

THE DEMOCRAT.

MONTROSE, PA., FEB. 7, 1877.

Only a Heart.

Only a heart, but it matters not,
For the bitter wound it received
There will be no sigh, by which to tell
How deeply the spirit is grieved.
Only a faith forever destroyed,
In manhood's honor and truth—
Only a handful of withered leaves,
For the bright joyous blossoms of youth.
Only a bitter lesson learned
In the treacherous school of deceit—
Only a pathway robbed of its flowers
And strewn with thorns for the feet.
Only an earnest trust betrayed,
Pure gold in exchange for alloy—
Only a heart that was loving and true,
Cast aside like a broken toy.
Only a wrong willfully done,
Regardless of truth or of right—
Only a day whose bright sunny morn
Has turned to the darkness of night.
Only a promise made to be broke,
No regard for the sorrow it brought—
Only a life drifting on in despair,
With its bitterness counted as nought.

LOVE ON THE WAVE.

BY REGINA H. KNAPP.

THE Reverend Thomas Grayson, M. A. sat at the open window of his room at the Ocean House, Newport, with his feet upon the sill, his chair tilted luxuriously backward, and the blue smoke of a fragrant cigar curling about his head and floating gently upon the evening air. In full view from his window there poured down the avenue before the hotel a throng of splendid equipages, turning the beautiful street into a vast kaleidoscope of color and motion, the counterpart of which, it occurred to Grayson, could be found nowhere else in the world. As he sat idly gazing at the brilliant throng and wondering whether his boots appeared to the best advantage from below, his attention became riveted upon a man upon the opposite side of the street, whose strange actions caused the Reverend Mr. Grayson to remove his cigar from his lips and his feet from the window, and to bend forward in an attitude of sudden interest. The individual in question stood under a tree, around the trunk of which he constantly peered, as though eagerly watching for some one, while dour as at the same time of escaping observation. He had evidently timed his appearance with tolerable certainty, for there soon came driving slowly down the avenue an open barouche, driven by a colored coachman in livery, and drawn by two milk-white horses, which were no sooner descried by the gentleman under the tree than he seemed to be thrown into a state of the greatest possible excitement. He stood upon one foot and then upon the other, peered around the trunk of the tree, then drew his head quickly back again, took a step forward, as though about to plunge recklessly into the roadway, and then returned hastily to his former position, besides doing a great many other strange things like a person suddenly bereft of his senses. The carriage contained two elderly gentlemen and a young girl—the latter, Grayson thought, one of the most beautiful he had ever seen; a little blue-eyed blonde, with a dimple in each cheek, and a mouth like a wild cherry. She looked a little pale and anxious, and it was not difficult to see that, while she listened to the conversation of the two old gentlemen, her bright eyes were searching among the trees on either side for something that she had not yet found. Suddenly her cheek flushed, her eyes became brighter than ever; her little gloved hand was pressed for a moment to her lips, and then she held over the side of the carriage. Grayson turned to the young man beneath the tree. He stood leaning against the trunk with his hand on his heart, and gazing mournfully after the carriage as it rolled away. A moment afterwards, he descried something lying in the road, and darted out to pick it up. It was a letter.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Grayson, "that was well done. Bless my soul, I believe that's Jack Turner. Hi! Jack, Jack! Is that you?"
The individual addressed looked toward the hotel, and after scanning the windows for a moment, caught sight of Grayson, who was waving his handkerchief energetically. Then he came running across the street with the letter in his hand. A moment afterwards he was in Grayson's room.
"Tom, he burst forth, who in the world expected to find you here?"
"And you, my dear fellow," returned the young clergyman; "what were you doing under that tree?"
"You saw me?" asked Jack, eagerly.
"You saw—you saw her?"
"I saw the whole ridiculous performance. What a little beauty! Is there some romance wrapped up in all this?"
"Romance! Yes, a deuce of a romance—for me," exclaimed Jack, throwing himself into a chair. "That lovely girl is my affianced bride."
"You don't say so," said Grayson, in astonishment.
"The old gentleman with the white hair and the grave military moustache," continued Jack, "is her father. The other old duffer, the stupid-looking centenarian, with the mushy face and the red nose, is her affianced husband."
"Whew!" whistled Tom, "I should think there was a romance. Go on."
"It's the old story, I suppose," replied Jack, heaving a long sigh. "I met her last winter at the house of a friend in

