

The Democrat.

BY HAWLEY & CRUSER.

MONTROSE, PA., NOV. 1, 1876.

VOL. 33—NO. 45

DROWNED.

BY PHILEG ARKWRIGHT.

Found floating in the river?
Yes, towed him in to-day?
Yes, his habits were peculiar—
My husband, did you say?
My husband was as handsome,
And as tall and straight and strong—
Wait a minute—am I dreaming,
Or has my poor head gone wrong?
I remember! I was married
Such a long, long time ago,
Yes—the lights and flowers and music.
I was happy then I know,
Such a strange thing to be happy!
Was I happy? Was it me
With the wreath of orange blossoms
In my hair? How could it be?
But it was. Yes, I remember
Clearly now—it was divine!
All the pride and joy of loving
And of being loved were mine!
And my Harry was so handsome,
And so brave and tall and strong—
But this dark thing in the river!
What is this? There's something wrong!
Something wrong and something missing!
All this happened long ago—
Oh, so long ago! Such ages
Since my Harry loved me so!
Why, I had almost forgotten
These old days of love and joy,
When my lover stood beside me—
My own brave and handsome boy!
It is pleasant, but I can't think
What reminded me of him;
For those memories of old days
Had become so vague and dim,
Something brought to mind my Harry—
No! no! no! It was not that!
Not that dark thing in the river!
No such ghastly thing as that!
Well, those happy days of loving
Could not last—they could not last!
And that happiness I speak of,
Ended ages in the past.
And my husband, my poor husband,
Was so careless and so free;
And his habits were so peculiar—
Yes, and they were dear to me!
And the years grew long and longer,
Lengthened out with pain and care,
Till their weary burden crushed me,
Till they crazed me with despair,
And the other day he left me,
(Until then my head was right.)
Dead, you say? Drowned in the river!
Well, I don't believe it quite.
Let me see his face. Is this it?
Why, there's no resemblance here.
God of heaven! It is my Harry
Oh, my love, what ails you dear?
See his handsome face! My Harry!
But he's sleeping—don't you see;
There, I'll sing to you, my darling,
While your head rests on my knee.
By the river, by the river,
Sleep, my darling, sleep and dream;
By the waves that murmur softly
As they ripple down the stream.
Sleep, my love, the light is fading;
Sleep, my love, and have no fear;
Peaceful shadows gather round us,
And the welcome night is near.

JOHN CADY'S HONESTY.

JOHN CADY was sixteen years old, tall for his age, very thin, with red hair and blue pale eyes, and altogether had a weak and sickly appearance. From the time he could remember, he had lived with his uncle, who was a druggist. Left an orphan at a very early period in life, his kind-hearted relative had taken him to raise, and when he was old enough he was set to sweeping shop and running errands. He increased in altitude so fast that his uncle, who was a short man, was a good deal bothered in making his worn-out pantaloons fit the long legs of the growing youth, but he had an ingenious housekeeper, who discovered the art of making a passable pair of pants out of two old ones. To be sure the legs did not always harmonize in color, but the difference was so trifling that it was expected John Cady would never be the wiser of it. John, at the age of sixteen, slept in the shop. Perhaps that was the reason why the poor fellow's eyeballs were yellow instead of white, and his complexion was anything but that of health. Every Thursday afternoon his uncle permitted him to have a holiday; the rest of the week he was expected to work with the patience and regularity of a mule in a treadmill, and never complained, even if he went to bed hungry. His uncle managed his house upon a plan so frugal that nothing was wasted that could possibly be eaten and digested by man or beast. Poor John Cady had many heartaches. He used to watch the boys play, but never found time to join in their sports. Gradually he became a quiet, melancholy youth, and grew up with little idea how he was to make his mark in the world. In the winter months his uncle sent him to night schools, and by this means he acquired all the education he ever poss-

essed. But he was honest, strictly so, and notwithstanding the rough lessons he was taught in life, he ever was conscientious in all he did.

Like all boys, he had his dreams. His uncle could not deprive him of the pleasure of building air castles, and many such structures John reared while he performed his drudgery in the shop. In various ways, he however, had earned a little money, which he had hoarded up, until the sum amounted to about fifteen dollars. This wealth he had acquired in his afternoon holidays, assisting a milkman who lived hard by, who had taken pity on the unfortunate youth. By his advice John had demanded a salary of his uncle, who had promised to give him two dollars a week and board when he was seventeen years of age. John never forgot his friend, the milkman, for putting him on the road to fortune; and as it wanted eight months of the time when he should receive pay for his services, he looked forward with the eagerness of a child to the coming of the happy day.

