

THE DEMOCRAT.

MONTROSE, PA., FEB. 14, 1877.

Fare-Thee-Well.

Putnam Post.

Fare-thee well! 'tis sadly spoken,
More than earth-born ties are broken,
Fraught with bitterness of feeling
Comes the thought that we must part;
More than friendship's fetters hold us—
Spirit-links of love entold us,
Soul to soul can cling more closely
Than the fondest heart to heart.
Tis the same blest hope that cheers us,
'Tis one common faith endears us,
As we, on the Heavenward journey,
Meet and mingle day by day;
While a sense of isolation
Ever follows separation
And we long for sweet communion
With the loved ones by the way.
Faith will live—can never perish,
And the blissful hope we cherish,
Sheds a gleam of golden sunlight
Through the gathering mist of tears;
Israel's Shepherd still shall feed us
In his pastures green, and lead us
By the quiet, crystal waters,
Where we walked in by-gone years.
Fare thee well, but not forever;
Neither time nor space can sever
One sweet bond that still shall bind us
While apart our footsteps roam;
Fare thee well—until we gather
In the presence of our Father,
And with Christ, our Elder Brother,
There, together, dwell at home.
BEAVER FALLS PA. S. C.

LEFT ALONE.

I WAS a very bold and fearless child, and my brothers and sisters often dared me to go into lonely places in the dark, or do perilous feats of various kinds, which challenges I never refused. Often they set out to play tricks on me, but it usually happened that they fell into their own traps, while I performed my part in safety. Very possibly the consciousness that they were about to dupe me, gave me more courage than I would otherwise have had, for any unusual noise or appearance would be attributed to one or another coming to frighten me. But, night or day, I used to go straight up to and touch whatever seemed dreadful, and finding the object of doubt, resolved itself into very simple elements, I acquired an ease which stood me in times of real danger. We lived in a large old house built of English oak, and bearing its nearly two centuries very lightly. It opened to the south, and the two large parlors looked to the east and west. The dining hall and spacious kitchen formed the square of the house, while at the west and back was another large room sometimes called the great porch, and at the east and back was the dairy and another porch. There were three stairways leading to the upper rooms, and a garret, whose ample space was broken only by the great chimney in the centre. We had a gay and lively house, and were used to a great deal of company, and visitors, for my parents were greatly given to the old-fashioned virtue of hospitality. The humblest wayfarer coming in at the porch was entertained kindly and bade God speed, as well as the guest whose elegant carriage and span drove round to the front on the southern side. I am not going to tell you of my handsome 'gentle' parents, or of my brothers and sisters—only about myself. There were a great many of us when we were all at home, especially in the winter holidays, but at times we were nearly all away. Boarding schools, academies, traveling—all claimed us at various times. Yet it was rare indeed that one was ever at home alone. It so happened, however, and to me. It was a summer day, and warm, bright and beautiful. Just after our breakfast, a merry party came riding down the lane in carriages and on horseback, and calling joyously for my father and mother to accompany them on a pleasure trip. They were accustomed to this mode of impromptu festivity, and gayly answered that they would soon be ready. It was only the day before, that my father had returned from the Australian gold fields and had brought with him a bag of gold. I knew he had this, for I had seen him the night before counting some of it, and putting it into another bag, and I badly wanted to ask him to give me one of the pretty coins, but was too well taught not to interrupt or tease him. Thomas brought the chaise to the door. Father's favorite black horse, whose coat looked like lustrous velvet, and who stepped so proudly, was pawing the ground impatiently as he appeared. He handed in my beautiful mother, and I stood looking on with childish pleasure at her beauty and rich dress that so became her. My father suddenly turned to me and said, taking his key to his iron-bound box: "Run, Ann, and get me the little bag you saw me putting away last night." I was proud to be so trusted; but when I quickly returned with it, he was already in the chaise, and part way to the gate. He looked out and said: "No matter, now, Ann; you may put it back again, for we are going another road and I will pay Harris to-morrow. Take care of the key, my dear, and goodbye."

