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THE CROW.

BY MARIE LE BARON.

Winged Gypsy of the upper air, how weird
your croaking cry;
How lazily, on heavy wings, you drift to sky-
ward by!
Your nest hangs in the towering pine, hid in
the sombre green
That scarce will let the arrowy beams of sum-
mer sun between.
Cry out, strange bird! Your wild, sharp call is
sweeter far to me
Than many another song I've heard of earth-
taught melody;
It bears me, on its broken strain, to childhood's
happy day.
When, 'neath the hemlock's branches low, I
dreaming, idly lay.
Above me wandering breezes broke the feath-
ery limbs apart;
Like shuttles, yellow sunbeams flashed through
hemlock's emerald heart;
No softer couch might impress mind than leaves
that, fallen down,
lay matted thick together, fragrant pillows
dry and brown.
O, there I dreamed when life was young, and
care seemed far away—
How could I know it waited near that lotos-
crowned day!
I builded castles, loved and lived and over all I
heard
The languid cawing in the pines of this strange
restless bower.
The sun set red behind the hill that margined
valley's field,
Where insects awakened from day's sleep, their
thread like notes unreeled;
The dew fell thick upon the grass in beads of
crystal fair,
And fire-fly lighting tiny torch found me still
dreaming there.
From out the shadow of the wood my linger-
ing feet would turn
Toward where, in cottage just beyond, the
lamps began to burn;
And down the lane the daisies white, pale-faced
beneath the stars
Marked out my pathway, cool and sweet, to
rustic, broken bars.
And there I lingered with the rash of pine
boughs in my brain—
A sense of solemn sounding that shall never
come again;
And, through night air, I faintly heard the caw
of sleepy crow,
That e'er to-day brings back to me the dear,
dead long ago.

A WOMAN'S BRAVERY.

ROBERT Ellis, almost immediately after his marriage with pretty Mary Baker, had departed with his young wife from his pleasant home in the New England States for the wilds of the far West, which just then was fast becoming the far land of promise to all adventurers of every nation. The young couple were accompanied by Robert's sister Kate, who, like the good sister she was, had left all the old friends, and even the luxuries of civilized life, to share with her brother the trials and perils of establishing a new home in the wilderness. A few months previous Robert had cleared a tract of land in a delightful valley, and erected and furnished a rude but strong and comfortable log house, so that there was very little for the family to do when they reached their destination, after days of weary travel, but to settle down quietly to the pursuit of the new home duties which had devolved upon them. A single year produced many changes in the appearance of the new home. Robert was an energetic and enterprising man, and had already begun to reap something of the sure reward for all his toils. The house itself, under the judicious management of his wife, aided by the ready and willing assistance which Kate was ever anxious to give, had begun to exhibit a pleasant and tasteful appearance. And, added to this, a few families from New England, beguiled by the beauty and attractiveness of the valley, had settled in the vicinity, a few miles apart, and thus, by mutual visits, many otherwise weary hours were brightened.

One day there came a messenger in great haste, saying that a particular friend of Ellis was dying, and had expressed a wish to see him. The distance to his friend's house was considerable, and Robert knew that he should be obliged to leave his wife and sister alone the greater part of the night, and perhaps longer. Both Mary and Kate laughed at the idea of danger because of his absence. "Though their nearest neighbor lived a mile away, and succor, in case of need, would hardly be possible, yet they all regarded the fact of the isolated situation of their habitation the best reason for security. Still, Robert thought a few words of warning advisable before he started.

"You had better keep as much in the house as possible," he said to them as he mounted his horse. "And I think it will be well to keep the doors fastened, especially after dark."

"Do not fear, we will be careful. But do not be absent any longer than is absolutely necessary, for we shall be anxious about you on that lonely road," said Mary.

He bade them both good-bye, and they stood in the doorway and watched his retreating form until it was lost at last among the trees; then they entered the house to attend to their usual duties.

The day passed slowly by, and evening set in, with a gloom enhanced by a thick band of clouds which had gradually overcast the sky, and the mournful sighing of the wind. These signs of an approaching storm filled the two women with anxiety and dread and gradually the loneliness of their situation began to be realized.

Mary Ellis, the more timid of the two, at length became so nervous and downcast that Kate, by an effort, conquered her depression, and endeavored to cheer up her companion. In this she was evidently successful, and the cabin was echoing with the laughter of the two, occasioned by the mirthful reminiscence which Kate was relating, when a quick, hurried knock at the door put a sudden termination to their merriment.

The two women started to their feet, and gazed anxiously into each other's faces, both of which had grown pale with apprehension.

"Kate was the first to recover herself. Going to the door, she asked, in a voice which trembled in spite of all her efforts, "Who is there and what do you want?" she asked.