It was a clear cold afternoon in September that John Cady stood at the corner of the street waiting for the cars to take him to G— town. He had an old maid aunt who lived there, and he occasionally made her a visit. When the car came along, John encoined himself in a corner seat, and gave himself up to castle building. Pretty soon the car stopped to admit an old gentleman, who took a seat alongside of our hero. He was a man of some sixty years, dressed in dark brown clothes, the pattern of which went out of fashion about the time John was ushered into life. A heavy gold chain, with an immense cornealian seal, hung on his watch fob, and a white fur hat surmounted his white hairs. No sooner had he taken his seat than he took out a well-stuffed pocket book, and began counting the notes it contained.

Just at this moment John Cady raised his eyes, and coming back to the realms of the world, gazed at the man with undisguised astonishment. The pocket-book was crammed full, and the notes were hundreds, five hundreds, and even thousands. Certainly there must have been \$20,000 in the wallet, and the old gentleman thumbed them over so carelessly that John Cady was sure that he had thousands more at the bank. He apparently made no more account of his wealth than John did the seventy-five cents stowed away in the corner of his vest pocket. The longer our hero gazed upon the old gentleman the more uncomfortable he began to feel in the proximity of a person who could sport with thousands in such a manner.

Apart from the sense he had of the utter incongruity between a man with a pocketful of bank notes and another with only seventy-five cents, he felt there was a practical danger in setting so close to exposed wealth. The pocket-book by mistake might get into his pocket, by mistake a note might get entangled in one of his coats, the old gentleman might conceive he had been robbed, and John might find himself suspected and accused. A shiver passed over him as he thought of these things, and he hastily changed his seat to the opposite side of the car. A poor and hungry-looking woman, who was sitting on the other side of the old gentleman, and who had been eagerly watching him count his wealth, immediately followed John Cady.

When the old gentleman finished counting his wealth, he took a small memorandum book from his pocket and made a note of something, probably the sum total. Then he put the book back in its place, and a few minutes later he crammed the pocket-book back in his pocket and called in haste for the car to stop, as he had passed his street. He left the car, followed by the hungry-looking woman, and John Cady was the only passenger left. He watched the old man across the street until he was lost to view, amid the crowded pavement and then settled himself for another effort at castle building, when his eyes were attracted by something lying in the straw beneath where the old man had been sitting.

John's heart almost leaped into his mouth; he trembled from head to foot with agitation, and he felt a momentary faintness. It was the old gentleman's pocket-book. John Cady gave a quick look at the conductor. He was gazing in another direction, and with a rapid snatch the precious wallet was in John's possession. A hundred thoughts passed through his mind in rapid succession. What should he do with it? Should he give it up to the conductor? Should he call a policeman? Should he keep it and advertise it, or wait until it was advertised, and then obtain the reward? While these thoughts passed through his mind a sudden impulse seized him to get out, and he sprang from the car.

"Perhaps I can find the old gentleman," he thought, and he forthwith dashed along the street. Pedestrians looked at him as he flew on his way, and no doubt thought he was crazy or in a hurry. Far and wide his eyes wandered to discover the owner of the pocket-book

but the old man was nowhere in sight. After a half hour's search he happened to cast his eyes around the street, and perceived the old gentleman standing across the street examining his pockets, while his face exhibited much dismay. He had discovered his loss.

"I found it—I found it!" exclaimed John, as he dashed up to the old man and extended his treasure.

For a moment neither spoke. It was a strange picture, the old man holding his recovered pocket book, and John Cady, all eagerness and out of breath, from the haste in which he had been running. The old gentleman at length opened his arms, and John fell plump into them. The embrace was short however, for the old gentleman immediately began to count his notes. When he had satisfied himself they were all correct he spoke:

"Worthy young man!" he exclaimed. "Honest youth—permit me"—and he grasped a handful of notes. Then he paused, as if a new idea had struck him. "No," he ejaculated, "honesty like that can never be rewarded by a few dollars. I can never repay you. Such conduct as yours can never be measured by money. I shall never forget you. Come to see me to-morrow at three o'clock. Sharp three, remember—I'm precise. Adieu, noble youth, adieu;" and as he handed him his card, the old gentleman turned away to hide the emotion that was choking his utterance.

John Cady gazed at the card. It was inscribed Phineas Parsons, N— street, G— town.

It was quite clear to John Cady that his fortune was made. Here was an old gentleman of great wealth to whom he had restored a large amount of money. The old man was grateful, there was no mistake about that, for he was not on the point of giving him a handful of notes by way of reward? He was going to do better, no doubt. He had given him his card and invited him to his house. "Come and see me to-morrow," these words rang in his ear, and he could think of nothing else. He didn't go to see his aunt that day; he couldn't. His heart was too full of unutterable joy for a commonplace visit to a relative. He turned back to the city, and went to a cheap restaurant to get his supper. He hadn't much appetite, however, and he soon was at his castle building again. No, it wasn't castle building this time, it was something tangible. The card of Phineas Parsons told him it was tangible.

