

# The Democrat.

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## THANKSGIVING.

SUGGESTED FROM PSALMS CXXXIII. LXXV. CVII.

Where Babylon's stately rivers flow,  
By splendid temples tall and grand  
We wept for our own native land,  
And on the willows bending low,  
We hung our harps with trembling hand,  
And poured our unavailing woe.  
Sad captives, yet they bade us sing  
The songs of triumph that we sung  
In Zion, when sweet hope was young,  
 Ere yet one grief or bitter thing  
About our hearts had clasped or clung,  
To pierce us with its venomous sting.  
They bade us put the past away,  
Forget Jerusalem, and cling  
To their false gods—their praises sing—  
But may our tongues wither away,  
Before so base and foul a thing  
Offends the light of heaven's day.  
Though ours the grief, the joy will bloom  
Across the desert ere the dawn—  
The years that ceaselessly move on  
Smite the oppressor and make room  
For the oppressed—for love is drawn  
From out the inner depths of gloom.  
There is no night so dark that hides  
The stars of heaven from longing eyes—  
The golden gateways of the skies  
Are free, no haughty monarch rides  
First chosen—when the millions rise  
To taste the joy that there abides.  
II.  
Sing joyously, O weary souls,  
Give voice to all your happy strains,  
The dawn has severed all your chains,  
Let the triumphant music roll  
Across the hills, beyond the plains—  
Let the triumphant music roll.  
Lo, He hath touched the sea, and forth,  
The dry land comes with shining grain,  
A thousand reapers dot the plain  
With happy songs and shouts of mirth;  
Where late the anger-ruffled main  
Held her proud sway above the earth.  
Sing joyfully, ye rescued ones,  
He rolls the sea back on the crimes  
That marred the record of the times,  
For God's unfailing purpose runs,  
As move the stars to measured chimes,  
As glide the long lines of the suns.  
He sows the earth and plants the main,  
And clothes the hills with bud and bloom—  
Renewing life above the tomb,  
Year after year, time and again—  
Shining like sunlight through the gloom  
In beauty that shall never wane.  
Sing joyfully, ye that have wept,  
Strike your glad harps to newer praise,  
Grief's cure comes with the happier days  
That in Hope's shining bosom slept,  
For God works through mysterious ways,  
For those who have his promise kept.  
III.  
The light breaks softly in the east,  
Crowning with smiles the gray of dawn,  
Hope smiling beckons Plenty on,  
Who coming like a full robed priest—  
That takes our sad souls out of pawn—  
Turns into kings the very least.  
The One in All; the First, the Last,  
Hath sown the Universe with good,  
'Tis ours to reap the promised food,  
Ere yet the harvest shall be past,  
Nor envious hate, nor guil', nor blood,  
Should mar the bounty rich and vast.  
From all waste places He has led  
His wandering children home to rest,  
From North and South, from East and West.  
Across the wilderness and fed  
Them by the running waters blest,  
With life's most sweet and precious bread.  
Lo, He hath reached beyond the sea,  
Where men went down in ships, and brought  
Them homeward with his blessings fraught,  
Their sails filled with strange melody,  
Frown out far isles of beauty caught—  
The home of His own minstrelsy.  
Break forth, ye choristers, and sing  
Hymns of thanksgiving at the morn—  
Your double labor, bread of scorn,  
And following after meager things—  
Hath full reward of chastening born—  
The blessed promise of the Spring.

## A BLIGHT IN SUMMER.

I WAS NOT the regular doctor, for the prejudice of Burnley belonged to Fred Garnet and old hospital friend of mine, who had taken a simple country practice while I had been roaming about the world as a surgeon in emigrant ships and the Franco-German war. We had met after seven years, when I wanted a month's quiet in the country, and he had asked me to attend to his practice while he went up to town to pass a degree, for he was a hard studying ambitious fellow. A young man at the door desired me to come over and see his master, who was dying of gonorrhea. This was the announcement by the servant. Saying that I had been consulted about a "terrible whertin' pain" in the back of an old lady seventy

years old, this was my first case. "There's Miss Kate—a watchin' for us." I could see the flutter of a white dress by the gate as we drove on, but my attention was too much taken up by the prettiest of the place, and I was gapping idly about, thinking nothing about "Miss Kate" and her "case," when the gig stopped and I jumped to the ground. "Here he is Uncle, dear," she cried. "Time he was here," exclaimed some one, with a savage roar. After giving various little orders I placed the tender leg in an easy position the patient breaking out in furious exclamations the while. Then by the means of some hoops from a small wooden tub, I made a little gipsy tent over the limb, so that the covering would not touch the exquisitely tender skin, and at the end of a half an hour had the pleasure of hearing a sigh of satisfaction, and seeing a smile steal over the face, which was now smooth and bedewed with a gentle perspiration, and directly after in a drowsy voice my patient said: "Kittie, my darling, he's a trump. Take him into the next room and apologize to him, and tell him I'm not always such a beast."

