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FAREWELL TO LOVE.

Farewell to love's last golden dream,
The sweetest that my life has ever
known!
Farewell to Hope, whose radiant beam
Made bright a path so dark and lone!
'Twas sweet to hope that thou wouldst
prize
The undivided love I gave;
That hope in dark, death ruin lies,
And Love must find an early grave.
'Twas sweet 'e'en for a day to feel
That thou wert all of earth to me,
And woman's pride could not conceal
My heart's devotedness to thee.
'Twas sweet to think an arm like thine,
As man can shield, would shield my form,
Protect me when the sun would shine,
Or in the thickly gathering storm.
'Twas sweet to hope that I might stand,
So strong in Love, by thee when thou
Would'st shed a tear, loving hand
To smooth thy pillow, fan thy brow.
'Twas sweet to dream, 'e'en for a day,
Together we might tread Life's road,
Walk hand in hand the upward way,
And help each other on to God.
In rain 'neath Heaven's vault of blue,
I built for Earth and Time once more;
The Father saw—Ah, well! He knew
My heart's idolatry before.
Yet thou perchance may'st live to see
A day when thou would'st gladly hold
The wealth long treasured, offered thee,
'Bove honor, fame, or glittering gold.
The dream is past! beneath a yoke
I shunned before, I bow again,
And bless the Hand which dealt a stroke
That gave my heart the keenest pain.
The dream is past—"I might have been"
When earth looks dark 'tis bright above,
The pain is past,—all calm, serene,
I bid a last Farewell to Love!

THE BETTER WAY.

One evening, as the twilight was dusking into deeper shades, Farmer Welton stood in his dooryard with a gun in his hands, and saw a dog coming out from his shed. It was not his dog, for his was of a light color, while this was a surly black.

The shed alluded to was open in front, with double doors, for the passage of carts; and this shed was part of a continuous structure connecting the barn with the house. Around back of this shed was the sheep fold.

There had been trouble upon Farmer Welton's place. Dogs had been killing his sheep—and some of the very best at that. He had declared in his wrath that he would shoot the first stray dog he found prowling about the premises. On this evening, by chance, he had been carrying his gun from the house to the barn, when the canine intruder appeared. Aye, and in the barn he had been taking the skin from a valuable sheep, which had been killed and mangled with tigerish ferocity.

So when he saw the strange dog coming through his shed, he brought the gun to his shoulder, and, with quick, sure aim, fired. The dog gave a leap and howl, and having whirled around in a circle two or three times, he bounded off in a tangent, yelping painfully and was soon lost to sight.

"Hallo! what's to pay now, Welton?" "Ah—'s that you Frost?" "Yes. Ye been shootin' something, haven't yer?" "I've shot a dog, I think." "Ye-es. I seed him scootin' off. It was Brackett's, I reckon."

Before the farmer could say any further, his wife called him from the porch, and he went in.

Very shortly afterward a boy and girl came out through the shed as the dog had come. Down back of Welton's farm distant half a mile or so, was a saw and grist mill, with quite a little settlement around it, and the people having occasion to go on foot from that section to the farms on the hill could cut off a long distance by crossing Welton's lot. The boy and girl were children of Mr. Brackett. When they reached home they were met by a scene of dire confusion. Old Carlo, the grand old Newfoundland dog—the loving and the loved—the true and the faithful—had come home shot thro' the head, and was dying. The children threw themselves upon the saggy mate and wpt and moaned in agony.

Mr. Brackett arrived just as the dog breathed his last. One of the older boys stood by with a lighted lantern, for it had grown quite dark now, and the farmer saw what had happened.

"Who did this?" he asked reproachfully. "John Welton did it," said Tom Frost, coming up at that moment. "He's been losin' sheep, and I guess he's got kind of wrathy."

"But my dog never killed a sheep—never! He's been reared to care for sheep. How came he down there?" "He went over to the mill with Sue and me," said the younger boy, sobbing as he spoke, "and he was running ahead of us toward home. I heard a gun just before we got to Mr. Welton's, but, oh! I did not think he could have shot poor Carlo."

