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THE BLIND MAN'S APPEAL.

Oh, ye whose eyes are open to
The glorious light of day,
Consider how the darkness falls
Upon the blind man's way:
And let compassion's fingers strike
Upon our heart's pure strings,
That hope may o'er his darkened life
Throw her protecting wings.
Ah me, ah me! the blind man's lot
Is freighted deep with woe,
The thorns that throng his daily path,
None but the slightest know,
Then ah! let mercy's gentle voice,
Solicit your senses steal,
And listen with kind charity
To this—my sad appeal.
My fate is hard—I cannot work,
As in the days gone by;
Yet still I must my house support,
And all their wants supply,
God knows I'd not shrink from work,
Nor hardship would I mind,
But ah, alas! hope's star has sunk,
I'm blind—I'm blind—I'm blind!
As one by one the evening stars
Forth from their chambers creep,
And twinkle in the rolling waves
Of ocean's waters deep;
Of many glittering beauties rare,
Are not for such as me,
Oh, God! my heart is crushed with grief
My hard, my wretched lot.
Then oh, turn not away from this,
My sorrowing appeal,
But let the voice of mercy sweet
Soft o'er your heart strings steal,
And this pure truth from Holy Writ,
Shall be your sweet reward
That whosoever help the poor,
But lendeth to the lord.
Oh, when you read the Book of Life,
This lesson bear in mind;
That God, the Saviour can restore sight
Unto the helpless-blind,
And he has left his followers here,
To carry out his will,
To say unto the blind man's woes,
I did you to be still.
Remember, too, that though on earth,
You cast your blessings round,
They will yield rich and precious fruit,
In God's own heavenly ground,
And oh, how great will be the joy
That unto you is given,
When the blind man shall see and bless
Your entrance into Heaven.

THE TWO LOVERS.

"WE'RE GOING to take some city boarders," said farmer Parsons, as he put his packages of sugar and tea into the big basket he had brought to the store in his wagon. "Wife and I will be down to fetch 'em to-morrow. There is a lady and some children, and a young lady, a great heiress. She is in mourning for the uncle who left the property so she can't go to a lively place. Quite a young gal, and very pretty. Two pounds of raisins, Mr. Jones, and some currants; reckon a pound 'll do."
News is news in the country. The farmer's audience listened intently. The doctor—young Dr. Purl—who has stepped in for letters—the store was also the postoffice—took note of every word, and Marcus Moreland, who had come to post a letter also remembered what the old man had said. As he walked away, "pretty young girl," he said to himself. "An heiress gets the reputation of being pretty; probably she is not half so nice looking as farmer Parsons' own daughters. Heiresses are apt to think too much of themselves."
"An heiress. Well I shall go over to see Parsons pretty soon. No place like the country for a courtship, and a fellow who marries an heiress need not wait year in and year out to build up his own practice. I wonder how much she is really worth? A great heiress. That oughtn't to mean less than a hundred thousand dollars. I should like a wife with a nice little bank account of that size. Young and pretty, too, is a rare change," said the doctor as he jumped into his gig.
The city boarders came next day. The longest at the store saw them get in to the wagon—a fat young matron and three little girls, a nurse, a baby and a young lady dressed in mourning. The storekeeper's wife noticed the elegant cut of the over-skirt which the latter wore, and more than one saw the diamond ring flash on her finger, but it was just park and the beauty was not a settled point, for no one could see her face.
Marcus Moreland who was the poor clergyman's son, and had just fought his way through college with prospect of teaching the male department of the district school that winter as his best one, while working in his father's garden the next morning, was placed in a position to judge on this matter.
He heard a little scream, and looking up saw a very pretty young lady and a very pretty little boy flying in terror from a perfectly harmless, broad-faced white mitch cow, who in the excess of her content, as she stood deep in the water of a pond, chewing the end, had elevated her nostrils, and turning her slow brown eyes in the direction of the pedestrians uttered a long moo-oo.
"Oh!" screamed the young lady, faintly, "can't you run faster, Tommy? I think she's coming after us."
"I beg your pardon ma'am, but mooly won't touch you. She would not hurt any one. She is perfectly harmless. See!" cried Marcus, as he approached the pond side and patted the white head. "See—