wished I were old enough to go with them. Hearing a slight noise, I turned and saw a stranger, a figure not unusual, a man with a bundle hung on his back. He was leaning on the stone wall, and apparently looking after the carriages. He came forward in a moment, and asked if he might sit down and rest, and if I would kindly give him a drink of beer, which was as free as water with us. Of course I said yes, and with light steps soon had him a substantial lunch of bread, cheese and beer, which he came into the kitchen to eat. Betsy and Hannah were going out to tea and spend the evening. They talked gayly about their visit, paying little attention to the stroller who was quietly eating. He had laid his straw hat on the floor, and I saw that his head was bald on top, and the thin hair brushed up from behind over it. He had prominent ears, low forehead, and large mouth with retreating chin, where grew a stubby beard of grizzly black, like his hair. I don't know why I observed all this, or his eyes, small and hid under grayish eyebrows, that seemed to glance furtively about him when no one appeared to be looking. His voice was harsh and croaking, and startled me when he had first addressed me. We were used to strollers of all kinds, as I have said. Perhaps I was mentally contrasting his repulsiveness with my father's noble and dignified features. He seemed to be very ugly. I was glad when he had finished his meal, and risen to go. He asked permission to light his pipe, which was readily granted. He went out directly, passing accidentally through the dining room and out of the great hall, where he lingered for a moment or two. All that bright long day I was busy and happy in the flower garden, or sewing, or reading; and when the girls left, looking very cheerful at their half-holiday, I wished them a merry time, and told them not to hasten home, for Thomas should come for them. I expected my father and mother soon after eight o'clock, and I told Thomas he might go about that time, as they would soon be home, and it looked a little like rain. Heavy clouds were gathering in the west, and the thunder rumbled suddenly. "Miss Ann, I think you had better fasten the doors, as you may be alone for a short time if I go soon. Would not you rather that I should wait till your father comes?" "Oh, no, Thomas; I don't mind being alone in the least, and you ought to go, lest it should rain hard, for it is more than two miles to ride, and they may not wish to leave in a minute. I expect father and mother every moment. Don't wait." So Thomas left, and the wagon rattled merrily up the lane. I bolted the doors because he had told me to, for otherwise I should not have thought of it. It grew dark rapidly, and the thunder began to peal heavily while the wind rose, and the flashes of lightning grew more vivid and frequent. I went up into the east parlor, and looking out to the south, but the sudden lighting up of the sky and the following darkness did not interest me long. I could not see out very well either, as the honeysuckles covered the windows. The large mirror reflected me as I turned away to cross the room, and I stopped a moment with a natural vanity, for I was young and fair enough to look upon. I had let all my hair fall loose, and wound it in long shining brown curls over my fingers. It certainly did look handsome, for it was very thick, and fell below my waist and curled as it fell. There came a great flash of light, and I saw distinctly reflected in the glass a face looking in at the window. It was an instant of terror, but I neither screamed or moved. The face could not see my face, and I kept my body still, and rolled the long, shining rings off my cold, white fingers. It was an ugly face and I recognized it, I had seen it that morning, and I knew what lay before me. I prayed inwardly a brief prayer for help. Turning from the glass, I went steadily toward a table that stood near that window and on which I had left my candle. I moved steadily as usual, and took up the water pitcher and looked in it, then took my candle and went toward the kitchen. The lightning kept flashing, but the face did not come again. I dropped my candle on the kitchen hearth and put my foot on the wick. I sat down the pitcher on the dresser, and with soft, light foot-fall hastened through the west room to the front stairs. I unlocked the box, took out both bags of gold, relocked it, and made my way into the great chamber. I heard voices; I heard the door tried below. I knew it was not my father. I dared not tremble nor grow faint. I went through that room and two others. I heard a window pushed up; more than one person came in at it. I felt about me in the dark. There was a sliding panel in the inside of the stairway. I pushed it and it rolled back. I entered into a long closet under the stairs. I pulled my dress close about me lest it might be caught, and the door not close tight. Then I waited. I heard steps coming up the stairs. I heard a search through all the rooms below. My heart beat till I thought each bound must be audible. I heard voices—one voice like the Raven's. I knew that harsh croak. It told nothing. The face

