

The Democrat.

BY HAWLEY & CRUSER.

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PANE PICTURES.

A wonder-worker all night long
Has wrought his task for me;
Now, by the cold and distant dawn,
His miracles I see;
His graving on the window-pane
Of magic tracery.

Here lifts an Alpine summit, steep
As is the heavenly stair,
A way-side cross below the path,
But not a pilgrim there;
No sad face of humanity,
No agony of prayer.

And here, before a lonely lake,
A fringe of reeds and fern;
Across the water's crystal chill
No dying sunbeams burn,
You hear not on that rushy shore
The call of drake or tern.

Here lies a crowd of broken boughs,
A windfall in the woods;
Some wild and wandering hurricane
Hath wrecked these solitudes;
But on that tangled dreariness
No living step intrudes.

And here is Arctic waste and woe;
A glacier's mighty face,
Majestic in its awful march,
Slow seaward from its place,
Beneath that frown of solemn death
There lives no human trace.

But slowly from the joyful trace
Ascends the dawning sun:
Before his look of light and life
The magic is undone;
The graceful pictures on the pane
All vanish, one by one.

Alas! must all the songs I sing,
The tracteries of my brain—
The little stories sad and glad—
Be uttered all in vain?
And vanish when the Master comes,
Like pictures on the pane?

Or will they, in some kindly heart
Remembered, sing and shine?
For wrought from man's humanity,
Not fleeting frost, are mine;
I love not to be quite forgot:
To die and leave no sign.

—Scribner for December.

THE OPEN DOOR.

The mistakes of my life are many,
The sins of my heart are more;
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I come to the open door.

I am lowest of those who love Him;
I am weakest of those who pray;
But I'm coming as he has bidden,
And he will not say me nay.

My mistakes His love will cover,
My sins He will wash away;
And the feet that shrink and falter,
Shall walk through the gates of day.

If I turn not from His whisper,
If I let not go His hand;
I shall see Him in His beauty,
The King in the far-off land.

The mistakes of my life are many,
And my soul is sick with sin;
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But the Lord will let me in.

LOVE CONQUERS.

IT WAS a fair, sunny day, and they were out on the cliffs, fathoms above the sea, at play—a dark-eyed, wondrously beautiful girl of thirteen; he a tall, stalwart boy, a year her senior. There was a wide difference in their stations in life. You had only to note the richness of her silk attire and the threadbare scantiness of his, to feel assured of that. No rich man's son would have been dressed quite so shabbily as Duke Rutherford; and yet, in spite of the worn-out clothes the boy, in beauty of form and feature, might have been a fit son for a nobleman.

The children were gathering mosses from the rocks and chatting gayly together, forgetful of rank or station. They had met often thus for the last six years.

Duke's father was the agent of the estate of Lucy Delamere's high-bred mother. Their cottage was but a little distance from the Hall, and the children, in search of amusement, wandered out often to the cliffs and wiled away sunny afternoons in juvenile sports. Duke gathered for his fair-play-fellow the brightest-tinted shells and in return she lent him many of the old books of romance and chivalry from the great library at the Hall, which he read and re-read until his soul was filled with dream and aspiration, vague and sweet, and unreal as the visions of an opium-eater.

The Rutherfords had not always been dependants. Generations back there were noblemen in the family, but political differences had taken title and wealth from the name. Early in life Hugh Rutherford, Duke's father, had become agent to Mr. Delamere; a post he had retained when Mr. Delamere died, leaving a widow and one only child, a girl, as sole heiress to his vast wealth and estates. Hugh Rutherford had married a young wife, beautiful and refined, but after a few years their singularly happy

life was broken. Mrs. Rutherford died and her husband had only his six months' old boy to toil for.

No restraint was put upon the intercourse between Duke Rutherford and Lucy Delamere by the proud lady mother of the young heiress. If she thought of the matter at all, she trusted to the in-born pride of her daughter, and to the cold contempt she had tried so faithfully to imbue her with—contempt of all that was low-born and ill-bred. Mrs. Delamere would have never thought of looking for a princely heart beneath the rough jacket of one she considered too far beneath her to merit even the tribute of a passing thought.

The sea breezes gave a beautiful bloom to the cheek of Lucy; and the sports she shared with Duke rounded her limbs and gave grace and vigor to her step. Mrs. Delamere read her favorite novels, entertained her chosen company, and reigned queen at the hall; and Lucy enjoyed the wild freedom of the cliff.

The young girl was almost reckless in her daring at times. This afternoon she was in her most dangerous mood. A cluster of flowers, growing in a cleft of the rock below the surface of the cliffs, attracted her attention. She sprang toward them. Duke waved her back.

