

The Democrat.

BY HAWLEY & CRUSER.

MONTROSE, PA., JUNE 7, 1876.

VOL. 33—NO. 23

THE SONG OF INDEPENDENCE DAY.

1876.

BY GEORGE REIMENYDER.

With pomp and show, and patriot speech,
With loyal song, and shout and cheer,
From North to South, from beach to beach,
We celebrate our hundredth year!

In answer to Columbia's call,
From all the farthest zones of earth,
Have come our foreign brothers all,
To celebrate our day of birth!

In every wind's a martial strain,
And cannon rend the vaulted sky!
And cheer on cheer is heard again,
And countless banners wave on high!

It is a day of patriotic pride,
And will not pass away, in vain;
If Truth and Justice still abide,
Our sons shall see this day again!

But if our rights are bought and sold,
And modern statesmen shame our past,
And all is one through bribes and gold,
This natal day shall be our last!

If demagogues gain place and power,
By making fresh an ancient hate,
Even in this our natal hour,
Then dark will be our future fate!

But honest statesmen, and just laws,
With Wealth and Labor hand in hand,
Will give earnest patriot cause
To love and bless his native land!

Then let us leave the era done,
Without the coward's foolish fears;
Progress and Virtue shall be one,
And we will live a thousand years!

HALF A LOAF.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

"HALF A loaf is better than no bread,
Charlie."

Little Mabel Castleon said this wistfully, her eyes, as she spoke, wandered to the cradle where two curly heads were lying.

"But when one has had a whole loaf, May, one does not exactly relish the half rations you mention," said Charlie, moodily. But his eyes followed those of his wife to the cosy nest of the twin babies.

"It is a bad time of the year to be out of a situation," said Mabel, after a long silence. "And how many of whom we know are idle! It would not be easy to find employment now."

"You think I had better remain with Mr. Muffin?"

"Do I? Tell me exactly what he said to you."

"The substance of what he said is this:

"Business is so very dull that he is obliged to curtail his expenses, and he must discharge some of his clerks. I have been with him for ten years, and he was pleased to say that I am very useful to him, and he is unwilling to part with me. But he can give me but half my present salary, though he promises to raise it again as soon as business prospects brighten. I don't know what to do. We are none too rich at my present salary."

"Yet we have saved something each month. Besides, dear, we have not tried to be very economical. There are many ways in which I could save."

"And make a perfect slave of yourself?"

"Not a bit of it! I have plenty of leisure time, now that May and Belle amuse themselves. Come, Charlie, accept Mr. Muffin's offer. You may hear of something better, even if you remain there, but don't throw yourself out of a situation in the dead of winter, for my sake, and the children's."

The last argument conquered. Charlie knew only too well that it would be almost hopeless to look for a new situation, for the whole town was echoing Mr. Muffin's complaint. The small nest egg in the bank would soon melt away when it became the sole support of four, and so, kissing Mabel, he promised to follow her advice.

But it caused his pride a sore wrench. He had entered the service of his present employer at seventeen, and slowly, steadily gaining favor by dint of faithfully fulfilling every duty, he had won his way to the desk of head clerk. Not until he had secured this position, would he ask Mabel to become his wife, furnishing a pretty cottage home, out of his savings, and giving her a thoroughly comfortable income for housekeeping expenses. He was not extravagant, but it pleased him to see his wife well dressed, to give her an efficient servant, to have his twin girls ever presentable, his table well appointed. All this had been easy upon his salary, and there had been something added for three years to the little bank fund.

But to do all upon half the present income would be simply impossible. House rent must be met, and the sum remaining each month would need to be carefully calculated to meet all the expenses, leaving but little margin for pleasure or extravagance of dress.

Then what would Will say? Will Castleon was Charlie's cousin who had been his life-long companion. Together they had left the school-room for a business position. Will entering the grain store of Harvey & Russell at the same time Charlie had taken the place in Mr. Muffin's dry goods store. Shoulder to shoulder the young men had worked their way up, till this financial crisis brought all business men into temporary difficulties of greater or less magnitude.

Will had expressed the warmest indignation at the proposal made to his cousin, strongly advising him to throw up his situation and "see how old Muffin would get along without him," and Charlie, before seeing Mabel, was quite ready to follow his advice.

He knew Will would think him mean-spirited to remain upon half salary, and yet Mabel was right, "half a loaf was better than no bread."

And while Charlie Castleon was thus weighing the pros and cons of his decision, Mr. Muffin was listening to the counsel of his old friend and whom, the senior partner of the firm when it had been "Gardner & Muffin," and who, though he had retired years before, was still the strong friend and frequent adviser of his former partner.