New York, and was entranced with her beauty, her accomplishments, her innocence, her goodness, her—"
"Yes, yes, I'll take all that for granted," interrupted Grayson.
"Our acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, and speedily into love. We became betrothed. I asked her father, who is a retired army officer, for her hand. He put on his Buena Vista manner, asked me if I supposed his daughter was going to marry a miserable bank clerk on two thousand a year, and then showed me the door."
"Ah," exclaimed Grayson, with an appearance of great interest.
"After I left him," continued Jack, "there was a scene, as I subsequently learned, between him and my dear girl, who bravely declared that she would never marry any one else, and besought him on her knees, with tears, to consent to our union. But the old fellow was obstinate and said he had other views for her. Pretty soon these views came along in the person of the musty faced old patriarch whom you saw just now in the carriage. He, too, is a retired hero of the Mexican war, and very rich. My darling shut herself up in her room and refused to see him. She grew thin and pale, and nearly cried her eyes out. I bribed one of the servants, who carried daily notes between us; but her unnatural parent detected our correspondence, and it was intercepted."
"My poor boy!" said Grayson with sympathy.
"For weeks I could obtain no communication from her. At last I learned that they were all coming to Newport, to visit at the villa of her proposed husband, who is a widower. I obtained leave of absence from the bank on the ground of ill-health, and followed them. Yesterday I saw my darling for the first time, and to-day I received this letter, in which, continued Jack, kissing it rapturously, "she assures me of her undying devotion, declares that no force can compel her to marry the old army general, whom she detests, and that she is mine only, and mine forever. Dear, true, faithful girl! She deserves all I can give her of the best, most earnest and most faithful love."
"Yes, no doubt," said Grayson, reflectively. "Well, I should think, Jack Turner, that you had got yourself into a very interesting situation. It would do for the plot of a novel."
"I've not told you all," replied his friend.
"Good gracious! What else?"
"During the period of our clandestine correspondence we arranged an elopement. I had my plans all perfected, my dear girl consented to accompany me, and in another day she would have been my bride, when—"
"When paterfamilias stepped in and spoiled the plot," interrupted Grayson.
"Why can't you elope now, if you are bound to have her? You have found means of communicating, I see."
"Impossible," replied Jack. "The villa is situated way out of town, on Bateman's Point, and is surrounded by a wall twelve feet high. Ever since the discovery of our plan of escape, Clara has been under the constant supervision of a maiden aunt—a perfect sleepless Cerberus—who occupies the same room, and always accompanies her when she goes out to walk or bathe. There's a savage old butler, with orders to shoot all suspicious characters; seen hovering around the place after dark. There's a ferocious bull dog—"
"Hold—enough!" said Grayson. "This is worse than the princess in the enchanted tower."
"O, that's not all either," said Jack. "The old curmudgeon is bound to marry his daughter to old Red-nose, whether she will or no, and has actually issued cards for the wedding without her consent. Now, Tom," exclaimed Jack, fiercely, "that girl must be mine. There's no time to lose. She must be my bride before to-morrow night, and you must help me."
"All right," said Grayson. "You take care of the military parent, and the maiden aunt, and the blood-thirsty butler, and the ferocious bull-dog, and I'll carry off the girl. Then you can follow at your leisure."
"Don't make light of it," said Jack, gloomily. "It's too serious a matter. Can't you suggest some plan for me?"
"Let me put on my thinking cap," said the other, "and ruminate for a moment."
He went to the bureau and took therefrom a small black velvet skull cap, which he put on. Then, lighting a fresh cigar, he resumed his seat by the window and sat for a long time silently smoking, with his head thrown back and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling. Jack watched him with impatience.
"Did you tell me that the young lady bathes on the beach?" asked Grayson, after a silence that seemed to his companion interminable.
"Yes, daily," replied Jack; "but the maiden aunt is always with her—on shore at least, and some times her father. She cautions me in this letter not to meet her there, for if I were seen there once, she might be forbidden even this innocent pleasure."
"I have it," exclaimed the young clergyman, jumping up. "You must meet her there to-morrow—in the water, mind you, not on the beach. Leave the rest to me."
"If you mean to carry her off by force," said Jack, "that wouldn't do. We would be caught before we could leave the island."
"You haven't an inkling of what I mean," said Grayson. "Clara is yours."

Now go home to your boarding-house, and sleep serenely. This is the most atrocious case I ever heard of, and you have my sympathy. No thanks. Good-night. Fine business for a minister of the gospel, but I will help you, my boy. Good-night, old fellow." And Grayson fairly shoved his friend from the room and closed the door upon him. When he had gone he turned the key, and sat down by the window to think again.

