The Democrat.

MONTROSE, PA., JUNE 20, 1877.

THE IMMORTELLE.

The sheep are sheltered in the fold
The mists are marshaling on the hill,
The squirrel watches from his lair,
And every loving thing is still;
  The fields are gray with immortelles.

The river, like a sluggish snake,
Creeps o'er the brown and bristly plain;
I hear the swinging of the pines
Betwixt the pauses of the rain
  Down dripping on the immortelles.

And think of faces still and cold,
That flinch not under falling tears;
Meek-mouthed and heavy-lidded, and
With sleek hair put behind the ears,
  And crowned with scented immortelles.

The partridge hath forgot his rest
Among the stubble by the rill;
In vain the lances of the frost
Seek for some tender things to kill,—
  They cannot hurt the immortelles!

Sad empress of the stony fell,
Gray stoic of the blasted heath,
Dullest of flowers that ever bloomed,
And yet triumphant over death,
  O weired and winged immortelle.

The wind cries in the reedy marsh,
And wanders sobbing through the dell.
Poor, broken hearted lover! he
For violets finds the immortelle,—
  The immortelle! the immortelle!

BERTHA'S PROPENSITY.

BY INEZ IRVING.

"YOU need give yourself no uneasiness on that score, Harry!" I do not love him.

"And yet I do! I know the danger of a daily intimacy with a man who, I believe, loves you, and whom you by no means despise."

"But I love you! My heart isn't large enough to hold two at once."

It won't be two at once! I shall be 'out of sight' and also 'out of mind.' You have told me that he once had a good deal of influence over you. I am afraid he will retain it."

"How faithless you are, Harry!" said Bertha Dunbar, twining her arms around his neck, and looking into his eyes fondly.

"I am jealous of every one who wins a smile from you. How can I help it? You have been called a flirt, you know. How do you expect me to feel easy in your absence, especially under the present circumstances?"

"You seem to be sadly lacking in conceit for a 'lord of creation.'" said Bertha, mischievously. "I have heard, time and again, that you were a lady-killler, but this state of mind argues a lack of those qualities that win and hold a woman's heart. According to your own showing, your own personal magnetism can not be very powerful if you cannot keep a heart from playing truant during a few weeks absence from you."

"It is hard to hold such a girl as you, even if present. One moment I think you love me, and the next you are driving me to distraction by some unaccountable action that I don't believe you could explain yourself. This absence will make the matter worse. It won't make the 'heart grow fonder' on your side, particularly when there is a counter influence drawing you from me."

"I suppose you have proved it in some of your numerous flirtations," said Bertha, saucily. "As to unaccountable actions, if you think you can ever thoroughly understand a woman's actions, you will find your mistake sometime before you 'shuffle off this mortal coil."

"I've found that out already—don't need to wait for the event you mentioned. But the idea of your talking of my 'numerous flirtations!' Can the fourth part of yours be numbered? Whatever my past experience has been, I can flirt no more since I met you. I'm caught now—effectually, too! I wish I felt sure that you are as safely in the net as I am—as safely as I hold you now!" And he caught her close in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Well, I can not make you any surer now," said Bertha, with mock resignation. I don't think I shall change. However, one can not always trust one's self; and, if I do, don't worry about me—I shall not be worth having."

"Don't speak so lightly, Bertha. You know I cannot drop you so easily. Why can not Carrie Leverett come up to see you this summer, instead of you going up there to be company for her bachelor brother?"

"Nonsense, Harry!" said Bertha, impatiently. "Because she visited me last. I'm going, and shall try to have the very best time I can—I'm not in love with Gordon Leverett, as I said at first. If I marry any one I don't love, he must be able to give me jewels and gold to atone for the sacrifice."

A shade of pain passed over Harry's face.

"I'm not wealthy, you know, Bertha."

"I said if I married any one I didn't love. You dear, foolish, jealous boy, it don't apply to you at all, because I love you. Won't you trust me? I don't want to go away and leave you unhappy, but I must tease you a little sometimes, just for fun, dear. You know you'll have a chance to pay me back sometime." And she held up her face for a kiss, with a look in her eyes which caused Harry Chester's heart to rebound to the other extreme of blissful certainty that she really loved him.

