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ALL THINGS PERISH SAVE VIRTUE.

Sweet morn—so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose—whose fragrance now I crave,
To glad my sense and joy mine eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring—so full of shine and showers,
It makes the weary spirit sigh,
To think, with all thy herbs and flowers,
That thou must die.

Sweet music—e'en the lovely song
Which from my harp in window nigh
Is floating on the breeze along,
E'en thou must die.

And all the bright and glistening train
Of stars that stud the deep blue sky
Must they all perish—none remain
To glad the eye?

And vales, and fields, and rushing streams,
And mountains that invade the sky,
Are they as baseless as our dreams?
And must they die?

And all that's beautiful and fair
On Nature's face—love's melody,
That makes sweet music of the air,
All—all must die!

And man, frail form of senseless clay,
Tho' now his glance is proud and high,
Perchance upon this passing day
He too may die!

But the bright soul that, enshrined within
The quenchless light in mortal form—
Tho' dimmed by misery and sin,
Defies the morn.

When all the stars shall fade away,
And suns in their own blaze expire,
And trackless comets cease to stray
With wand'ring fire.

The soul shall ever live, nor know
The lapse of time, but dwell on high,
And share—in endless joy or woe—
Eternity.

DISENCHANTED.

MARY REED CROWELL.

"BROKEN your engagement!"

Madge Amory echoed the words with such genuine surprise that Edith smiled amusedly—fair, stately Edith Grosvenor, with her lily face lighted with such grand black eyes, soft as velvet.

"Broken my engagement, Madge; and I can assure you Dr. Belmont is just as well satisfied as I am."

Madge flung a navy blue velvet band impatiently on the dressing case, her cheeks flushed, her blue eyes looking unutterable reproach and vexation.

"I do declare, Edith, I've no patience with you! What on earth could have possessed you to throw Leslie Belmont over, such a perfectly splendid fellow as he is, and the handsomest man in the world, I do believe, and such a good reputation as he is gaining in his profession, and the fortune he is sure to make, and the way he worships you, you heartless fiend!"

Madge's mingled indignation at Miss Grosvenor's course of action, and her upholding of Dr. Belmont's flag, were certainly very graceful and pretty; and Edith parted her handsome lips in an indignant smile.

"Child, I am not to blame, for all I broke the engagement. Dr. Belmont is entirely to blame; he insists on my giving up my pet views and opinions on certain subjects. You know what I think about women's rights, dear; and of course I told my handsome doctor that either he nor any other man need expect to obtain such absolute control over me that my most cherished opinions should yield to him and his opinions of course a rupture naturally followed an animated discussion, and—the rest you know."

Edith's countenance was as calm as a summer sky; but Madge buzzed like an enraged fire-fly.

"Yes I know the rest, disgraceful as it is. I think you are the most egregious—well, the most foolish girl it ever has been my luck to come across, Edie."

And the bright bine eyes came to a sudden prolonged stare on Miss Grosvenor's stately face.

"Edie, do you know what I believe? I solemnly believe Horace Aylmer is at the bottom of this!"

A swift tinge fled over Madge's face, like a rosy sunrise shadow over a snowy landscape.

"Yes. Why do you think so?"

She asked it very quietly.

"Because Mr. Aylmer and you are in such sympathy on this nasty suffering question—because Mr. Aylmer is just as jealous of Dr. Belmont as he knows how to be—because you are an heiress and your fortune of a hundred thousand dollars would not come amiss to him—because—"

Edith lifted a jeweled forefinger imperiously.

"No more, please, Madge. Mr. Aylmer is, as you say, in sympathy with me. More, he is in my estimation, a gentle-

man who despises fortune-hunting; and, more than all, last night I accepted him as my betrothed husband."

Her nostrils were dilated like those of a thoroughbred, and she held her hand up with the defiant grace of a stag, and Madge—Madge collapsed pitifully.

"Oh, Edith! It is impossible, what will Dr. Belmont think when he hears of it?"

