

The Democrat.

BY HAWLEY & CRUSER.

MONTROSE, PA., AUGUST 30, 1876.

VOL. 33—NO. 35

THE BRIDE'S STORY.

When I was but a country lass, now fifteen years ago,
I lived where flows the Overbrook through meadows wide and low;
There first, when eyes were bending blue and blossoms bowing free,
I saw the ragged little boy that went to school with me.
His homespun coat was frayed and worn, with patches covered o'er,
His hat—ah, such a hat as that was never seen before.
The boys and girls, when first he came, they shouted in their glee,
And jeered the ragged little boy who went to school with me.
His father was a laboring man, and mine was highly born;
Our people held both him and his in great contempt and scorn;
They said 'I should not stoop to own a playmate such as he,
The bright-eyed, ragged little boy who went to school with me.
Yet spite of all the jeers around from children better dressed,
My heart went out to meet the heart that beat within his breast;
His look was fond, his voice was low, and strange as it may be,
I loved the ragged little boy that went to school with me.
For years they had forgotten him, but when again we met,
His looks, his voice, his gentle ways, remained in memory yet;
They saw alone the man of mark, but I could only see
That bright-eyed, ragged little boy that went to school with me.
He had remembered me, it seemed, as I remembered him,
Nor time, nor honors, in his mind the cherished past could dim;
Young love had grown to older love, and so to-day you see
I wed the ragged little boy who went to school with me.

THE SOLDIER'S SON.

MANY, MANY years ago, at the close of a sultry summer's day, a man of middle age was slowly toiling up a hill in the environs of the pleasant village of Aumont, a small town in the south of France. The wayfarer was clad in the habiliments of a private of infantry of the line; that is to say, he wore a long-skirted, blue coat, faced with red, much soiled and stained; kerseymer breeches that were once white, met at the knee by tattered gaiters of black cloth, an old battered chapeau, and a haversack, which he carried slung over his right shoulder, on a sheathed sabre. From time to time, he panted and wiped the heavy drops of perspiration that gathered constantly upon his forehead.
"Courage, Francois, courage," said the soldier to himself; "a few paces more and you will reach home. Ah, this is sufficiently fatiguing, but nothing to the sands of Egypt. May heaven preserve my eyesight long enough to see my home—my wife—my brave boy, Victor, once more! Grant me but that, kind Heaven, and I think I will repine at nothing that may happen farther."
It will be seen from the above, that Francis Bertrand belonged to the army which had recently covered itself with glory in the Egyptian campaign, under the command of General Bonaparte, a name already famous in military annals. He had fought like a hero in the battle of the pyramids, when the squares of French infantry repulsed the brilliant cavalry of Murad Bey, and destroyed the flower of the Mamelukes by the deadly fire of their musketry. Wounded in that memorable battle, he was afterward attacked by the ophthalmia of the country; but his eyesight, though impaired, was not yet utterly destroyed. Honorably discharged, he had just arrived at Marseilles, from Egypt, and was now on his way home, eager to be folded in the arms of his beloved wife and his young son. So the soldier toiled bravely up the hill, for he knew that the white walls of his cottage and the foliage of his little vineyard would be visible in the valley commanded by the summit.
At length he reached the brow of the hill, and gazed eagerly in the direction of his humble home; but O, agony! it was gone! In its place a heap of blackened ruins lay smouldering in the sunlight that seemed to mock the desolation. At the gate of the vineyard, he was met by little Victor, a boy of ten.
"A soldier!" cried the boy, who did not recognize his father. "O, sir, you come back from the wars, don't you? Perhaps you can tell me something about my poor papa?"
"Victor, my boy, my dear boy! don't you know me?" cried the poor soldier; and he strained his son convulsively in his arms.
"Oh, I know you now, my dear, dear papa," said the boy, sobbing. "I knew you by the voice—but how changed you are! Why, your mustaches are turned

