

# The Democrat.

BY HAWLEY & CRUSER.

MONTROSE, PA., JUNE 14, 1876.

VOL. 33—NO. 24

## THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow,  
The house so mossy and brown,  
With its cumbrous old stone chimney,  
And the gray roof sloping down.  
The trees fold their green arms around it,  
The trees a century old;  
And the winds go chanting through them,  
And the sunbeams drop their gold.  
The cowslips spring in the marshes,  
And the roses bloom on the hill;  
And beside the brook in the pastures,  
The herds go feeding at will.  
The children have gone and left them;  
They sit in the sun alone;  
And the old wife's ears are failing,  
As she harks to the well known tone.  
That won her heart in her girlhood,  
That has soothed her in many a care,  
And praises her now for the brightness  
Her old face used to wear.  
She thinks again of her bridal—  
How, dressed in her robe of white,  
She stood by her gay young lover  
In the morning's rosy light.  
Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,  
But the rose from her cheek has fled;  
And the sunshine still is golden,  
But it falls on a silvered head.  
And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,  
Come back in her winter time,  
Till her feeble pulses tremble  
With the thrill of Spring time prime.  
And looking forth from the window,  
She thinks how the trees have grown,  
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,  
She crossed the old door stone.  
Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,  
And dimmed her hair's young gold,  
The love in her girlhood plighted  
Has never grown dim or old.  
They sat in their place in the sunshine,  
Till the day was almost done;  
And then, at its close, an angel  
Stole over the threshold stone.  
He folded their hands together—  
He touched their eyelids with balm;  
And their last breath floated upward,  
Like the close of a solemn psalm.  
Like a bridal pair they traversed  
The unseen mystic road,  
That leads to the beautiful city,  
"Whose builder and maker is God."

## MARRIED IN HASTE.

"OH, CARRIE, I am so glad you are come; I was just going to send Frank with a note to ask you to do that very thing. Here, Jack, you take Miss Carrie's pony. And you, my darling, come right up stairs and take off your heavy riding habit. How is all the family—well, old, black and white?"  
"All well, but Nellie, what is the matter with you? Why you look as if you had the whole round earth on your shoulders."  
"Oh, I am just bothered to death, Carrie."  
"Well, what is up? throw me that rapper, dear. There, now I am ready to hear all your bothers, little mouse."  
"I've had two offers, Carrie, and I don't know which to take—at least I know which I want to take; but things are all contrary—the wrong man has got the money—the right man is poor, as right men generally are." And Nellie tapped her little foot impatiently, and looked at Carrie.  
"I must say that you have a gigantic bother, Nellie! You just ought to be ashamed of yourself! Most girls are bothered because they don't get any offers—take myself, for instance—and here you are pouting because you have to choose between two. Do I know the rival candidates?"  
"Yes, you have met Dick Latrobe often—here and elsewhere; and you must have seen Royal Wheeler at church with us, for he never forgets the proprieties."  
"Why, Nellie, I am astonished at you! I know it wouldn't take me three minutes to decide."  
"In whose favor?"  
"Can you doubt? In favor of that handsome Mr. Wheeler, of course. He is so stylish, dresses to perfection, and is a Senator. How the girls would envy you! What promise of balls, entertainments and theaters. Why, Nellie! and Washington, New York and Newport in the delicious distance."  
"I hate balls and milliners and big cities!"  
"What a little goose! Remember your pretty face and charming figure, and all those bewitching golden curls!"  
"Now what particle of reason is there in being lovely, on a Texan frontier? Who sees us but a rude planter, now and then, some stock-raisers, or at best a change of Methodist preachers? Well, yes, I acknowledge there is always an exciting chance of a Comanche brave; wouldn't your hair be a godsend to them? Mr. Wheeler is a special and extraordinary favor of the gods—take the goods they provide, like a grateful girl."  
"You mix truth and untruth admirably, Carrie; I declare I don't know how to separate them; but first I will acknowledge the style and position, and even the beauty—these three things are simply the whole man, and that is not enough of manhood for me."  
"Usuitable girl! But I deny the fact—but you had forgotten his immense property."  
"Well then add his property—now that is all."  
"And a very satisfactory 'all.' Pray