Edith picked up her silver-backed mirror, and examined her pretty arching brows critically.

"What Dr. Belmont thinks has ceased to be a matter of interest to me. Madge, stay to luncheon, like a good child, and we'll have a drive afterward."

Mr. Horace Aylmer sat in his room at the Albermarle Hotel, looking down at the crowds that were passing up and down Broadway, and occasionally turned toward a spectacled young man who was quietly reading an afternoon edition of the news.

Suddenly Aylmer sprang from his chair.

"Charlie, that is she—the lady in black velvet and silk. Isn't she magnificent?" His face was not as enthusiastic in expression as his words, and Mr. Charlie looked half sarcastically over his paper.

"Really it is too much trouble to move, Aylmer, or I would be happy to endorse your estimation of your betrothed. I dare say you are in duty bound to call her magnificent, seeing that she has been fond—and foolish—enough to bequeath her fortune unqualifiedly to you, as a proof, you say, of her implicit confidence in you."

Aylmer stroked his dark, curling beard.

"Miss Grosvenor is a remarkably sensible young lady, Charlie, for all I must confess, confidentially, I can't approve of her taste in turning the cold shoulder to Belmont. Miss Grosvenor is a Godsend to me, as unexpected as necessary, for, as I can tell you, old boy, I had not the remotest idea she'd have me."

Charlie folded his paper lazily.

"And I dare say, as usual, your exchequer needs replenishing and your wife's money will do it. Only it strikes me that a woman so generous and trusting as she has shown herself, deserves, at least, some return of affection from you. And I know you do not love her, or any one, but that little blue-eyed angel who is even poorer than yourself."

Aylmer frowned and flushed.

"Never mention Etta Emerson's name to me, unless you want me to commit suicide. It is the one task of my life to try and forget her. Forget her! as if her blue eyes will not be forever looking into mine?"

"Pleasant for Miss Grosvenor, that."

Charlie stretched himself with a lazy grace, not taking notice of the pallor Aylmer could not banish from his face.

Then came a rap on the door, and a hotel messenger handed a note to Aylmer who opened it half apprehensively.

"There is no answer."

He gave the fellow a quarter, then sat down in a chair beside the bed.

"From Edith. A telegram was handed her a moment after she passed here bidding her go at once to Virginia, where a friend is dying. She bids me adieu for a few days."

His eyes were shining as lover's never shine at the prospect of a separation from their sweethearts. Charlie laughed.

"Old fellow, as if I can't read you like a book! You are going to enjoy her absence with little blue-eyed Etta—to forget whom is the one Herculean task of your life. Aylmer, you're a rogue."

"Granted—but only for a few days, remember."

"Annette!"

Miss Grosvenor's voice was low, and very sweet, for all the undertone of physical pain in the one name she called, that was a swiftness in a flash by the trim maid who appeared from a distant window.

"The bathing, Annette. And tell me what time it is. I feel ever so much better to-day. Don't I look as if I would be around in a day or so?"

Annette was deftly bathing a big ugly bruise on Miss Grosvenor's white forehead.

"You look a hundredfold better, Miss Edith. No one would believe to see you to-day that you were picked up for dead the day of the collision—actually left to yourself, because those wonderful smart doctors said the living needed care. It makes my blood curdle when I think of it."

A slight nervous tremor made Edith shiver; then she smiled.

"There is no use thinking of it. It seems strange to me when I try to imagine how delighted they will be at home when I return, safe and sound, after the telegram you sent them, saying I was killed."

The tears were hanging like dew-drops on Edith's long lashes. She was thinking of Horace Aylmer—and their meeting; picturing his keen, rapturous delight; and—away down in the depths of her woman's heart, wondering how Dr. Belmont took the dreadful news.

Then, some one summoned Annette from the hotel office; and ten minutes

later, she came rushing back, beaming with delight.