gray."
"Victor, where is your mother?" gasped the soldier.
"Poor mama!" said the boy.
"Speak—I charge you, boy."
"She is dead."
"Dead!" Francois fell to the ground as if a bullet had passed through his brain. When he recovered his senses, he saw Victor kneeling beside him, and bathing his head with cold water, which he brought in his hat from a neighboring spring. In a few words, the child told him their cottage had taken fire in the night, and been burned to the ground, and his mother had perished in the flames.
A kind cotager soon made his appearance, and conducted the unfortunate father and son to his humble cabin. Here they passed the night and one or two days following. During that time Francois Bertrand neither ate nor slept, but wept over his misfortune with an agony that refused all consolation. On the third day only he regained his composure; but it was only to be conscious of a new and overwhelming misfortune. His eyesight was gone. The agony of mind he had suffered, and the tears he had shed, had completed the ravages of his disorder.
"Where are you, Victor?" said the soldier.
"Here, by your side, father; don't you see me?"
"Alas, no, my boy. I can see nothing. Your poor father is blind. Give me your little hand."
The agonizing sobs of the boy told how keenly he appreciated his father's misfortune.
"Dry your eyes, Victor. Remember the instructions of your poor mother, how she taught you to submit with resignation to all the sufferings that providence sees fit to inflict upon us for both of us; you will be my eyes, my boy."
"Yes, father; I will work for you and support you."
"You are too young and delicate, Victor. We must beg our bread."
"Beg, father?"
"Yes, you shall guide my footsteps.—There are good people in the world who will pity my infirmities and your youth. When they see my ragged uniform, they will say, 'There is one of the braves who upheld the honor of France upon the burning sands of Egypt,' and they will not fail to drop a few sous into the old soldier's hat. Come, Victor, we must march. We have been too long a burden on our poor neighbor."
And so the boy and his father set forth upon their wanderings. Neither asked alms; but when seated by the roadside, under the shadows of an overhanging tree, the passer-by would halt, and bestow a small sum upon the worn and blind soldier. Victor was devoted to his father, and Heaven smiled upon his filial affection. Though denied the society and sports so dear to his youth, he was always cheerful and happy in the accomplishment of his task. Often did his innocent gaiety beguile his father into a temporary forgetfulness of his sufferings. Then he would place his hand upon the boy's head, and, stroking his soft, curling locks, smile sweetly as his sightless eyes were turned toward him, and commence some military adventure.
In this way, days, weeks, months, and even years rolled by. They were everywhere well received and kindly treated; and all their physical wants were supplied. But the old soldier often sighed to think of the burden his misfortunes imposed upon his boy, and of his wearing out of his young life without congenial companionship, without instruction, without a future beyond the life of a mendicant. He often prayed in secret that death might liberate his little guide from his voluntary service.
One day, Francois was seated alone on a stone by the roadside, Victor having gone to the neighboring village on an errand, when he suddenly heard a carriage stop beside him. The occupant, a man of middle age, alighted, and approached the soldier.
"Your name," said the stranger, "is, I think, Francois Bertrand."
"The same."
"A soldier of the army of Egypt?"
"Yes."
"And that pretty boy who guides you is your son?"
"He is—Heaven bless him!"
"Amen! But has it never occurred to you, my friend, that you are doing him great injustice in keeping him by you at an age when he ought to be getting an education to enable him to push his way in the world?"
"Alas! sir, I have often thought of it. But what could supply his place? and then, who would befriend and educate him?"
"His place might be supplied by a dog—and as for his protector, I, myself, who have no son, should be glad to adopt and educate him?"
"His son's place supplied by a dog!—The thought was agony. And to part with Victor! The idea was as cruel as death itself. The old soldier was silent.
"You are silent, my friend. Has my