"It is a mistake, Muffin," he said, "You had better send young Castleon about his business and engage an entirely new book-keeper. You will find half pay means half service, mark my words."

"But I might search C— from end to end and not find a clerk competent to take his place."

"Then pay him full salary."

"I cannot do it unless I reduce the number of salesmen, and I'm short handed now. There is but one way for me to keep my head above water. You see Charlie's failure involves me very heavily, and—"

And the worried man of business entered into long explanations of his difficulties not necessary to repeat here.

It touched Charlie deeply, when entering the counting house to announce his determination to remain in his old position; to see how the face of his employer brightened. He had been sitting in a despondent attitude looking over the mails, the lines of care strongly marked upon his face. As Charlie spoke the large eyes grew brighter, and he smiled pleasantly as he said:

"Thank you, Castleon. It would have caused me serious embarrassment to lose you, and I am heartily glad you will stay. I trust you will not long be obliged to take a smaller salary, but circumstances compel me to economize."

"You have been an employer to me for ten years," answered Charlie, "and if I am really of any value, more than another would be in my place, I will not desert you."

And looking into the careworn face that trouble was marking more deeply than age, Charlie resolved to serve Mr. Muffin more faithfully in his perplexities than in his most prosperous days.

It was not long before the old gentleman felt the gentle sympathy of his young clerk, and looking to him as he had never done before, for advice as well as service. He admitted him to confidential relations, explaining the difficulties caused by the failures of other firms, some heavily indebted to the house of John Muffin, others upon whom he had depended for goods obtained upon credit.

Day by day, as the hard, trying winter wore away, the two grew faster friends, and so far from lessening his work, Charlie found himself willingly lifting some of his employer's burdens upon his shoulders.

He gave more time to business, and was gaining an insight into it that opportunity had never before given him.

And Mabel, at home, was bravely taking her diminished share of the loaf with a smiling face and cheerful heart. As far as might be, she kept from Charlie the knowledge of her domestic economies, but some of them are apparent. The woman whose competent aid demanded high wages was dismissed, and a half-grown girl engaged to mind the babies, while Mabel cooked, washed, ironed and served, meeting difficulties with a courageous heart. She had never been a drone in the world's hive, having been a busy little dress maker before Charlie won her heart and took her to reside over his pretty little house. But for three years of her married life she had been petted, and there were many pleasures to be put aside, many dollars well weighed before they were spent.

It was with a heart full of pardonable triumph that the young couple, at the end of the first year of reduced pay, found they were still out of debt, and had not touched the nest egg in the bank, though there was a new wee baby boy to share in the family income.

"You see, Charlie, we made the half loaf go round," said Mabel, as they went carefully over the year's expense book.

"There are no crumbs," he said with a wry face.

"Never mind, it was better than idleness." "You are right, and there is more than that, May. I have been able to help Mr. Muffin more than I ever could have done in our old relationship to each other. His perplexities made him long for some one to whom he could speak confidentially, and when the ice was broken he took me fully into all the business confidence. I could often suggest a way out of a difficulty that had not occurred to him, and even when I was of no actual use to him, it was a relief to pour out his troubles to some one who was in full sympathy with him."

"But you have worked very hard, Charlie! I never saw you as tired as you have often been this year, and your face is more careworn than it has ever been."

"Well, it is some comfort to know that business prospects are looking brighter. By close economy Mr. Muffin has managed to meet the obligations he was afraid would ruin him, and there is a good look-out for the coming year."

"Will he give you a whole loaf yet, Charlie?"

"Not yet, I think. Never mind! We have held out so far we will not despond now."

"Despond! I guess not! I am hoping to have some of those crumbs you were speaking of next year. I have learned many valuable lessons in saving."

The second year was certainly not an easy one to Mabel. A wee baby in addition to the three-year-old twins kept the mother's hands busy, while there was no decrease in household work. Many little articles of clothing and house-keeping, too, that lasted well enough one year, were past service in the second one, and it was not always easy to replace them.

Often Mabel feared the savings for a "rainy day" must be broken in upon, but she kept all such fears shut up in her heart, and had always a "bright word of cheer for tired Charlie when he came home."

She never told him of the late breakfast that she planned to let the babies sleep while he ate his early one, comprised none of the little tempting dishes of his own meal, but was literally bread and milk six mornings out of the seven. She never let him know the reason she suggested his lurching down town to save the long walk home, was really to save the price of that meal towards the dinner, the dainty parcel he carried never costing the price of a regular meal for all of them.

She did not tell she was cutting up her own dresses to clothe the twin girls, and sewing busily every leisure minute to keep the little ones tidy.

