

THE DEMOCRAT.

MONTROSE, PA., JAN. 17, 1877.

THE OLD PASTOR'S DISMISSAL.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

"We need a younger man to stir the people And lead them to the fold, The deacon said: 'We ask your resignation, Because—you're growing old.' The pastor bowed his deacons out in silence, And tenderly the gloom Of twilight hid him and his bitter anguish Within the lonely room. Above the violet hills the sunlight's glory Hanging like a crown of gold, And from the noble church the organ's anthem Adown the stillness rolled. Assembled were the people for God's worship; But in his study chair The pastor sat, unheeding, while the south wind Careless his snow-white hair. A smile lay on his lips. His was the secret Of sorrow's glad surcease; Upon his forehead shone the benediction Of everlasting peace. "The ways of Providence are most mysterious." The deacon gravely said, As wondering eyed, and scared, the people crowded About the pastor—dead. "We loved him!" wrote the people on the coffin. In words of shining gold; And 'bove the broken heart they set a statue Of marble, white and cold. The end? Ah no, the undiscovered country Somewhere in brightness lies; Though only space and stars may be discerned By man's short-sighted eyes.

MY FIRST CLIENT.

BY CLARENCE BEAUCHARD.

POOR, Jenks! "Yes, sir." My servant bowed profoundly as he hastened to answer the office-bell. I was impressed with the belief that Jenks, as a waiting-man, was all together too genteel for me; his demeanor was perfectly respectful; he obeyed all my orders with promptitude and dispatch—yet I never encountered his cold, analytical eye without feeling decidedly uncomfortable. I remember how, compassionately he smiled, the first morning of his attendance when I insisted upon dressing myself, and his quiet air of contempt as he took the blacking-brush from me when I made a feeble effort to polish my own boots. I fancied myself a convict in the hands of a jailer, while he dusted my coat, and smoothed my stove-pipe. The accident that Jenks had done for me was truly alarming! I dared scarcely open my mouth in his presence, for fear that his critical ear would detect some blunder. I was even forced, to the humiliating necessity of keeping my luncheon of dough nuts and cheese four consecutive hours in my breeches pocket, lest the inevitable wretch should discover that I lunched outside of a coffee-house. I am positive that Captain MacSword, of the Independent Rifles, recommended the fellow to me specially as a torment, but here he returns with a polite bow, and lays a card on my desk. "Lady, sir, would like to see you." "Yes, Jenks," I said, fixing my eyes on my nose and examining the card. "Miss Eleanor Buffins, of Clifton, a pretty name to begin with," thought I. "Show her in, Jenks." "Yes, sir," replied Jenks, with aggravating composure, and resting his hand on the door-knob. "In case any one else calls, sir?" "Don't disturb me." "No, sir." Jenks looked at me scrutinizingly, and vanished in his noiseless way as though the phantom of a Jenks had come and gone. "A client, I suppose," I mentally ejaculated, as I threw myself in a professional attitude, and seized a volume of Story's Digest. "If you are resolved upon seeing him," remarked Miss Eleanor, hesitatingly. "May I beg the favor of accompanying you?" "Certainly, I replied, with a glance of warm admiration at the plump little beauty. "Shall we go now?" "As you please, sir." I took down my hat from its peg, without another word, put on my best kids, which I always had ready in a side pocket, for extra occasions, and with a low bow to Miss Eleanor, gallantly offered her my arm. She accepted it, unhesitatingly, and we stepped out in the passage. "I was in hopes of running the blockade without encountering the critical eye of my man servant. Delusive hope! Just as we fairly reached the door, Jenks made his appearance, and civilly opened it. "Jenks," said I, quite vexed at the officious politeness of the scoundrel, "if any one calls, tell'em they needn't wait. Important business will detain me out this afternoon." "All right, sir," replied Jenks, scrutinizing Miss Buffins with a vulgar leer. "Hang the fellow," I mentally ejaculated. "He is positively laughing in his sleeve at me. I wonder if he has the impudence to suppose this girl is—Dah!" I ejaculated aloud; whereupon my fair companion started, and said, "Sir?" in an interrogative tone, and I heartily apologized. I could have killed Jenks on the spot! I was in the mood to do it. I could have shot him, stabbed him with a dirk, or bayoneted him in zouave style; but it required some self-possession to conceal my wrath, and softly reply, "Oh, nothing, miss," and still muttering awful threats