what more would you like to have?"  
"Well, in the first place I would like a little bit of courage—I hate cowards.—There has not been a night since he came that he has not gone to bed in mortal terror of the Indians—he is afraid of a wolf or a bear—if old Dirk barks he turns pale, and if a book drops in the next room, or a negro shouts in the cedar-brake, he is ready to drop with terror."  
"I don't blame him at all. Very natural and proper, I think. I feel just the same—besides he is bound to take care of himself; the welfare of the nation we may suppose depends upon her law-makers."  
"Fiddlesticks, Carrie! The nation would never miss him."  
"Let me tell you Nellie, the great American nation is not going to supply scalps of such dignity to the Comanches."  
"You are joking without material, now, Carrie; I think it would puzzle even a Comanche to get a respectable lock of Mr. Wheeler's hair—why, his head is as smooth as a billiard ball."  
"Nellie, take care! Don't speak evil of dignities, dear; it is against social etiquette. Mr. Wheeler is one of the pillars of the Constitution."  
"Then the sooner the Constitution gets some new pillars the better it will be for it, I should say."  
"I suppose you would like them after the pattern of Mr. Richard Latrobe."  
"Exactly!"  
"Dick has not one bit of style."  
"That is one reason I like him."  
"Beside his pay as Captain of the Liano Rangers, I don't believe he owns two hundred head of stock."  
"That is too much for him and me."  
"He has no position to speak of Nellie."  
"I think you are mistaken—he is known to be the bravest, boldest leader on the western border. His name is a tower of strength to every woman and child for fifty miles around, and the Comanches dread him more than a whole company of 'regulars,' his own men swear by him, and the whole community trust in him. If I was a man—I mean a real man—I would rather be Dick Latrobe without a dollar, than Royal Wheeler in the Governor's chair."  
"Well, Nellie, all I have got to say is that you are a fool; there it is in good plain Saxon, just what I think."  
"Never you mind the absurdity of the thing; will you help me in a little scheme I have?"  
"Yes, that is—I was going to say sensible, but I don't expect that after this revelation—so I will say if it is possible."  
"Oh, yes, it is more than possible. I laid the first stone last night, and in spite of the Senators' professions I found quite a good foundation for them."  
"What do you mean?"  
"I must go back to last Sunday in order to enlighten you. When we parted at the church door Mr. Wheeler asked me who you were. You may be sure that I did full justice to your many graces and accomplishments, with virtues topping all. This morning when he proposed, I did not dare refuse him point-blank because of papa's anger, so I told him I would give him an answer in a week, that my friendship for you demanded some delay, as I knew you were deeply smitten, with your perfections."  
"Oh, Nellie, how could you! But what did Mr. Wheeler say?"  
"Oh, he was immensely flattered, cooled toward poor me very sensibly, and said you were a splendid looking girl, beside volunteering other criticisms on your appearance, which by implication, were not flattering to me seeing that I am your perfect antipodes."  
"Carrie listened attentively to Nellie's scheme, with a new light in her great dreamy eyes."  
"Now, what I want is this—pitch your tent right here and storm this pillar of State with the witchery of your beauty and the flattery of your tongue; look your sweetest, sing your best, feed him on flattery, morning, noon and night, and in a week you will have beaten me, and I shall be your grateful and much obliged friend, Nellie Marvin."  
"The arrangements suit me to a T; but you are sure you know what you are doing?"  
"Quite sure."  
"Shake hands, then over it. I am to cut you out; that is understood between us, eh?"  
"It is so nominated in the bond," said Nellie, kicking off her slipper and calling her maid to help her dress for dinner.  
After dinner, Nellie, with some unintelligible excuse, left the Senator to Carrie's enchantments; and if anybody had looked carefully after ten minutes later they would have found her with Dick Latrobe at their usual trysting place in the pecan grove at the bottom of the garden. And it needed but a moment's glance into the dark handsome face, alive with intense feeling and as open as sunshine; but one glance at the magnificent physique, clothed as it were with an almost visible sense of power and com-