offer offended you?"
"No, sir—no. But you will pardon a father's feelings."
"I respect them—and I do not wish to hurry you. Take a day to think of my proposition, and to inform yourself respecting my position and character. I am a merchant. My name is Eugene Marmont, and I reside at No. 17 Rue St. Honore, Paris. I will meet you at this spot to-morrow at the same hour, and shall then expect an answer." He placed a golden louis in the hand of the soldier, and departed.
A little reflection convinced Bertrand that it was his duty to accept the merchant's offer.
But cruel as was the task of reconciling himself to parting with his son, that of inducing Victor to acquiesce in the arrangement was yet more difficult. It required the exercise of authority to sever the ties that bound the son to the father. But it was done—Victor resigned his task to a little dog that was procured by the merchant, and after an agonizing farewell, was whirled away in Marmont's carriage.
Years passed on. Victor outstripped all his companions at school, and stood at the head of the military academy; for he was striving to win a name and fortune for his father. The good Marmont, from time to time, endeavored to obtain tidings of the soldier; but the latter had purposely changed his usual course, and satisfied that his son was in good hands, felt a sort of pride in not intruding his poverty and misfortunes on the notice of Victor's new companions. The boy, himself, was much distressed at not seeing or hearing from his father; but he kept struggling on, saying to himself, "Courage, Victor—the good time will come."
On the death of Marmont, he entered the army as a sub-lieutenant, and fought his way up to a captaincy under the eye of the emperor. At the close of a brilliant campaign he was invited to pass a few weeks at the chateau of a general officer named Duvivier, a few leagues from Paris. The company there was brilliant, composed of all that was most beautiful, talented, and distinguished in the circle in which the general moved. But the "star of that goodly company" was Julia Duvivier, the youthful and accomplished daughter of the general. Many distinguished suitors contended for the honor of her hand; but the moment Victor appeared, they felt they had a formidable rival. The belle of the chateau could not help showing her decided preference for him, though, with a modesty and delicacy natural to his position, he refrained from making any decided advances.
One night, however, transported beyond himself by passion, he betrayed the secret of his heart to Julia, as he led her to her seat after an intoxicating waltz.—The reception of his almost involuntary avowal was such as to convince him that his affection was returned. But he felt that he had done wrong—and a high sense of honor induced the young soldier immediately to seek the general, and make him a party to his wishes.
He found him alone in the embrasure of a window that opened on the garden of the chateau.
"General," said he, with military frankness, "I love your daughter."
The general started, and cast a glance of displeasure on the young man.
"I know you quite slightly, Captain Bertrand," he answered, "but you are aware that the man who marries my daughter must be able to give her a true position in society. Show me the proof of your nobility and wealth, and I will entertain your proposition."
"Alas!" answered the young soldier in a faltering voice, "I feel that I have erred—pity me—forgive me—I was led astray by a passion too strong to be controlled. I have no name—and my fortune is my sword."
The general bowed coldly, and the young soldier passed out into the garden. It was a brilliant moonlight evening.—Every object was defined as clearly as if illuminated by the sun's rays. Removing his chapeau, that the night air might cool his fevered brow, he was about to take his favorite seat beside the fountain where he had passed many hours in wearing bright visions of the future, when he perceived that it was already occupied.—An old man in a faded military uniform sat there, with a little dog lying at his feet. One glance was sufficient—the next instant Victor folded him to his arms.
"Father!"
"My boy!"
The words were interrupted by convulsive sobs.
After the first passionate greeting was over, the old man passed his hand over his son's dress, and a smile of joy was revealed by the bright moonbeams.
"A soldier! I thought I heard the clatter of your sabre," said the old man.—"Where did you get these epaulettes?"
"At Austerlitz, father—they were given me by the emperor."
"Long live the Emperor!" said the old man. "He never forgets his children!"

"No, father. For when he gave me my commission, he said, thoughtfully, 'Bertrand, your name is familiar.' 'Yes, sir—my father served under the tricolor.' 'I remember—he was one of my old Egyptians.' And then—father—then he gave me the cross of the legion—and told me, when I found you, to affix it to your breast in his name."
"It is almost too much," sighed the old soldier, as the young officer produced the cross—and attached it to his father's breast.
"And now," said the young man, "give me your hand as of old, dear father, and let me lead you."
"Whither?"
"Into the saloon of the chateau, to present you to general Duvivier, and his guests."
"What, in my rags! before all that grand company?"
"Why not, father? The ragged uniform of a brave soldier who bears the cross of honor on his breast is the proudest decoration in the world."
Leading the blind father, young Bertrand re-entered the saloon he had so lately left, and went directly to the General, who was standing surrounded by his glittering staff.
"General, here is my title of nobility, my father is all the wealth I possess in this world."
Tears started to the General's eyes, and he shook the old soldier warmly by the hand. Then beckoning to Julia, he led her to Victor, and placed her trembling hand in his.
"Let this dear girl," he said "make amends for my coldness a moment since. A son so noble hearted is worthy of all happiness."
In a word, Captain, afterward Colonel Bertrand, married the General's daughter, and the happiness of their fireside was completed by the constant presence of the good old soldier, to whose self-denial Victor owed his honors and domestic bliss.

Rapids of the St. Lawrence.

