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BY ALICE CARY.

Out of the wild and weary night
I see the morning softly rise,
But, O! my lovely, lovely eyes!
The world is dim without your light.

I see the young buds break and start
To fresher life when frosts are o'er,
But, O! my rose-red mouth! no more
Will kiss of yours delight my heart.

The worm that knows no sleep, nor trust,
Comes forth with glorious wings dispart
But, O! my little golden head!
I see you only in the dust.

I hear the calling of the lark
Despite the cloud, despite the rain;
But, O! my snow-white hands, in vain
I search to find you through the dark.

When the strong whirlwind's rage is o'er,
A whisper bids the land rejoice,
But, O! my gentle, gentle voice,
Your music gladdens me no more.

But though no earthly joys dispel
This gloom that fills my life with woe,
My sweetest and my best! I know
That you are still alive and well.

Alive and well; O! blissful thought!
In some sweet shrine, I know not where,
I only know that you are there,
And sickness, pain and death are not.

IN THE ROUGH.

The marble was pure and white,
Though only a block at best,
But the artist, with inward sight,
Looked further than all the rest,
And saw in the hard, rough stone
The loveliest statue the sun shone on.

So he set to work with care,
And chiselled a form of grace—
A figure divinely fair,
With a tender, beautiful face;
But the blows were hard and fast
That brought from the marble that work at last.

So I think that human lives
Must bear to God's chisel keen,
If the spirit yearns and strives
For the better life unseen.
For men are only blocks at best,
Till the chiselling brings out all the rest.

MINNIE MAY'S FORTUNE.

A DREAMY, radiant afternoon in mid July, the clock pointing to the hour of four, the scent of newly mown hay filling the air, and the crimson billows of the clover meadows rising and falling softly at the touch of the summer wind, and one brown-winged robin warbling his roundelay in the upper boughs that brushed the dining-room windows at Merton Farm—this was the scene and season.

Miss Tabitha Merton during the months of July and August received a few friends, who were allowed to share the expenses of the household. And somehow Miss Merton continued to subsist very comfortably for the rest of the year on the July and August contributions of her friends. Upon this glowing summer afternoon, when the cherries winked at you from behind their leafy veils, and the currant hung like ruby fringes on the bushes that lined the garden fence, Miss Merton was making custard in the kitchen.

"Minnie," said Miss Merton.
"Yes, Aunt," said Minnie May, with a nervous jump.
"Get me the nutmeg," said Miss Merton, "and don't stare about you so."
"Yes, Aunt," said Minnie, presenting herself with the nutmeg, grater in hand, and a fine pink color on her cheek.
"How old are you?" demanded Aunt Tabitha, transfixing her niece, so to speak, with the twin moons of her spectacles.
"Seventeen, Aunt Tabitha."
"Then," retorted Aunt Tabby, "you are a great deal too old to go trailing about the woods with Mr. Harcourt."
Minnie grew pinker than ever.
"I didn't trail about, Aunt Tabitha. I only walked as far as the Bowler Books to see the view, which he said was as fine as anything on the Rhine."
"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Tabby.
"Look here, Minnie, you mind your business, and let him mind his."
"Yes, Aunt," said frightened Minnie.
"Now mind what I say," persisted Miss Merton, grating savagely away at the brown nutmeg.
"Yes, Aunt," fluttered Minnie.
And she went back to the tablecloth she was mending, and cried quietly over it, she didn't quite know why.
And all this time Mr. Ernest Harcourt, the gentleman in question, was strolling homeward through the woods, with Miss Adela Brownson leaning on his arm, while Mrs. Brownson's portly matron in black grenadine and a Spanish scarf, was making believe to read a novel on the verandah, and in reality watching restlessly for Adela to make her tardy appearance.
"It's too ridiculous for anything," said Mrs. Brownson to herself, impatiently brushing a fly off her book. "I believe Adela will flirt with a ploughboy if she could find no one else. And the first thing she knows she'll be committing herself in some way or other. And Doctor Fenton's nephew is coming here in August, too. It's outrageous, that's what it is."
When Miss Adela at last emerged from the shadow of the woods, her broad gypsy

