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IN SHADOW.

FAITH WALTON.

Alas! my life is sunless, gray, and cold;
The path I journeyed on is rough and steep;
My shoulders tremble 'neath my heavy cross;
The sharp stones cut and bruise my weary feet.
If I were sure that God did will it so,
I'd journey on without a doubt or fear;
If this pain were the price of my fair crown,
What would it matter if the way were drear?
I would not pine if all my days were dark,
If rest grew near as each one passed by;
If Hope—sweet bird!—did nestle in this heart
What reason would I have to grieve or sigh?
Alas! I know—and sad the knowledge is—
That all this shadow was sent by God;
Long years ago I choose this path myself;
I dreamed not in my youth life could be hard.
No tender prayer may I send up to Him,
To lighten, if it be His will, my load;
With naught to cheer me, must I journey on
Until I reach at last Death's grim abode.
I might have kept my way 'neath Summer
skies,
And listened to the glad song of birds,
And roamed at will across the meadows fair,
And won from friends sweet smiles and loving
words.
But, in my pride and in my self conceit,
I shut my eyes to what God held for me,
And, turning from the meadows meek and low
I strode toward these heights beside the sea.
What doth it profit me, this wondrous height!
The clouds below me hide the valleys sweet,
Where'er I turn these tired eyes of mine,
The view is cold—no cheering warmth I meet.
Alas! what might have been had I but heard
God's voice, which bade me dwell in sweet content?
If I were bearing but the cross He gave,
With each new trial would He send me straight.
I've learned at last how very weak I am;
Sometimes my tired limbs refuse to stand;
Perhaps He seeks me, though I see Him not,
And, ere I die, will reach to me His hand.

A SECOND WIFE.

WHITE and silent, in the centre of the darksome room, lay the source of all the darkness, the sobs, the black veils. "She looks peaceful, doesn't she?" murmured an aunt to a sister who was dropping bitter tears. "At last! at last! The words sounded as if they were ground between closed teeth. Mr. Magogue stooped beside the coffin; he was taking a last look at the face that had smiled at him through a bridal veil, fifteen years before. "See how moved he looks!" whispered Mrs. Brown to her daughter. "Ah!" she was a high-strung creature—not just the one to make a man happy—yet how attentive and polite he was to her! There is not a better man in Roseville. "It seems as though he could not get away from that coffin," remarked Mrs. Prism to Mrs. Prune. "Oh! she was a high tempered girl! But they seemed to get on well of late years. He always got her everything she wanted. What a fine looking man he is!" Just then occurred a sudden movement. "It is that sister of Mrs. Magogue, Julia More. She came near fainting! her aunt took her out;" the mourning crowd explained to each other. Outside: "Julie! Julie! don't take on so, dear. Here, here—come in here a minute." Mrs. More drew her niece into a conservatory, and dipping her handkerchief into the tinkling fountain she soothed Julie's temples. She ceased the spasmodic hand clenchings, but still glared at her aunt out of hot, dry eyes. "There, there, cry now, dear; it will do you good," said her aunt, still bathing her face. "I can't cry, aunt; but you did well to bring me out; in another moment I should have sprung at that hypocrite, I should have turned him round to those maudlin women. I should have said: 'There is her murderer! There is the man who swindled her out of her property; who broke her heart and wore out her life!' To hear those women go on about her 'high temper.' My poor darling! 'Not fit to make him happy!' Ah, I wish I had the making of him happy for a little while!" Several maids, and widows had a thought of the handsome widower which fitted into the identical words, but not into the gritty accents used by his sister-in-law. "Don't, Julie dear," pleaded aunt More; "I didn't hear anybody say any such thing; and I hope Margaret was as happy as most wives. At least, she is resting now, and perhaps the peace of heaven has already washed away the scars of earth. Do try and compose yourself, and let us go back." They went back, but we need not follow them into that dusky atmosphere, heavy with tuberoses and heliotrope, the flowers of love and death. A little over a year afterward, Mr. Burt Magogue might have been seen bidding a reverent good night to a cherub face, at the door of a charming country