"Miss Edith—Miss Edith! what do you think? If Dr. Belmont hasn't come all the way from New York, expecting to have the mournful satisfaction of escorting your remains home—and—he's that pale and trembly since he heard you're alive that he can hardly stand.—Do let him come, do—do, Miss—more shame to Mr. Aylmer that he didn't come."

Edith flushed hotly.

"Annette—be careful! You may show Dr. Belmont up. His professional knowledge will be of service, at least."

And, grave, paler than the woman among the pillows of the lounge, Leslie Belmont bowed over the one love of his life—but made no sign; then, nor in the after days, when, by short, easy stages the homeward journey was performed; when his skillful, tend-care made strange breaks in Edith's calmful peace; when his grave, handsome face was a study to her that never failed to disturb her.

It was just dusk when the coach rolled up to the door of Edith's home, where lights brightly gleamed in the drawing room window seemed to make a welcome for her.

"I know what it means," she said, turning her eyes to Dr. Belmont's face.—"I can see through the window—Horace is there." She turned the latch-key softly, motioning Leslie to follow her; and side by side they crossed the velvet-carpeted hall to the parlors, where sounds of voices suddenly came to their ears—Mr. Aylmer's first.

"I tell you there is not the slightest use of prating to me about the looks of it, Mr. Ashley. You are the lawyer and drew up Miss Grosvenor's will, and you know she left everything, most unqualifiedly, to me. I choose to take possession at once—and that's the end of it."

Edith's fingers suddenly tightened on Dr. Belmont's wrist—a touch that terrified him through and through.

"But such haste is indecent, Mr. Aylmer—outrageously indecent. Without a doubt you are owner of this mansion and all it contains, and the remainder of Miss Grosvenor's estate—but in the name of decency and humanity, for the sake of the lady you loved—"

Aylmer's laugh interrupted the earnest appeal of the old family lawyer.

"Come! now, Ashley, that's rich! An old fellow like you prating of love. Do you suppose for a moment I cared for Edith? No, sir! It was her money—and I've got it, safe and sound, without any encumbrance. Ashley, transfer the bonds and stocks to my name, and give me whatever loose cash there is in the bank. I'm going to furnish afresh at once—consulting Miss Emerson's taste; and in less than a month you'll see the happiest married folks you ever came across."

His gay, bantering tone was peculiarly repellent, under the circumstances, and Edith drew her figure proudly up in wrath and disgust. Then, with a little sudden moan, she dropped her hold of Leslie's hand.

"Dr. Belmont! how you must pity and despise me!" Her complaint was hardly off her lips when he had caught her hands in his.

"Edith! It is only love—great, undying love I feel! Edith, can you let all the miserable past three months pass—and let me begin where I left off that September night? Edith, tell me that you love me!"

One second of pride battling with the true love that had only been sleeping and Edith lifted her lips to his.

"Leslie! oh, thank God for this! Leslie my own, own darling!"

And then she threw open the drawing room door, radiant, flushing, smiling.

"I am too sorry to interfere in all your delightful little plans, Mr. Aylmer, but, really, I am obliged to! Mr. Ashley dear old friend—tell me how glad you are it was all a hideous mistake about my being killed." Then, turning to Aylmer again, who stood like a petrified corpse, she bestowed one of her most bewitching smiles on him. "I mean a fortunate mistake. Leslie, will you ring for Jonas to show Mr. Aylmer out? Mr. Ashley, you shall remain for dinner and a pleasant evening, for I want you and my future husband to arrange several matters for me to-night. Jonas—the door I don't be terrified; it is really I—Mr. Aylmer, I wish you a very good evening!"

And with a sweeping bow, the very quintessence of mockingly elaborate courtesy, she dismissed the speechless, crestfallen man from her house, from her life forever.

"Well, my boy," said a New York father to his eight-year-old son, the other night, "what have you done to-day that may be set down as a good deed?" "Gave a boy five cents," replied the hopeful.