hat trimmed with ferns and wild roses her lips all wreathed with smiles, and Ernest Harcourt walking by her side, her lady mother received her with no particular graciousness of welcome.
"I thought you were never coming!" snapped Mrs. Brownson.
"We haven't been gone long, I'm sure," said Adela, innocently.
"Not two hours," said Mr. Harcourt. "I should think," went on Mrs. Brownson, politely ignoring the young man's interpolation, "that you would know better than to go out on such a broiling day as this, and getting all brown as a berry."
Adela laughed. She knew that a high color was becoming to her.
"I shall cool off directly," said she, sinking gracefully upon a bamboo settee.
"And in the meantime," said Ernest, who was one of those clear, dark brunetis whom no rise of temperature ever seems to affect, "I will go and get that volume of poems that we were talking about."
Mrs. Brownson scarcely paused to hear the retreating ring of the young man's footsteps before she opened all her verbal batteries upon her daughter.
"Addy," cried she, wrathfully, "I am astonished at you!"
"You're always being astonished at me, mamma," pouted the young lady.
"To spend your time, flirting with a mere traveling photographer!"
"It's so dull here," retorted Miss Brownson, "and one must do something."
"Ah, yes!" scornful spoke the matron. "But you'll find out presently, miss, that you're playing with edged tools. You'll fall in love with him."
"I, mamma?" echoed Adela, contemptuously. "What do you take me for?"
"Or he with you!"
That's a great deal more probable," interposed Miss Brownson, with a conscious toss of her head that set all the ferns and roses to quivering.
"And then," added indignant Mrs. Brownson, "what is to be the end of it?"
"The end of it, mamma?"
"Yes, the end of it!" and Mrs. Brownson elevated her voice with some energy.
"Well, you needn't shout," said calm Adela, placidly fanning herself. The end of it will be that I shall amuse myself until Doctor Fenton's nephew appears on the scene, with his three hundred thousand pounds; and then—why, I shall go in for business."
"Yes, but, Adela—"
"Mamma," angrily interrupted the daughter, "don't be a fool! Ernest Harcourt is very good looking, and very agreeable, but I should no more think of marrying him than of allying myself to a chimney sweep. Love in a cottage never would do for me. I have been expensively brought up; my tastes are luxurious; I must marry well!"
And all this little family discussion went on under the open casement of the second story apartment, in which Mr. Ernest Harcourt was looking for the fugitive volume of poems.
"A chimney sweep, eh?" muttered Mr. Harcourt, with a comical expression on his face. "And Dr. Fenton's rich nephew?"
"I wish Miss Brownson joy of the wealthy match she has contemplated—and I shall be most happy to make my bow and step aside."
And he put the book back on the table. Yet, with all the philosophy one can muster, it is not pleasant to awake suddenly to the fact that one has been made a plaything of; and Mr. Harcourt, in spite of the off hand way in which he took the tidings, had a little sting yet smarting in his inner consciousness.
As he went slowly down the back stairs a little sob reached his ears. It was Minnie, curled up in one corner like a wounded kitten.
"Why, Minnie, what's the matter?" kindly asked the traveling photographer.
"I'm going away," sobbed Minnie. "I've broken Aunt Tabitha's best china teapot, and she says she won't have me in the house another day; and indeed—indeed it was cracked before!"
"Where are you going?"
"I don't know," said Minnie.
She looked so pretty and disconsolate, so like a rosebud that has been beaten down by the rain, that our hero paused in spite of himself.
"But you have no home?"
Minnie shook her head.
"Then what is to become of you?" questioned Harcourt.
"I don't know," again uttered Minnie.
"Minnie, look here!" Mr. Harcourt's heart, in its rebound, was very tender and susceptible. "I'll give you a home."
"You, Mr. Harcourt? But you can't."
"But I can, if you will consent to marry me," asserted the young man.
"I?"
"Yes, you!"
"But I am only Minnie," she persisted. "You are as beautiful as an angel and as innocent as a white dove! Nay, do not shrink away, my little love. Answer me, yes or no. Will you give yourself to me?"
And Minnie, letting him take her hand in his, whispered:

"Oh, I love you so much, Mr. Harcourt—I love you so much!"
Of course there were various criticisms when it was ascertained that Mr. Ernest Harcourt was actually married to blue-eyed Minnie May, the old maid's niece and drudge in general.
"Tastes differ," said Miss Brownson, contemptuously.
"What can you expect of these low bred traveling tradesmen?" said her mother.
Just as the argument was waxing spirited, a carriage drove up, and a white-haired, portly-looking old gentleman descended therefrom.
"Doctor Fenton," cried Aunt Tabitha. "My dear sir, I am delighted to see you here."
"Many thanks, I'm sure," said the old gentleman, with an air of one who is accustomed to be made much of. "But, pray, don't trouble yourself. I've come to see my nephew."
"Your nephew?" said the old lady, blankly. "Is he staying in this part of the country?"
"At this very house," said the old gentleman. "But there's no one of the name of Fenton here!"
"Who said his name was Fenton? It's Harcourt—Ernest Harcourt. He's just got married, and I am here to welcome his wife into the family."
And the belle of the establishment realized with a strange, stunned sensation that the match of the season had risen and set forever upon her matrimonial firmament.

HOW IT WAS.

"Folds of silk and cream-colored roses. You will have the hats just alike, then?" asked Miss Lucinda Smith, milliner.
"Just exactly alike. It will please Hermione, and there is nothing I like so well as to please my pretty step-mamma," answered Linly Thetford, lifting her sweet eyes for sympathy to the precise countenance of Miss Lucinda.
"Umph!—so you are very fond of her, Linly?"
"Yes indeed! She is my best friend since poor papa died; and being so near of an age, we are constant companions. I don't know what I should do if it weren't for Hermione; Ryelands has changed so since papa's death."
"You have Mr. St. Charles's company a great deal, I hear."
A flash like sunrise dyed the beautiful brunette's face.
"Of course; he is Hermione's cousin, and—like a brother to me," answered Linly, stooping over a box of silk violets to hide her confusion.
"Umph! yes—well, 'tis all right of course," remarked Miss Lucinda, pinching out a brier-leaf, and setting the little rose more firmly on its stem. "But didn't it ever occur to you that folks would talk?"
"About what?" asked Linly, lifting her clear hazel eyes to Miss Lucinda's profile.
"His being at Ryelands so much, so soon after your father's death. Poor man! dead but six months; I should think your step-mamma, as you call her, would have more respect for his memory than to—"
"Than to what?" asked Linly, her eyes bright with indignation. "What have you to say against Hermione—against my father's wife, Miss Lucinda?"
"Say?—oh, I say nothing. It's what other people are talking about. But I must add, that it is strange that you are so blind, Linly. Now I've known you ever since you was a child—used to come to Ryelands every Spring to make caps in your grandmother's day, and your mother always bought her bonnets of me—and you were always bright enough about other things. It's strange you can't see."
"What?" with a thrill in the young voice.
"Why, of course your stepmother married your father for his money, and to have a home and position. She was only a district school-teacher, down in Marshfield, when he married her, and everybody knew she did pretty well for herself when she married Dr. Thetford. But she was dead in love with her cousin, Rupert St. Charles, and he with her; but they were poor, and he working his way so slowly through college that she thought there wasn't much chance there, and so gave him up for your father. And now he's a promising young lawyer, and the mistress of Ryelands, what is so likely?—Lor, you ain't going to faint, are you, Linly?"
"Faint? No! The day is warm and your store is close. It is foolish for me to stay here listening to this gossip. I do not feel in the least indebted to you for repeating it to me, Miss Lucinda. My beautiful stepmother loved my father dearly when she married him—five years of utter devotion to his interests, and her crushing grief at his death, proved it for me—nor do I believe she loved any one else when she married him. And if she chooses to marry Mr. St. Charles now, she is at liberty, for all in Circleville," and bowing with the barest civility to Miss Lucinda, Linly left the shop.