"He means to make a friend of me," murmured John. He'll introduce me to his family—to his daughter—ah! that's it. I'm sure that's what he meant. He wishes me for a son-in-law. His daughter must be beautiful—and her name—her name—is May. I have no doubt of it. I always loved the name of May—May Parsons! What a charming name. The old gentleman will join our hands together and say: "Take her, oh, noble youth! She is thine!"

John Cady went straight to his home and took three dollars from the spot where he had hidden it. He then went to a clothing store and purchased himself a new coat and vest. All the evening he paraded before a little cracked looking glass, and wondered how May Parsons would like his appearance. He slept poorly that night and wondered if it was morning.

He dreamed that he owned a large manufactory, had hundreds of hands in his employ; that he lived in a splendid mansion surrounded by every luxury; that May always stood in the magnificent saloon to welcome him on his return from his business. He dreamed that he had been elected Mayor of the city; that he had been elected to Congress; that they wanted to make a candidate for the Presidency. He dreamed that he owned a whole railroad and a half dozen of the richest gold mines in California; that he built grand churches all over the land and fed the poor by thousands. He awakened with a shiver, for the window was open and it was growing light. It was too soon for the shops to open, but he hurried on his clothes and ran over to his friend, the milkman, and imparted his good news. His friend shook him by the hand warmly and congratulated him on his good luck.

"I hope uncle will give me this day off," sighed John, "for I must go and see my benefactor."

"I'll attend to that," replied the milkman. "I'll see your uncle for you and explain matters. Leave it to me."

"How good you are," answered John. "We'll take milk from you—that is, when I marry Mr. Parson's daughter May. Oh, we'll be good customers, indeed we will."

The milkman saw John Cady's uncle, and made matters so easy that when he asked for leave it was granted at once, and a half dollar was also placed in the palm of his hand, with injunctions not to spend too much money.

Oh! how John Cady's heart throbbed as he got into the street car and begun his journey to G— town.

Three o'clock found him standing on Phineas Parson's doorstep. Was May

expecting him? A servant opened the door; John entered. The odor of a fine dinner pervaded the house. Mr. Parsons was waiting dinner for him. What an excellent man!

Walking into the parlor which was beautifully furnished, John carelessly threw himself on a cherry colored brocatel sofa, and began to build castles. Presently the servant returned.

"Are you the boy from Last's, the bootmaker?" she asked.

John wanted to brain her on the spot, but he didn't dare do it.

"The what?" John cried. The blood flew to his face—he was getting angry. He who had found a fortune and returned it to its owner, been invited to his house evidently to dine and ultimately to receive his daughter in marriage, was mistaken by the servant for a shoemaker's apprentice! Oh, this was too much for human endurance. Gathering himself to his full height, and extending his long, lank arm, he replied with withering accent: "Woman, go and tell your master that it is the gentleman, who, yesterday, found his pocket-book."

Then he threw himself back on the cherry colored brocatel sofa, and gazed after the retreating woman with a severe but triumphant expression of countenance. By degrees the indignation of John became appeased, and when he heard a light footfall on the stairs, and the rustle of silk, he was sure May was coming to take him up to her father.

Gliding into the room came a young woman with hair as red as his own. Her face was thin and pinched, and she had evidently had the erysipelas in her nose. Her voice was sharp and weak, and she was cross eyed even if she was robbed in silk.

"Heavens and earth, can this be May Parsons?" thought poor John.

As soon as she eyed John comfortably seated on the sofa, her nose became more inflamed, and something like a frown sat upon her brow.

"Oh, you are the poor young man who found papa's pocket-book. He is so much obliged to you, and he desires me to give you this."

John, who had risen to his feet, mechanically held out his hand; astonishment deprived him of the power of speech. The young lady deposited something in his hand and precipitately left the room.

He put his hand to his forehead like one awakened from a strange dream. He never knew how he found himself out of doors, but when he got out on the pavement he examined the reward given him by Mr. Parsons's daughter. It was fifty cents in fractional currency. Alas! alas! for visions of youth, alas! for castles built in the air; alas! for three dollars spent in new clothes.

John Cady was but human. Humiliation and anger took possession of him, and his face became as red as his hair. He gazed upon the earth and found a small stone. Around the stone he wrapped the fifty-cent note, and tied it with the piece of string which he happened to have in his pocket. Then he took good aim at the upper windows, and the next moment there came a sound of crashing glass, as John bounded away with the speed of a deer.

The poor fellow went back to his drudgery in the shop, and vowed that if he ever found thousands of dollars again he would try and be more rational in his expectations; and should that money belong to Phineas Parsons, well—he wouldn't say what he would do—but surely he would have his revenge!