II.
Miss Clara Monteith, stepping forth from her bathing house and running across the beach, stopping for a moment to play with her little white feet in one of the pools that the receding tide had left, and then plunging gleefully into the surf, was a picture for a painter. Clad in a bewitching bathing costume of white and scarlet, and with her beautiful yellow hair streaming over her shoulders, she looked to Jack Turner, peeping through the round window of the bathing-house, like the poetic embodiment of summer sunshine, glancing for a moment across the sand, and then slipping into the cool wave and riding upon its crest. Jack himself, as he entered the water farther down the beach, dressed in baggy blue shirt and trousers, was scarcely so picturesque. At the water's edge stood the terrible maiden aunt, and in a carriage near at hand, sat the two military gentlemen. Clara was certainly taking her bath in presence of a vigilant assembly.

"Now then," thought Jack, "here we are. What's to be done next?"
As he paddled farther out into the surf, he saw, slowly swimming down the beach, outside the first line of breakers, a straw bathing-hat, which rose and fell upon the huge rollers, and occasionally disappeared entirely. As the hat came nearer, a human head became visible beneath it, and on reaching a point near Clara, it stopped and evidently addressed her. The lady on the beach and the gentleman in the carriage became restless. So did Jack, and he swam toward the two figures in the water, who now appeared to be in earnest conversation.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Jack, as he came nearer, "I believe it's Grayson."
The water where they stood was nearly shoulder deep, and each huge roller that came in from seaward lifted them from their feet and rendered conversation somewhat difficult.

"We must hurry up this business," said Grayson, as Jack arrived. "I've explained it all to Miss Monteith, and old what's-his-name there in the carriage and the lady's aunt will be witnesses."

He removed his scoop-shaped bathing hat, and took therefrom a small book, which he held at arm's length above his head. Jack divined his intention at once, and seizing Clara's hand beneath the water, pressed it to his heart. At that moment a huge wave was swept over them, and the entire party disappeared from view.

"Dear! beloved," said Grayson, spluttering, and reading from the book, which he still held in his hand, though it was reduced nearly to a pulp, "dearly beloved we are, gathered together here—in the face of—this company, to join—together this man and this woman in holy matrimony."

He paused until the next wave passed, and then proceeded.

"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together (there goes my hat) let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

The wild wash of the sea was the only answer to this challenge, although Clara's friends on shore were gesticulating violently. They were out of hearing, however, and Grayson continued:

"John Henry Turner, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live—tug—tug—tug—"

The Rev. Mr. Grayson's mouth was full of salt water, and the rest of the sentence was undistinguishable.

"I will!" yelled Jack, leaping into the air to avoid the next roller that broke over them.

"Clara Monteith, wilt thou have this man to be your wedded husband, (we'll have to shorten this, for I'm getting chilly)?"

"I will," said Clara.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" asked Grayson, looking toward the shore, where the two old gentlemen, who had descended from the carriage, were ranged with the maiden aunt along the edge of the water, gesticulating in the most frantic manner, like the brigands in the opera.

"You do, eh?" he said. Then, turning to Jack and Clara, he continued: "Then I pronounce you man and wife, and may—"

A monstrous billow struck the Rev. Grayson in the small of the back, and launched him upon all fours toward the beach. When he emerged, Clara and Jack had disappeared. "Keep the book!" he said handing it to Jack, as he and his bride struggled to their feet; "the marriage certificate is in it. Now let us make peace with your father, Miss Monteith, and your husband that was to be."

It was not a very promising task, for the former gentleman, who seemed to have gained an inkling of what had been going on, was stamping up and down the beach in a perfect fury. Encouraged by Grayson's presence, however, Jack and Clara knelt before him.

"Allow me to present to you Mr. and Mrs. John Turner," said Mr. Grayson.

"Clara, go to your bathing house, and dress, this instant," exclaimed the old gentleman, fiercely. "What tomfoolery is this, sir, and who the devil are you?"
"Who the devil am I?" asked Gray-

son.
"Yes, sir, who the devil are you?" repeated Mr. Monteith.
"My name is Grayson, sir, and I have just married your daughter to Mr. Turner, and I hope he will show more affection for her as her husband than her father as her parent," replied Grayson with some warmth.
"Yes, father," said Clara, "we are married. O, father, forgive us, for I love him," and Clara twined her wet arms about Jack's neck and laid her head on his shoulder.

Mr. Monteith was speechless. His face became purple, white, and red by turns, and he staggered as if about to fall. The other old gentleman slapped him suddenly on the shoulder.
"Hang me, if I don't like the girl's spirit," he said, "and the young fellow's audacity. O, father (turning to Jack), I give up my claim, to you. I think you've earned it. Now Monteith, make-up your mind to make the best of it. They've outwitted you, so let them go and get on some dry clothes, and we'll all go to my house for dinner, and the wedding shall come off to-morrow in public, only with a change of bridegrooms."
Grayson seized the old man by the hand. Clara kissed her father. That individual became by degrees somewhat mollified, and they all left the beach together.