And yet there came a day in June, when six months of the second year were almost gone, when she had spent the last dollar of the week's money yet the week was only half gone. Charlie has given her long before some signed checks to meet such an emergency, but it was her pride to think not one had yet been presented at the bank.

She took one from the desk where it had been so long and spread it out before her, calculating with puckers on her pretty face how small a sum could stretch over the necessary expenses.

"I hate to begin," she said half aloud. "If once we break in upon that money it will melt away like snow before the noon-day sun."

But there was no alternative but debt, and Mabel knew Charlie would never be willing to owe any man a cent while he had the cent with which to pay him. So, with a great sigh, she dipped the pen in the ink to fill out the check. Before it touched the paper, however, she paused, listening. There was a step in the hall that was not that of her little nurse nor her charges, and a voice ringing out clear and full, calling:

"Mabel! Where are you, May?"

"Here in my room. Oh, Charlie what is it?"

For the face at the door was so radiant that all care seemed to have slipped from it forever.

"Good news, May! And yet—perhaps I should feel sorry too, only I did not know him."

"What are you talking about?"

"Did you read this morning's paper?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice the death of Amos Gardner?"

"No. Is that the Mr. Gardner that used to be Mr. Muffin's partner before you went into the store?"

"Yes; he was a bachelor, and he has left his whole estate to Mr. Muffin, except a few legacies. The store will be closed until after the funeral; so we have three days holiday."

"I am glad you will be able to rest."

"But that is not all. Do you guess the rest?"

"You are to have your old salary again?"

"More than that. Mr. Muffin took me

to his house this morning and told me all his plans. He will enlarge the business and take on again all the old salesmen who are willing to come. He has given me the permission to offer a position to Will Castleon, who has been now nearly a year out of employment, because he would not accept your theory of 'half a loaf' being better than no bread."

"I know. Poor Will! I am afraid Myra had a worse year than ours has been."

"I am sure of it! But I have saved my best news till the last."

"More good news still?"

More still! Mr. Gardner, Mr. Muffin said, did me some injustice some time ago, by supposing I would proportion my work to the decrease of my salary. To atone for this he has left me five thousand dollars."

"Oh, Charlie!"

"Hold on, little woman; and he also advised Mr. Muffin, in their last interview, to reward my faithful, disinterested devotion to him in his late difficulties—his own words, May—by taking me as a partner in the business."

"Charlie! Oh, Charlie, I must laugh or cry," said Mabel almost hysterically.

"Laugh then, by all means! The new firm of Muffin & Castleon must now be christened with tears, even happy ones. Hurrah! Who will say after this that half a loaf is not better than no bread?"

Being Cheerful at Home.

William Crowsheet while eating his lunch during Saturday noon hour at the Valley shops unfolding a tempting piece of cheese and saw the following lines which attracted his attention on the newspaper wrapper:

"Every man who wishes to cherish the loving hearts of his household will lay off the cares of business with his working clothes, and carry cheerfulness and smiles into his home."

"Now that's a right sensible piece," observe William, critically. "I'm blamed if I don't try that thing and see if it won't help the old woman's jaw and the young one's yowl!"

As he came near home in the evening he put on a smile that made his smutty face look like a potato the wheelbarrow had run over, and going into the house slapped down his blicky, jerked off his dickey, and danced a small hornpipe on the kitchen floor, all the time grinning like a man having a tooth pulled and ending by throwing his arms around his wife, as she prodded half a shad in the frying pan, as she shouted:

"Come give us a buss ole 'ooman. For I'm just as happy as a stump-tailed dog. That's found a bone in the garden."

But he never got any further. Mrs. Crowsheet rose up and glared at him like a lioness at bay.

"William Crowsheet! and has it come to this! I have made your fires, cooked your meals and wash your shirts for fifteen years to have you come home drunk before supper."

"Why, Mollie, heaven bless you, I'm not drunk; I'm only cheerful."

"Cheerful, yes a cheerful looking object you are to come home to a household of innocent children. Just look at that poor little dear Robert H. Sayer Crowsheet, sitting there staring his eyes out of his head at his idiotic old father. Oh, I'm ashamed of you."

"You're all wrong, Mollie; I'm only takin' off my cares along with my clothes and bringing cheerfulness home to the loving hearts of my household."

"Why, bless my heart if I don't believe the man has gone clear crazy. Here, Matilda, run over and ask one of the neighbor men to come in here. Tell 'em your father has got something horrid the matter with him," and she shoved the girl out of the back door, and grabbing the baby by one arm she fled up stairs.