we have had her ten years and she is the gentlest creature."
"I'm quite ashamed of myself, but I'm not used to cows. I thought I'd made her angry, and when you have other's children it's such a responsibility. Tom don't touch the gentleman's flowers, I'm ashamed of you," said the young lady.
"For pity Tom, with a general idea that the country belonged to everybody, was helping himself to roses.
Of course, after that, Marcus plucked flowers for Tom, and a bouquet for the young lady; and as she walked bewitchingly up the road, with the flowers against her pretty chin, decided that the heiress certainly was the loveliest thing that his eyes had ever rested upon.
That afternoon Dr. Purl rode over to Mrs. Parsons, made a call and was introduced; decided that the heiress was a beauty, conversed with her in a manner calculated to prove that he at least was no country pumpkin, made a point of looking at his beautiful watch before he left, and he had the satisfaction of feeling that he had made an impression.
Meanwhile Marcus Moreland had been thinking about her more than she guessed, and that evening there was another introduction.
Marcus did not make big eyes at her, nor try to show his superiority to his neighbors, neither had he any gold watch to consult. He was younger than the doctor by ten years and very much of a boy still, and the rising moon found May and her little cousin Tom, and Marcus all sitting together on the lower step of the porch, talking of blackberrying as three children might.
The heiress wore a linen dress and a knot of blue ribbon in her hair. Marcus forgot that she was an heiress. It was only a dear little girl, just the nicest creature he ever met, who looked at him frankly with her blue eyes, not blue gray. He went home in the first stages of love, and sat at the window looking at the moon, and thinking of her nearly all that night.
May Dimple was very inexperienced, and very willing to think the best of everybody.
At eighteen she was mistress of a fine fortune, and being an orphan, her own mistress altogether. Her heart was yet a white unwritten sheet, and the first that made love to her was likely to win it. Vague longings for that peculiar tenderness which only a lover can offer already possessed her soul, and she was just the sort of a little woman to forget her own advantages and feel very grateful for love and admiration. The doctor was tall and fine looking, and she caught herself blushing as she looked into the glass after his departure and thought what a soft look had come into his eyes as he hoped they should soon meet together again.
May had never had anything like a beau in her life. Shut up with an invalid uncle in a great city home that was like a prison, seeing no one but the doctor and nurse, and now and then some old gentleman whom her father was persuaded to admit on the score of friendship—she had no idea that she might be a belle. Even her cousin was a new-found relative who had taken to her when the friends gathered at the old man's funeral.
People who had never remembered little May until the news of her heiresship brought her to notice had been so very kind since. The liberty she enjoyed made the quiet country house a very happy place, and now two admirers dawned upon her horizon and made life "perfectly splendid" to May, much as the situation would have bored many an experienced belle.
Matters naturally assumed this form as the time passed on. May had two lovers and hardly knew which of them she liked best.
Marcus did not make love—he did not dare—but looked it. The doctor made love scientifically; he had even extracted from the married cousin a statement that "uncle left everything to May."
He had three months to work in before, the heiress knew her power, and learned, from one gay winter, that lovers follow money thick and fast, and he was a determined sort of a fellow where there was anything to get.
Marcus has no plans. His boy's heart ran away with him—that was all. He could not keep away from May's side, nor forget her when they were apart, and so summer passed and autumn approached, and the city folks were going home, and the district school was to be opened, and cousin Ellen's husband, a hard driven Wall street man, came down to spend a week before he took his family home, and all this delightful time was at an end.
Marcus was to be examined for his position as a teacher of the school—a mere form with his fine education. The doctor, as a learned gentleman, was one of the committee to examine the coming school ma'am for the girls' department.
"A pleasant task," as he said, jesting, "if he expected to see anybody there but only old Miss Cynthia Alderney, and old Miss Baker."
May heard a good deal of the school,