Famine in India.

The famine in India is stretching its lean and bony arms over a wide extent of country. There has been an entire failure of the crops in three districts of Bombay, and a partial failure involves severe distress in Khandish, Nassick, Ahmednagar, Ponna, Satara and Beljaum. Large relief works are sanctioned. About 287,000 people are on the relief works in Bombay. In Madras the scarcity affects twelve districts, and to these must be added a number of native States. The area of the smitten country comprises about 54,000 square miles, and the population will reach 5,000,000 of men, women and children. In Madras large gangs of men are employed in making roads, digging wells and constructing tanks, and 840,000 persons are being supported by the government by the distribution of rations daily. It is believed that the distress will increase until April, when it will decrease, owing to the maturing of the new crops. In Bombay the number of destitute is thus estimated: February, 450,000; March, 750,000; April, 1,000,000; May, 800,000; June, 590,000; July, 300,000; August, 100,000; September, 500,000. The government is pouring in large quantities of grain, and the cost to the State in the Madras presidency alone will be over \$20,000,000. Taking the whole matter into consideration it is computed that in less than a month nearly six millions of people in Bengal, Madras, and the adjacent country must trust to the government for the common necessities of life. The calamity which now threatens a large part of the British Indian Empire is of such a character as to challenge the attention of the whole civilized world. In 1866 more than 175,000 people died of hunger in India in a few months. That was owing, in a great measure, to want of transportation from the seaboard to the districts where food was needed. Ample supplies were provided, but could not be made available in time to stop the catastrophe. Now, however, means of transporting food are excellent, as the railroad which connects Northern India with Madras runs through, or on the near margin of, the districts to be supplied, and thus one great danger is arrested. With funds to purchase food and means to carry it to the districts where the crops have failed, there cannot fail to be a most gratifying amount of relief extended to the famishing people of India.

"Men," says Adam Smith, "are naturally unsentimental. A man will scoop the bottom out of an egg without thinking that the mother of that egg is perhaps a hundred miles away in the rain."

Old lady (to her niece): "Good gracious Matilda, but its cold. Ny teeth are actually chattering." Loving niece: "Well, don't let 'em chatter too much, or they may tell where you bought 'em."

Some young women write comments on the margins of the library novels they read. One emotional creature writes: "The pangs of love are grate I have ben there myself."

"The single scull race!" exclaimed an old lady, as she laid down the morning paper. "My gracious! I didn't know there was a race of men with double sculls!"

And now comes a Boston woman who to out-do her fashionable sisters with their twenty-button gloves, has invented and wears forty-button stockings.

Red noses are lighthouses to warn voyagers on the sea of life off the coasts of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz and Holland.

A contemporary suggests as a proper name for a lawyer's wife, Sue. We should consider *You-fee-me-ah* as more expressive.

Diphtheria is a sort of garroting disease; it takes a fellow by the throat and chokes a doctor's bill out of him.

The worst wheel makes the most noise.

MONEY TALKS!

These are prices

THAT HURT

(not the customer),

but other dealers who find fault because it spoils the profits. They assert that I cannot sell goods at prices named, these prices are not too high, but are genuine and will be fulfilled in every particular. Call and see for yourselves.

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Diagonal silk mixed suits..... 20
Heavy cassimere suits..... 18
Barker worsted suits..... 15
Fancy plaid cassimere suits..... 12
English Diagonal suits..... 10
French barker suits..... 8
All-wool Broad cloth coats..... 7
Heavy sheep gray overcoats..... 6
Chinchilla overcoats..... 5
Fur Beaver overcoats..... 4
Fine diagonal overcoats..... 3
Union Beaver overcoats..... 2
French Beaver overcoats (all colors)..... 1

Boys' Clothing—3 to 10 year.
Heavy mixed school suits..... 25
Cassimere suits..... 20
Diagonal and barker suits..... 15
Stout overcoats..... 10
Cape and ulster overcoats..... 5

Boys' Clothing—9 to 15 years.
Heavy mixed school suits..... 30
Heavy cassimere suits..... 25
Diagonal and barker suits..... 20
Heavy every-day overcoats..... 15
Chinchilla overcoats..... 10
Beaver and Fur Beaver overcoats..... 5
Cape and Ulster overcoats..... 2

Youths' Clothing 16 years to men's size.
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Sueq's Depot, Pa., April 14, 1876.

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Notice is hereby given that N. W. Eastman, of Philadelphia, having made a general assignment of his property for the benefit of his creditors, has been appointed Assignee of said Eastman, and is requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against him to present the same duly verified to
A. LATHROP, Assignee
Nov. 22, 1876.

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