

Remember Me.

Remember me when in the golden light Of Phœbus' rays Aurora opens her hall; Remember me when passive dreamy Night Shrouded in silver veil encircles all; When Pleasure's siren voice and luring art Breathes through the shade and trembles in the heart. Hark! From the forest dear Murmurs a voice so clear, "Remember me!" Remember me, my aching heart's despair, When sorrow, exile, and long weary years Have made the seed-time of this world so fair. Seem loneliness and pain, the harvest tears I Recall my yearning love, the fast adieu, Though fate does part us, still I'll e'er be true. For while this heart doth beat, Shall it these words repeat, "Remember me!" Remember me, when clasped in Death's embrace This form lies mouldering in its narrow cell; No monument to mark its resting place, Only an humble flower the tale to tell, No more shall thou behold me, yet e'er thee My soul shall keep its watch eternally. Upon the wings of Night, Sliding in whisper light, "Remember me!"

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

BY OLIVER BELL.

CHAPTER I.

LUCY HAVE you forgotten who is coming to-night?" said Mrs. Gordon, with a reproving glance at her youthful curly-headed daughter, who stood in the doorway of the old-fashioned farmhouse, in an unbecoming wrapper, curls flying about her head, but disconcerted face, and a faint pout upon her full red lips. "No," gloomily replied Lucy, without turning her head, her hazel eyes roaming over the distant meadows, where green blades of timothy were just showing in the russet-brownness of the withered grass. "Are you not going to dress?" went on her mother, a little sharply. "No."

"Lucy!" her mother's face flushed angrily. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You treat John Appleton outrageously. One day you smile on him and the next you won't speak to him. He is worth a dozen of that Lambert, that you have been flirting with recently."

Lucy walked out into the little porch where John and she had so often talked the twilight hours away, and muttered with a toss of her curly head, "John is a bear; I'll do as I please."

"Very well," coolly replied her mother "but take care you don't go too far in it." Lucy leaned against a pillar and then watched a tall, straight form coming at a swiftness across the meadow, with sudden eyes.

"She knew it was John, and she did so wish that John would stay away for a few weeks at least. Not that she did not love him, for Lucy cared more for one of John's horny, brown fingers than she did for the whole of Gilbert Lambert's perfumed body, and she meant to marry him sometime in the happy future. But Lucy was pretty, and with a pretty woman's vanity, could not give up the admiration that made girlhood so bright and enchanting."

"He had shown such a decided repugnance at her intimacy with Gilbert Lambert, that she felt unreasonably piqued at him. Yet a pang of remorseful pity came into her heart, as the honest face came nearer and she saw the shadow on it. She half regretted her careless toilet but it was too late to improve it, for his keen, gray eyes were scanning her from head to foot."

"Good evening, Lucy," he said, as he reached the porch, "what a beautiful evening!" He removed his hat and gazed reverently up at the sapphire April sky, and Lucy arose out of the silliness that had been blind to beauty of all kinds looked around her and grew suddenly softened at the splendor of nature's glory. "What a glorious sunset, Lucy," said John's solemn voice, for John was a lover of all grand or joyous scenes. "Loved," echoed Lucy, fixing her hazel eyes on the bank of golden clouds in the western sky, where the sun was just slipping down behind purple hills, tops, like a ball of ruby flame. Tiny bits of foam like clouds flecked the limpid blue of the heavens, a warm-golden glow gilded the earth, freshened and grizzled with April showers. The musical twitter of birds filled the woodlands, and a strange feeling of awe stole into Lucy's heart for the glory that surrounded her seemed more than earthly.

side of eternity," he said dreamily, seeming to lose himself in some solemn thought. "Pooh!" Lucy laughed—a little musical laugh that always set John's pulses to beating wildly. "You are always looking at the dark side of things, John. John bounced to his feet and stood before Lucy with no common love, and the slightest word of encouragement was eagerly caught at.

"Oh, Lucy," there was a quiver in his manly voice, "do you think so?" "Of course I do," asserted practical Lucy, edging farther away from him; we are not going to die yet awhile."

"But—but you flirt so with Gerald Lambert," stammered John. "Jealous! He John!" laughed Lucy, with a saucy twinkle in her hazel eyes. "I am not." John suddenly grew grave and stern. "But you know I love you, Lucy, and I cannot stand idly by and see another man win you from me."

Lucy's face whitened, as it always did when she was angry, and the softness faded out of her heart, even as the gold was fading out of the western sky. "You must think I am easily won," she said dryly. "Gerald Lambert is only a friend."

"He claims to be more than that," John fixed his steady eyes on Lucy's confused face. "I am not angry, Lucy," he went on steadily, but the time has come when I must speak my mind on a subject that concerns us both."

