The Democrat.

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HELIOTROPE.

How strong they are, those subtle spells,
That lurk in leaves and flower bells,
Rising in faint perfumes,
Or, mingling with some olden strain,
Strike through the music shafts of pain,
And people empty rooms.

They came upon us unaware,
In crowded halls and open air,
And in our chamber still;
A song, an odor, or a bird
Evokes the spell and strikes the chord
And all our pulses thrill.

I loitered but an hour ago,
With lagging footsteps tired and slow,
Along the garden walk;
The summer twilight wrapped me round;
Through open windows came the sound
Of song and pleasant talk.

The odor stealing dews lay wet
And heavy on the mignonette
That crept about my feet;
Upon the folded mossy vest,
That clothed the ruby rose's breast,
It fell in droppings sweet.

It fell on beds of purple bloom,
From whence arose the rare perfume
Of dainty heliotrope,
Which smote my heart with sudden power—
My favorite scent, my favorite flower,
In olden days of hope.

Ah me! the years have come and gone,
Each with its melody or moan,
Since that sunshiny hour
When for the sake of hands that brought
And for the lesson sweet it taught,
I chose it for my flower.

Faint-scented blossoms! long ago
Your purple clusters came to show
My life had wider scope;
They spoke of love that day—to-night
I stand apart from love's delight,
And wear no heliotrope.

Between to-night and that far day
Lie life's bright noon and twilight gray,
But I have lived through both;
And if before my paling face
The midnight shadows fall apace,
I see them, nothing loth.

Only to-night that faint perfume
Reminds me of the lonely gloom
Of life outliving hope;
I wish I had been far to night
What time the dew fell silver white
Upon the heliotrope.

UNA'S ESCAPADE.

"OH, DEAR! if I only knew what to do with myself all this long, weary summer. I believe I was born under an unlucky star."

Una Penrose laid down her novel, whose leaves were yet uncut, and gave a vindicitive little kick with her tiny rosetted slipper—No. 1 Marie Antoinette.

"You needn't smile, Retta," she added to Miss Geoffrey, who lay cozily and contentedly on the yellow silken lounge between the windows, lazily examining a dainty lace set. "What are you laughing at, Retta?"

"To hear you say you were born under an unlucky star. You little princess, whose life has been a fairy tale, whose greatest sorrow is no more than the loss of a canary. You born under an unlucky planet!"

Miss Geoffrey's low, sweet voice lent thrilling distinctness to every word she uttered—and indeed the most commonplace remarks seemed rare as rubies when she said them. She smiled at pouting Una with a yearning, pitying tenderness in her wistful brown eyes, as a mother might gaze at the little one who pitted its trifling inconveniences against the keener experience of its parent.

"But if I am discontented and dissatisfied with it all, and all this everlasting parade of what an inexhaustible purse can buy—am I to blame? I just tell you Retta Geoffrey, you can bless your stars you are poor. I wish I was and then I'd—"

"Shall I take the sentence from your mouth, Una, and finish it as you mean but dare not say? You mean you'd do as you—please and marry Harry Gregory?"

A faint blush surged lightly to Una's face; then her proud upper lip curled itself most unmistakably.

"Harry Gregory! You are very much mistaken. When I accept an offer of marriage it will be from—well, not from Mr. Gregory."

"From who, dear? I beg you to tell me," and Retta sprang up from her reclining position, a white pallor settling all over her face.

"Why, what is the matter, Retta?—You are surely faint and I don't wonder, the way you lay awake at nights and the miserable breakfasts you take. Will you have my salts?"

She arose to reach for them, but Retta interposed her hand.

"Oh, no! I am not at all ill. Am I pale? Go on with what we were talking about."

"Oh, yes," returned Una, "it was of marriage, and I imagined—only for a moment, you know—that you faint because you thought I was going to say I wouldn't have anybody but Owen Kinneleigh—that charming Welsh gentleman, you remember. Oh, isn't he splendid, isn't— Retta! what is the matter? I shall ring for pa at once."