"Oh, captain, captain, for heaven's sake put me on shore!" This was the exclamation of a Chicago lady of twenty-five years, who came down the Lachine rapids the other morning. She went up with us on the train to Montreal at seven o'clock, and came down on the little steamer Aurora, which shoots the Lachine rapids every morning, bringing her passengers to Montreal in season for breakfast. There is not the least possible danger. The little Aurora has been down these same rapids every summer morning for the last six years without accident, but there are always those who are alarmed at the peculiar motion of the boat, and at the sight of the big waves that dash on her brow, and the ugly rocks that beset her pathway. There are always some women on board who see horrible deaths staring them right in the face. The excitement on this morning was begun by a Chicago woman. It was "so beautiful," she said, as the boat started on the first decline. But she changed her tune as she approached the great white caps. "Edward," she said to her husband, "I am not going through that place. I want you to ask the captain to put me on shore."
"Nonsense, Kate, there is no danger.—Keep quiet; I'll take good care of you."
"You take good care of me! What could you do if the boat struck one of those boulders? I tell you, Edward, I will not go down there, and that's the end of it. Once more, I tell you, to ask the captain to put me on shore."
"Katie, I am ashamed of you. I shall not ask the captain to do any such thing."
Poor Katie began to look serious.—Meanwhile the steamer came nearer and nearer the ugly rocks. Suddenly she started with a rush to the captain, whom she saw standing at the wheel-house.
"For heaven's sake, captain, put me on shore." It was a frantic shout, and it came to the ears of the passengers, it alarmed them. They began to look serious too, and rushed with one accord to hear the captain's answer. He could only say: "It is impossible, madame."
"Impossible!" shrieked Katie, "impossible! Oh, my God! I feel—faint; save me, Edward, I fall."
The words were no sooner out of her mouth than the act followed. But she was very unfortunate in the selection of the place where she fainted. There chanced to be a tub of fresh raspberries just by the wheelhouse—a tub with a wide mouth—in fact, a washtub. What possessed Kate to faint in that tub of raspberries is more than I know. But one thing is certain—she will never wear that gray silk dress again. Of course Edward was right on hand, and so was I, and so were half a dozen others. We snatched Kate out of the raspberries in a twinkling, and by dint of smelling-bottles, buckets of water, continuous rubbing, and a flood of endearing epithets, managed to restore her to consciousness, just as the boat touched the Montreal wharf. Edward paid for the raspberries at ten cents a quart, \$4.50; the dress

was a new one and cost just an even \$100; a pair of striped Balbriggan hose—very pretty, by the way—was worth \$1.50; a lace handkerchief, with an embroidered cupid in one corner, was valued at \$6, while sundry other things, such as a pair of five-button kid gloves, a light brown chignon, a very long bustle, etc., counted up \$20 more. All these things were completely ruined, so that the exact amount of Kate's faint was \$132.50.

Hunting Story.

"I hear they're having great goose-hunting now over in Jersey," said Mr. Magruder, in the boarding-house, last night.
"Are they?" said Maguffin. "I never had much luck shooting geese."
"I suppose not," said Magruder, compassionately; "not much used to firearms, hey? I never read about geese but I think of a day's sport down on Shinnecock Bay one day last year. The geese were flying very thick, and I took my V gun, and—"
"Your V gun?" interrupted Mr. Maguffin; "what is a V gun?"
"You will learn further on in the 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 geese 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 hold the V gun, and I took aim and let her go. The charge just cleaned the wings off the leader, and then spread out like a V, and I am afraid you will scarcely believe me, Mr. Maguffin, 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 hatch et. Losing their balance from having only one wing apiece, they were thrown violently together by the continual flapping of the outside wings. Every bird was killed by the shock of the collision, and they fell to the earth in a line that measured 461 feet. There were just 809 birds; 404 pairs, and the old head goose that was the leader."
"Your speaking of long-necked creatures," said Mr. Maguffin, calmly, "reminds me of my giraffe hunt in South Africa. Great sport, giraffe hunting.—We had one hunter who 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 of turns on 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 'em together up their necks, and there I had 'em!"
"Perhaps you'll kindly tell us," said Mr. Maguffin, "how you got hold of their heads?"
"What! You don't mean to tell me, Mr. Magruder, that you don't know how they hunt giraffes? Why, you ignorant loon, giraffe hunters always wear stilts!"

Left Behind.

The woman who arrived at the wharf just as the excursion boat had a start of ten feet, didn't comprehend the situation for a moment. She didn't know but that boats had a habit of striking off and backing up to keep the machinery from getting rusty. When she realized that she was being left she jabbed a man in the back with her elbow, knocked a hat off with her parasol, and squealed at the top of her voice.
"Hold on, there—you haven't got me."
"Make a jump!" screamed one boy.—"Swim for it!" called out another; while the "left woman" fiercely shouted.
"Why don't some of you folks up there tell the captain?"
The people on the upper deck replied by laughing and waving their handkerchiefs. The woman on the wharf recognized only one among the crowd, and pointing her parasol directly at her, and holding it extended, as if taking aim, she shouted:
"You want to understand, Mrs. Baker, that you can never, never, borrow any more butter or flat-irons of me!"

The Mother of Twins in a Quandary.

The mother of two sons met one of the brothers in a field one morning:
"Which of you two boys am I speaking to?" asked the mother; "is it you or your brother?"
"What do you ask?" asked the lad proudly.
"Because if it's your brother, I will box his ears," answered the mother.
"It is not my brother, it is I," said the boy.
"Then your brother is wearing your coat, for yours had a hole in it."
"No mother, I am wearing my own coat."
"Good Heavens!" cried the mother, looking at him intently "you are your brother, after all."