"Two travelers who have lost their way," answered a voice from without. "Can you accommodate us for the night?"

"We cannot do so conveniently," Kate at last managed to articulate. "You must pass on to the next house."

"How far is it?" asked the same voice, after a few moments of hesitation.

"A little more than a mile," replied Kate.

Again there was a slight pause; then the person from without said:

"We cannot go so far to-night. My companion has been thrown from his horse, and may die before we reach there. You must let us in, otherwise his murder—it will be no less—will be on your head. Will you open the door?"

Kate's sympathies were touched. She hesitated a moment, then looked at Mary.

"What shall we do?" she asked.

"I hardly know; I'm afraid to admit them."

"But if this man's story concerning his companion should be true! If he died, we should never forgive ourselves as long as we live.

"It would be dreadful; and yet we run a fearful risk," said Mary, looking undecidedly at her sister-in-law.

"We must let them in," said Kate, after a moment's thought. "If they mean us harm, we will trust Heaven for protection."

She tried to speak these words bravely, but, nevertheless, it was with trembling hands that she undid the fastenings of the door, and bade the applicants enter. She almost regretted the act when she came to see the two men as they crossed the threshold and the light fell upon them. They were rough looking fellows even for the backwoods.

"And so you decided to let us in at last?" said the more wolfish-looking of the two, as he crossed the room, and uncerimoniously seated himself before the fire.

"Yes," said Kate. "But," she continued with a quick start, "I thought one of you was injured and nearly helpless."

Here one of the men appeared to lean heavily upon his companion, who said:

"My friend was not so much hurt as I at first supposed. He was somewhat stunned by the fall, but now has nearly recovered, with the exception of still being very weak."

Neither Kate nor Mrs. Ellis was quite satisfied with the appearance of the men, and even began to discredit the story by means of which they had gained admittance. The man who had pretended to have been hurt would occasionally, when he seemed to forget himself, appear as well and strong as his companion; and the two women began to feel very anxious, and sometimes cast fearful glances at each other. They were careful, however, not to betray their apprehensions to their guests.

Suddenly one of them asked:

"Do you live here alone, young women?"

Kate, to whom the question was more particularly addressed, though startled managed to answer quietly:

"Oh, no! My brother has been called away on business."

"Will he return to-night?"

"I don't know. He said he should come back as soon as possible. He never has been away over night, and I shall expect him at any moment."

Kate said more than she really believed it was more than likely that Robert would remain at his friend's home until morning. The violence of the storm and the darkness of the night would make it a hazardous undertaking to set out for home before dawn. She did not

care to let the strangers know how utterly defunct they were.

A few moments afterward, as she passed them with noiseless tread, to attend to some household duty, she heard one of the visitors ask of the other, in a tone evidently not intended for her ears, "What shall we do with these women if they happen to be troublesome?"

"Oh, this will be the best way to silence them," returned the other, drawing his hand significantly across his throat.

Kate shuddered, and, for a moment, a deathly faintness came over her. She knew then that all the fears she had entertained were not groundless. But with the knowledge of her own and Mary's peril came the resolution to meet it bravely. She possessed more than ordinary nerve and courage under her quiet demeanor; and, mastering her momentary fear, she crossed the room to where Mary was preparing a repast for their unwelcome guests.

"Let me make the coffee, Mary," she said, aloud; then, in an undertone added, "be on your guard; these villains mean to murder us! Do not betray by a sign that we are aware of their purpose. I have a plan by which, if you are brave, we shall escape."

Mary, by a gesture, signified that she comprehended what was required of her; and the heroic women resumed their employment with beating hearts, though outwardly calm and unconcerned.

The rude pine table was covered with a snowy cloth, the plates laid, and in a few moments a tempting repast was placed before the two men, to which they did ample justice.

When the meal was finished, one of the men leaned over and whispered a few words, to which his associate nodded affirmatively. The former then arose, and expressed a desire to retire.

This was what Kate was expecting; and, placing a lamp in his hand, directed him to the adjoining apartment. The ruffians wished their entertainers a friendly good-night, and passing into the room, closed the door.

"I don't see what can have come over me, Bill," exclaimed one of them, when they were alone together. "I'm uncommon sleepy!"

"I feel rather sleepy myself," said the other. "Spose we rest awhile before proceeding to business? There's time enough. An hour's snooze will do us good after our long tramp."

"I'm agreeable. Ellis can't get back before daylight, any way. He'll never suspect anything, for he'll find Sutton dying, just as he was told. They'll keep him there as long as possible."

The room was furnished with two good beds in opposite corners. Each one of the ruffians staggered to one, and threw himself upon it; and they soon were sleeping soundly.