especially as farmer Parsons was another of the committee, and she felt an interest in it, too, as Marcus was to teach. It seemed so odd to think of.
Cousin Helen's husband went about as men usually do, and heard more in a day than the ladies could in a year. He returned one evening with a solemn face, and informed his wife in confidence that the talk of the place was May's fortune, and that the doctor, who had done nothing but run after rich women since he came to the place, was "after it."
"A regular fortune-hunter, my dear," said the husband. "You must use your influence with poor May."
May, meanwhile, had been in her favorite grove, and there had Marcus Moreland betaken himself to say good-bye. Poor boy, he had some bitter hours of late. The fact that May's love was the one thing worth having upon earth, had dawned upon him, and with it the knowledge that he had no right to offer himself to an heiress. How he hated her money. It stood between them like an awful spell. It she had been the poorest girl living he could have said all that was in his heart to her—not now.
So the poor boy uttered a few faltering words and went his way.
"It was folly for me to think he liked me much," said May as he left her. "How formal and cold after all our sociability," and a little pang nipped her heart and she smiled more brightly on the doctor, when he entered the grove, than she had ever smiled before.
He made love to her that afternoon after true story-book fashion. On the stage at ——— she would have cauced tender-hearted ladies to say, "how sweet." It was a pretty little scene rehearsed in private. Had May but known it the night before; and no girl could have failed to understand his parting words:
"To-morrow, before you leave, I must see you. You will grant a private interview, will you not? I have something of intense importance to myself, at least, to say to you. I—I—" a falter, a look, a snatch at her hand, a touch of his lips upon it.
Then the curtain should have dropped. He rode away in his gig, and said to himself:
"I always was a lucky fellow—to think that Providence should have sent an heiress to such a place as this; a pretty one too!"
When May entered the house, surprise awaited her. Cousin Helen took her at once to her bed-room, and there, behind closed doors, repeated her husband's information.
"You know you are so young and inexperienced," said she, "and a fortune hunter is such a dreadful creature."
May's face flushed crimson.
"Do you really think nobody could love me for myself?" she asked in a sudden fit of indignation.
Then common sense came to her aid. She sat quiet for a while, and then drew near her cousin and whispered something in her ear. It was a long whisper.
"I will prove him, and you will help me," she said aloud.
Cousin Helen promised, and May retired to her own room, there to shed a few not unnatural tears.
Night passed—the morning came. The school-house doors were set open for the first time for months. The committee was to meet at eleven to examine the candidate for the teachers' positions.
Old farmer Parsons walked over, also farmer Brown. The doctor was there, and the lawyer, Mr. Trippham. Miss Cynthia Alderney was seen walking toward the door with a defiant face. Miss Baker followed with a scared one. Marcus Moreland took his way in and just as all settled into their seats a little figure in buff linen, with a blue-ribboned hat on its head, slipped into one of the doors and stood among them.
"May Dimple," said the doctor, advancing with a gallant air.
"Yes, sir," said May, quietly. "I understand you examine candidates to-day. I am fond of teaching, and when one must do something one seizes every chance, you know. May I be examined?"
"I suppose you are jesting, Miss Dimple?" said the doctor.
"Not I," said May. "I suppose you have heard that foolish story about me. Two or three hundred dollars may be a very pleasant little sum to spend on a summer vacation, but it doesn't make one a great heiress, you know."
"Folks will talk," said farmer Parsons, with a twinkle in his eye. A poor gal is as respectable as a rich one, long as she conducts proper. Set down Miss Dimple."
The doctor retired to his seat, pale and rigid. Marcus Moreland, on the contrary had flushed scarlet.
May's two lovers were a strange contrast at that moment. For her own part she was quieter and sadder and more womanly than usually.
She went through the examination bravely, under the fire of Miss Cynthia's indignant eyes and Miss Baker's despondent sighs. Then she walked home and waited as she promised, in the garden.

Would the doctor keep his engagement. He did.
"My dear Miss Dimple," said he, as he advanced gaily but not quite naturally, "I feared I should scarcely get here in time to bid you good-bye. I'm sorry the committee think you too young for the place. They've given it to Miss Cynthia. Really, it would be very dull for you very. I told you I had something very particular to say to you—didn't I? You remember, I see; I didn't think you would. I wanted to say that I have really enjoy your little visit to this place so much. Ladies' society is a treat to a poor old bachelor doctor, who expects to be a bachelor all his life, by the way. You know what the society is here, Miss Dimple and you've quite brightened the summer for me. I've had a treat. So that's what I wanted to tell you and bid you a last good-bye."
The man who had made such desperate love to her the other day, who had defined his attentions toward her in a manner that no girl could misunderstand had slipped calmly out of the affair, and she could match him in coolness, girl as she was.
They shook hands.
"Adieu," said the doctor, with the true Persian accent, and jumped into his gig, thanking heaven that he had escaped making an offer to a poor girl.
The heiress stood by the gate where he left her, thanking heaven much more devotedly for her escape. Yet I shall not say she was happy. It was not in nature; for she had thought this man her true, earnest lover. The first bitter thought that had ever troubled her young heart filled it now; her first glimpse of real life was taken. As she stood there she began to doubt whether there was such a thing as true love.
A tear or two fell; she wiped them away, and through the mist that veiled her eyes she saw a bright, ardent young face, strangely in contrast with the cold, formal, unmoved countenance, with its handsome features and practiced smile, that had just passed from before her vision. It was the face of Marcus Moreland and before she was aware of his intention he had passed his arm around her waist and kissed her.
"If I never do again I must now," said he. "I have never dared to tell you while I thought you so rich, but I have loved you since the first day we met. We are both poor; let me fight the battle of life for you. I can do it—I will do it. God always prospers love like mine."
The twilight shadows were creeping over the scene. The distant mountains were losing the faint rosetops that they had worn. A soft sweet breeze swept up from the meadow full of the fragrance of grass and clover. Did these things bring the sudden calm and sweetness to May's wounded heart?
She stood still, making Marcus no answer; but she did not repulse him.
"Tell me that you like me a little," pleaded the boy.
"I do like you, Marcus," said May "but don't say any more just now; I can't tell you why, but this is not the time—I—just say good bye, now Marcus. I must go away to-morrow; but I will write to you."
"Remember, my love is life or death to me," said Marcus, and they parted.
One day when May felt that she had nothing but scorn for her fortune hunting doctor she did write to Marcus Moreland, and what she said may be inferred from the fact that they are to be married when the next spring comes, and that the people at the store, and doubtless the doctor also, know that farmer Parsons' pretty young boarder was really and actually an heiress, and that farmer Parsons, a shrewd old man of good sense, knew and approved of the ruse that tested the heiress' lovers all along.