John paused and Lucy glanced nervously at her faded wrapper, and wondered if John was really going to pop the question. She hoped he had more sense, for just fancy a man going down on his knees to a woman so untidily dressed, thought romantic Lucy.

But John's heart was too full of pure honest love for the little girl whose curly head he hoped might nestle on his bosom for many a year, to notice the unbecoming toilet, and his gray eyes grew tender and loving as he gazed at the pretty, dimpled face.

"Lucy," his voice was wonderfully soft. "I have known you from childhood. I have loved you all my life. Sometimes I have thought you loved me, at others you have filled my heart with cruel fears. Oh, Lucy, love, I cannot bear it a day longer. You must choose between Gerald Lambert and me."

The sudden look came back into Lucy's eyes. Why could not John let her alone? She meant to marry him some day, but not just yet. She loved fun and frolic, and John was so wise and steady he grew alarmed at trifles, she thought, pulling vigorously at a stray lock of hair that would curl up in a kink in spite of her. "What do you say, Lucy?" questioned John. "Will you give up Gerald Lambert?"

Lucy's eyes blazed. It he wanted her love, why could he not leave Gerald Lambert out of the question. "No!" she replied, silently, although in the same breath she mentally wished Gerald at the bottom of the sea. She never lifted her eyes to John's sad face. "And you will never marry me, Lucy—never love me as I have loved you?" There was such a passionate fervor, such heart-felt sorrow in the manly voice that Lucy did not dare to look at him.

Lucy but vaguely realized the beauty around her. She had sorely wounded the heart of one she loved, but was too obstinate to own it, and now eagerly longed for a glance at the only honest face in the world to her. "Lucy!" called her mother. Lucy went into the house, to be confronted by John Appleton's aged father. "Where is John?" demanded her mother.

"John!" echoed Lucy, with a whitening face; "what do I know about John? He went home last night."

"At what hour?" inquired his father. "Before dark," replied Lucy, turning from white to red as she saw the anger and astonishment in her mother's face. "Which path did he take?" said his father in a cold voice, for Lucy's flirtations had often angered him.

"The path across the meadow?" "He never reached home." "What!" screamed Lucy—"what can have happened to him?" "God knows!" fervently replied farmer Appleton, as he turned out of the house in search of his boy.

"Lucy!" Mrs. Gordon went and took her daughter's ice-cold hands in hers. "What passed between John and you last night?" "Don't ask me. Let me go in search of him!" cried Lucy, struggling to free herself.

"Not one step, said her mother firmly, "until you tell me what was said." "He asked me to give up Gerald Lambert," sobbed Lucy. "And you refused?" "Yes, I did. I'd like to know if I can't have as many beaux as I please."

Lucy attempted to screen herself by getting angry. "What else did he say?" "He wanted to know, if I never meant to marry him, and I said no, though I didn't mean it a bit."

"You foolish child!" cried her mother, and Lucy dashed out of the house, and the next instant was flying across the meadow like one possessed. She passed Mr. Appleton, who was wearily trudging homeward.

"Ho! Lucy," he cried out, "he might have fallen over the edge yonder." "Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Lucy. But a strange stillness came over her as she reached a thick coppice of hazel bushes that divided the meadows from a ravine, whose steep sides were set with jagged rocks and clumps of ferns. The path terminated abruptly on the edge of this coppice, and another commenced, a narrow, dangerous path, winding along the crags, where a mis-step was certain death.

When Lucy reached the edge of the ravine a cloud of foam like, golden-bued vapor was slowly curling up from its dark depths—and oh, horror! on a little shelf of rocks, not ten feet from where she stood, lay John Appleton, his white, rigid face up turned to the blue April sky. "John!" Lucy cried, standing on the edge of the crags, with clasped hands—"John speak to me!" But John neither spoke nor moved. The voice that had never spoken unkindly to her was silenced forever. The heart she had grieved would never throb in joy or sorrow again.

The Fogg Divorce Case. Mr. and Mrs. Fogg knocked at the door of Colonel Bangor's law office, and then filed in, Mrs. Fogg in advance. Mr. Fogg was a timid, subdued, weak-eyed person, in spectacles. He had the air of a victim of perpetual tyranny—of a man who had been ruthlessly, remorsefully sat upon, until his backbone was wholly gone.

And Mrs. Fogg looked as if she might have been his despot. She opened the conversation by addressing the lawyer: "Colonel, I have called to engage you as my counsel in a divorce suit against Mr. Fogg. I have resolved to separate from him—to sunder our ties, and henceforth live apart."

"Indeed," replied the Colonel, "I'm sorry to hear that. What's the matter? Been beating and ill-treating you?" "Beating?" exclaimed Mrs. Fogg disdainfully; "I should think not! I should like him to try it."

