

# The Democrat.

MONTROSE, PA., JUNE 13, 1877.

## THE MONEYLESS MAN.

[This beautiful poem was composed years ago by Henry Stanton, of Kentucky. Such gems of poetry are often met with, the authors of which are never known in history.]

Is there no place on the face of the earth

Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath

birth?

Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will

heave,

And the poor and the wretched shall ask and

receive?

Is there no place on earth where a knock from

the poor

Will bring a kind angel to open the door?

Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,

There is no open door for the moneyless man!

Go look in your hall, where the chandelier

light

Drives off with its splendor the darkness of

night;

Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy

fold,

Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming of

gold.

And the mirrors of silver take up and renew

In long lighted vistas the wildering view;

Go there in your patches, and find, if you can,

A welcoming smile for the moneyless man!

Go look in your church of the cloud-reaching

spire;

Which gives back to the sun his same look of

red fire;

Where the arches and columns are gorgeous

within,

And the walls seem as pure as a soul without

sins;

Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the

great;

In the pomp and pride of their worldly estate;

Walk down in your patches, and find, if you

can,

Who opens a pew for a moneyless man!

Go look to your judge, in dark flowing gown,

With the scales wherein law weightily quietly

down;

Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on

the strong;

And punishes right while he justifies wrong;

Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid,

To render a verdict they've already made;

Go there in the court room, and find, if you

can,

Any law for the cause of a moneyless man!

Go look in the banks, where Mammon has told

Him hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;

Where, safe from the hands of the starving and

poor,

Lies piled upon pile of the glittering ore;

Walk up to the counter—ah, there you may stay

Till your limbs grow old, and your hairs turn

gray.

And you'll find at the bank not one of the elated

With money to lend to a moneyless man!

Then go to your hovel—no raven has led

The wife who has suffered so long for her

bread—

Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death

frost

From the lips of the angel your poverty lost—

Then turn in your agony upward to God,

And bless while it smites you the chastening

rod.

And you'll find, at the end of your life's little

span,

There's a welcome above for the moneyless

man!

## WAS HE IN EARNEST.

AND so you think this Miss What's-her-name would be just as fast to marry you if you were a poor man, with no expectations whatever, instead of being my nephew and supposed heir?"

There was a hurt, indignant look upon the frank young face that confronted the speaker.

"The young lady's name is Ashton, and I never said she was 'fast to marry' me."

"I beg your and the young lady's pardon. You think Miss Ashton would be just as willing to marry you if she knew you to be a poor man?"

"I do. I would stake my life on the sincerity and disinterestedness of her love."

Leaning back in his chair, Mr. Poppleton, senior, surveyed his nephew with a smile of superior wisdom, which had in it something of contemptuous pity.

"Ha! that's what all you young fellows say when you are in love; we old fellows don't lose our heads so easily. And it's well for you we don't. Why don't I make a fool of myself about some woman, I'd like to know?"

"I've often wondered, uncle, why you haven't married."

"When I was at your age, I was poor and had something else to think of; and now that I'm old, I've got more sense I hope. There's Peter Comstock, whose head is as gray as mine, he's married a girl young enough to be his daughter, and a pretty life she leads him. When Josiah Poppleton makes such a fool of himself, you may shave his head, clasp a straight jacket on him, and put him into a lunatic hospital."

The young man smiled, and then looked grave.

"You object to Miss Ashton because she is poor and a dressmaker?"

"Nothing of the sort, Fred. I object to her because she is mercenary."

"You have no right to say that, uncle, when you have never even seen her."

"I couldn't be surer of it if I had known her all my life," said the old gentleman, stoutly. "All such people are. You don't believe it, of course; but let her think you a poor man, or let a rich one make her an offer, and you would soon see."

Here Mr. Poppleton, senior, glanced at his watch.

"You'll have to be lively, young man, if you want to catch the next train. You will find the bills for collection on my desk. We'll talk the matter over when you get back."

Mr. Poppleton waited until he heard the whistle of the train that took his

nephew out of town, and then putting on his hat, and buttoning up his coat with a resolute air, went out. He walked very swiftly, passing through several streets and around various corners, until he came to the house he was in search of—a most unpretending story-and-a-half affair, on the faded green door of which were these words:

"MISS ASHTON.—DRESSMAKER."

Mr. Poppleton regarded it with a look of stern disapproval, and then settling his hat on his head with a still more resolute air, marched up the steps and rang the bell.

After waiting some little time, the door opened, revealing to his bewildered gaze the loveliest creature he had ever beheld, whose rosy lips and violet eyes smiled out upon him, as though he was an old and expected friend.

He stared at her for a moment, and then said:

"I am Josiah Poppleton, and I wish to see Miss Ashton."

The rosy lips dimpled into a still brighter smile.

"That is my name sir. Won't you walk in?"

Mr. Poppleton found himself in one of the coziest, cheeriest little sitting-rooms in the world.

The first thing his eyes fell upon was his own photograph, cabinet size, in a little rustic frame on the mantel. He remembered giving it to his nephew. And he remembered, too, with considerable satisfaction that it was a remarkably fine likeness.

"The little baggage knew me," he thought, as he took a seat, "and that was what made her smile so."