The Umbrella.

A dozen or more men stood at the eastern 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 of the crowd stepped out and said:
"That's my umbrella, and I can prove it. I have a 'J' cut into the handle."
So it had, and after some parleying it was handed over. The new owner was smiling very blandly as the crowd applauded, when a man turned in off the avenue to escape a wetting. As soon as he saw the umbrella he called out:
"Well, well, but where did you get this?"
"It's mine—bought it at the store."
"Not much, sir. It was stolen from my office a month ago, and you had better hand it over if you don't want trouble."
It was passed to him, and he started for home. Only the angels know wheth-

er or not the real owner stopped him somewhere up Woodward avenue.

All Sorts.

Soft hearts often harden, but soft heads never change.
None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.
It requires greater virtue to sustain good fortune than bad.
Charity gives itself rich, but covetousness hoards itself poor.
Except a man rise above and go beyond himself, he is exceeding small.
Prefer loss before unjust gain, for that brings grief but once, this forever.
Unpopularity or popularity is utterly worthless as a test of manhood's worth.
Error will slip through a crack, while truth will get struck in a door-way.
We know God easily provided, we do not constrain ourselves to define him.—[Joubert].
Embark in no enterprise which you cannot submit to the test of prayer.—[Hosea Ballou].
Idleness is the stupidity of the body, and stupidity is the idleness of the mind.—[Seneca].
Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.
Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your not being one in adversity.
To know a man, observe how he wins his object rather than how he loses it; for when we fail, our pride supports; when we succeed, it betrays us.
The system of ejecting ammonia into the veins as a cure for snake bite is coming into general use in Australia, where it has saved many lives.
Those who report scandal about others should make it a subject of prayer before doing it. If the spirit tells them to injure their neighbor, it will be proper to do so. If not, don't do it, even if you have the inclination.
It is not generally known that the good custom of keeping birthdays is many thousand of years old. It is recorded in the fortieth chapter of Genesis and twentieth verse: And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his servants.
Good humor, gay spirits are the liberators, the sure cure for spleen and melancholy. Deeper than tears, these irradiate the tophets with their glad heave. Go laugh, vent the pits, transmuted imps into angels by the alchemy of smiles. The satans flee at the sight of these redeemers.
Like most garments, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, fine troubles on the other side; or, you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never cast a shadow on both sides at once.
A wonderful curiosity has just been issued by the Oxford University Press, in the form of the smallest prayer book ever printed. It is bound in leather, weighs just under an ounce, is three and a half inches in length, two and an eighth in breadth, and a quarter of an inch in thickness. It is intended as a companion volume to the "smallest Bible in the world," lately issued from the same establishment.
A popular preacher recently quoted the dream of a sneer, who saw a man in great torment in every limb except his right foot. He asked why that was released. "This man," was the answer, "is being punished for his selfishness and intolerance, and was never known to do a good deed, except that he once kicked a tuft of fresh grass to a tethered ox, standing in the hot sun, and for this one act that foot is saved from torment."
In order to furnish some sort of satisfaction to themselves when they feel how little they have left, and not to scare others by the emptiness and loneliness of the prospect, materialists are ever falling back on some unknown power. But if they know it to be a power they know something of it; it is not absolutely "inscrutable." We ask them how they know it to be power, and we show them that on the same grounds we may know it to be something more—to be vastly more, to be also intelligence, wisdom, and goodness.—[McCosh].
Tea and coffee used at each regular meal, as the exclusive drink of all classes and all ages, will add to the health, life, happiness and well being of any nation. All nations, of all ages have solid or liquid excitants, or stimulants, made to hand, or have discovered or invented them, or found out the mode of use adapted to the result. It would seem from this that a beneficent Providence intended their employment for the comfort of the creatures of his power—written revelation giving the explicit conditions of their use.—[Dr. Hall].