"Please don't; wait just a minute and I will tell you."

Miss Geoffrey's words were low and sweet as they always were; but Una heard the burden of anguish they carried, just as plainly as she saw the same grief in her wistful eyes.

"I am very weak and unwomanly, I fear," she said, after a moment; "but I never hear the name without just such emotion. Oh, Una! Una! how I worshipped Owen Kinneleigh once! And I never dreamed you would care for him."

Una gazed in amazement at the white face, and the pale lips that uttered the quick, passionate words; and then a bright flush began to carmine her own face. She knelt down beside the lounge and wopnd her arms around Miss Geoffrey's neck.

"Retta, I see it all now—all the sleepless nights, the untasted meals, the weeping of your dear eyes when you thought I didn't know; and all for Owen!" and the voice sank into a murmur, "does he love you?"

"How can I tell?" she returned, almost angrily. "He said so, and then, because I—because we quarreled—he went away and left me. And for a long year I have never seen or heard of him. You call the summer long and weary; what think you it is to me?"

Una, for reply, curled and caressed the tiny spires of hair that lay like jetty tendrils on Retta's white forehead. Then, after a long, long silence, she broke it.

"Retta, darling, I will forget Owen Kenneleigh and you shall forget what I said. And now please help me decide on my summer's escapade—for a jolly escapade I am determined it shall be."

A spacious bedroom, over whose two western windows climbed fragrant honeysuckle vines, that perfumed with such subtle sweetness the air that stirred the white dimity curtains, and gently rustled the sides of the old fashioned patchwork quilt that covered the high, four-post bed. A wide strip of home made carpet was laid beside the bed, a similar piece in front of the cherry washstand, which, with the tiny glass that hung over it, did double duty for toilette stand and dressing case.

A Boston rocking chair was invitingly urging one to occupy it beside one shady window, and, as Mrs. Olmstead, the thrifty farmer's wife, showed the 'new girl' her clean, sweet, countrified bedroom and left her to don strict working attire before she descended to the kitchen, and went down stairs herself, the remarkably self-possessed "help" settled herself in that chair with a grace and dignity very unlike "Annie Smith;" but had Harry Gregory or Owen Kinneleigh happened to have been about they would have said very like "Una Penrose." And Miss Una Penrose it veritably was, actually launched on that "jolly escapade of hers; positively hired out" for not less than a month to Mrs. Olmstead, who kept the select boarding house at "Sunset Light" for the few permanent and numerous transient guests who honored her.

You would not have known Una.—That is you would have been astonished at the equally provoking likeness and unlikeness; you would be just about tempted to speak to her and say "Miss Penrose, is it possible?" and then a second searching glance and a sparkle of anger from her blue eyes, and you would bow, and stutter, and mutter something about "craving Miss Annie's pardon, but, really, the resemblence was so pointed," etc., etc. She sat looking out over the broad meadow, covered with short, sweet pasturage, at the wides-pread fields of ripening oats, that waved and swayed with such matchless grace as the wind swept over them; at the vast stretch of timber land that bounds the landscape like emeralds incasing a choice gem, and over and around, and above all, at the hills that towered in a soft, blue gray haze that lent sweeter enchantment to the shadows, chasing the sunlight from wooden base to peak.

And Una felt the silent voice of Nature communicating with her as never before, even though she had stood on the Pacific shore and picked up shells on the Atlantic's beach; though from the Jungfrau she had watched the sun come up and on the top of Mount Washington watched it go down. Then she was the desirable Miss Penrose, the heiress, the beauty, whose walk, manners, dress, conversation, were mimicked by lesser lights, now—this with a swelling exuberance of joy in her heart—now she was going to drink deep at the same fountain of joy that humans less favored than herself had been quaffing from. What would she taste in her cup? What would come of all this?