He was half asleep already, while I even in that short hour—I had fallen into a dream; a dream of love; I who had never loved before, nor thought of it, but as sickly boy and girl stuff, unworthy of busy men. I cannot tell you how the day passed, only that Kate Anstey had employed me not to leave her uncle yet; and I? I was her slave, and would have done her bidding even to the death.

He was soon better, but my visits to the farm were more frequent than ever. I went one day as usual, but instead of Kate being at the window, and running out to meet me, the old gentleman stood at the door, looking very angry, and he at once caught hold of my coat and dragged me into the kitchen.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked, trembling. "Yes lots," said the old man. "What do you come here for?" "For mercy sake—don't keep it back!" I said for the room seemed to swim around me. "Is Kate ill?" "Yes, I think she is," he replied, gruffly. "But look here young man what does this mean?"

"Mean?" I said. "Oh, Mr. Brand, if she is ill let me see her at once." "She don't look very bad," he said, peering through the crack of the door into the parlor, where I could see her white dress; "but I say, young man, you had better not come here any more. She's growing dull and I can't have my darling made a fool of."

"Made a fool of?" I stammered. "Yes," he said gruffly; "what do you come here for?" I was silent for a moment, with a wondrous feeling—steal over me, as at last my lips said—I did not prompt them—"Because I love her with all my heart."

"And have you told her so?" "Not a word," I said slowly. My hand was being crushed in a vice the next minute: "I am not a gentleman, doctor, but I know one when I meet one. There, you may go and talk to her, if it is as you say; for if it is true you wouldn't make her unhappy; but, my lad, the man who would trifle with that girl's heart, would be the greatest scoundrel that ever stepped on God's earth."

The whole of this part of my life is dreamy that it is like some golden vision. But I was at her chair, I know, and that glorious evening I was content to watch the soft dreamy face beside me, as she sat there with her hands folded in her lap watching the sunset.

At last we rose and walked together through the woods and stopped at last beneath an overshadowing tree and there in low broken words I told her and in her sweet, girlish simplicity, she laid her hand upon my shoulder, looked into my face and promised to be my little wife.

I went home that night, riding in a wonderful triumphal chariot, instead of a gig, and to my great surprise, on reaching the house there was Fred Garnet. "Back already," I stammered. "Already, the month's up, he said, laughing. "You must have had good sport with your fishing, Master Max."

"It came upon me like thunder, this return, and I lay awake that night—happy but miserable, for this meant the end of my visit, and what was to come in the future? I had not thought of that. I put it off for the time and having obtained the willing permission of Garnet, I went the next morning, and of course I found my way to the farm.

I fancy the servant looked at me in rather a peculiar constrained way as she said her master had gone to the off-hand farm. "At Miss Kate," I asked. "She's down in the woods, sir," said the girl.

I wanted to hear no more but ran along the garden, leaped the gate, and crossing

two fields went through the wilderness, and over the stile into the wood. "My darling," I kept repeating to myself, as I hurried on, expecting to meet her at every turn, and then I stopped short while a sudden pang seemed to clutch my heart. I was dizzy, faint and raging with anger, and had in return; but that passed off, to have a sense of crushing misery as I held on by a young sapling, and peered at the scene before me.

There stood with her back toward me. Kate—false, false Kate—with the arm of a tall military looking man encircling her waist her head resting on his shoulder and even as I gazed, he lent his head down and she raised her arms, her face to meet his kisses, as he folded her tightly to his breast.

I saw no more, but stole blind-away, went to the stable, saddled and bridled the horse in a dreamy fashion, mounted and rode back to Burnley, threw the bridle to the man walked straight to the station without seeing Fred Garnet and went to London.

Six months glided by and then I was again called upon to take charge of the practice of a friend in the suburbs. It was one dark night in winter that I was just going to bed, half wishing that I had a call—for I knew that I should only be and toss about sleepless, but I was too good a doctor to try my own drugs, when the surgery bell rang sharply, and the summons that I had wished for came.

