

# The Democrat.

MONTROSE, PA., MARCH 31, 1877.

## On the Sands.

DORA J. CAMPBELL.

While gazing one day far out o'er the sea,  
As the waves broke in music sweet,  
With a sudden impulse, I stooped down and  
wrote  
My name, in the sand at my feet.  
And the brave young sailor who watched, as  
I traced  
Each line, on the silver shore;  
Looked up as a wave swept over the spot  
And the words we could see no more.  
And said with a smile, as I bent o'er the sand,  
"That name which the wave washes away,  
On the tablets of ocean, far down in the deep  
Will there be engraved to-day."  
I made no reply, but watched the grate wave  
Dashing its spray at my feet,  
And thought of the words the sailor boy  
said—  
They were with a deep, meaning replete.  
How little we think when on Time's shining  
sands,  
Our life work is carelessly wrought,  
That Eternity's wave will sweep over it all  
And record every action and thought  
KNOW,  
—Pittsburg Post.

## THE WRONG MASK.

BY HANNAH BLOMGREN.

THE sheen of silks, the flashing of  
jewels, silvery laughter, and strains  
of sweet music, all serve to produce that  
intoxication of excitement which takes  
possession of one in a brilliantly lighted,  
well-filled ball-room; and no one felt  
more the influence of such a scene than  
did charming little Mollie Remsen, on  
the night of the French ball, in 187—.

Dressed as a flower girl, in a dainty  
costume that served to make her look  
more piquant than usual, if such a thing  
were possible she threaded her way in  
and out among the crowd, with a grace  
that was bewitching, and a vivacity that  
rose as much from the great love that  
had just blossomed in her heart as from  
her surroundings.

But one week previous to this ball,  
Charles Richmond had whispered the  
old, old story to her, and she felt herself  
blest among women.

She had come to the ball in his com-  
pany, but enveloped as she was, in a  
long, dark cloak, it was impossible for  
him to discover what her costume was;  
and although he had pleaded very earnestly,  
she had positively refused to enlighten  
him on the subject.

She knew of his disguise, because she  
had helped him to select the costume—a  
court dress of the time of Louis XIV—  
so she promised herself much amuse-  
ment, and felt that she could extract  
much sweetness from that evening's  
pleasure.

Several times did Mollie pass her lover,  
who all ignorant of her proximity, was  
searching for her everywhere.

Then she lost sight of the court dress  
—it seemed to disappear among the  
dancers at the further end of the hall;  
she turned about, and was considerably  
startled to find herself face to face with  
it.

"How did he come here so quickly?"  
she thought to herself. "I wonder if he  
has recognized me?"

Her question was immediately answer-  
ed, as he approached her, took her hand  
and but it on his arm and said:

"I have found you at last. I have  
hunted everywhere for you, and had just  
concluded that further search was use-  
less."

"How did you know me?" she asked  
with a laugh, as they joined the prom-  
enaders.

"Intuition, I suppose, as I had no clue  
to help me. The moment I saw you, I  
knew it was the little girl I love so dearly."

Mollie pressed his arm gently, as if to  
thank him for those words; and then,  
with the perversity that seizes all woman  
kind at times, she said archly:

"So you intend to devote yourself to  
poor little me? I have not dared to ex-  
pect that."

"Fortunately, I have succeeded in  
ridging myself of my gushing fiancée; I  
lost myself in a crowd, and I shall take  
pretty good care that I am not found."

Mollie's heart seemed to stand still.  
What was the meaning of his words?

"Shall we dance, Jessie?" he asked,  
pressing the white-gloved hand that rest-  
ed upon his arm.

Mollie could not speak, she simply  
shook her head.

She understood it all now. Charley  
had supposed her to be some one else—  
some Jessie, with whom he had evidently  
made an appointment.

It was with almost superhuman effort  
that she controlled herself. At first, she  
would faint; then anger took the place  
of pain, and it gave her strength, and  
she resolved that she would drink the  
bitter cup to the dregs, learn all of this  
hateful story, and then, after showing  
him how she despised him, she would  
bury herself in some secluded spot away  
from all the world. She had not quite  
made up her mind where she would die,  
or live to haunt him, when he asked:

"What is the matter, darling? You  
are strangely quiet to-night. Are you ill?"

She was strong enough to speak now,  
and she said, in a voice that no one would  
have recognized as Mollie Remsen's

"No, not ill, but afraid. She might  
see us—the one you came with, I mean."

Mollie could not trust herself to men-  
tion her own name, for she felt that her  
voice would waver if she did.

"I have no fears, Jessie. I am keeping  
the whole width of the hall between us.  
I wish we might never be nearer."

"Then why have you asked her to  
marry you?" and her voice trembled, spite  
of all she could do.

"Why do you ask me that troublesome  
question, darling? But I will tell you  
now: her father is rich—I am poor, and  
I marry her to better my fortune."

"Then you do not love her?"

This time her voice was so mournful,  
and so full of pleading, that but for the  
crash of the music it must have betrayed  
her.

"Love her! Why, how foolish you are  
to-night, Jessie! Have I not told you,  
again and again, that I loved only you?  
You know darling, that I value one smile  
from more, much more, than all the love  
she has for me."