But she began to dress herself for her new duties, and her thoughts took wings for the present—except two separate and distinct ones that darted across her mind and away. She wondered whether, when she went back to Retta Geoffrey, when the harvest moon shone, there would be news—good news concerning Owen Kinneleigh? And then, with a delicious blush on her cheek, as she reproached herself for caring, if only a wee while, for the man Retta worshiped so. Una vowed to never think of him again—and she did miss Henry Gregory more than she could have imagined possible. Those splendid mischievous eyes of his, that had looked such unutterable things into her own—wouldn't they sparkle at the sight of her as she looked now, so demurely sweet and enchantingly plain, in her brown and white calico dress, green gingham apron, and with her hair brushed plainly off her temples and confined in a net?

Harry was a real nice fellow, anyhow, only—

Then a bell rang somewhere from below, and, as Una imagined it was certainly a summons for her, she started down, on this "jolly escapade" of hers.

"It is certainly a remarkable coincidence, to say the least. It is the strongest resemblance I ever saw."

Mr. Owen Kinneleigh re crossed his legs on the piazza railing and slowly blew smoke-wreathes from under a luxuriant white moustache, while his head, crowned to perfection by masses of dark gray hair that curled closely about his neck and brow, leaned directly against the pillar of the porch to Annie Smith's bedroom.

"The likeness is singularly strange, as you say, Kinneleigh, And I think the compliment equally applicable to either lady—for this neat, deft handed maid of all work is a lady by birth and breeding, if Fate has placed her in Mrs. Olmstead's kitchen."

How Una's heart throbbed—there, we may as well confess she was sitting in her rocking-chair by the window when this conversation began between the two men, who, of all the world, had come to Mrs. Olmstead's for a fortnight's relaxation.

They had been there a day or so already, and after Harry Gregory and Owen Kinneleigh had expressed their mutual delight and surprise at thus meeting, their next subject of conversation had been Annie Smith.

And Una, when she caught a first glance at the two coming up from the boat-landing, felt her heart leap with mingled astonishment, delight and agitation. Her cheeks had reddened so that Mrs. Olmstaad had asked her what was the matter. Ah! Una would hardly admit to herself that she had learned something very curious and delightful since she commenced masquerading.

One new lesson was—and if more girls could learn it the better it would be for them—that it would not be such a terrible thing after all to become the wife of a poor man—like Harry Gregory for instance, whom—this was the second secret lesson—she had begun to love very dearly.

And so, with sparkling eyes and bounding pulse, she listened to hear these two men discuss "Annie Smith."

"Yes, she is a gentlewoman, undoubtedly," added Mr. Kinneleigh, "and it is her name that puzzles me more than her face. I wonder what Miss Penrose would say to see this double of hers? I'd give a good deal to see them together.'

Then Harry's voice, in a mischievous laugh, floated up with the fragrance of the honey suckles.

"I wonder if Miss Annie would be more kind to a fellow than Miss Penrose was? I declare, I won't be able to eat a mouthful if this Hebe in calico waits on the table much longer."

"But I thought you were entirely devoted to Miss Penrose, Harry! I thought ——"

"Owen please do not speak seriously of that. I am heartsore yet on that point. To-night I'd give ten years of my life if she would but let me love her."

His voice had suddenly lost its gayety, and Una knew how his face looked as he spoke, as well as if she had seen him.

"You can't depend on women, Gregory; and, though no one in the world would imagine it, I tell you my life is a waste through the falsity of the one woman I ever did or shall care a rush for. And I suppose she is happy and unconscious of what she has done to me."

"But I am sure if Una once loved she'd never—"

And she knew by the discreasing sound that the two were walking away beyond hearing.

Once, just outside the lawn gate, Kinneleigh spoke.

"Well, when Miss Penrose returns home from her tour of visiting she may prove kinder."

"Why, is she from home? Since when? When did she go? If I thought I would meet her anywhere—"

"Don't follow her up, Harry. Where did she go? Well, nobody knows exactly, only on her own sweet will."