mand, to understand and sympathize with Nellie in estimating her two lovers.  
Meanwhile Carrie was improving her opportunity. She knew perfectly all her good points, and she threw herself into the capture of the Senator with all the enthusiasm in her nature. She soon learned that to hear himself talk, was the most subtle pleasure this wise legislator was capable of enjoying, so she coaxed him out into the veranda, got him to seat himself on the vine-shaded, low, broad steps and placed herself just so far below him as to enable her to flash up into his face the marvelous light of her splendid eyes.  
She asked him all about Washington and the great North; she got him to describe the Senate House and all his own duties; she sympathized in all his trials, and the shameful want of appreciation peculiar to constituents, she was full of wondrous admiration as the case required.  
Senator Wheeler went to sleep that night quite convinced that she was the most sensible woman he had ever met in his life. He even found himself comparing her with Nellie.  
That night as Nellie was uncoiling her soft brown hair and brushing out the tangled curls, Carrie put her piquant little face in at the door, and said:  
"I came, I saw, I conquered—please congratulate me."  
"Come in, Carrie, you good deliverer! I knew you could do it."  
And Carrie came in; then this council of two sat till near midnight sipping coffee and arranging further plans of operations.  
It was the third day after Carrie's arrival. She was playing chess with the Senator and Nellie was leaning against the open door that led into the western veranda, watching with love-haunted eyes, the pecan-grove where Dick Latrobe would have been waiting her, if he had been in the neighborhood. But Dick had gone to the next town for his men's rations, and the trysting place was vacant she knew.  
Suddenly Mr. Marvin entered the room with an anxious troubled face and hurriedly said:  
"Nellie, come here. I am in want of you."  
Her father's looks and words shot an appalling fear to Nellie's heart; but Carrie and her partner were too much interested in their own play and by-play to notice it.  
"Nellie, my darling, Jake has just escaped with his life from the lower ranche and he says the Comanches have run off all the horses, and that a party of them are on their way here. What are we to do? Senator Wheeler is a—"  
"Pooh! father, he is a coward; there is no more dependence to be placed on him than on my old tabby."  
"If I could only get word to the settlement."  
"Can none of the servants go?"  
"There are only three at home that can handle a rifle—I may need all these. The rest, if they thought we were in danger would be so afraid as to be worse than useless."  
"I will go, father—I will ride Rabbit. It will be a fleet horse that can overtake us. I know every step of the road so you must let me go."  
"But Nellie—"  
"But, father, I should be of no use in the house; I can never hit anything but by mistake. But if you go and the people get frightened, I can do nothing with them."  
"But, if anything should happen to you Nellie—"  
"But nothing will happen to me."  
"I will trust you in God's care, my daughter. Now, child, hurry; I will have Rabbit at the door in three minutes. Once at the settlement, find Capt. Latrobe, he will know what to do at once."  
In less than five minutes Nellie was fairly in the saddle, and Rabbit a powerful horse, was making the quickest time even he had ever made, while Nellie gave a loose rein and watched with keen bright eye, the timber around and before her.  
She was already some miles on her journey, and the moon was risen almost like a lesser sun, when she heard a yell too hideous to be described. Rabbit knew what it betokened as well as she did, and his dread of Indians was almost equal to her own. "God help me!" she murmured, and then spoke to her horse in tones he scarcely needed, for he was going at a frightful speed. An arrow flew past her—another and another; but she was thoroughly roused, "Fly, Rabbit, fly!" she kept urging and the noble brute answered with supernatural efforts.  
"They dare not follow much further—half an hour—a quarter—ten minutes will bring me within reach of help."—So she encouraged her brave little heart, until Rabbit almost staggered up the main street of the town. She knew where to go; she was sure most of the men would be congregated in the bar on the piazza of the one hotel; she was not mistaken.  
Her horse was scarce at the door when a crowd surrounded her. Dick who was at that moment smoking his cigar to hap-