house. Stepping back into his carriage, he noticed a friend waiting for the horse car. "Come with me, Ross?" "Thanks! you're a good fellow, Magogue." As the coachman drove back to the city, Mr. Ross remarked: "This opera going is costly business to a poor devil, if the lady lives in the country, especially if it rains; but you are not a poor devil." Magogue laughed; "I don't care what I spend in the campaign, so I come out victor." "Then you have begun a campaign in earnest have you?" "You're right." "Dear me! Which one is the besieged? Miss Erminia? She has fine, dark gray eyes like—like your wife." "I know. It is not Miss Erminia." "Miss Helen? She is an accomplished, handsome girl." "Too accomplished; she has too many opinions of her own. I've had enough of that." "You want an echo?" "Well, if you like to put it so, I do want an echo. I want a little, artless, affectionate, docile, clinging sort of woman. I am going in for Miss Effie." "Miss Effie! Why, she's hardly out of school." "Hardly. I know what I want." "She would scarcely be much of a companion." "I don't want a companion." "But she is a dear little thing to pet—sweet, timid eyes, quivering lips—you can't speak to her but the color rises in her face. What flossy, flaxen curls she has? On the whole why don't you get a Skye terrier?" "I know what I want," repeated Magogue, a dark smile on his fine features. Presently a new engagement enlivened the Roseville tea table. "So soon?" sighed Miss Prune. "Soon?" echoed her brother, "why, his wife has been dead a year; she wouldn't be any more dead if he waited three." "So childish!" said Mrs. Prism. "That's just what he wants," said Mr. Prism, "a sweet, little, clinging, docile thing." "An echo?" "Yes, an echo. I guess he had enough of independent opinion in his first wife, if the truth were known." So handsome he is, fascinating and so rich," said Mrs. Shrimps. "It is a fine thing for Effie Keene, youngest of the three." "His first wife had a good deal of money," said Mr. Shrimps. "I've heard that he kept her pretty short, though." "Of her own money?" asked Mrs. Shrimps. "My dear, after she married him it was her husband's money. I think she was inclined to be extravagant. A high spirited, self-willed thing she was as Margaret Moor. I didn't think they were very congenial; and I am afraid this is not going to be any better—a sweet, pretty, babyish thing—and probably spoilt." Julie Moor saw her brother-in-law one day. He was in a jeweler's store, gently fitting a gold ring upon an elfin finger. All Julie knew of her sister's unhappiness she knew by a blind, certain instinct; the scene before her caused an intolerable pang of reminiscence. Then she glanced again at the slight little figure, the sweet-eyed, cherub face, and the tall, dark form bending over them. Pity devoured her heart. "Poor child! poor child!" And old nurse, who had reared all the Keene children, watched the pair sauntering up the steps that night. "Eh! a fine handsome man he is, and how sweet to her! But he'd better have taken Miss Erminia or Miss Helen. Poor Mr. Magogue!" But Mr. Magogue had found exactly what he wanted at last. When he tried to explain to her that Tilden, presidential candidate, had never been mixed up with Mr. Beecher's affairs, but was "the man who, more than any other man in the country, represents"—how sweetly she shook her flaxen curls! "Don't try to put all that into my poor little head. Which man are you for?" "Tilden." "Then I'm for Tilden." This was delightful to a man who remembered seeing his first wife, when an erratic child, weeping passionately because Buchanan was elected instead of Fremont. Mr. Magogue considered it unbecoming for women to interest themselves in politics. To be sure the fair child, Francis Galsinghain, first attracted her knightly lover by her intense interest in a certain phase of politics. But then her lover was not Burt Magogue, but Philip Sydney. Mr. Magogue and Miss Effie Keene were to be married in the spring. Sweet Effie could scarcely make up her mind to leave the country where she had been reared, where all her friends lived, and