"It is perilous, Lucy," he said hurriedly. "Look at the black rocks beneath. A single misstep, and—"

"I am no coward," she laughed, defiantly. "If you are pale, I am not; and I am going to carry these bright things home to mamma."

Before he could prevent her, she had swung herself over the precipice; and resting one foot on a narrow shelf of rock, her left hand clinging to a frail shrub that had taken root in the sparse earth at the top, with the other she grasped the coveted blossoms.

Duke, white and rigid, stood above her looking down. She shook the flowers above her head. "See! I dare do what a boy trembles at seeing done!"

She stopped hastily in the taunting speech she was making. The treacherous rock under her feet crumbled and fell—there was only that little swaying shrub to hold her back from eternity.

Duke threw himself upon his face, reached over, caught her uplifted hands in his, and drew her up slowly, laboriously—for she was nearly his own weight, and he realized too well how much hung on the result to be hasty or reckless of his own strength. He rose to his feet, lifting her up with him. For one moment, breathless and overcome by the thought of what she had escaped, she leaned against him; then turning away she seated herself on a rock.

"Oh, Duke!" she cried, pale with the terror of her late danger, "you have saved my life! What will mamma say? What can I give you as a keepsake, to show how grateful I am?" And she began to detach the heavy gold chain she wore at her girdle.

The boy's face flushed proudly as he put it from him.

"Give me the bunch of heliotrope in your hair," he said. "I want nothing else."

She pulled it out and laid it in his hand.

"You will throw it away to-morrow when it is withered," she laughed.

"No; I shall never throw it away!"

The day was setting in steel-blue clouds; great banks of them obscured the setting sun. From the troubled sea vast masses of drenched fog swept up the rocky coast and settled heavily down on the land.

That night Mr. Rutherford called Duke into his bed chamber, where he kept his private desk and meagre stock of books. He took from an ebony case a ring set with large diamonds.

"There, my son," he said, "this is the only thing I have on earth to show that noble blood flows in our veins. That ring belonged to my great-grandfather, the Duke of Somerset. It cost one thousand pounds. It will bring readily more than half that sum. I give it to you. Will you keep it to show that your ancestors were nobles—or—"

He paused and looked into the face of the boy.

"Or what, father?" Duke's face was eager, hopeful; already he had half-divined his father's meaning.

"You love books, Duke, I had thought you might desire an education. The proceeds of that ring will defray your expenses at school—maybe help you through college. But you can keep it if you choose. Which shall it be?"

"Father! knowledge before anything else in the world! What care I if my body starve, so that my mind be fed?"

So it was decided. A fortnight afterwards Duke left Romney and entered the renowned school at C—

Six years passed. Duke had been six months at college and was home on a brief vacation.

Miss Delamere had completed her education and come "out," a wonderfully and beautiful accomplished young lady, followed by a train of obsequious admirers.

One still July night she stole away from the revelry at the hall, and went, as of old, to the cliffs; to the very spot where Duke Rutherford had saved her life. Chance had taken him that night to the same spot. He was sitting silent in the moonlight, looking out at the sea, thinking of that bygone day when she had given him the heliotrope for a keepsake. All these six years the heliotrope had been kept by him as his greatest treasure. Her image had been ever present with him, spurring him on to exertion in his studies, making every fresh victory, every upward step, a triumph for her sake, and yet he never asked himself why this was, or what it would end in. It was so, and he could not help it. But he felt that to asperse eventually to the hand of Lucy Delamere, the richest heiress in the country, the daughter of one of the proudest women in England, was as hopeless as an attempt to grasp an ignis fatuus.

He heard her step—perhaps the thrill at his heart told him who was coming. He rose and turned towards her, waiting for her pleasure. She might recognize him or not, just as she chose.

She passed him with a haughty glance. He did not flinch; but stood with folded arms—his tall, manly figure outlined against the purple sky, his face lit up by the young moon. A faint flush rose to her white forehead.

"It is Duke Rutherford?"

"Miss Delamere? Will you not welcome me home?"

She gave him her hand. After all, old memories held still their sway in her heart.

Some secret audacity moved him to say it. He bent over her and whispered—"I have the heliotrope yet, Lucy."

Her eyes blazed; she snatched her hand from him as if his touch stung her. "Remember to whom you are speaking?" she said, sharply. "I have other business than listening to the silly talk of a lovesick boy! Good night to you, Mr. Duke Rutherford."

Duke gazed after her as she hastened away.

"The time may come," he muttered, "yes, it may happen that she will be glad to unseat those words! I can wait."

Six years passed away. Duke Rutherford was making a name in the land. On his graduation he had studied law and been admitted to the bar in due time; and after two years was in successful practice, one of the most rising men in the profession.

Wealth came to him slowly, but fame was not chary. He had turned his attention and his leisure moments to literature, and already ranked high as a poet. His father was dead. There was no tie, save memory, to bind him to the old place at Romney. So he traveled, when he could do so with benefit.