had seen the bag of gold as he leaned over the wall in the morning unnoticed by the gay group. It was all plain to me. He had gathered from the girls' talk that I might be alone. He had returned and watched. He had brought accomplices. Very soon the steps and voices came near my way. I could distinguish the words that were spoken. "Drat her! She must have seen us." "No matter; we'll split the box open with this axe." I knew the axe was in the little porch. Thomas had set it in when he had done chopping the brush, as it looked like rain. I heard the steps and voices move away, a dull, crashing sound, and then stifled, angry tones. I knew they had opened the box, and found nothing but the papers. I knew they would now search for me. I heard them as they looked into every room and closet, and came up the stairs separately. They all met at the foot of the garret stairs. A thick board was between us. I thanked God that the panel was close shut. I knew it, for no ray of light came through. "She must be up here," said the Raven, "and we'll soon have her." "I'll warrant she's here, and I'll wring her neck if she makes a noise about it." But the thorough search was ended, and the voices grew very angry, and full of frightful oaths and threatenings. They sat down on the garret stairs to have a parley. A spider ran across my face. A spider put me in mortal fear. It was with a great effort that I kept from screaming. "Come," croaked the Raven, "let us go and get the silver; that will be something—that will be something." "Curse the silver. It's the gold I have come for, and I'll burn the house if I don't find the girl! So let her look out!" A cold perspiration came on my forehead. Would they perform their threat? "Good! Then the rats will squeak—Down drop the money bags, and we will choke the girl to make her dumb." "Hold your noise. The old man will be coming home. We'll be caught here. Be quick." "Who cares for him? He's only one. A bludgeon will give him a handy little headache as he comes in." "And his wife?" They spoke low, hideous words that made my flesh creep. I was almost ready to call aloud, to open the panel, to give them the gold, and bid them go. They got up and the steps and voices went down. It was horrible there in the dark. I was stifling. I moved the panel lightly. No light entered. I slid it softly back. My resolution was taken. I would get out of the house, run down the road and meet my father. I would save him. I left the gold in the closet, shutting it in close. I stole down two steps into the chamber below. I knew there was a window open there. I crept across the room, listened keenly. I lifted myself cautiously on a window ledge, and caught a branch of the cherry tree which grew close to the house. Swinging myself lightly out, I hastily descended the trunk of the tree; and found myself on the ground safe. No. The lightning betrayed me. The Raven's voice shrieked, hoarsely: "There she goes! Catch her! Quick! This way!" Out at the front door came the pursuers, hardly ten steps from me. I dashed toward the thick shrubbery to put them off the track. Fortunately I knew the way—every step of it. They were guided by the sound and flashing lightning. "Shoot her by the next flash!" cried one. My flying feet struck loose boards. I was passing directly over an old, unused well, very deep, and it gave back a hollow, resonant sound. Almost the next moment I heard a crash, the report of a pistol, a heavy fall, oaths and a deep groan. Shuddering, I sped on through the garden up toward the cider press, over the stone wall, down the hollow, up the hillside, over the fields. No steps followed; no voice shouted after me. I ran to the second bars and let them down. It began to rain a few drops, then fast, then poured. I was wet to the skin. I ran on, for I heard advancing wheels coming rapidly. I stood in the road and cried, "Father! Father!" The chaise stopped. Another chaise behind stopped also. It was our next neighbor, who lived a quarter of a mile farther on: "Ann, my child. Good heavens? What is the matter?" I told the whole in a few words, amid eager exclamations of joy at my safety, of surprise, even of anger because Thomas had left me alone. "Don't blame him, father; I insisted on his going." A hurried consultation took place. My father was very brave. Our neighbor was very timid. He proposed going on to his house and returning with weapons. In the meantime I had got into the chaise and crouched down at my mother's feet, who was half crying and wholly thankful to feel me there. We rode on and came to our gate under the willows. There were lights in the house, but all seemed still. Nothing moved. My father put the reins in my mother's hands, and opened the gate that led up the lane.

"Let us reconnoitre a little." They got out leaving us sitting still.—The rain fell less heavily. They got something that would do for weapons from the tool house. They went all around the house—all was quiet. They went in. We sat still, speaking few words, my hands clasped in my mother's. "Thomas is coming!" I exclaimed eagerly. "I hear the wheels." We called to him as he came to the gate for he could not see us. He drove through, and called out: "What is the matter?" We told him sufficient, and he left Betsy and Hannah, and went in at once, with only a heavy whip. We did not sit long. Nathan came out directly. "What have you found? Who is there?" "Nothing. Nobody." "Are they all gone?" "Yes, with some of the silver, and a few things. We don't know what yet." The horses were put under the shed, and all went in. My father said calmly: "We will take a lantern, and look round out of doors." In a very few minutes they all came back. "One of them is dead, the other groans, and the third has escaped," my father said. They laid boards across some barrels in the shed, and brought up the dead man and laid him on them. His comrade, who had fallen in the well, had shot him in the head as he plunged through the boards. His ugly face was still uglier. It was the Raven. That night my father's prayers were very solemn, and his embrace was close as he gave me my good night kiss. The robber in the well was bruised, but not seriously hurt. The law took him to punishment. The third escaped to America and afterwards returned. I was never left at home alone again.