py thoughts of her, leaped up in the wildest astonishment. He understood as if by instinct, what message she had brought. It took but a minute to lift her safely into the house, and whisper in her ear words of love and comfort; in the next moment he was mounted on his own horse to gather his men and go to the rescue of her home and friends.  
Nellie and Rabbit were very needful of, and very grateful for the attention and refreshments so kindly urged on them; but it was very hard for Nellie to wait in such anxiety and suspense.—What was going on at the lonely plantation no one could tell; they could but fear and hope; and even when word came next day, that the Indians had fled westward, pursued by Captain Latrobe, Nellie was still very miserable, for, to the unusual exertion and excitement had succeeded an almost hysterical state of weakness, and the good women at the settlement would not suffer her to return home until her father came to protect her.  
Two days afterwards, after every one had recovered from their fright, and Nellie was safe at home, there was great rejoicing at the Marvin place. Dick had returned bringing the lost horses with him. There had been a hard chase and a fierce battle, and some of the brave fellows who rode so cheerily out did not return. But what of that? In the glory of success, who thinks by what means it has been won?  
"How shall I reward you Captain?" said Mr. Marvin joyfully.  
And Dick made hard terms with the old planter, though Nellie declared her poor little hand was present far too small. Hardly was the arrangement approved when Carrie came in with a beaming face and said:  
"Mr. Marvin, Mr. Wheeler and I have just decided to be married immediately—if you will permit the ceremony here.—We don't want to take any more Indian risks."  
"What is to hinder a double marriage?" asked the captain.  
And as no one seemed able to suggest any objection Mr. Marvin said:  
"Well, if things are to be brought to a head in this shape I may as well send Jake for parson Justine at once."  
The proposal was at once carried. For once fortune seemed in a merry mood, and inclined to give love anything he desired.  
So Carrie attained her ambition. She became a great belle, a bright particular star of fashion. Nellie, too, got her own way—and she liked it—to be the dearly loved wife of a brave man, to make her earthly home always among the woods and prairies they both loved, these things she counted good equivalents for all that fashion, society, or the place that pomp and power could give; for when one is contented there is no more to be desired, and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it.

## A STORY OF THE RAIL.

Mr. Stillson, the racy correspondent of the New York World, relates a story told him by an engineer on the Lehigh Valley railroad, what time the locomotive climbed the mountains "on the most picturesque line of railway in America."  
At White Haven we had dinner, and engines and engineers were changed. I found myself here on one of the finest locomotives ever built for any road, and in the company of one of the brightest of engine-drivers. The ride thenceforward was one to be remembered through a life time.  
A great flood had swept through the valley here not many years ago. The Lehigh, swollen with its many tributary streams and reinforced by the giving way of dam after dam with their vast accumulation of lumber and debris, soon became irresistible and from White Haven to Easton the waters, rising thirty feet, ravaged both banks. Men, women and children were crushed and drowned without other warning than the roar of a wave that rose at the rate of thirty feet in nine minutes. The vision of this flood in the midst of storm and darkness, and the echoes of despairing cries, were easily conjured up as the locomotive boomed a long, jingling its bell under the cliffs.—In a little while the road quitted the valley for the mountain and we began the long ascent through the heart of the Pennsylvania wilderness to a height which overlooks one of the historical and typical scenes of the continent.  
The grade was steep; the engineer opened the valve, regulated his engine in all respects, smoked, and asked me to step over and sit on his side of the locomotive.  
"It's all clear sailing for a few miles now," said he. "We shall not meet anything. It's a tug up hill."  
"What grade?"  
"From 100 to 148 feet to the mile."  
"That's the reason, then, that you have these heavy engines?"  
"Yes."  
"Is this grade thought by railroad men to be very steep?"  
"Well," said the engineer, slowly,