Kate and Mary, who were listening with anxious ears in the outer room, at length heard the deep breathing of their guest, which told them they were buried in slumber.

"Thank Heaven!" Kate exclaimed. "Now we are safe."

"I cannot feel safe while they are in the house," responded Mary. "Let us fly at once, Kate. The darkness and storm are sate to encounter than these wretches when they awake!"

"I have a better plan than that," said Kate, going to a closet and taking out a long clothes line. "Let us bind them while they sleep. Do not fear, sister; we can do it easily enough. I emptied the contents of the little bottle which Robert brought home last week for your toothache into the coffee. It was a pretty strong dose, too, and may kill them, but it was to save ours."

"The laudanum!" exclaimed Mary. "Thank Heaven! Then we are indeed safe! But how came you to think of it? I never should have dared do such a thing, for fear of their detecting the taste."

"Fortunately they did not. But we must secure them at once, while the drug is operating."

The brave girl handed Mary a portion of the rope, which she had divided, and, followed by the other, entered the apartment tenanted by the would-be murderers.

The ruffians were completely overpowered by the potent drug which they had unconsciously imbibed, and the task of binding them was a comparatively easy one. Assured now of their escape from the deadly peril which had menaced them, the unusual strength and resolution of the heroic women entirely deserted them, and they sank upon the floor weak and helpless, but with happy and thankful hearts.

The hours dragged slowly away. At last the ruffians began to recover from the effects of the narcotic. Great was their surprise and fury when they discovered how completely they had been outwitted—and that by a couple of weak women! Their threats and entreaties were alike unheeded. Their captors had no faith in their protestations and innocence of any premeditated crime, and they at length were forced to become re-

signed to their fate.

At daybreak Robert returned. His indignation and astonishment on learning of the events of the night knew no bounds. He clasped the two loved ones to his heart, and silently vowed never to leave them to such a risk again.

The discomfited ruffians were removed to the nearest jail. They were discovered to be old offenders, and soon after met with just punishment. It appeared that they had stopped the preceding day at the house of Ellis' dying friend, and had undertaken to deliver the message to Robert which had occasioned his departure. Learning by some means that the latter had a large sum of money in the house, the villains conceived the plan of taking advantage of his absence and robbing the farm, which plan happily miscarried, to the great discomfiture of its infamous projectors.

Two Mighty Hunters.

"I hear they're having great goose hunting now over on Long Island," said Mr. Magruder, in the boarding house, last night.

"Are they? I never had much luck shooting geese," said Mr. Magruder.

"I suppose not," said Mr. Magruder, compassionately, "put me on used to firearms, hey? I never read about geese but what I think of a day's sport I had down on Shinnecock bay one day last year. The geese were flying thick, and I took my V gun and—"

"Your V gun, what is that?" interrupted Mr. Magruder.

"You will learn further on in this narration," answered Magruder, continuing his story—"and went down there. One morning we saw coming up from the South what I supposed was the biggest flock of pigeons that ever flew. They came along in their usual way, flying in a triangle, with the leader on the point toward us. I got a fisherman to help me hold my V gun, and I took aim and let her go. The charge just cleaned the wings of the leader, and then spread out like a V, and—I am afraid you will scarcely believe me, Mr. Magruder, but it just went down the inside of each line of birds and carried away their inner wings as though they had been chopped off with a hatchet. Losing their balance from only one wing apiece, they were thrown violently together by the continued flapping of the outside wings. Every bird was killed by the shock of the concussion, and they fell to the earth in a line that measured 491 feet. There was just 809 birds; 404 pairs and the old head goose that was the leader."

"Your speaking of long necked creatures," said Mr. Magruder, calmly, "reminds me of my giraffe hunt in South Africa. Great sport in giraffe hunting. We had one hunter that was such a fast runner that he would often get clear ahead of the party and catch a giraffe all by himself. Then he'd take a couple turns of the giraffe's neck around a tree and hold him until we came up. One day I was out alone and I came across two tremendous giraffes together away from the woods. I sneaked up behind them, grabbed them by their heads and tied them together by their necks, and there I had 'em."

"Perhaps you'll kindly tell us," said Mr. Magruder, "how you got hold of their heads?"

"What! You don't mean to tell me that you don't know how to hunt giraffes. Why you ignorant loon, giraffe-hunters always wear stils!"

Bald Headedness Not a Crime.

He was ten years old. He had a red nose, tears in his eyes, ragged clothes, and he was awful sorry.

"It makes a shiver run up and down my back when I think of this boy standing on a street corner and calling pedestrians names," said His Honor gravely.

"It was in fun," wailed the lad.

"Think of calling old men 'bald-heads' and the like of that."

"Jim put me up to it!"