BILLINGS STROUD,

GENERAL
FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT
INSURANCE AGENT,
Montrose, Pa.
Capital Represented, \$100,000,000!

FIRE	
Fire Association of Phil. Capital & Assets	\$ 4,500,000
Insurance Co. of N. A., Phil.	5,000,000
Pennsylvania Fire, Phil.	1,500,000
Ins. Co. of the State of Pennsylvania, Phila. Pa.	700,000
Lycoming of Mansfield, Pa.	6,000,000
Lancaster of Lancaster, Pa.	400,000
Newton of Newton, Pa.	150,000
Home Ins. Co., N. Y.	6,000,000
National Commercial Fire	450,000
Fairfield Fire Ins. Co. South Norwalk, Conn.	325,000
Atlas Royal Canadian, of Montreal, Canada.	500,000
Liverpool, London & Globe, of Liverpool, Eng.	27,000,000
Providence Washington, of Providence, R. I.	600,000
Trade Ins. Co. Camden, N. J.	270,000
Patterson Fire Ins. Co. Patterson, N. J.	240,000

LIFE	
Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co., Assets	\$40,000,000
American Life, Phila.	\$5,000,000

ACCIDENT.
Travelers Ins. Co., Hart., Capital and Surplus \$3,000,000
Railway Passengers \$500,000

The undersigned has been well known in this county, for the past 20 years, as an Insurance Agent. Losses sustained by his Companies have always been promptly paid.
Office upstairs, in building east from Banking Office of Wm. H. Cooper & Co., Turnpike street.

BILLINGS STROUD, Agent,

CHARLES H. SMITH, Office Managers.
AMOS NICHOLS, S. LANGDON, Solicitor.
Montrose, Jan. 5, 1876.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—THE UNDER-

signed having been appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Susquehanna County, an Auditor to distribute the funds in the hands of S. M. Campbell, administrator of the estate of W. M. Howarth and Albert Miles, terre tenant, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Montrose, on Wednesday, the 14th day of March, at 1 o'clock, p. m., at which time and place all persons interested, must present their claims or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
Montrose, Feb. 7, 1877. D. W. SEARLES, Auditor. 6w4

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—THE UNDER-

signed having been appointed an auditor by the Orphans' Court of Susquehanna County, to distribute the money in the hands of E. O'Neill, Administrator of the estate of James M. March, late of Auburn township, dec'd. will attend to the duties of his appointment at the office of Hon. L. F. Fitch in Montrose, Thursday, March 1, 1 o'clock p. m., at which time and place all persons interested, must present their claims or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
Montrose, Feb. 7, 1877. D. T. BREWSTER, Auditor. 6w4

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—THE UNDER-

signed an auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Susquehanna County, to distribute the funds remaining in the hands of Vernon Williams, adm'r of the estate of Chester Williams dec'd, will attend to the duties of his appointment at the office of Warren & Son in Montrose on Wednesday, March 7th, at 1 p. m., at which time and place all persons interested, must present their claims or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
Feb. 7, 1877. C. A. WARREN, Auditor. 6w4

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—THE UNDER-

signed an Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Susquehanna County, to distribute the funds in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sheriff's sale of the real estate of Wm. Howarth and Albert Miles, terre tenant, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Montrose, on Friday, March 1st, at 1 o'clock p. m., at which time and place all persons interested are required to appear and present their claims or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
Feb. 7, 1877. D. W. SEARLES, Auditor. 6w4

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

Fifty-six acres of land, 30 acres of which are under a good state of cultivation, with one fourth of a mile from Montrose Borough, for sale or exchange. Apply to B. L. Baldwin, at his office, near the Court House.
Montrose, Pa., Feb. 6, 1877. 6w4

MONEY TALKS!