He felt his courage oozing from the ends of his fingers. Somehow, it didn't seem such an easy thing as he had fancied it would be to carry out the programme he had laid down for himself, and he began to wish he was most anywhere else. But here he was, and he must go through with it.

"Miss Ashton—ahem! I suppose you know that I am Frederick Poppleton's uncle, and so can guess why I am here?"

Rose glanced up shyly at the speaker from beneath her long brown lashes.

"I suppose it is because he asked you to come."

"Nothing of the kind. He didn't know a word about it."

"Oh!"

Mr. Poppleton felt that he was not getting on very well; as he considered it highly important that he should get on, be summoned all his resolution, and commenced again:

"No, ma'am, I came entirely on my own responsibility. I consider it a matter of duty to let you know that I strongly disapprove of your engagement. And, furthermore, it is my invincible determination, if he persists in running counter to my wishes, to have nothing more to do with him!"

This was evidently something that Rose did not expect to hear; the dimpling smiles left the mouth, and the violet eyes opened widely.

Looking resolutely away, Mr. Poppleton continued:

"If you think my nephew has property in his own right, you were never more mistaken. He is entirely dependent on me; and if he commits the folly he contemplates, I won't give him a penny—not a penny!"

Here Mr. Poppleton turned his eyes upon the face opposite him, as if to see what effect his words were producing. All its bloom and brightness had vanished, but he went pitilessly on.

"Of course, you can marry him if you choose; this is a free country, and people can make themselves as miserable as they like, I suppose. Only, I feel it my duty to warn you what the inevitable consequences will be. Fred can hardly take care of himself. You'll have a large family—poor people always do have large families—and the result will be poverty, misery, and no end of trouble."

This was not a very encouraging prospect to look forward to, and Rose did not look as if she considered it as such. She made no reply, however, and Mr. Poppleton continued:

"On the other hand, if you will act as sensible and discreetly in the matter, as I think you will, on reflection, you will never be sorry for it. You may count on my protection and friendship—the friendship and protection of Josiah Poppleton!"

Rose now spoke.

"I love Frederick—"

"Don't answer me now," interrupted Mr. Poppleton, rising and turning to the door; "take time to think the matter over. I'll be here to-morrow at the same hour to get your decision. Only remember, if you really do love my nephew, that you will not take a course that will ruin his prospects for life."

"No wonder the young rascal is bewitched," thought the old gentleman, as he took his way homeward, "she is certainly the most bewitching creature I ever saw!"

Mr. Poppleton expected his nephew back on the following day, and was therefore, all the more anxious that the matter should be satisfactorily settled. Promptly at the hour he had named to Rose, he was on hand to receive her decision.

"Mr. Poppleton, I cannot feel it would be right for me to break my engagement with your nephew; if he chooses to give me up, that is another thing. The thought of making trouble between you two gives me more pain than I can tell you. What possible objection can you have to me?"

Here poor Rose burst into tears.

"No objection to you, whatever, my

dear," said Mr. Poppleton, taking one of the soft, white hands in both of his. "On the contrary, I think you the most charming creature I ever saw!"

"Why then are you so unwilling that I should marry your nephew?"

"Because I want to marry you myself."

Rose started to her feet.

"Are you in earnest, sir?"

"I was never more so in my life. I love you to distraction and shall consider myself the happiest of men if you will become Mrs. Josiah Poppleton."

Rose turned her flushing eyes upon the speaker with a look that he never forgot.

"If you were not Frederick's uncle I should express in very plain terms my opinion of you. As it is, I have only to say that there is the door, and to ask you to go."

Mr. Poppleton did not wait a second invitation.

On reaching the corner he looked back just in time to catch a glimpse of his nephew going in.

Feeling very much like one that had been raised to a great height and set down very suddenly, Mr. Poppleton went home.

Half an hour later he heard his nephew's well-known step on the walk. Rushing to the head of the stairs, he bawled out to his servant:

"John, say I'm sick, that I'm out, that I can't see anybody!"

But he was too late; Fred was in the hall and half way up the stairs.

"Ah, uncle!" cried the young man, with a merry laugh, "that was a cunningly contrived plot of yours; the best joke I've heard yet!" The cream of it is that Rose thought you were in earnest.

You acted your part so naturally that it was some time before I could make her understand that you were only testing her love for me. But she sees it all now. You found Rose as true as steel, eh, uncle? and will make us both happy by giving your consent to our marriage?"

Mr. Poppleton not only gave this, but presented Rose, on her wedding day, with a house completely furnished.

He seemed a little shy of her at first, but this soon wore away, or rather developed into the paternal affection growing out of his mutual relation, and the winning and lovable qualities of his nephew's wife.

This little episode in his life had the good effect of making him more distrustful of himself, more tolerant of the follies and weaknesses of others. And sometimes, as Rose looked back upon it, this question arose in her mind, which she never even suggested to her husband:

"Was he in earnest?"

## Truth is Mighty.

Peter Hastings was in a saloon on Grand River avenue, and when he heard some of the other loafers telling yarns he started off and said:

"Well, you know, I was driving on Edmund street yesterday at a three-minute gate. All at once a front wheel ran off the sulky