"Maria, let me—" interposed Mr. Fogg timidly. "Now, Wilberforce," she exclaimed, interrupting him, "you remain quiet—I will explain this matter to Colonel Bangor! You see, Colonel, Mr. Fogg is a centric beyond endurance. He goes on continually in a manner that will certainly drive me to distraction. I can't stand it no longer. We must be cut asunder. For years, Colonel, Wilberforce has been attempting to learn to play upon the flute. He has no more ideas of music than a coal-scuttle, but he will try to learn. He has been practising upon the flute since 1862, and in all that time he has learned but one tune: 'Nelly Bly.' He can play but four notes: 'Nelly Bly shuts—' and there he stops. He has practiced those four notes for fourteen years. He plays them upon the porch in the evening; he blows them out from the gutter; he stands out in the yard and blows them; he has frequently risen in the night and seized his flute and played 'Nelly Bly-shuts' for hours until I have screamed to relieve my feelings."

"Now, Maria," said Mr. Fogg, "you know that I can play as far as shuts her eye; six notes in all. I learned them in the early part of June."

"Very well, but of no consequence. Don't interrupt me; this is bad enough. I submitted to it because I loved him. But on Tuesday, while I was watching him through the crack of the parlor door, I saw him wink twice at my chambermaid."

"Maria!" shrieked Fogg, "this is scandalous. You know very well that I am suffering from a nervous affection of the eyelids!" "Wilberforce, hush! In addition to this wickedness, Colonel, Mr. Fogg is becoming so absent minded that he torments my life; he makes me utterly wretched. Four times now he has brought his umbrella to bed with him and scratched me by joggling it around with the sharp points of the ribs toward me. What on earth he means I cannot imagine. He said he thought somehow it was the baby, but that is so preposterous that I can hardly believe him."

"Why can't you? Don't you remember perfectly well that I emptied the bottle of milk into the umbrella twice? Would I have done that, if I hadn't thought it was the baby?" "There now, Wilberforce, that's enough from you. Do let me have a chance to talk! And, Colonel, the real baby, he treats in the most malignant manner. I came in on Tuesday, and found that he had laid the large family Bible on the darling's stomach. It was at the last gasp. I never thought it could possibly recover."

"Maria, didn't I tell you that I gave it to the child to play with, to keep him quiet?" "Mr. Fogg, will you please let me get a word in edgewise? Our older children, too, he is simply ruining. He teaches them the most pernicious and hurtful doctrines. He told Johnny, the other day, that Madagascar was a large island in the Peruvian Ocean on the coast of Illinois, and that a walrus was a kind of race-horse used by the Caribbees. And our oldest girl told me that he instructed her that Polycarp fought the battle of Bunker Hill for the purpose of defeating the Saracens."

"Not the Saracens, Maria; Lucy misunderstood—" "Wilberforce, I wish you would hush! His general treatment of me was scandalous. He was constantly taking my teeth for the purpose of knocking around the epigot in the bath-tub at night, when the baby wanted a drink, and only last week he took both sets after I had gone to bed, propped them apart, baited them with cheese, and caught two horrid mice before morning. I was so hurt by his behavior that I drank some laudanum for the purpose of committing suicide and Mr. Fogg borrowed a stomach-pump in at Knott's drug store, and pumped me out twice in such a rude manner that I have felt hollow ever since."

force, or else hold your tongue. So, Colonel, I want to get a divorce. Existence is unendurable to me. The lives of my children are in danger. I can not remain in such slavery any longer. Can you release me?" Colonel Bangor said he would think it over, and give her an answer in a week. His idea was to give her time to think better of it. So then she told Wilberforce to put on his hat, and when he had done so he followed her meekly out, and they went home. It is believed in the neighborhood that she has concluded to stick to him, and persecute him a while long.—Mag Adeler.

Would you not call a man a fool who should spend all his time fishing up oysters, with the expectation of finding a pearl? But is he really more unwise than hundreds who, with their hands in their pockets and cigars in their mouths, are waiting for something to turn up or turn over, that will throw them at once into business and fortune? They may wait till doomsday—and longer, if possible—before their fond expectation will be realized. If there is a kind of life we abominate, it is that lingering, waiting, lazy, dreamy sort of existence, over which angels and true men weep with unfeigned horror.

In matters of great importance, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution. To be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent, is to be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to get about it; this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day and night to another, till he is starved and righted.

One of the first New York physicians, while conversing with a friend one day, observed another physician arising past in his chase, accompanied by one of his patients, who was fast recovering. "Well," said Dr. B. "I never took a patient to ride in my life." "No," said our friend; "Mr. Pierce, the undertaker saves you the trouble."

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WANTED! 2000 Bushels Buckwheat at once for shipment. Will pay Cash. D. A. MOON; Montrose, Dec. 13, 1876.