Mr. Brackett was fairly beside himself. To say he was angry would not express it. He had loved that dog—it had been the chief pet of his household for years. He was not a man in the habit of using

profane language, but on the present occasion a fierce oath escaped him; and in that frame of mind—literally boiling with hot wrath and indignation—he started for Welton's.

John Welton and Peter Brackett had been neighbors from their earliest days, and they had been friends, too. Between the two families there had been a bond of love and good will, and a spirit of fraternal kindness and regard marked their intercourse. Both the farmers were hardworking men, with strong feelings and positive characteristics. They belonged to the same religious society and sympathized in politics. They had warm discussions, but never yet a direct falling-out. Of the two Welton was the more intellectual, and perhaps a little more tinged with pride than was his neighbor. But they were both hearty men, enjoying life for the good it gave them.

Mr. Welton entered his kitchen, and stood the empty gun up behind the door.

"What's the matter, John?" his wife asked, as she saw his troubled face.

"I'm afraid I've done a bad thing," he replied, regretfully. "I fear I have shot Brackett's dog."

"Oh, John!" "But I didn't know whose dog it was. I saw him coming out from the shed—it was too dark to see more than that it was a dog. I only thought of the sheep I had lost and I fired."

"I am sorry, John. Oh, how Mrs. Brackett and the children will feel. They set everything by old Carlo. But you can explain it."

"Yes, I can explain it."

Half an hour later Mr. Welton was going to his barn with a lighted lantern in his hand. He was thinking of the recent unfortunate occurrence, and was sorely worried and perplexed. What would his neighbor say? He hoped there might be no trouble. He reflecting thus when Mr. Brackett appeared before him, coming up quickly and stopping with an angry stamp of the foot.

Now, there may be a volume of electric influence even in the stamp of the foot, and there was such an influence in the stamp which Brackett gave; and Welton felt it, and braced himself against it. There was, moreover, an atmosphere exhaling from the presence of the irate man at once repellant and aggravating.

"John Welton, you have shot my dog!" The words were hissed forth hotly.

"Yes," said Welton, icily.

"How dare you do it?"

"I dare shoot any dog that comes prowling about my buildings, especially when I have had my sheep killed by them."

"But my dog never troubled your sheep, and you know it?"

"How should I know it?"

"You know that he never did harm to a sheep. It wasn't in his nature. It was a mean cowardly act, an (an oath) you shall suffer for it."

"Brackett, you don't know to whom you are talking."

"Oh! We'll find out (another oath). Don't put on airs, John Welton. You ain't a saint. I'll have satisfaction if I have to take it out of your hide!"

"Peter, you'd better go home and cool off. You are making yourself ridiculous."

Now, really, this was the unkindest cut of all. All the mad words of Brackett put together were not so hard as this single sentence; and John Welton put all the bitter sarcasm in his command into it.

Brackett broke forth into a torrent of invectives, and then turned away.

Half an hour later John Welton acknowledged to himself that he had not exactly right. If he had, in the outset, answer to Brackett's first outburst, told the simple truth—that he had shot the dog in mistake; that he was sorry, and that he was willing to do anything in his power to make amends—had he done this his neighbor would probably have softened at once. But it was too late now. The blow had been struck; he had been grossly insulted, and he would not back down.

Mr. Brackett was not so reflective. He only felt his wrath, and he nursed it to keep it warm. That night he hitched his horse to a job wagon, and went to the village for a barrel of flour. Having transacted his store business, he called upon Laban Pepper, a lawyer, to whom he narrated the facts of the shooting of his dog.

Pepper was a man anxious for fees. He had no sympathy or soul above that.

"You say your dog was in company with two of your children?"

"Yes."

"And this passage over Mr. Welton's land and through his shed has been freely yielded by him as a right of way to his neighbors?"

"Yes, sir, ever since I can remember."

"Then, my dear sir, Welton is clearly liable. If you will come with me we will step into Mr. Garfield's and have a suit commenced at once."

Mr. Garfield was the trial justice.

All this happened, on Friday evening.

On Saturday it had become noised abroad in the farming district that there was not only serious trouble between the neighbors Welton and Brackett, but that they were going to law about it.