"Ah! ah! that was charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?" "I didn't stop to see, I gave him the money for licking a boy who upset my dinner basket."

Fire flies begin to twinkle at night.

LOST LILLY.

"WE WILL have it out, now, if you please, madam!" said Mark Arkwright to his wife, Augusta.

And they did have it out with a vengeance. Both were high tempered; neither had learned self-control; and before this scene between them was ended, both had spoken words such as no two people who love each other should ever speak.—If two indifferent persons quarreled, it does not amount to much generally; but when two who love each other indulge in the dangerous pastime, it is frequently fatal to happiness.

They had been married but a year, and the sweet glamour of romance had hardly worn off. This was the first disagreement and it began in a secret. Perhaps Mr. Arkwright had ample cause to be angry with his wife. I am sure that every man will think so, though a woman's judgment might be different.

On the afternoon of the quarrel he had asked his wife to drive with him, and she had declined on that plea—the headache. He had petted her, and kissed her hot forehead, and smoothed her soft blonde hair, and established her on the lounge in her room, with a pillow under her head and a shawl over her feet, before he went out for his afternoon drive.

Two hours later, he had occasion to cross Hyde Park, and there, walking slowly down one of the most secluded paths, he saw a purple velvet skirt, beside a black coat. Augusta had a purple velvet skirt and looked like an angel, her husband had frequently told her, all un mindful of the historical fact that angels universally wear white, and are supposed to be above the weakness of purple velvet skirts.

The airs and manners of the man were decidedly foreign; he was handsome, and had an easy appearance generally—indeed, he seemed to be constantly looking over his shoulder.

Arkwright passed in the shadow of a clump of trees, and watched the pair. I suppose "watched" is the proper word, though Arkwright prided himself on being an extremely honorable man, and would doubtless have knocked anybody down who had insinuated anything to the contrary.

There was no mistaking the grace of the lady, the wave of her golden hair, the turn of her snowy neck—yes, the very wreath of purple panises on her hat—all were Augusta's; and in a moment more her husband heard her voice.

"Dear Arthur," she was saying, "every moment for you here is fraught with peril. Loose no time in getting out of London."

"But darling," returned the man, "nothing save my love for you has brought me here; and it is hard that I cannot have just this little comfort."

They moved away down the walk, and Arkwright heard no more. But he had heard quite enough. He was in a white heat of passion. He dared not follow them and trust himself to speak. There was murder in his heart. He must wait a little till his temper cooled. He went to a stable, hired a fast horse, and rode him till the animal was ready to drop.—Then he went home and accused his wife. No matter in what words—they were harsh and bitter enough, heaven knows, and the vile epithets he applied to her at the outset roused all the haughty pride and resistance to arms.

She heard him through. She attempted no defense; she made no denials; but when he paused from sheer want of breath, she cursed the hour in which she had married him. Then she left the room.

He had all night to subdue himself, and if she had come to him in the morning with any reasonable explanation, he would have listened to her. But she did not come.

After a while, he sought her in her room; but she was gone. She had taken with her only a bare change of rainment, and left no message to tell where she had gone.

"Fled with her paramour!" Arkwright said, bitterly; and then, and there he vowed to give himself no rest until he had found them and killed them both.—He tried hard to put his vow into execution. For three years he was a wanderer—seeking always his wife and her seducer, and finding them never.

At last he quitted wandering, and went home. He was a very wealthy man now. Lands that he had owned had increased prodigiously in value, and there was no need of his applying himself to business. He built a mansion, and lived alone in it with his books and thoughts for company. He had a retinue of servants to anticipate his every wish; he sat at a costly table and drank wine as old as the hills; he drove horses worth a fortune; he had everything that wealth could purchase, and yet he was never at peace.—Though for the world he would not have owned to anything of the kind.