AN UNTIMELY JUNE BUG.

The other night Mary Jane Jones' bean came up to see her, and invited Mary Jane out to have some ice cream and soda water, which has a very exhilarating effect upon some people, and it proved to be the case with this young man. Just as soon as he had got down that ice cream he began to think how nice it would be to have Mary Jane always with him, and then he began to count how far \$10 a week would go toward supporting a family, and he concluded that with economy and management on Mary Jane's part and some self-denial on his, such as not playing billiards but once a week; and limiting himself to, say ten five-cent cigars in that time, they might live very nicely.

Provisions did not cost much, and Mary Jane's clothes could not be very expensive, say \$20 a year or so, and—well, he calculated it all as he walked home with her and resolved that night to know his fate.

Mary Jane noticed that he was very abstracted and guessed the reason and felt glad within herself that she had put on her white dress and new bustle, feeling quite sure that these had done the business, for what young man could resist a white dress, let alone a new beautiful bustle. When they got to the front gate they saw that the front steps were fully occupied by the residue of the Jones family, so they sat down on the horse block under the spreading maples, and when he essayed to tell the story of

his love.

Just as he got to where he was going to say in conclusion: "The world is a dreary waste to me without you, Mary Jane, will you marry me and share my humble cot," a big fat bug dropped from overhead right down the back of Mary Jane's dress.

She jumped up and gave a Modopian whoop and frantically clutched at the back of her neck and shouted "catch him o-o-o-wouch, catch him, he's killing me;" the way she tore around there and danced up and down scared the poor young man to death, and then brought the whole Jones family out, headed by the old gentleman who made straight for the supposed "him" and kicked him off the sidewalk, ruining his new summer clothes and causing him to go right round the first corner home.

Then the neighbors help catch Mary Jane, and some one made a raid down her back and brought forth the bug, and she wept sorely and trod it ruthlessly under foot, remembering what might have been if the bug hadn't been. Then she explained it all very clearly to those neighbors, but they sniffed their noses in the air and remarked to each other privately to the effect of its being a very likely story indeed that a June bug should stir up such a fracas and get a young man kicked off the walk, they guessed. If the truth was known, etc.—All this week Mary Jane has gone round with disheveled locks and has attained a chronic squint from much watching through closed blinds for a form that don't come; and her young man stays within the fastness of the store and wonders and wonders, with a pain that never dies, what ailed Mary Jane, and if they always act that way, and the evenings and mornings go right on and don't answer.

Where the Money Goes.

"Mr. Swipes, won't you split up a little wood and go and borrow a brass kettle before you go up town?"

"What in thunder do you want me to do that for?"

"Cause I want to preserve some cherries."

"Cherries?"

"Yes, cherries."

"That's just like you. You're always spluttering and fooling around with some nonsense like this."

"Nonsense—well, I guess you like preserves as well as anybody."

"I don't either."

"If you wasn't too lazy to split the wood you'd like them."

"Mrs. Swipes, now do be sensible. You know this preserving business costs money for fruit, sugar, cans, wax, fire wood, and the dence knows what all. But some way or other you never do think about expense, for you're always buying ribbons, ruffles, and flummaddies; but when I want anything, such as an easy chair to rest my weary bones in—oh, no; I can't have it, because you've spent all the money for duds to put on your own back."

"Now you think you've said it, do you? Oh, no, you don't spend any money, but I spend it all. If that's so, where do you get money to play pedro, and come home to the bosom of your family stone-blind drunk? Don't deny it, Swipes, for you know somebody bled your eye glasses the other day, and you was so drunk you thought it was midnight, and came home with a lantern in your hand in the middle of the day. You talk about squandering money."

That Umbrella.

A dozen or more men stood at the entrance of the City Hall yesterday when it began to rain, and along came an individual with an umbrella over his head. As he reached the top step one of the men advanced and said:

"Ah! I've been waiting for you. I knew you had it and it's all right."

The man surrendered the umbrella in a hesitating manner, and his sheepish look showed very plainly that he was not the lawful owner of it. As he passed into the hall another stepped out and said:

"That's my umbrella, and I can prove it. It has a 'J' out in the handle."

So it had, and after some parlaying it was handed over. The new owner was smiling very blandly as the crowd applauded him, when a man turned in off the avenue to escape a wetting. As soon as he saw the umbrella he called out:

"Well, well, where did you get this?"

"It's mine—bought it at the store," was the reply.

"Not much, sir. It was stolen from my office a month ago, and you'd better hand it over if you don't want trouble!"

It was passed to him, and he started off home. Only the angels know whether or not the real owner stopped him somewhere on Woodward Avenue.

An editor quoting Dr. Hall's advice to "eat regularly, not over three times a day, and nothing between meals," adds:—"Tramps will do well to cut this out and put it in their bank books."