go to live in the city, which suited Mr. Magogue's business. "We will go away on our tour, my pet," said Magogue, at one of their last partings under the stars. "When we come back you can make up your mind." The smile that adorned his features after his back was turned was not one which his bride elect would have recognized. Her predecessor knew it well. On the tour she was all sweetness, gaiety and grace. Coming back they stopped at her father's. The next morning Mr. Magogue addressed Effie: "Dearest, you know I would like to consult your wishes in this as in everything; but my business requires that we should live in the city." "Does it truly, dear?" rolling up her sky-blue eyes; but how bad that is, for you know my health will not stand the city." Mr. Magogue's brow darkened. "You know," said his bride, sinking upon a cushion, rolling her flossy head upon his knee, "how I would love to live in the city, so as to suit you, but you see I should die there. You don't want me to die, do you? So if you really can't live in the country, I shall have to stay at papa's, shall I not? But you'll come out and see me, won't you?" And she rolled up the long-lashed eyes. He was angry, baffled, bamboozled, but he stooped and kissed her. He hired a pretty house in the country. As to living at her father's—not for him! How could he be master in his own house, there? But he was not quite satisfied. He had a vague sense that he was not having his own way; he scarcely knew why. To his first wife he had handed out her own money discreetly; from her he had required a strict account of every cent. But this was such a childish creature! He would teach her, though, in time; there was no doubt of that. Was that she in that jeweler's shop? Impossible! But it was his Effie, and the jeweler was just handing her a box. She caught sight of her husband's excited eyes; she skipped toward him at the door. "O, look here, dear!" She held him the open box; on the white satin sparkled a cross of alternating sapphire and diamond. "Effie! I told you I could not afford that!" "Oh, don't look at me like that!" she pleaded, shrinking, rolling up her lips. "I know you said you could not afford it; so I borrowed the money of cousin Charles; he said he would as soon lend it to me as not. For these sapphires, I must have them; they just match my eyes; they belong to me; see?" With such a smile. But Magogue could have kicked himself for smiling back at her as he did; but what was he to do with such a child? Thinking it over, he began to see that he was being cajoled; he, Burt Magogue. He must put a stop to this; it was time he came out in a new character, or men would call him dotting. "Cousin Charles," indeed! Where was he drifting? A day or two afterward Mr. Magogue was riding home in an unpronounced humor. Some of that first wife's money, very wisely invested, he thought, had just sunk out of sight and reach. This annoyed him. He was a man who needed a good deal of money. None of your goody goody, two-cent fellows was he. The long, dull, country ride annoyed him. What a fool he had been to give in to her about living in the country. "She must have a lesson," he said, shading his head, grasping his whip, and touching up his gray horse. Another turn brought him round into the broad elm-arched avenue that led to his door. Arriving there, what does he see? A groom with two horses; one beautiful, snow-white, bearing a lady's new saddle. Burt Magogue sprang up the steps; he crossed the piazza at a stride, the hall at another; he looked in at the ante-room door. A lady was gazing at the long mirror; a petite lady, smiling at the petite double in, navy blue riding habit with silver buttons, navy blue velvet hat with ostrich plume, a flame of goranium at her throat, a silver mounted riding whip in her little hand. "What does all this mean, madam?" shouted the frow of Roseville chivalry. She turned round, bowed, walked up to him. "What did you say to me, sir?" she asked graciously. "I asked, what you mean by this?" She laughed a silvery laugh. "Oh! Why it means that I am going out to ride. I like riding. Cousin Charles went with me yesterday to look at a horse. He says he is a splendid fellow, and you see how handsome he is. The bill for him will come to-morrow. Don't I look nice, dear?" "He clenched the whip still in his hand. 'I'll pay no bills for any horse; that is going back where he can' from—with the groom. And you, madam—walk up stairs, take off that gear, and put on something decent, and then come down to me."

She looked up at him, lips apart, from under the curled, navy blue rim of her riding hat; then clapped her tiny hands and burst into sweet peals of cherub laughter. "Madam, are you mad? Do you think you can behave like this? You didn't know my first wife, she's dead." He spoke in an ominous tone that lowered the color in Effie's rounded cheek; her lips curled back like those of a child when first confronting some strange unpleasant animal. Burt Magogue went on: "She was a spirited, high-tempered thing, but I brought her down. Would you like to know how I brought her down?" "Yes—I should," she answered with that curious, fearless glance, just touched with something that might have been dismay had it not been more like scorn. "How did you do it?" "I conquered her—with the lash!" Little Effie shuddered and looked down. Her delicate face was working with horror, with pity for her predecessor, with terror for the gulf suddenly opened at her feet, swarming with the misbegotten wrongs that follow the meeting of irresponsible power and weakness. Or was it only terror for herself, hopeless in the power of her natural protector, lowering over her in his vast superiority of physical strength? He wished she could look up; these baby faces can be as baffling as the timeless brows of Sphynx. At last those golden lashes lifted; the timid eyes rose up and up, until they met his; they gave him a disagreeable sensation; he would revenge it upon her some day—though she was almost too pretty to be crushed. "You did—did you?" She had taken in his remark, it seemed. Then she walked up to him, clenched her fist to the size of a magnolia bud, and fixed him with eyes whose cherub blue was lost in a glitter, like bayonets in the sun. "Well—if you ever lay—so much as your least finger's weight on me—don't you ever shut your eyes again, for the first time I find you asleep I'll cut your throat from ear to ear. So hear me every saint in heaven!" She turned at the door and flung back a laugh; "This is your second wife!" With this "echo" she left him. A horrible sensation clutched Burt Magogue. He fought it as if it were paralysis. What was it? And what being was this that he had married—this mocking, spirit-like thing whom he could not terrify? He knew all about women—yes, the bravest of them; flighty, provoking, but nervous; "naturally subject to fears;" docile as sheep to one who showed them a little resolution. What manner of woman was this? He turned quickly at a sound without. There she was mounting that snow-white steed, and there was nothing reassuring in the smile she flashed him ere she whirled off in a night-cloud of draperies. Was she some witch sent by Hecate, queen of night and of the dead? Burt Magogue believed just as much in one religion as he did in another; you see mortal flesh and blood it could not be that had threatened him with Effie Keene's soft lips, and transfixed him with her liquid eyes. Could it be some unsleeping ghost arisen, taking possession of a sweet familiar shape! Laugh! why had he ever read those uncouth horrors of Hoffman and Tieck and Edgar Poe? * * * * * Burt Magogue has always defied the supernatural. Can a shadow of it keep him so docile as he is to his elfin wife? Why, the men growl now and then: "He is getting to be the mere echo of his 'echo'."