The next morning, Bertha bade him good-by at the depot, and kissed her hand to him as he stood on the platform, and the train glided out.

She had a pleasant ride of two hours. Then the cars stoped at the station in the town of Westfield, and she was greeted warmly by her friend Carrie, while her brother stood ready for his turn of recognition.

"I am glad to welcome you to Westfield, Miss Dunbar," he said, accompanying the words with a look that caused her to drop her eyes for a moment—for it told her that the intimacy of a year ago had taken a stronger hold upon him than she believed it would.

She had associated with him as the brother of her friend, and a genial companion, but had never felt her pulse quicken under his touch. She had believed that he only had a passing fancy for her. She was a thorough believer in the fickleness of man. Since her entrance into society, she had made what others called conquests—though she made them unconsciously—of at least half a score of masculine hearts. As each and all failed to find her heart, she refused them.—She had seen them disconsolate over their refusal, and, in a few weeks after, apparently happy husbands of other women.

Two months before the opening dialogue, she had met Harry Chester, and after a few weeks' acquaintance she was forced to admit to herself that she had found her king. He loved her truly, devotedly, as a man, or woman, loves but once. But she carried her tenderness far beneath the surface, and her usual manner never betrayed the depth and intensity of the love that was springing up in her heart. It was not coquetry, as might appear to some, but a natural phase of her nature.

Harry was a noble fellow, and worthy of a true woman's love; but he was not without some of the unreasonable exactions of his sex which asks for an idolatrous devotion, and then when it is given, repays it by cold indifference, thus learning that what is won easily is never prized, be it love or money.

He wrote to her twice a week. His letters she answered, punctually and affectionately, so that he had no need to complain of neglect or estrangement.—But, after a few weeks of smooth sailing, he ceased to hear from her. His last letter remained unanswered, and he became almost desperate with uneasy doubts.—He would have written again asking an explanation of her silence, but pride, of which he had a full share, somehow held him back.

While in this state of mind, he one morning took up the daily paper, and read this item:

"Mr. Gordon Leverett has quite unexpectedly come into possession of a handsome fortune which has descended to him through his English relatives."

Cold drops started on his forehead.—Could this be the reason of her silence? Her jeating words came to him. "If I marry any one I don't love, he must be able to give me jewels and gold to atone for the sacrifice."

Was this temptation within her reach, and, if so, was she strong enough to resist it? He could not endure the suspense longer. He dashed off a letter, telling her he had not heard from her for what seemed an eternity. He added this paragraph:

"I have just read an announcement of the good fortune of your host. Had that circumstance anything to do with your neglect of me?"

Meanwhile Gordon had been apprised of his unexpected good fortune by a lawyer's letter. He read it over two or three times before he could make himself believe that he was not dreaming, or that it was not for some other person of the same name. Then he carried it into the room where his sister and Bertha spent their evenings, and gave it to the former. She read it to herself, with quickly changing color.

Let Bertha hear it," said her brother, and she read it aloud.

"Why, Gordon, can it be possible that we are so wealthy?" she exclaimed, getting up and taking hold of his arm. I cannot believe it! And yet it must be so. Oh, Bertha, I wish you were my sister, so you could share it with us!"

She spoke impulsively, but looking from one to the other, saw that she had caused some confusion.

"Let me see the letter," said Bertha, reaching out her hand with the confidence of a long tried friend.

She was anxious to cover up the awkward pause that had been made by Carrie's exclamation. She glanced over it rapidly.

"It's here in black and white, no mistake!" she said, gaily, as she ran her eyes over the contents. "I'm really glad for you both! Such good luck doesn't come every day."

And then there was a great deal of laughter, and talking and planning all sorts of practicable and impracticable things, and in all the plans Carrie seemed to tacitly include Bertha.

Later in the day, he had a chance to see Bertha alone. She was sitting under a tall, grand old tree, in the grounds of the quiet, homelike, old fashioned place, with a book in her hand. He threw himself on the grass beside her. The summer sunlight made delicate tracery on the space around them, and threw many shadows on her cheek and neck. He plunged into the subject.