One day he was riding in the suburbs of London, and came upon a child sitting by the wayside, sobbing bitterly.—She had her apron full of primroses and violets, and a black and white kitten was

cuddled up in her arms. Moved by some impulse which he could not have explained, he stopped his horse, and accosted her. She sobbed out her little story with all a child's ingenuousness. Her mamma had gone somewhere to carry work, and she and Spot had gone to walk by themselves, and they had walked, oh, so far! and now they were lost.

Her name was Lily, and the kitten's name was Spotty and that was all she could tell to prove her identity. Surprised at himself for doing so, Arkwright took her into the carriage—kitten and all—and carried her to his own home.

He advertised her, and for the first two or three days made some effort to discover her relatives. After that he did not want to discover them. Into his cold, closed heart Lily had crept, and made her home there; and the desolate, cynical man found himself loving her as a little before he had not dreamed of loving anything again. After the lapse of a fortnight the idea of Lily leaving him became absolutely unbearable. He got so nervous that he started at every sound of the bell—fearful that some one was coming to claim her.

She and the kitten had it all their own way in Arkwright House. They strayed in the library, and upset the books and papers to their mutual satisfaction. Lily sat on Arkwright's knee a great deal of the time amusing herself with braiding and curling his hair into the most grotesque shapes; and Spot, with feline audacity mounted on his shoulder and nibbled the top of his pen, or thrust her inquisitive little nose into his face all unrebuked. But one day, just as Arkwright was beginning to feel sure of the child, a lady came for her. This lady was tall and slight, and wore black, and had her face covered with a thick veil. Something in her low, sweet voice stirred the innermost depths of Mark Arkwright's nature, but a fierce pang shot through him when he saw with what earnestness Lily flew toward her.

"Mamma! darling mamma!" she cried, covering her with kisses. "I so do love you! Now you and I, and Spot, and papa are all together!"

Arkwright reddened. He had been weak enough to teach this child to call him papa. He wondered what the lady thought of his presumption; but she seemed unwilling to linger. She thanked him for the care he had given Lily—offered to pay him for his trouble from a very slender-looking purse; and, being indignantly refused, she turned to go.—Lily was all her arms. Arkwright took a step toward them, and Lily threw her arms around his neck, drawing him up close, and face to face with the lady.—Through the thick folds of her veil their eyes met. He started back pale and trembling.

"Augusta!" he faltered, in a choked voice.

"Mr. Arkwright!"

She was the calmer of the two. A woman always is in cases of emergency.—All the old love, fierce and ungovernable, rose up within him.

"This child! Whose is it?" he asked.

"Mine and yours," she answered quietly. "She was born four months after our separation. I wish you good morning."

He caught her arm in an iron grasp.

"Stop! my child! Mine!" he cried, dreamingly as if it was an effort for him to realize it.

"No, not yours now," she said steadily. "You forfeited the right to claim her when you drove her mother from her home.—Mark, at this time—the last time I shall see you in this world—I will tell you the truth. You were jealous of my brother."

"Your brother? I never knew you had a brother."

"There is where I erred. Arthur was two years my junior, and a cruel misfortune placed him in a position where he was expected of forgery. He was unable to prove his innocence, and he fled from mistaken justice. I was too proud to tell you that I was the sister of one whom the world looked upon as a felon. In that I sinned, I had a secret from you, and upon that rock our happiness was wrecked. Thank Heaven! Arthur is free now—the guilty party has confessed, and my brother is a man once more."

Arkwright snatched her to his breast, and would not let her go. She tried her best to escape, but he held her fast. I suppose he won her pardon in some way, for she remained at Arkwright's house, and Lily and Spot stayed likewise.

Go there to-day, and you will see the happiest family this side of Paradise.

An Irish officer, upon seeing a beautiful picture sketched upon a wall, exclaimed, "It is a fine painting, but it was never done in America." "Oh, sir," says his friend, "don't you see it is on a solid wall, and therefore must have been done in this country?" "Ah," replied he, "I see that plain enough, but I only mean that the man who did it was never in America."

The early risers nowadays are the thermometer and the horse-fly.