"Have you heard of the Buffins, of Clifton?" "Never before," said I deferentially. "I presume you refer to your family. Now I call to mind, I did meet with an article in the Herald, referring to some trouble about the Buffins's estate." It concerns us—I mean mother and myself—replied Miss Buffins, with a vivid blush. "This paragraph I happen to have with me; and, as it particularly indicates the object of my visit, I will ask you to read it again." As she spoke, the young lady drew a newspaper from her pocket and pointed out the paragraph alluded to, which she had underlined with a pencil. I read it with renewed interest: "THE BUFFINS'S ESTATE—ALLEGED INSANITY OF MRS. BUFFINS." "Several years ago, a wealthy merchant, doing business in Lispenard Street, died, and bequeathed a handsome property, about half a million, to his widow, Mrs. Jane Buffins. A clause in the will provided that, in case of her marriage or premature decease, the guardianship and control of the property should revert to Mr. Ralph Dorle, until Eleanor, his only daughter, should come of age. In the mean time, however, Mrs. Buffins, who has manifested for several months past strong symptoms of insanity, has been deemed incapable of managing her own affairs; she was yesterday, through the advice of her attendant physicians, removed to the Insane Retreat, at Bloomingtondale. In consequence of this sad event, Mr. Ralph Dorle will assume the guardianship and control of the young lady until she reaches her majority." "Well," I ejaculated, drawing a deep breath, as I finished the perusal of the paragraph, and handed the newspaper back to the young lady. "Well, what then?" "Mr. Belgrave," said Miss Eleanor, vehemently, while her slight, graceful form trembled with excitement, "you are, as yet, unacquainted with the truth: My mother is not mad, neither has she ever manifested the slightest tendency to insanity. She has been so represented by Ralph Dorle, and he even bribed the physicians and suborned witnesses to prove it. She is the victim of a base, unprincipled man—" "I see. A conspiracy to get the property in his hands. Go on." "This scheming villain, Dorle, has me almost entirely in his power," she continued. "He has lately gone so far as to forcibly detain me a prisoner in my own house, and treats me with cruel rigor. Yesterday I accidentally found a check, signed by him, for a small amount of money, and with this I resolved to escape. This I accomplished by bribing the jailer to allow me a brief leave of absence, and now I am free. I came to you, sir, hearing that you are a young lawyer of integrity, who will not easily be corrupted by the artful representations of Ralph Dorle." "We will soon put an end to his tyrannical course," I observed, importantly making an entry in my memorandum-book. I was at that moment, let me confess it, considerably flattered by the circumlocution of the young lady referring the case to me, a briefless young lawyer. I thought, besides, that Miss Eleanor Buffins was altogether the prettiest and most engaging girl I had ever had the good fortune to meet; all my sympathies were aroused in her behalf. It was one of those romantic episodes in the life of a professional man that might lead to fortune and fame. I already fancied myself in a "brown stone front," and, in the glowing enthusiasm of youthful imagination, pictured myself as standing at the head of my profession. "The first step necessary to be taken," pursued I, "is to obtain the release of your good mother; the next to save you from the persecution of your unnatural guardian. I'll tell you what I will do—I will go round and see Dorle myself. It might frighten him a little, and, rather than risk a public exposure, he will be quite ready to effect a compromise." "If you are resolved upon seeing him," remarked Miss Eleanor, hesitatingly. "May I beg the favor of accompanying you?" "Certainly, I replied, with a glance of warm admiration at the plump little beauty. "Shall we go now?" "As you please, sir." I took down my hat from its peg, without another word, put on my best kids, which I always had ready in a side pocket, for extra occasions, and with a low bow to Miss Eleanor, gallantly offered her my arm. She accepted it, unhesitatingly, and we stepped out in the passage. "I was in hopes of running the blockade without encountering the critical eye of my man servant. Delusive hope! 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of vengeance against my aggravating man-servant, I conveyed my lady friend in the street. After we had walked a few blocks in silence, Miss Buffins carelessly observed: "Mr. Belgrave, my watch has stopped. Can you tell me what time it is?" "Let me see," I replied, ostentatiously displaying my own handsome "hunting case." "It is just four o'clock." "What a pity!" exclaimed the young lady, in a tone of disappointment. "I intended to get the check of Dorle's cashed, but of course I am too late. The banks are closed. Mother's sad fate has so engrossed my thoughts, that I quite forgot about it until this moment." "Don't disturb yourself on that account," said I, politely. "If the amount is not too large, perhaps I may be able to cash it for you, myself." "You are very kind," rejoined Miss Buffins, with a sweet smile. "The amount is over four hundred dollars." I bit my lip. The sum was larger than I anticipated. However, as I had made the proposition, I was too proud to recede. I am sorry that I have not so much at my command, I remarked, apologetically; "but I think I can find a substitute at the next store, Grindwell & Co. The firm are friends of mine, and will doubtless cash the check, as a personal favor." Leaving Miss Eleanor Buffins outside, I walked in the office of Grindwell and Co. "Good afternoon, Mr. Grindwell," shaking hands with the principal partner, who wore spectacles, and a high shirt collar. "How's cotton to-day?" "Cotton is up, and up is down," replied the merchant, facetiously. "Take a seat, Belgrave." "Can't stay—fact is, Grindwell, I called in to see if you would cash a check for me?" "Certainly, with pleasure," responded Grindwell, looking at the document. Second National Bank, New York, pay to the bearer or order, four hundred and fifty dollars.—Ralph Dorle. "What's this, Belgrave, eh, eh?" "I was willing to have him think so—so I only laughed, and shook my head mysteriously. "Good for a start, upon my word, Belgrave," said the merchant. "By-the-by," he added, pleasantly, "who is that pretty girl you are escorting?" "That's a secret," I answered, with a knowing wink. "Tell you some other time." "Ha, ha, ha," laughed Grindwell, "You are an uncommon dry fellow—shrewd, devilish shrewd!" "I could not help thinking so myself, as I departed with the greenbacks in my hands. Miss Eleanor Buffins was kicking her pretty shaped gaiter boots against the stoop, with some impatience, as I presently rejoined her. "Really, Mr. Belgrave, I am sorry to put you to all this trouble," she said, with one of her winning smiles, as she received the money and deposited it safely in her wallet. "It is certainly kind, but we have not got much time to lose. If we do not hurry, we may miss seeing Dorle. I wish him to understand that I cannot and will not submit to his tyrannical usurpation of authority. I secretly applauded the spirit of my lovely client, and, talking pleasantly to beguile the time, we hastened up Broadway, threaded the intricacies of Bleeker, and in less than half an hour halted in front of a plain-looking mansion, ornamented with an old-fashioned brass knocker. "We have reached Mr. Dorle's whispered my fair companion, drawing nearer to me, and trembling like a leaf. "I feel my courage deserting me, now I am here. He is a cruel man. I fear that he may use violence, when he understands that you have consented to be my friend." "Be calm, Miss Eleanor. Nay, I perceive you are greatly agitated. You can remain outside until I return. I really see no necessity of your entering the house at all." "I will do just as you say," murmured Miss Eleanor, faintly. Of course, under the circumstances, I could only add to her excitement to confront her guardian just then; so I requested her to step in a drug-store near by and wait for me. She obeyed without hesitation, while I, somewhat flurried with the prospect of a stormy interview with her guardian, hastened to announce my presence. A dirty-faced servant girl preented herself, in answer to my summons. Mr. Ralph Dorle was in. Handing the maid my card, I crept into a dark parlor, where I sat in solitude and gloom, amusing myself by drawing a fancy picture of the artful Mr. Dorle, whom I imagined to be an ugly old gentleman on the shady side of fifty, with a cunning, evil expression on his wrinkled features, but was somewhat confused, when the door opened, to confront a pleasant, benevolent-faced old gentleman, who bowed in the most genial manner possible. "Mr. Ralph Dorle," I stammered, hesitatingly. "That's my name Mr. Belgrave," said Eleanor's guardian, smiling, as he threw open the blinds, and waved me to a seat. "You must excuse this hermit looking apartment; my house looks like a tomb since Eleanor left us. Poor girl—she is yet to learn the sad news of her mother's death." "Mrs. Buffins is dead, then?" I said, with a start. "Yes, sir, she died yesterday morning at four o'clock, quite peacefully, so I