The neighbors came in and looked suspiciously at William, as he washed his face in the back yard; then they went into the house and he heard them comforting his wife, who was crying by the apronful—they guessed he would be all right directly—he had only taken a little too much on an empty stomach.

William says, this morning, that he never saw a newspaper receipt that was worth a cuss.

The influence of the good man ceases not at death; he, as the visible agent, is removed, but the light and influence still remain; and the moral elements of this world will long show the traces of his vigor and purity; just as the western sky, after the sun has set, still betrays the glowing traces of the departed orb.

It is very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear our own voices.

Owing to the high water in the Mississippi the price of milk in St. Louis has been reduced to twelve cents a quart.

A Picture of Mrs. Beecher.

Having occasion to go on the Acklawa boat, I noticed a pale, elderly woman, with very white hair, who kept herself aloof from the excursionists; and by accident I learned that it was the wife of Henry Ward Beecher. She was going up the river twenty-six miles to a settlement on the St. John's called Beecher, in honor of her famous husband. She called to Palatka on Saturday—possibly from the residence of Mrs. Stowe, Mandarin; though I wouldn't like to vouch for this—for "the Beechers are peculiar."

This member of the family is said to have her peculiarities. She is an old woman, now—probably not less than seventy—(for she is considerably older than her husband)—and as her aspect is that of a woman who suffers from an inward pain that reaches deeper than the physical body. Some observers, seeing her sitting there alone on the steamer, might say she was borne down by grief and trouble—and surely she has had her share; but there was something in the pale, determined face which spoke of more than grief.

A bystander said, "She looks like three whole tragedies boiled down in one pot," and this did better express that unhappy face. A strange, secret, inner history is hidden in its cold marble. It is a winning face—not the countenance one would expect to see in the wife of Henry Ward Beecher. What it does express I will leave for others to make out. Enough for me to know that she carries, poor woman, a sight of trouble beyond the miseries of those who deserve punishment.

She hid her face at times with her hand—not from staring curiosity, for she knew not that at that moment she was the object of scrutiny on the part of strangers—but seemingly by a sort of involuntary and helpless movement born of some internal struggle. It was a stern, unhappy, uncomfortable face, and one I was almost sorry to have seen.—*Hartford Times.*

Charlotte Cushman's Will.

Charlotte Cushman's will has been admitted to probate. It is somewhat surprising that no public bequests are made, as it was generally understood that a high school in Boston, named after her, would be remembered.

According to the terms of the will, Miss Cushman gives to the trustees named in a certain conveyance executed at St. Louis, Dec. 20, 1872, all property, real and personal, to act with the powers and discretion previously defined. Out of the net income sums and annuities are to be paid as follows:

To her brother, Charles A. Cushman, \$1,500 yearly; after his death, to his widow, yearly, \$750; to each of her nieces, Rosalie and Mabel Murpratt, of Liverpool, England, \$750 yearly, until their marriage, after which, \$1,000, or if her needs demand it, \$1,250, all payable in gold; to the three children of a half nephew, Alexander Cushman, namely, Susan, Charlotte and Alexander B. Cushman, each \$333 33 yearly; to a half sister, Mrs. Isabella Weld, \$5 per week during her life; to a friend Emma Stebbins, \$1,500 yearly; to her faithful servant, Sallie Mercer, \$500 yearly, and the use of a house in Philadelphia free of rent. The use of her mansion in Newport is given to her friend Emma Stebbins, her servant, Sallie Mercer, and her nephew, Edwin C. Cushman, and his family. Whenever they may desire it the expense of the house and servants to be paid by the trustees from the income of the estate. After providing for the care and education of the children of her nephew, Edwin C. Cushman, until their majority, the trustees are to pay the remainder of the net income to him, any balance which he shall not draw to be applied to the principle of the estate. The estate is finally, after the expiration of the trust, to be divided equally among the children of the nephew, Edwin C. Cushman, after his death.

A man rushed breathlessly into a lawyer's office in Chicago, and approaching the legal luminary, excitedly remarked: "A man tied a coop to my horse's tail.—Can I do anything?"

"Yes," replied the attorney, "go and untie it." That was good advice, and didn't cost the man but \$5.

A young clergyman whose reputation for veracity was none of the best, ventured to differ with an old doctor of divinity as to the propriety of whipping children said: "Why, the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the doctor "it cured you of it, didn't it?"

"Is it true mamma that a Quaker never takes his hat off?" asked a little girl. "It is true, my dear. It is a mark of respect which he thinks he should pay to no man," answered the fond mother.—"But tell me mamma, how does a Quaker manage when he goes to have his hair cut?"