He frequently met Lucy Delamere in the gay world. Their old familiar footing of early days had given place to a colder and more distant acquaintance-ship. He could not forget the hint he had whispered to her respecting the heliotrope that hot July night. Her pride had taken alarm, yet to him she was and ever would be the one woman the world contained. His heart never for one moment swerved from its passionate allegiance. And she? What meant that frequent absence of mind, that dreamy look, in the beautiful eyes, that constant look of sadness on the exquisite face? What meant that sudden flush, that lighting up of the features at the first moment that his name was announced on entering the room? Were love and pride having a battle? It would seem so, for on his approaching her the light and the flush would be his greeting.

Suddenly it was announced that Mrs. and Miss Delamere were going to America. An illness had attacked the elder lady, and a sea voyage was recommended by her physicians as her only chance of recovery. They had advised Australia, but to this she would not listen; so long a voyage seemed to her like bidding farewell to earth. She resolved to try the efficacy of a trip to New York.

The news reached Mr. Rutherford amongst others, and startled him. Could he make use of this opportunity? For some time past a certain matter of business had demanded his presence in America, but he had been unwilling to devote the time to the journey. It was now the commencement of the long vacation, and so far, circumstances were in his favor. As he thought of the long and close proximity to Lucy Delamere this voyage would give him, and of what it might bring about, his heart leaped with hope and his face flushed as the blood coursed more rapidly through his veins; for the Duke of Rutherford of bygone days and the Duke of Rutherford of the present, to whom the highest honors of his profession were possible of attainment, were two widely different men.

So it came to pass that one day he found himself on board a steamer bound for New York, and Mrs. and Miss Delamere were amongst the passengers.

The second day of the voyage they were all on deck at sunset, promenading, laughing, chatting, enjoying the fresh breezes. More than ever, as Mr. Rutherford gazed from a distance at Lucy Delamere, he confessed that her youth had not made false prophecies of the glory of her womanhood. Her wealth of dark hair rippled away from her broad white forehead; her eyes were deep and fathomless as some wood-land spring, into which the sunshine never looks; her lips red, ripe, perfect; her whole air and bearing were full of haughty grace.

She was leaning on the arm of a tall, proud-looking man; but, though she smiled at his soft nothings, she was gazing out, over and beyond him, and his range of thought, to the sea stretching so darkly blue and boundless to meet the twilight glory.

Duke Rutherford stopped before her just as she disengaged herself from her companion.

"It is the same old ocean which we used to look at from the cliffs, Miss Delamere," he said, quietly.

She was leaning over the side of the vessel, looking down at the water. She lifted her eyes, shuddered slightly, and drew up her shawl. Duke assisted her.

"It is like going back to my boyhood to see you," he continued. "I—"

She stopped him with a haughty gesture. Her late companion approached. He was a stranger to Mr. Rutherford, and she introduced them to each other—"Sir George Trevor, Mr. Rutherford."

They bowed coldly. They would never be any better acquainted. There was nothing in their natures which would assimilate.

After this Miss Delamere and Mr. Rutherford never met alone. Whether she was afraid of her strength, if brought too much into contact with his winning presence; afraid that her pride would have to give way to the dictates of her heart, cannot be known. Certain it is that she allowed him no opportunity of pleading his suit.

The voyage was drawing to a close. They were nearing the land. A great storm arose; the vessel was driven far out of her track, and drifted down to the Cape. One dark, direful night, in spite of skill and frenzied effort, the ship struck the rocks of a lee shore, and parted!

A little moment, to realize the horror of their situation, only was left for those on board. Miss Delamere, pale, but calm, was holding the arm of Sir George Trevor; her friends, shrieking and terrified, stood near. She was not looking at the threatening destruction before her, but over her shoulder with a hungry, wistful something in her eyes, as if she forgot what she saw not. The expression died out as Duke Rutherford appeared; for an instant their eyes met. In that moment he knew he was beloved with a wild fervor even equal to his own.

Then there was a dull plunge, a wild shriek of agony, and the water swarmed with human beings! The world had grown dark to Lucy, but she felt herself borne up by some power beyond her own strength—upward and onward through the billows, till her feet touched the firm shore of the Cape. Then, into the light and warmth of a fisherman's cottage, and when they had laid her down on the rude cot she opened her eyes, and saw—

—Duke Rutherford.

"You saved me?"

"I had the honor."

"And my mother?"

"She is saved also."

The door opened, and Sir George Trevor appeared. Whatever Lucy might have said by way of thanks, was checked by his entrance, and directly afterwards, Duke went out. A few days later on, a vessel from the Cape conveyed, amidst other passengers, Mrs. and Miss Delamere and Sir George Trevor back to England. Mr. Rutherford proceeded to New York and accomplished his mission.