Gradually a light began to beam in Harry's eyes; then a smile, first of amusement, then of a deeper feeling, parted his lips. But he smoked on in silence as they walked slowly along the river bank.

"Miss Smith!"

Una stopped suddenly on the way from the parlor, where she had been arranging fresh flowers, to meet Harry Gregory's eyes looking at her.

"You—you spoke to me, sir!"

She was so angry to think her speech faltered so.

"To you, or to Miss Una Penrose, whichever of you choose to answer me."

He was close beside her now, enjoying her confusion.

"You can't deny it, Una!—Miss Penrose, I mean.

"Oh, Mr. Gregory, I never thought you'd find it out. And I was having such a good time!"

When she pouted so prettily he was enchanted. Girls don't pout when they are angry with their lovers—it's only when they want to try them a little.

"But I shall spoil all this good time if you'll let me. Una! Una! if you only knew how delighted I was to find you!—if I only might keep you forever."

He had both her hands now, and was looking straight into her eyes—he had a great way of looking people in the eyes when he talked.

Una drew a long breath, then glanced up at him, with such a sweet shyness on her face.

"Well, you may have me if you want me!"

And so one part of her escapade ended 'in her offering herself to him," as Harry says, laughingly "in the most unget-out of it-able manner imaginable."

But he is content; and Una?

She thought she was perfectly happy; but the day she took Owen Kinneleigh into Mrs. Olmstead's parlor and told him with her sweet face all aflush and tears in her pleading eyes, that Retta was not false or happy, and he promised to go to her again—

Then—and when she saw for herself how blissfully perfect their lives ran on, even as Harry's and—she doubly rejoiced at her "escapade."

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW OF MOSES.

Some time ago in the town of X., during a religious controversy between Peter Lamb and some of his friends, one of the latter asserted that Peter did not know who was the mother-in-law of Moses, and couldn't ascertain. Peter offerd to bet that he could find out and the wager was accepted. After searching in vain through the scriptures, Mr. Lamb concluded to go round and interview Deacon Jones about it. The deacon is head man in a gas office, and in the office there are a half dozen windows, behind which sit clerks to receive money. Applying at one of these, Mr. Lamb saked:

"Is Deacon Jones in?"

"What's your business?"

"Why, I want to find out the name of Moses's—"

"Don't know anything about it. Look in the directory," and the clerk slammed the window shut.

Then Peter went to the next window and said:

"I want to see Mr. Jones."

"What for?"

"I want to see if he knows who Moses's—"

"Moses who?"

"Why, Moses, the Bible Moses—if he knows—"

"Patriarchs don't belong in this department. Apply across the street at the Christian association rooms," and the clerk closed the window.

At the next window Mr. Lamb said:

"I want to see Deacon Jones a minute in reference to a little mattter about Moses.

"Want to pay his gas bill? What's the last name?"

"Oh, no. I mean the first Moses, the original one."

"Anything the matter with his meter?"

"You don't understand me. I refer to the Hebrew prophet. I want—"

"Well, you can't see him here. This is the gas office. Try next door."

At the adjoining window Mr. Lamb said:

"Look here, I want to see Deacon Jones a minute about the prophet Moses, and I wish you'd tell him so."

"No, I won't," replied the clerk. "He's too busy to be bothered with anything of the kind."

"But I must see him. I insist on seeing him; I've got a bet about Moses."

"Don't make any difference what you have got, you can't see him."

"But I will. I want you to go and tell him I'm here, and that I wish for some information respecting Moses. I'll have you discharged if you don't go."

"Don't care if you want to see him about all the children of Israel, and the Pharaohs, and Nebuchednezzars. I tell you, you can't. That settles it. Turn off your gas and quit."