"I don't want to see him in two, and it's too late to use him for fish bait, but this boy needs reforming."

"I'll reform—I'll reform!" called the lad.

"I don't want to send him to prison, and yet I fear he will turn out a very bad boy."

"Try me—try me—I'll never call names no more."

His Honor left the chair, walked down to the boy, and putting a hand on his head he solemnly said:

"But a bald-headed man isn't to blame for it. He'd have hair there if he could. I am bald, and Bjah is bald, but we always pay one hundred cents on the dollar and never dead-beat a street car.—You may go home, but if you come again I shall know that you want to turn out a Dick Turpin, and I shall deal with you accordingly."

A jawbone sixteen feet long is to be exhibited at the Centennial by Massachusetts. Put it in the Woman's Department, by all means.

Isn't an aim without a name synonymous with an ominous Anonymous?

Kate keeps nobly in the van of civilization, Her State treasurer is in jail.

Elihu Burritt can drive a strange dog out of his yard in thirty-three different languages.

The extreme height of misery is a small boy with a new pair of rubber boots and no mud or slush in reach.

Don't marry till you can support a husband. That's the advice the Barnstable Patriot gives the Cape girls.

An English woman advertises herself as corn cutter to the royal family. She practices on "the light fantastic toe."

It is a thin excuse for a young lady to lie abed until nine o'clock in the morning because this is a leap year.

During a *conversazione* in Mic' Karl's saloon Sunday evening, a gentleman had his nose broken, is the way the Troy Press neatly puts it.

A Newtown man favors the presence of the album in the public schools. He writes us that "the holy book must be kept in schools at any cost."

A breed of dogs without tails has been discovered in Africa, and how the mischief you boys there utilize old tin kettles and fruit cans, we cannot pretend to say.

The Sandwich Islands are going to adopt a new flag, but they can't decide whether to take a gray horse blanket with a hole in it, or on old vest with the back ripped out.

Cofore's marriage, Broughne praised the artistic manner in which his wife "banged her hair." Now he complains of the cruel manner in which she bangs his head.

Mrs. Edwards, of Streater, Ill., while slicing bread the other day cut off the end of her baby's nose, but a doctor pasted it on again, and that, we trust, will be "the end of it."

So Brooklyn is going to have a meter inspector, it seems. We hope he'll look sharp after those chaps that write poetry for the Brooklyn Union.

A gentleman rode up to a public house in the country the other day and asked: "Who is master of this house?" "I am, sir. My wife has been dead about three weeks," replied the landlord.

A correspondent being in the office of a Washington pawnbroker, saw a fashionable lady come in and pawn a diamond cross worth \$1,200 for \$350. He doesn't state what he was doing there.

A Hartford man wants to sell a farm in which "meandering streams and rivulets permeate luxuriant pasture, while majestic oaks and stately maples attract the eye of the beholder." Who bids?

Miss Anna Dickerson's new lecture is entitled "Sowing and Reaping." And an old bachelor cruelly says that Sowing and Reaping would be a more appropriate subject for a woman.

Half the people who are making this uproar over the exclusion of the Bible from the public schools couldn't tell on their own responsibility whether the book of Genesis was written by St. Paul or Hamlet.

"Exploring waist places," said John Henry, as he put his arm around the pretty chambermaid. "Navigation of the air," said Mrs. Henry, overhearing him, and sailing into his raven curls.

An exchange says: "Angular alcohol is the *Inter-Ocean's* latest way of putting it. The latest way a large majority of Western editors have of putting it is putting it down their throats."

The majority of pins found in the sweepings from the Dresden Union Schoolhouse are bent in a peculiar fashion, suggesting a sudden ascent of pupils about to occupy the recitation seats.

Cider, in the view of the New York Times, ought to be recognized as a temperance beverage. It certainly ought. All the cider we've seen for the last ten years has been about two-thirds town-pump.

Bismarck is baldheaded, but you don't catch any German newspapers saying that Mrs. Bismarck in a high tempered woman, or making any jokes about bald-heads generally. The baldheaded man in that country is looked up to.

Cruz Lopez, a former pensive peasant vendor of San Francisco, is now the wildcat bandit on the Mexican border. He went to the bad because every policeman or millionaire that passed his stand stole a nut with an air of abstraction.

"What do you mean, you little rascal?" exclaimed an individual to an impudent youth who seized him by the nose on the street. "Oh, nothing—only I'm going out to seek my fortune, and my father told me to seize hold of the first thing that 'turned up'."

Sister Peking was asked if she was going to celebrate her fifth marriage anniversary by the festival of a wooden wedding. She tartly replied: "No, that would be unnecessary, as I married a 'stick,' and he has done nothing but raise cans ever since."