On Sunday morning John Welton told his wife that he should not attend church, and they had been friends, too. Between the two families there had been a bond of love and good will, and a spirit of fraternal kindness and regard marked their intercourse. Both the farmers were hardworking men, with strong feelings and positive characteristics. They belonged to the same religious society and sympathized in politics. They had warm discussions, but never yet a direct falling-out. Of the two Welton was the more intellectual, and perhaps a little more tinged with pride than was his neighbor. But they were both hearty men, enjoying life for the good it gave them.

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beheld neighbor Welton.

"Good morning, Peter."

Brackett gasped, and finally answered:

"Good morning," though rather crustily.

Welton went on, frankly and pleasantly:

"You will go to the village to-day?"

"I s'pose so."

"I have been summoned by Justice Garfield to be there, also, but really, Peter, I don't want to go. One of us will be enough. Garfield is a fair one, and when he knows the facts he will do what is right. Now you can state them as well as I can, and whatever his decision is I will abide by it. You can tell him that I shot your dog, and that your dog had done me no harm."

"Do you acknowledge that old Carlo never harmed you—that he never troubled your sheep?" inquired Brackett, with startled surprise.

"It was not his nature to do harm to anything. I am sure he would sooner have saved one of my sheep than have killed it."

"Then what did you shoot him for?"

"That is what I am coming at, Peter. You will tell the Justice that I had lost several of my best sheep—killed by dogs—that I had just been taking the skin from a fat, valuable wether that had been so killed and mangled; that I was on my way from my house, with my gun in my hand, when I saw a dog come out from my shed. My first thought was that he had come from my sheep fold. It was almost dark, and I could not see plainly. Tell the Justice that I had no idea it was your dog. I never dreamed that I had fired that cruel shot at old Carlo until Tom Frost told me."

"How? You didn't know it was my dog?"

"Peter, have you thought so hard of me as to think that I could knowingly and willingly have harmed that grand old dog? I would sooner have shot one of my oxen."

"But you didn't tell me so at first—Why didn't you?"

"Because you came upon me so—so suddenly—"

"Oh pshaw!" cried Brackett, with a stamp of his foot. "Why don't you spit it out as it was? Say I came down on you so like a hornet that you hadn't a chance to think. I was a blamed fool—that's what I was."

"And I was another, Peter; if I hadn't been I should have told you the truth at once, instead of flaring up. But we will understand it now. You can see the justice—"

"Justice be hanged! John—hang it all! What's the use? There! Let us end it so!"

From her window Mrs. Brackett had seen the two men come together, and she trembled for the result. By and by she saw her husband, as though flushed and excited, put out his hand. Mercy! was he going to strike his neighbor? She was ready to cry out with affright—the cry was almost upon her lips—when she beheld a scene that recalled forth rejoicing instead. And this was what she saw—

She saw these two strong men grasp one another by the hand, and she saw big bright tears rolling down their cheeks, and she knew that the fearful storm was passed, and that the warm sunshine of love and tranquility would come again.

Her Own Living.

Tall and slight, with blue wistful eyes, lips red and ripe as a wood-berry, and a complexion all carmine and white like a damask rose in the sunshine. Erminia Hall's was a face that an artist would have fallen down and worshipped. But it is never as philosophers tell us, there is a compensation in all things. The pockmarked girl that sat opposite to her in church, was a millionaire's daughter, and this young thing with the angel face was on the out-look for an eligible place as governess.

For Erminia Hall was penniless, and it was necessary for her to earn her livelihood in some way or other, and the trade of governess was at least genteel.

"Keep a day school," suggested old Mr. Prince, who had been wont to dine every Sunday with Judge Hall during that eminent bankrupt's lifetime, and to consume a quantity of lobster salad, champagne and boned turkey, which was simply appalling upon those festive occasions.

"Nobody would come to me," said poor Erminia, with tears in her eyes. She had supposed, inexperienced child that she was, Mr. Prince would have been ready with a twenty or fifty dollar bill in this her necessity.

"Needlework," suggested Mr. Olay, who had mysteriously made money out of the very speculation that had beggared the dead man.

"I never learned to sew," faltered Erminia. "I could not earn a cent that way."

"Hump!" grunted Mr. Olay. "The education of women in the present day is out-of-date and defective. It should be reformed."