Then Peter resolved to give up the deacon and try Rev. Dr. Potts. When he called at the parsonage the doctor came down into the parlor. It is the doctor's misfortune to be deaf and there was a little misunderstanding when Peter said:

"I called, doctor, to ascertain if you could tell me who was the mother-in-law of Moses."

"Well, really," said the doctor, "there isn't much preference. Some like one kind of roses and some another. A very good variety of the pink rose is the Duke of Cambridge; grows large, bears early, and has very fine perfume. The Hercules is also excellent; but you must manure well and water often.

"I did not ask about roses but *Moses*. You make a mistake," shouted Peter.

"Oh, of course! by all means. Train them up to a stake if you want to. The wind don't blow them about so and they send out more shoots."

"You misunderstand me," yelled Mr. Lamb. "I asked about Moses not roses. I want to know who was the mother-in-law of Moses."

"Oh! yes, certainly. Excuse me. I thought you were inquiring about roses. The law of Moses was the foundation of the religion of the Jews. You can find it in full in the Pentateuch. It is admirable; very admirable for the purpose for which it was ordained. We, of course, have outlived that dispensation, but it still contains many things that are useful to us, as, for instance, the—"

"Was Moses married?"

"Married! Oh, yes: the name of his father-in-law, you know, was Jethro, and —"

"Who was his wife?"

"Why, she was the daughter of Jethro, of course; I said Jethro was his father-in-law."

"No; Jethro's wife, I mean, I want to settle a bet."

"No that isn't her name. 'Bet' is a corruption of Elizabeth, and that name I believe is not found in the Old Testament. I don't remember what the name of Moses's wife was."

"I want to know what the name of the mother-in-law of Moses was, to settle bet."

"Young man," said the old doctor, sternly, "you are trifling with a serious subject. What do you mean by wanting Moses to settle a bet?"

Then Mr. Lamb rolled up a sheet of music that lay on the piano, and putting it to the doctor's ear he shouted:

"I—made—a—bet—that—I—could—find—out—what—the—name—of—Moses's—mother-in-law—was. Can—you—tell—me?"

"The Bible don't say," responded the doctor; "and unless you can get a spiritualist to put you in communication with Moses, I guess you will lose."

Then Peter went round and handed over the stakes. Hereafter he will gamble on other than biblical names.

Wiping Out a Bully.

General John Goshwieler, one of the leading capitalists of California, and one of the really good fellows of that state, tells a thrilling story:

One day in early times he was standing in a pioneer shanty saloon, in company with a great big fighter who was the terror of the camp and town.

There was nothing this giant could not whip, and very little that he had not whipped. The big fellow was sitting near the bar when a stranger entered.—He was not more than twenty-five, slenderly built, pale, with big eyes, delicate features, and a hand like a girl.

He stepped quietly up to the bar and asked for a glass of brandy. The glass was placed before him, whereupon the bully rose from his chair, put his big brawney hand in front of the youngster, took the brandy and drank it. The young man said nothing, but quietly laid down four bits and said:

"Give me another glass of brandy."

The brandy was put out, the glass was filled and the bully again reached forward, took the glass and drank it. The youngster put four bits on the counter and said, easily:

"Give me two glasses of brandy."

The two glasses were put out, filled and the bully the third time reached forward, took a glass and drank it. The young man paid no attention even to the giant's pistols and knives, but taking the other glass drank it and put down a dollar. Then with easy manner, he left the bar for the door, walked five or six steps, turned like a flash of lightning and shot the bully through the heart.

As he walked out of the door he said to one of the bystanders:

"That follow might have hurt somebody, yet."

In The Country.

A beautiful young lady was walking arm-in arm with a young man one evening, into whose eyes she would sweetly smile. "It's a lovely evening," said the fair one—"Yes," replied her companion. They were silent and walked on. "It was a lovely evening yesterday," said the beautiful girl as they came round again "Yes," meekly responded the young man, evidently at a loss what to say. They came round a third time, and it was his turn now. "I hope it will be a lovely evening to-morrow," said he. "So do I," said she.