"pretty steep—yes. You know that in old times, in England, grades of thirty and forty feet to the mile were thought to be heavy. Grade of seventy or eighty feet were thought impracticable. I can remember reading all about it. They didn't understand then what a grip an iron wheel had on an iron rail, and how much a good locomotive could pull if you only gave her fuel and time. They found it out afterwards. I hear they've got in England and France grades 133 to 196 feet to the mile, and even the Baltimore and Ohio railroad has grades of 114 feet. The grades on the Pacific railroads, and on that Rocky Mountain railroad from Denver city to the mines, are worse than any yet. This grade don't seem very bad, does it? And besides, just look at that view!"  
Away to the south stretched the bleak Pennsylvania wilderness, uninhabited save by a few wood-men, the panther, the deer and the bear. The solitude seemed like that of a desert, and the gigantic locomotive like a gigantic pioneer.  
"There's a right-down romance, or tragedy, or whatever you may call it," said the engineer, "attached to this hill. And I was the least of a hero in it. As there was a woman in it though, I must tell you I am a married man."  
"All right. Go ahead with your story."  
"One night, about four years ago, and just about this month, I was coming down the hill with (considering the reason) a pretty heavy train. At Wilkes-barre over the valley—which you'll soon see—a young lady got aboard of my engine. She wanted a night ride and was put on by the superintendent. She was a perfect lady, and her mother was in one of the cars, back. To tell the honest truth (as I have often said to my wife) I never saw a more beautiful and game looking girl. She was very small sized, dressed in what my wife calls complete taste, and her figure was so good, and her ways so frank and artless, that I almost wished she was my daughter. Her face, though, was what I can't give you an idea of. It was the most beautiful face I ever saw. It had all the intelligence of a woman's and the simplicity of a child's. And she was so upright and lovely altogether, and asked so many questions, that, although I never had a woman on the train but once before, I invited her over here to my seat, and explained to her all about how a locomotive is run. I showed her how to manipulate the lever which admits more or less steam to the cylinders; how the reverse lever worked; how the tests of water and steam are made. I showed her how to blow the whistle and ring the bell, and explained how the breaks were blown down, and how warnings were given on the approach to crossings. She took it all in, and," said the engineer, stretching his arm across the boiler, and clutching my sleeve, "it was the best lesson I ever gave. Right up around yonder about two miles from here, just as I was handling the reverse lever, we struck a stone or something on the track at nine o'clock at night. I was a-bending down at the time (the girl was sitting where you are, on my cushion) and quicker than lightning the lever flew back and struck me in the eye and knocked me—well, I'll be d—d if I know where. Anyway it don't make much difference for a minute or two, for I was just stunned. As I was in the down grade, with no need of fuel, the fireman was back in the baggage car, and when I came to, this young girl was holding on my head and fanning me with her toy of a hat. It wasn't two seconds before I knew what was to pay. The engine and the whole train had started down the hill at the rate of sixty miles an hour. I tried to spring up and reach the lever. My right arm and side and right leg were numb. My face and even my tongue were so paralyzed by the blow I received that I could hardly speak. I was so desperate that (more to attract the girl's attention than for anything else) I grabbed her hat with my left hand and threw it out of the locomotive, and then managed to beckon her ear down close to my lips and say:  
"Train's going too fast. We'll be in hell if you don't turn the lever!"  
"She understood me in an instant; and it was time. The engine was rocking, swaying, grinding and skurrying down the track like a beast with great bounds. Every second I expected it would leap the rails; it certainly was descending at the rate of seventy miles an hour. But that little thing sprang up here, clutched the lever, motioned which way she should shove or push it, got my nod and reversed the wheels like a little man. Then she whistled down brakes—there was no need of that, for the boys had put on every brake already. Inside of a mile and a half she stopped the train; and then she knelt down all trembling and crying—and now what do you think she said?"  
"I can't guess."  
"Said she: 'Mr.—I feel as if I should faint. Haven't you got some camphor, or a little whiskey?' And sure as you live she did faint right away there—right down in front of the fire-box—right on top of me. The fire-man had to run the train down to White Haven."