A FRIEND IN NEED.

They used to make fun of him at the office. He was a queer old fellow with a solemn face, and what we thought was ridiculously polite ways. He would take off his hat when he came in, and say: "Good morning, gentlemen. I trust I see you all in good health this fine morning." And some of the boys would nod—and some wouldn't do anything; but I never could help standing up and bowing, perhaps because I knew that my mother would have said I ought to do it. To be sure, he was only on salary like ourselves, but had been at R & B—a twenty-five years, and young fellows had come and gone, and there he was. And, you see, it was gentlemanly of him, I said, and if he was a little creature, with a queer little wig, why he looked something like a gentleman, too. I said once to Merrivale, next to mine; but—well—I didn't try it again. You see, Merrivale was up to everything, dressed elegantly, sneered at everything, almost, and I'd come from a country town and he was a city man. Nobody down on "Old Dumps" as he was, especially after he made us that speech about our conduct to the ladies. Dumps made the speech, you know; and it was Merrivale who had said the lady only came in to look at him. I'm sure she really wanted to know the way to the street she asked for; and how

she colored and hurried out! And Dumps with his brown wig, looked to me like the gentleman that day; and Merrivale with his fine curling hair and black moustache and broad shoulders, like a puppy. "The man who calls a blush to the cheek of a good woman by look or tone must have forgotten his mother," said Old Dumps. "When that lady asked you a civil question, she relied on her belief that you were a gentleman, Mr. Merrivale. When you answered her as you did, and spoke of her as you did, any one could read your insulting thoughts, Mr. Merrivale; and you did not even rise from your seat, sir. You proved that she was very much mistaken." "Mean to say I am no gentleman?" said Merrivale. "In this instance, sir," said Old Dumps. "You certainly have not conducted yourself as one should." Merrivale pulled his coat half off, and pulled it on again. "Pshaw," said he; "he knows he's safe. There'd be no fun in knocking down an old bag of bones like that. I could do it with my little finger. But you attend to your own business, Old Dumps, I can behave myself without your advice, and that ain't the first woman that's come in just for a sort of flirtation. I'm used to that sort of thing, I am." "Mr. Dumps is right this time," said I. "Bah!" said Merrivale. "You're from the country." "Thank heaven for it then, my young friend," said Dumps, and sat down. After that Merrivale was never even half way civil to Dumps, and the boys followed Merrivale's lead. But I liked the old fellow. When we met in the street I'd take off my hat and shake hands, and say some of those polite things that mother used to teach me to say. And I wrote of him to mother and she said she was glad that her boy knew what was due to a good old gentleman. But after all, in the office, you know what the boys thought and said had its influence. Who were the boys? Why, there was Merrivale, with his darling airs, and his way of letting you know he was a favorite with the women. And Carberry, who didn't care about style, and knew the city. And Stover, who used to come with red eyes and headaches, and boast that he'd been making a night of it. I was lonely enough in the great city and I should have liked to have joined company with Dumps and walk home with him from church sometimes, but I was afraid of meeting one of the boys, and I never did. But I would bow to him, and we took our hats off to each other always. Sometimes, when I lived at Haredale with mother, I've seen the sky beautiful and blue one hour, and the next black with the clouds of a thunder storm. Just that way my trouble came to me—an awful trouble—such as I could not have dreamt of. I had written to my mother that I was doing well and liked my business, and would be down to see her on Sunday, when I was sent for to go into the inner office; and there—I can't go through with it—I can't even remember details; but I was charged with being a thief. You'd have to understand our particular business, as well as bookkeeping, to know how I was supposed to have done it; but they believed I had robbed them of one hundred pounds. They urged me to confess. I was innocent, and I said so. Then they told me they did not wish to be hard on me. I was young. The city was a bad place for boys. They would be merciful, and only dismiss me without recommendation! All I could say had no effect. They proved me guilty before they accused me they said; and at last I staggered out into the office. The boys were getting ready to go home. I saw they knew what had happened. "None of you believed this of me," said I. "None of you who know me?" And Merrivale said: "Look here, Forrester, you're very lucky to get off so." And Carberry said: "Come now, we know too much to be fooled. It's always your sly boots of a good young man that does these sort of things." And Grab said: "I say, Forrester, don't talk too much; you'll give yourself away." And Stover said: "Oh, go take a glass of brandy and water, and don't go on like a girl about it." And what with shame, and rage, and grief, I could have died; when out of his dusty corner came little Old Dumps, in his little snuff-colored overcoat, and held out his hand, and said: "Mr. Forrester," he said, "I've watched you ever since you've been here. I know what you are. You are incapable of a dishonest act, and what is more I will prove it before I rest. The man who respects others always respects himself. The man who honors his mother

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