These are prices
THAT HURT
(not the customer.)
but other dealers who find fault because it spoils their profits. They assert that I cannot sell goods at prices named, these prices are not for a bait, but are genuine and will be fulfilled in every particular. Call and see for yourself.

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED!

WEBSTER THE Clothier's PRICE LIST

For FALL & WINTER 1876-7.

Good heavy business suits	8.00
Diagonal silk mixed suits	7.00
Heavy cassimere suits	8.00
Diagonal worsted suits	10.00
Fancy plaid cassimere suits	11.00
English Diagonal suits	7.00
French basket suits	12.00
All wool Broad cloth coats	7.50
French sheep's gray overcoats	7.50
Chinchilla overcoats	4.00
French Beaver overcoats	10.00
Cloth covered overcoats	12.00
Union Beaver overcoat	7.00
French Beaver overcoats	12.00

Boys' Clothing—3 to 10 years.

Heavy mixed school suits	5.00
Cassimere suits	5.00
Diagonal and basket suits	6.00
Stout overcoats	7.00
Chinchilla overcoats	4.00
Cape and Ulster overcoats	5.00

Boys' Clothing—9 to 15 years.

Heavy mixed school suits	5.00
Diagonal and basket suits	6.00
Heavy every-day overcoats	7.00
Chinchilla overcoats	4.00
Beaver and Fur Beaver overcoats	5.00
Cape and Ulster overcoats	5.00

Youths' Clothing 16 years to men's sizes.

Good undershirt or drawers	2.00
Good knit jackets	1.00
Good wool shirts	1.00
Good cotton socks	1.00
Cloth covered collars and cuffs	1.00
And all other goods in proportion.	

The highest price paid for prime butter at WEBSTER'S.
C. H. WEBSTER, JR.
62 and 64 Court Street,
Binghamton, N. Y.
Sept. 20, 1876.

MONTROSE

PLANING MILL

AND
LUMBER YARD!

In order to better accommodate the community, the undersigned has established a depot for the sale of Lumber Manufactured at his saw-mill erected on the old Keeler tannery Site, in the
HEART OF TOWN
where will be kept constantly on hand. A full stock of
WHITE AND YELLOW PINE, HEMLOCK, OAK, ASH, MAPLE AND BLACK WALNUT LUMBER,
which, with the aid of the most improved machinery and competent workmen, is prepared to work into any shape to meet the wants of Customers.

WELL SEASONED LUMBER, INCLUDING SIDING, FLOORING, CEILING, SHINGLE AND LATH CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Planing, Matching, Mouldings, and Scroll Sawing done to order.

WAGON, CARRIAGES & SLEIGH MANUFACTORY

In connection with the above establishment, under the management of Mr. E. H. Rogers. Examine our work before leaving your orders elsewhere. Repairing done promptly.
A. LATHROP,
Montrose, September 29th, 1875.

Marble Works!

Would call the attention of the Public wanting
ANYTHING IN THE MARBLE LINE
to OUR WORKS at
SUSQUEHANNA DEPOT, PA.,
Being the only Marble Works in the County.

All Work Warranted as Represented

OR NO SALE.

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY

By calling on us.
WILLIS DeLONG.
M. A. COLVIN, genl.
Susq's Depot, Pa. April 14, 1875.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that N. W. Eastman, of Franklin Forks, having made a general assignment to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors, all persons indebted to said Eastman, are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against him to present the same duly verified to
A. LATHROP, Assignee.
Nov. 23, 1876. 35w6

TRIFLING WITH A COLD IS ALWAYS DANGEROUS.

USE
WELL'S CARBOLIC TABLETS.
A sure remedy for COUGHS, and all diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS, CHEST, and MUCOUS MEMBRANE.
PUT UP ONLY IN BLUE BOXES.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
C. N. CRITTENTON, 7 Sixth Avenue, New York.

Agents wanted for our New Book Great CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION ILLUSTRATED.
Demand equals the crowds at the Exhibition. Out about 40,000 two 20 each in one day. Over 100,000 copies printed, costing \$2,000,000. Show the best exhibits. Wide-awake agents are getting all the inferior books for this. Get the best. Send for circular, terms and sample engraving.
P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 318 Arch St., Philadelphia.

JOB WORK

AT THIS OFFICE, QUERAP