calling that have lived in this or any other country.
A fair one says she knows what she's talking about, and that it just doubles the value of a kiss to have to burrow for it under a big moustache.
But there, I have written so much

A Young Lady's Letter.
WHAT SHE WILL DO WHEN SHE BECOMES A BRIDE.
A father of an interesting and accomplished daughter of this city has left at the *Eagle* office a sort of literary curiosity in the shape of a letter of correspondence. The letter is from a lady friend, and was written to the above gentleman's daughter while she was absent from Reading. When she came home she happened to show it to her father, who feels interested enough in social literature, to have it spread before the community for the benefit of the public in general. Here it is:
"Well, Lizzie, you know I'm to be married soon. I believe I told you of it before you left. Then, however, I was not so certain about it as I am now. You know you can't always tell what the young men mean until they actually commence talking about the wedding clothes. By and by some one will come along and pick you out from the crowd and propose matrimony. Don't let the young men fool you.
They are much more naughty and awful now than ever before, and gracious knows what they'll be a few years hence. But we are nearly all fixed. I'm to be dressed very common. We are going to be married at our house and there is not going to be the least fuss about it, either. My dress will be of white cambric, and you know that material is very cheap and so serviceable that I can wear it during the summer evenings.
I shan't buy a costly dress and then fold it away and keep it in a trunk in remembrance of our wedding day. Not a bit of it. I had put down my wedding outfit at a hundred dollars, and do you know, I've saved six y dollars on it; and with that sixty dollars we can furnish one more room in our new house than we had at first intended. So much for that.
We shall have a little wine and cake that is all.
Only a few relatives will be present. We do not expect any silver presents, neither are we going to borrow any for the occasion.
We shan't have a full house of spongers to eat up our things, laugh at our foolishness and criticize our manners. We do not desire a house full of young men to crack vulgar jokes at our expense, either. Would you? We are going to have a quiet wedding. No trips for us. The house has got to be furnished from attic, basement, and the gas and water turned on. Mother says the fire in the heaters and range will be ready burning just as if we had been keeping house for a year. She is going to market the day before, and the pantry will be full of just what we want. Isn't she a dear soul? Just to think. I'm to be mistress of a whole house. My husband, (how queer that sounds) and he is not my husband yet, say I can have a girl and a wash woman. But no, I shall have no such thing. No girls around my house for me. As for washing; guess I can attend to that. Just think of such an extravagant proposition. Why, I'm going to keep up five shares in a building association and the money I can save by doing our own work I can pay into the society, in our joint name, so that half will be mine. Then if we ever have a daughter or a son we can build them a house when they get married. I won't describe the future we are going to have. You must see that for yourself. But no drinking in our house, Lizzie! No side boards, no liquor. Friends can have fruit, water, cigars, flowers or tea, but no strong drink of any kind. I am strongly opposed to it. My husband, when he's out, can do as he pleases, but he has promised to allow me to be the guardian of our home and I shall ever pray for strength to make it a happy, Christian home for both of us. I don't mean to trim, tidy, straight-laced, quiet house, dark, gloomy, and mouldy. Oh, no! I believe in plenty of sunshine, plenty of light air, laughter, joy, mirth and merriment, flowers, canary birds, society; but no whisky, beer, brandy or horrid gin. No, no. It is a vile serpent, this strong or malt drink. But my husband dare smoke in the house. Indeed he dare do anything he pleases that will please his friends, except what I mentioned. They have all the fun they want—tear up the house and upset everything, as long as they don't break or destroy things, and provided it don't come too often. Now, that's the sort of a wife I'm going to be.
I'm going to have a bill of fare for every day in the week all mapped out and agreed upon. And I'm going to keep it up, too, right straight along. I believe that it will be cheaper in the end to know just what you're going to have beforehand. Then, there will be nothing done in a hurry, and I shall never be at a loss to know what to get for dinner and supper. I shall buy bread and rolls and have the butcher call every morning, if I desire him. I detest too much meat eating, particularly in summer.
But there, I have written so much

that my little head is swimming round and round. Well, we don't get married but once or twice in a lifetime, so we might as well make the most of it while we are at it. When you come home call and see us—you will always be welcome. Then I shall tell you all about the more real side of married life.—*Reading Eagle.*

A Rural Blondin.
A DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.
Since the death penalty was abolished in Wisconsin, the amusements offered to the public have been "stale, flat and unprofitable." The high topped moral status of some could only be amused and satisfied with an entertainment which could furnish at least a rope and a death. Hence when it was announced that W. D. Lincott, would walk across the falls at Wausau on a single line, there were men who said they would give twenty-five cents to see him walk across, but five give five dollars to see him fall in; others uttered the prediction that it was a sell, and when this stranger had collected a few dollars he would light out, and no attempt would be made to perform the perilous feat.
As the hour for the performance drew near, the people began to gather in vast numbers, lining the banks of the river on both sides. The rope had been stretched across the river about midway between the bridge and the brink of the falls. The wind which had begun to blow in the morning, had been increased to a gale, which came in fitful gusts causing the rope to vibrate and tremble so much that Lincott's friends were free to admit that while they believed in his ability to perform just what he had advertised, they did not think it possible in such a wind storm, blowing as it was, directly across the frail bridge upon which he was to cross the rapid. From the dam above the bridge to the brink of the falls is a rapid; where the vast volume of water, swollen by the spring freshet, rushed forward in long breakers, foaming and leaping in fantastic shapes to the cataract, where it takes a grand plunge to hurry through the rapids below, bounding into great waves, whirlpools and eddies until it reaches the level stream below. We do not believe that one man in ten thousand could pass through these falls and come out alive.
As the figure on the dial marked the hour set for Lincott's journey he stepped upon the rope, dressed in the style of acrobats. His balance-pole in hand, he walked forward upon the slender thread, and in spite of the howling winds around him and the dark waves below, which sent up their old crests as if to invite him to their deadly embrace, walking steadily forward to a point about three hundred feet from the west shore, and about one hundred and fifty feet from the east shore, when a gust of wind more powerful than ever struck the brave man, and threw him off his balance. His pole, with which he attempted to regain his balance, came up to nearly a perpendicular, when the lower end was caught by the crest of a giant wave below and wrenched from his hands. Lincott fell, and was swallowed up by the mad waves, to reappear at the brink of the falls, over which he plunged. Quickly emerging amid the breakers below the falls, his stalwart form was seen battling with the icy water for his life. By almost superhuman efforts he gained the shore near the lower end of Clark's lumber yard, and by the assistance of those who had gathered there he soon stood on dry land, to wave his hand at the vast concourse of people, whose glad cheers proclaimed him the hero of the hour.
The people of Wausau have had a new sensation and a new pleasure, without the expense of a kingdom or a half a kingdom, and if there is a morbid appetite which can only be satisfied with a death, we have Mr. Lincott's authority for saying we have come as near satisfying you as we can afford to.
The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market; it depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time or money; but make the best use of both. Without industry or frugality, nothing will do; and with them, everything.
A distinguished investigator in physical sciences has left it on record that, whenever, in the course of his researches, he encountered an apparently insuperable obstacle, he generally found himself upon the brink of some discovery.
That preacher forgot himself, who, while addressing a ladies' charitable society, said: "My hearers, I now urge all of ye to dive down into your breeches pockets and haul out suthin' for the poor."
A new book entitled "Die Hauptströmungen der Literatur des Neungehrter Jahrhunderts." This title will give you all the time necessary to get out of the back door while the agent is mentioning it.