Gone now was all the brightness and  
joy of the evening. There has been very  
little amusement, very little sweetness;  
all that was left was the dry, hard ashes  
of love, turned to hate.

Yes, she said to herself, that she fairly  
hated him now and had her hand been  
one of iron, she could have crushed his  
arm in her grasp, and enjoy the pain she  
caused.

Mollie tried to speak several times after  
that, but the words refused to come from  
her dry, parched lips.

"I scarcely know you to-night Jessie,"  
he said.

"What has occurred to change you so?"

"Nothing," she replied, faintly.

"Are you not going to dance?"

"No; not now, at any rate. I think I  
will leave you for a moment, she added,  
hurriedly.

"You will return soon?"

"In half an hour."

"I will meet you here, then, Jessie."

Mollie felt that she must be alone for  
a while, to regain her failing strength of  
will, ere she said that to him which she  
had determined upon—words that would  
separate them forever.

She went to the cloak-room and there  
resolved upon what she would do, and  
that it must be done at once.

She hurried back to the ball-room. She  
saw her faithless lover standing near the  
door, and going up to him she said, in a  
low voice:

"Come out into the lobby. I must  
speak with you at once."

The gentleman seemed a little unwill-  
ing to accompany her, but after a mo-  
ment's hesitation, he offered her his arm,  
and the two walked along the almost  
deserted lobby.

They reached a spot where they were  
alone, and Mollie, withdrawing her hand  
from his arm, as though the contact was  
degrading, faced him resolutely, and said,  
in an angry tone, from which all love and  
sweetness had departed:

"Now, Mr Richmond, you may know  
that you were talking to me, not to Jes-  
sie," and lifting her mask she disclosed  
her pretty face, now flushed and dark-  
ened with anger.

"Why, Mollie," cried Charles, "I've  
been looking for you all the evening.  
Where have you been? And what a be-  
coming costume you have."

"All this is useless," said Mollie, scorn-  
fully. "You know very well that you  
have been talking to me, calling me Jes-  
sie, and telling me about your distasteful  
engagement."

"Talking to you. Why, what do you  
mean, Mollie?"

"You know what I mean, Mr. Rich-  
mond; you see that you have made a  
mistake. We will be strangers hence-  
forth," and she passed to him the ring  
that he had placed on her forefinger only  
the week before.

"But Mollie—"

She turned abruptly away, and hast-  
ened down the lobby, her heart throb-  
bing with pain, and an uncomfortable  
lump rising in her throat.

He must not know how she was suffering;  
above all, he must not see her cry;  
she had discarded him with the scorn he  
deserved, and he must never know what  
pain it had cost her; so she hurried on  
to the cloak-room, hoping to reach its  
friendly shelter ere the threatening flood  
of tears came.

She was startled by hearing a voice  
say:

"Where are you going, Jessie?" You  
said you would be back in half an hour,  
and now I find you rushing along as if  
you were mad. What is the meaning of  
this?"

Mollie looked up and saw a court  
costume before her, exactly like the one  
worn by Charley.

Instead of replying, she turned quickly,  
hastened back to the lobby where Charley  
was standing, looking downcast and  
sad; she half ran to him and throwing  
herself in his arms, burst into tears, not  
of sorrow, but of joy.

Before she had time to say a word, the  
gentleman who had taken her for Jessie,  
came up to them; but when he got one  
glance of the tear-stained face, from  
which Charley had taken the mask, he  
quickly retraced his way with words not  
exactly complimentary to himself on  
his lips.

Mollie explained, and Charley under-  
stood, and all was well again.

They are now man and wife; but never  
since that night in the winter of 187—,  
have either of them been heard to ex-  
press a desire to attend a masked ball.

"Is my breakfast ready?" said an im-  
patient young man who was trying to get  
his morning meal at a saloon. "Don't  
know," said the waiter, "I'll whistle up  
and see." "Heavens I no, don't do that. I  
ordered sausage, and if you whistle you'll  
have the whole pack down."

## A New Settler.

The *Detroit Free Press* has the follow-  
ing in its police report:

"Say, you, I want to go home!" ex-  
claimed Aaron Wallace, as he came  
through the door.

"Mr. Wallace, we are always wanting.  
The man who wrote 'Man wants but lit-  
tle here below,' didn't live a great while  
because they sent him to a lunatic asy-  
lum."

"But I must be off on the early train,"  
persisted the prisoner.

"What train?"

"For Klumbus."

"There are many sad thoughts con-  
nected with your case," said his honor,  
as he leaned back and tossed a chestnut  
from one hand to the other.

"The train will go, judge, and leave  
me here."

"I think it will. Many trains will come  
and go without regard to you. You came  
here a stranger, thinking to settle in De-  
troit—in the only city in the world where  
the grocer will give you a box of soap if  
you hint to him that he puts sand in his  
sugar. You lied to people, had a fight  
in a street car, got drunk, and the way  
you became a settler was to settle down  
in the mud."

"I'll give a million dollars to get out of  
this!" exclaimed the prisoner.