The cool air of the village streets cooled her burning cheeks; but now her loyal young heart ached in her bosom! Not for worlds would she have had Miss Lucinda confirmed in her suspicion that she loved Rupert St. Charles; but it was the cruel truth. He was so kind and fine in his nature, so handsome and unspoiled by his rapid success in life, no wonder the girlish heart worshiped him. She had never believed that there was anything between the cousins but consular kindness and freedom. But perhaps others knew "better" may be she was "blind."
A feeling of bitter desolation fell upon her as she entered the broad gates of Ryelands, whence her beloved father, whose pet she had always been, had been carried scarcely half a year before. She loved Hermione, and had believed Hermione loved her best of anything in the world, but now it seemed as if she had no home in any heart.
Mr. St. Charles's beautiful mare Sultana stood tied to a tree. For the first time the sight gave Linly pain instead of pleasure. She did not wish to meet him, and she turned away from the door, and took the garden path. The grounds of Ryelands were old and fine. The doctor's large practice and openhearted hospitality had formerly kept much state there, but of late all was very quiet.
She saw no one, as her path wound among the shrubbery; but soon she heard voices, and pausing to learn what direction they were in, the following conversation forced itself upon her:
"I hardly know what to say."
"But Hermione, surely you trust me?"
"Yes; entirely. But, Rupert, wait a year. My husband has been dead such a short time, and I shrink from a responsible act."
"I cannot wait a year. You know how lonely I have been, and now that I love one woman with my whole soul—and she is free, and I can at least take care of a wife—surely, Hermione, you will not refuse?"
"Poor Rupert, I love you so much, how can I?"
"Then you give your consent?"
"I do."
Breathless and wild with pain, Linly tore herself from the spot. She sought the house, now fleeing to her own room, cast herself across the bed, writing with anguish. "Lost! lost! They had all left her! She had not one."
The tea bell rang; she did not heed it. Inquiring voices called her name; she covered her ears with her hands. Twilight and darkness filled the pretty white room, the whip-poor-will's call came on the dewy air, and the piano sounded softly in the room below. It was Hermione's touch, and Rupert St. Charles was bending happily over "the woman he loved with his whole soul," no doubt. Poor Linly—she wished she could creep into her father's grave, and be out of the sight of their happiness.
By-and-by in the stillness, she heard steps on the stair. Was Hermione coming? Yes, the door opened, and Hermione's voice syllabled: "Dear, are you here? Why, we thought you had not come from town."
She advanced into the room, putting the light she carried under a shade in the corner.
"You have come home with a headache I know—the day has been so hot; but you ought to have drunk some tea, Linly, dear."
The graceful fragrant form pressed the couch by the girl's side; a tender arm stole around her neck.
"I am glad we can be quiet. I have something to tell you. Did I hurt you, Linly, with my ring? Why did you wince so?"
"No, Hermione, no," feebly.
"Linly, something has happened to-day, which gives me great hope and pleasure. Shall I tell you?"
There was a little pause—such a hard little pause.
"Yes."
"You have known my cousin, Rupert St. Charles, a year and you feel quite well acquainted with him, do you not?"
"Quite well."
"He is all he seems to be, Linly. I think you like him."
No answer.
"I hope you do, dear, for he is just what a young man ought to be—honorable, pure, and steadfast—and the woman who has won his love is fortunate, indeed—blessed, if she returns it—for he will make a devoted husband. She could not have a better fate than to be the wife of Rupert St. Charles."
Hermione Thetford heard her step-daughter's quickened breathing, but could not see her face.
"I walked with him this afternoon in the garden, and—surely, dear, your head must be very bad. I heard you moan."
"Very bad. But never mind, Hermione."
"He urged me to a promise which I was reluctant to give."
"Yes!"
"I hesitated to take the step he urged upon me, because your father has been dead such a short time, and others might