It was a police with a handsome cab, and his oilskins shone wet and vividly in the bright red light of the lamp over the door. "Axiden's case, sir," he said. "Dr. Barker in the next streets going, and sir, and he want's help."

I learned from him that a gentleman had got knocked down by the very same cab we were in, and trampled upon by the horses before the wheels ran over him and broke his leg. We were there in a few minutes, and I was shown into the back parlor, of a comfortable furnished house, where the sufferer had been laid upon a mattress.

A brief consultation with my colleague ensued, and he told how he was situated; another important call demanded his attention; the result was that I agreed that we would examine the patient and then I would stay until Dr. Barker's return.

A faint groan greeted us as we turned to our patient, and as I held the lamp over his face, and the light fell upon the fair hair and long drooping mustache, I nearly dropped the lamp.

"Nemesis!" I thought. Mine enemy delivered into my hands. Kate's lover lying bruised and broken—crushed like a reed at my feet. And now I need not kill him to be revenged for all his cruelty to me, but stand by supine, and he would die.

For a few brief moments told me that I possessed greater knowledge than my colleague, and that if I withheld mine, nothing that Dr. Barker could do would save the flame that even now trembled in the socket of life's lamp.

The scene in the woods flashed before me once again as I stood there—Kate's sweet face upturned asking for this man's kisses, and all so vivid that my brain reeled and a mist floating before my eyes.

"What do you think Mr. Lawler?" said a voice at my elbow, and I started back into the present. "That he will be past saving in an hour," I said, quietly. "I fear so," said Dr. Barker shrugging his shoulders. "Unless—"

Here I unfolded my plans as I said to my self. "And heap coals of fire upon his head. Kate take your lover and may God forgive you!" "Excellent," exclaimed Dr. Barker, who was a frank gentlemanly fellow, without professional jealousies; and in an hour's time, had done all that was necessary, and our patient was breathing easily and Dr. Barker was shaking my hand.

"He's saved, Dr. Lawler. You've saved his life. Now I'll be off and get back in an hour's time. You've given me the greatest lesson in surgery that I ever had in my life."

Then I was left alone, thinking bitterly of what I had done. "Kate—Kate—darling!" Those words feebly uttered brought me to my senses, and I was the cold hard man once more, and I arose, and taking the lamp, bent down over my patient, whose eyes now opened, stared at me. "Where's Kate?" he asked; "and where's what?"

He stopped short: "Hush," I said coldly; "you have had an accident." "Accident? O, yes I remember, I was going to catch the night train for Burnley when that confounded cab—"

"You must not talk," I said fighting hard to contain myself. "You're seriously hurt."

"That last was not professional," but there was grim pleasure in giving him some pain. "That is bad, doctor," he whispered, "for I was going down to see my darling—she is very ill."

"I'll," I exclaimed starting. "Yes," he said, speaking with pain, and I could not stop him now. "Consumption they say; broken hearted, I think. Some scoundrel—"

"I almost dropped the lamp, as I caught his hand and gripped it, for I was struggling to see the full light. "What do you wish me to do?" "Telegraph, at my expense, to my brother-in-law. From Christopher Anstey to John Brand, Green Mead, Burnley. Say Kate is not to get. You know best."

"Yes, yes," I stammered as I took out a pen and pretended to write. "Miss Kate then," I faltered, "is—"

"My darling child!" sobbed the poor fellow, "and she is dying." He was too weak, too faint to heed me, as with a bitter groan I turned away stunned—mad almost at my folly. I saw it all now, poor, weak, pitiful, jealous fool that I was. I had seen the girl that I worshipped, petted and caressed by her own father, and I without seeking an explanation, had rushed away, leaving her to think me a scoundrel, nay, worse.

When I turned once more to the mattress, my patient had fallen asleep and I stood there thinking. In a few moments I had made my plans, then, with watch in hand impatiently waited the return of Mr. Barker.

He was back to time and in a few words I had made my arrangements. "Doctor," I said, "you said you were in my debt for this night's work."

"My dear sir, I will write you a check for twenty guineas, with pleasure," he replied. "Pay me in this way," I said, "see that these patients, whose names I have written on this slip of paper are attended to well for the next two days, and tell our friend here that his message has been sent, to."

He promised eagerly, and the next minute I was in the street running to the nearest cab-stand. I was just in time to catch the early morning train, and half mad, half joyously, I sat impatiently there until the train dropped me at Burnley, where the fly slowly jolted me over to the Four Mile Farm.