"I don't doubt it, Mr. Wallace; but  
the die is cast—the mould is prepared—  
the silver cord is loosened, and you go up  
for thirty days."

"Oh! Whack! You don't mean it, do  
you?"

"Mr. Wallace, I cannot tell a lie."

"I've got to go home—I must—I will  
go!"

"Be calm, Mr. Wallace; you are a red-  
faced man with an unusually large jugh-  
ler, and excitement might bring on a  
stroke of apoplexy."

"I'll—hold on—dumit—stop pinching!"  
shouted the prisoner, as Bijah drew him  
into the foggy atmosphere of the wait-  
ing room.

## 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, / gent.

Susq'a Depot, Pa.—April 14, 1875.

A NEW STOCK OF

Crockery,

just received and for sale by H. J.

SUPERFINE

FLOUR.

For sale by H. J. WEBB.

ALSO, ALL KINDS OF

GROCERIES,

At the store of H. J. WEBB.

For sale by

Fresh Oranges.

At Montrose, April 15, 1875.

VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers, upon reasonable terms, a

fine farm in

AUBURN TOWNSHIP,

about 1 1/2 miles from the 4 Corners, containing 150

acres, with good buildings and orchard upon it and all

improved. For particulars enquire of

LYMAN BLAKESLEE,

Foster, Susquehanna County, Pa.

W. M. B. LINABERY,

Ambrn 4 Corners, Susquehanna County, Pa.

Assignee of Jas. D. Linabery.

Jan. 10, 1877.

P. J. DONLEY,

FURNISHING

UNDER TAKER,

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

The latest improved Coffins and Caskets on hand.—

Hearse by order. Shrouds, etc. April 19, '76.

J. W. CLARK, PRACTICAL MA-

CHINESE AND GUN SMITH.

Has located on Public Avenue, (between of B. C.

Sayre's store building) where he is prepared to do all

kinds of Gun Smithing, Sewing Machine repairing Saw

Filing, Lock repairing and all light mechanical jobs on

short notice, and on as reasonable terms as can be

done elsewhere. All work warranted. Orders by mail

promptly attended to. Your patronage is solicited,  
and satisfaction guaranteed. J. W. CLARK.  
Montrose, Aug. 9, 1876.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers his farm for sale, in Sit-

ver Lake, containing 200 acres, and as fine a dairy or

stock farm as there is in the county—unimproved in

fertility and productiveness of soil either for grain or

grass. Good buildings and fine fruit. Call on or ad-

dress H. H. SKINNER, or

W. H. COOPER, Montrose, Pa.

Jan. 17, -3-3m

JOB WORK

AT THIS OFFICE, CHEAP

## BILLINGS STROUD,

GENERAL

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT

INSURANCE AGENT,

Montrose, Pa.

Capital Represented, \$100,000,000!

FIRE

Fire Association of Phil., Capital & Assets, \$3,500,000

Insurance Co. of N. A., Phil., " 5,000,000

Pennsylvania Fire, Phil., " 1,700,000

Ins. Co. of the State of Pennsylv.,  
vania, Phila., Pa., " 700,000

Lycoming of Muncy, Pa., " 6,000,000

Lancaster of Lancaster, " 400,000

Newton of Newton, " 150,000

Home Ins. Co., N. Y., " 6,000,000

National, " 450,000

Co. mercantile Fire " 450,000

Fairfield Fire Ins. Co. South  
Atlas Norwalk, Conn., " 325,000

Royal Canadian, of Montreal,  
Canada, " 1,200,000

Liverpool, London & Globe,  
of Liverpool, Eng., " 37,000,000

Providence Washington, of  
Providence, R. I., " 800,000

Trade Ins. Co. Camden, N. J., " 370,000

Fatterson Fire Ins. Co. Fatterson,  
son, N. J., " 340,000

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 es-  
timated 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.

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

The People's Drug Store.

I. N. BULLARD, PROPRIETOR.

R. KENYON, Druggist & Apothecary.

PATENT MEDICINE EMPORIUM!

The undersigned would respectfully announce to all

the people everywhere, that to his already exten-  
sive stock and variety of Merchandise in the Grocery, Pro-

vision and Hardware Departments,

He has added a very choice assortment of PURE

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, BRUSHES, PER-

FUMERY, &c., which he guarantees to be of the best

quality, and he offers to sell them at a discount to ex-  
amine before purchasing elsewhere. To all Physicians in

this section of the county he would respectfully an-  
nounce that he has secured the services of R. Kenyon,

as Druggist and Apothecary, whose long experience and  
acknowledged care and ability, entitle him to your en-  
tire confidence in the line of compounding medicines

or preparing prescriptions, and who will also esteem  
it an especial favor to receive calls from a few of his old

customers or new ones. Will make the Patent Medi-  
cine a specialty. Also Domestic and Foreign Mineral

Waters—an extensive stock. Also fine Groceries—

in fact, anything and everything that is ordinarily need-  
ed, Respectfully soliciting a call, I remain,

I. N. BULLARD.

Montrose, Sept. 9, 1874—11.

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 newly-erected building 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.