think—"
"You need not care what others think if you are sure of your own feelings, Hermione."
"It is because I am sure of them, Linly, that I at last yielded. I have known Rupert from a child, and he is one in a thousand. So, dear, surely you will forgive me if you are averse to this—"
"Forgive? What should I forgive; dear Hermione?"
"I yielded, and gave my consent that he should tell you his love, and try to win yours, dear. For nothing could make me happier, my sweet girl, than for you to marry my cousin."
Hermione's voice died away. There was no sound in the darkened chamber. She listened anxiously for Linly's response; but the girl realized nothing but the feelings of her own heart.
"Will you not speak, dear?"
"What shall I say, Hermione?"
"Are you pained or pleased by what I have told you?"
"Hermione, I have been told that you and Rupert St. Charles used to love each other."
"I have always loved Rupert as a cousin—nothing more. It was your father whom I loved, dear, and so you are next dearest to my heart. I have promised Rupert to urge you to give him a little sign of encouragement, and so he has sent you this blush-rose. If he may speak to you, wear it in your hair when he comes to-morrow night; if you have no love for him, you need not see him at all, dear; as it may be painful to you, and will surely dash his dearest hopes to the ground. So I will tell him as gently as possible."
"Give me the rose."
"Hermione unfastened the cool, fragrant thing from her own dark hair, and in the darkness saw its whiteness lifted to the girl's lips.
"I will wear it."
Soon all Circleville knew of Linly's engagement, and this is the way of it.

All Sorts.

When can a lamp be said to be in a bad temper? When it is put out.

One of the young members of the French legation, had pushed for a complement to a fair English lady whose face was marked by an undeniably flat nose, remarked, "Madam, you are an angel fallen from heaven, but you fell on your nose."
A countryman went to see his lady-love, and wishing to be conversational, observed "The thermometer is twenty degrees above zero this evening." "Yes," innocently replied the maiden, "such kind of birds do fly higher some seasons of the year than others."
A Paris paper gives a conversation between a father and his little daughter. "What have you done with your doll?" "I have put it away to keep for my children, when I grow up." "But if you shouldn't have any?" "Ah! well, then it will do for my grandchildren."
An Ohio doctor, who has been achieving "wonderful results" by what he pretends to be animal magnetism, having been arrested as a swindler, no less than six electric batteries were found concealed under his clothing, wherein he had kept up his marvelous supply of electricity.
A little fellow having been much praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman present observed that when people were smart in their youth they were generally very stupid when they advanced in years, and vice versa. "What a very sensible boy, sir, you must have been!" returned the child.
Here is a chapter of accidents that befell a man in Iowa: He first fell into a well. After he had been drawn up about thirty feet, the rope broke, and let him down again. A new one was procured, and he had just begun to ascend a second time, when the windlass rigging gave away, and he fell on his head. He is now in the hands of the surgeon.
Dr. Barton, being in company with Dr. Nash, who had just printed two heavy folios on the antiquities of Worcestershire, remarked that the publication was deficient in several respects, adding, "Pray, doctor, are you not a justice of the peace?" "I am," replied Nash. "Then," said Barton, "I advise you to send your work to the house of correction."
An absent-minded professor, in going out the gateway of his college, ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment, he raised his hat and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madam." Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the street. In a sudden recollection of his former mishap, he called out, with a look of rage in his countenance, "Is that you again, you brute!"
A fellow coming from the Alleghenies to New York, last winter, was asked whether it was as cold there as in the city. He had probably been at some march of intellect school, for he glanced at the thermometer. "Horrible cold," said he; "for they have no thermometers there, and of course, it gets just as cold as it pleases."