His meditations were interrupted by approaching steps, and on looking up he

"Do you suppose," meekly hazarded Erminia, "that I could obtain any copying from your office? Mademoiselle Lefere used to say I wrote an elegant hand. Here is a specimen."

"Up strokes black, long tails to the g's and y's—Italian school, eh? Pahaw! Your writing may do for a young lady's album, but no lawyer would look twice at it. But I dare say you'll scratch along some-how."

"How? Why, there are ways enough. Nobody needs to starve in this country. I dare say if you keep on the lookout something will turn up."

And that was all the satisfaction that Erminia Hall got.

She went next to her rich cousin Mrs. Bellairs Belton.

"I am sorry you came this morning, Erminia," said that lady coldly.

"I am busy with my accounts."

"I won't detain you an instant," said Erminia, with a sinking heart, "I—need something to do very much."

Mrs. Bellairs Belton shut her lips together, as if her mouth were a new patent portmanteau, and penciled down her figures without looking up.

"And I thought," went on Erminia, her heart failing her more and more. "I could perhaps teach your little children. I would work for very little, and—"

"Quite out of the question," said Mrs. Bellairs Belton. "I have just engaged a Swiss bonne, who will give them the regular accent."

And Erminia turned away, feeling almost desperate. Lunch was now in process—she perceives the fragrance of the chocolate, and sees the dining room girl setting French rolls and spiced salmon on the table, yet Mrs. Bellairs Belton never asked her to stay and break bread with her.

"Oh, how strange and cruel the world is!" said Erminia, with a choking sensation in her throat. "I had so many friends when poor papa was alive, and now I have not one except Major Miles, but I will not go to him. He was always criticizing and carping, even in the days of our prosperity; now he would be simply intolerable."

And so poor Erminia Hall crept into a cheap restaurant to appease the gnawing pangs of hunger. For she had lodged and boarded herself, in order to save the greatest possible amount of ready cash, and she had eaten but little the whole day.

An oyster stew and a cup of tea! It seemed like boundless extravagance to the girl; but she was very faint and hungry, and felt the sore necessity of food. She was early yet, there are few customers at the neat little white draped tables, and the proprietor was leaning against the counter talking to a woman who seemed to be some relative.

"They're struck, every one of 'em" said he. "The ungrateful fellows, after I had paid them good regular wages, all the autumn, when no one else did! and now, if I have to shut up shop, I won't have one of 'em back again. I'll employ women, hanged if I don't."

"I don't see why you shouldn't," said his interlocutor. "They'll come for less and work harder. Women always do."

"So I've heard," said the restaurant man. "And I'll advertise to-morrow for a lot of girls to wait here."

Erminia rose and went timidly toward the red faced, good natured looking man.

"Sir," said she, "you spoke of employing girls for waiters. I need work. I will come and work faithfully. Will you employ me?"

The restaurant keeper looked bewildered.

"You are a lady, Miss!" stuttered he. "I know that," said Erminia, as if she were making some damaging admission, "but ladies must live. And I am very poor."

So the next day she came in a frilled white apron and a French print dress, and began her new duties in the "Eagle eating saloon."

"At least," she told herself, "I am earning my own livelihood. And when I am busy I don't have time to think."

Mr. Bellairs Belton came in one day for a glass of ale and a plate of oysters. "Bless my soul!" gasped he, as Erminia Hall, quick and neat, looking as she had been born and bred to the trade, served him, "this is never you?"

"Why not?" said Erminia, laughing in spite of herself.

"My wife's cousin, in a cheap restaurant?" he exclaimed, "Good heavens! what is the world coming to?"

"It's not so disagreeable a business as you might think it," said Erminia, "and I must live."

"Disgraceful!—perfectly disgraceful!" said Mr. Bellairs Belton, as he bolted out, leaving his oysters untasted.

Mr. Prince came in for a sardine and a cup of coffee—champaign and truffles were altogether out of the question when he had to settle the bill out of his own pocket—and he started and grew very red when he saw Erminia. But he looked straight into his cup of coffee, and pretended not to know her.

And Mr. Olay stared at her as if she was some rare curiosity on exhibition.

Continued on Eighth Page.