learned from the attendant physician. The distressing malady which had afflicted her for several years took a fatal turn as we all feared. Poor Eleanor is now an orphan." "I was quite chop-fallen by this unexpected and startling news. It had upset all my calculations at one fell blow. I was unable to realize it. To ease myself of an unpleasant suspicion, I inquired. "When did Eleanor leave home?" "About six months ago," replied Mr. Dorle, staring at me with an odd expression of surprise. His reply mystified me more than ever. "Why," rejoined I, "she assured me that she escaped from your house this very morning." "You speak in enigmas, Mr. Belgrave. Are you aware that my ward, Miss Eleanor is now in Paris, where she is completing her rudimentary education?" I was aghast. "Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, at last; "there is some mystery that needs clearing up," and without hesitation I rapidly recapitulated how and where I had become acquainted with Miss Buffins. "I regret to say that you have been duped and deceived by a wily and artful impostor," said Mr. Dorle, gravely. "The genuine Miss Buffins is a little girl but one year old." I gazed like one in a dream at Mr. Dorle, and slowly reason began to dawn on my mind. Mechanically I placed my hand to my forehead, and found my watch gone. Then I dived desperately into my wallet, containing fifty dollars, was also missing; so that my whole loss by this misadventure might be summed up as follows: Amount on Forged Check..... \$450 00 Value of Watch and Chain..... 350 00 Cash..... 50 00 Total..... \$850 00 As soon as my legs could carry me to the police station, I made known my loss to the authorities, and a force of detectives was instantly put upon the track of the false Miss Buffins; but she had availed herself of my brief interview with Mr. Dorle, and, in the interim, had made good her escape with her ill-gotten booty. I never heard from her, or my missing property again; but I consoled myself for this treble disaster by summarily discharging my genteel man-servant, "Jenks," who, I suspected, laughed in his sleeve at my simplicity and credulity. I don't know whether I could positively prove it; but it was enough to see that I was the laughing-stock of every middling lawyer and pettifogger from Chambers Street to the parlous of the Tombs; and, though I strove manfully against the torrent of ridicule that engulfed me, it proved too much for a young man of my slender legal attainments, and in a few weeks I quietly hauled down my sign and became a broker's clerk, with no lingering ambition to figure as a "notary public," or even enroll my name among the dusty files of the Police Court.

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