It was months before he and Miss Delamere met again, and then it was at the old place on the cliffs at Romney. Mrs. Delamere was dead; the shock of the shipwreck had proved too much for her and she returned to England only to die. Lucy had been to visit her grave, and on her return sat for a moment on the gray, familiar rock to look out on the wintry sea. Her eyes were still wet; she had been weeping.

Duke found her thus, and seating himself beside her, drew her head down on his shoulder.

"Lucy," he said, "I love you. I defy your contempt. I dare repeat it to you. I love you."

For a moment it seemed to him that she elung to him, then cast him away, and rose to her feet. And when she spoke her voice was hard and unmoved. "On New Year's eve I am to be married to Sir George Trevor."

Duke started up—seemed about to make some impetuous speech, checked himself and left her.

And she threw herself down where he had stood, moaning out—"O, pride! pride! it will be my death!"

It was the last day of the old year. Duke Rutherford, a stern and gloomy man, was about to bid adieu to his na-

tive land for a long season. He did not wish to breathe the air of the same country with Lucy, and she the wife of another. People are different you know. Some keep their disappointments ever at heart, others put them eternally out of their reach, in the past. Duke wished to free himself from memory. He had destroyed everything but the heliotrope, and even that should be sacrificed, he said, when the ocean rolled between it and the soil which had nourished it.

It was a dark, moonless night, with prophecies of snow in the air. He shut the door of the cottage where his father had died, and went out for a walk. He avoided the path to the cliffs; he had closed his heart to all dreams of tenderness.

Almost unconsciously he turned his steps toward Delamere Hall. It rose up, a gloomy, massive pile, lighted only by the red firelight at a single window. Tomorrow night it would blaze with the lamps lit to shine upon her bridal.

He paused to turn back, but something led him on—through the deserted gardens, up to the broad door, which stood ajar. All was quiet. The guests had retired for the night. Only a few tardy servants were up—it would do no harm to glance within.

He stepped to the door of the room where he had seen the light and pushed it softly open. He saw no one. Still he went on, and sat down in a great lounging chair before the warm blaze. For a moment, he said to himself, he would sit in the chair she had recently occupied; gaze into the dying embers she too had gazed into.

Some one rose from a sofa at the other end of the room. He started up, an apology on his lips for his audacious intrusion. She—it was Lucy—glad, not in bridal robes, but in sable vestments, and destitute of ornament, came towards him, looked up into his eyes and let her white hands rest upon his shoulders.

"Duke," she said, at last, her eyelids drooping, her cheeks crimson, "have I offended past forgiveness?"

He did not answer; only looked at her. She went on persistently. "I will let the truth speak, Duke. I love you! I have loved you all along! But pride came nigh to being my ruin! Thank God! at last, I have clean hands and a pure heart! I have dismissed Sir George Trevor, and true to myself, I cast aside all womanly modesty and shame and tell you that I love you!"

"Lucy," he said, "is this thing true? Is all an end between you and that man?"

"All—all," she whispered softly. "Forever."

Duke Rutherford pressed her more closely to him, and left his first warm kisses upon her lips. She found her heaven at last. Love, as it ever should had conquered pride.

He gathered her in his arms. "And whose are you now?"

"Yours if you will have me."

And Duke Rutherford forgot his animosity to England and did not go abroad.

All sorts.

Hogg was a good writer; but he can't be considered a side of Bacon.

The woman who neglects her husband's shirt front is not the wife of his bosom.

Taxidermy for parents—If you want to preserve your children do not stuff them.

A young man recently inquired in a music store for a sacred song book, which he said was advertised.

The looking-glass reveals our faults to ourselves. The wine-glass performs a like service for our friends.

Augusta now compliments Angelina upon the perfection of her toilet by assuring her that she looks as fine as a hired girl.

Is it not astonishing that men who have the whole world to conquer, will bother their great heads about the tightness of a woman's skirts?

A paper says the times are so bad and payments so rare, that the girls complain that the young men cannot even pay their addresses.

"Papa: 'And pray, sir, what do you intend to settle on my daughter, and how do you intend to live?' Intended, sir, to settle myself on your daughter, and to live on you."

A teacher in one of the mission Sabbath schools in Scranton asked a pupil on Sunday where the angel of the Lord told Philip to go. The young hopeful said naively, "to the centennial."

Easy Jones, how is it that your wife dresses so magnificently, and you always appear almost out at the elbows? "You see, Thompson, my wife always dresses according to Le Follet, and I dress according to my ledger."

A little girl, four years old, created a ripple by remarking to the teacher of her Sunday school class: "Our dog's dead. I bet the angels was scared when they saw him coming up the wall. He is cross to strangers."