It was a bright clear frosty morning and the sun-light glanced from river to the trees, but I thought of only one thing as I kept urging the driver on, and he must have thought me mad as I leaped out and rushed into the well known parlor.

"Kate!" I cried, as half-blind I ran toward a pale face lying back in an easy chair by the fire. "You scoundrel," was roared at the same time, and the sturdy farmer had pinned me by the throat. "Yes, all that," I said; "only hear me."

His hands dropped as Kate uttered a low cry and fainted. "Quick," I said, "water and some brandy!" With a low growl of rage my old patient for the gout obeyed me, and in a few minutes Kate opened her eyes to look full into mine as her head rested on my arm.

"Have you come—to say good-by?" she said feebly; and there was such a look of reproach in that poor worn face that I could only answer in whisper. "No no—to ask you to give and to forgive me for my cruel weakness, for I must have been mad."

A deep groan made me turn my head to see that the farmer's head was down upon his arms and his broad shoulders were heaving. "I thought you would never come again," said Kate feebly; "but I never ceased to hope."

It is needless to add that Kate didn't die of consumption, and that she is now my trusted little wife.

**All Sorts.**  
Bergh defends cat concerts.  
Berlin has a million inhabitants.  
Mrs. Secretary Chandler is "queerly."  
It's hard to freeze to anything this weather.

K. Field has entered the English lecture field.  
A real estate man's motto—"not words, but deeds."  
Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds.

To do business a man must have dollars and sense.  
An emporium in California is called the "Pacific slope."  
Charlotte's Cushman said, "it is hard to say farewell."

Why don't the young bachelors hold leap-year receptions?  
They were busy fanning themselves in Florida at last accounts.  
A son of the English Lord Cecil, preaches at Knoxville, Tenn.

Gentleness corrects whatever is offensive in our manners.  
An Indiana editor writes memoranda on the inside of his paper collar.  
Tilton is writing a drama. So is Joyce! Do good people ever write dramas.

A text: A man named Scripture has been read out of his party, in New York, for fraud.  
Mr. Crow has been admitted to the Minnesota bar. He ought to know how to plead his own case.

A worn out parent of Chicago has named his baby Macbeth, because he has murdered sleep.  
One hundred girls in a dry-goods store will make every man in town feel like buying his wife a dress.

But few men can handle a hot lamp chimney, and say there is no place like home, at the same time.  
The Iowa Supreme Court decides that an illegitimate child can be heir to the property of its parents.

Look out for another war in about twenty years. Two-thirds of the babies born last year were boys—a sure sign.  
It is a happy moment in a young girl's life when she discovers that her lover's moustache and her hair are the same color.

Banging the hair prevails among the women of China, and indicates that the "banger" is on the lookout for a husband.  
A philosopher being asked what was the first thing necessary toward winning the love of a woman, answered, "An opportunity."

S. F. T. P. O. B. T. E. L. are the initials of the "Society for the Prevention of Butchering the English Language."  
Statistics are given to prove that of the sum total of human misery, physical and mental, women have to bear two-thirds.

What we need in this world, the Newport News thinks, is more female correspondents who fling the golden gleaming over the somber tints of life.  
"It appears that Byron's complexion was that of antique marble, gilded by the sun of centuries." What a hard cheek he must have had.

Anxiety about future support and comfort in this world is needless, hurtful and wicked, for present obedience to God will insure all needed good.  
Jeff Davis says he can have just as much fun at country fairs, making speeches and going around with the boys and girls, this year, as ever.

The Rothschilds are said to be worth only \$3,400,000,000, and discharge a servant girl about once a week for throwing away ashes without sitting them.  
George Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon is to be examined. It is believed that since Tupper rung him in tragedy he has turned over in his coffin.

A huge petrification, formed almost entirely of serpents in various positions but making one solid mass, has been found near the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.  
The London Home for Lost Dogs has kennels for four hundred. The police send all stray dogs there, and these are kept three days awaiting owners, after which they are either sold or killed.

A pig of iron bears no resemblance to a pig; but you always remember that June berries never make their appearance until in July. There are a good many singular things in this country.  
Butler's famous Dutch Gap Canal has been widened and deepened by government aid, and soon will be ready for use. It cuts off a heavy bend in the James River, and makes a saving of seven miles.

Many recent discoveries have been made on the ruins of ancient Chaldea, whence Rawlinson thought civilization came. Fifteen centuries before Christ there were books made on baked bricks by Cilas Shergat.