"I do not wish to be precipitate, but I have loved you so long that I must speak! I do not want to buy your love—but—I can speak better now than before, when I had less to offer you. Don't you love me a little, Bertha? You have been so cold and disdainful, at times, that I hardly dare to hope that you care for me. Be that as it may, my heart is in your keeping—my fortune at your feet."

There was a temptation! A gentleman of irreproachable character, education, handsome withal, offering her more brilliant wordly prospects than she had ever dreamed would be hers! For a moment she was tempted. She had a keen love for the beautiful things that wealth procures; the man's eloquent eyes were turned full upon her, and she had always dreamed of luxury. Just for a moment, the brilliant prospect shut out the noble, high bred face of Harry Chester from her consciousness—but only for a moment. Then her heart went back to him, and sent a full tide of love sweeping through her being, and she knew that her love was stronger than her ambition.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Leverett, that you should have asked me this, when I have no heart to give you. I never thought our acquaintance would terminate in anything but friendship. Since I saw you last I have learned what it is to love."

The eager look went out of his face. A twilight shadow seemed to fall upon it, though the afternoon sun was shining brilliantly. Then he brightened a little, and said inquiringly:

"Your love is not a hopeless one? It is returned?"

"You must know that I never give my love unsought," she said proudly. "When I say that I love, it presupposes that I am loved."

He smiled somewhat sadly. She saw in a moment the motive of the inquiry. He had thought there was a possibility that she might yet be won. She felt ashamed of her momentary resentment in the presence of the man who loved her, but to whom she had no heart to give.

"I can say no more," he said. "I can not urge you. I want your love freely—or not at all. I hope you will be happy—as I should try to make you."

He left her sitting where he had found her, and walked away to crush down his disappointment manfully. In a few moments after, Harry's letter was handed to her.

"Hasn't heard from me for so long? What can it mean? Surely Carl mailed the letters! Carrie said he was trusty. Dear Harry! And so he is getting uneasy about me, and he has read of Gordon's fortune in the paper. If he knew what I have just refused, because I love him, he would cease doubting me."

Thus she soliloquised over the letter. But the propensity for teasing was strong within her. With feminine contradiction, she could inflict wounds on those she loved—when she knew with certainty that it lay in her power to heal them by the magic of her presence, the magnetism of her touch.

She wrote an answer at once, but in an uncertain manner, so that he hardly knew how to take it. She assured him that she had really written, and could not account for the non appearance of the letters. One paragraph ran thus:

"Yes, Mr. Leverett has had an immense fortune left him. Not two hours ago, he offered to lay it all at my feet if I would be his wife. What do you suppose my answer was?"

It was rather cruel to write this to a man in his peculiar mood, but Bertha did not realize it. She intended to follow it up with her presence, in a day or two, at the outside, and make it all right with him. She felt like cutting short the visit, after the talk with Gordon, but Carrie would not listen to it. When she knew the state of affairs, she said:

"I hoped to have you for my sister, through love for Gordon; but if your heart has gone out to another, let the subject drop. You know we advocated marrying for love alone in our schooldays; it seems we advocate it still. We will go to the beach for a few days and enjoy ourselves together; then if you must go home, we will let you off."

Gordon, whose plan it was, warmly urged her.

"We have been friends too long, Bertha," he said, "to allow anything to come between us. I want to feel as free as you did before our interview."

So it was settled, and the next day they were booked in a commodious hotel, and enjoying the cool breezes of the old ocean.

When Bertha's letter reached Harry, he tore it open with excited fingers. His fancy saw in it an intimation that she really had concluded to marry the wealthy one. His old doubts of her love for him returned with overwhelming force. His first thought was to rush out, take a train, confront her and her lover, and know the truth. Second thoughts convinced him that he had not better risk making a fool of himself, and being laughed at for his pains. He could not endure the life where everything reminded him of her, so, for a change, took a trip to the seaside, and, as fate decreed, to the self-same locality and hotel where our party had put up the same day. He was thinking the matter over more calmly, and the whole truth, when a shorter method of clearing the mystery was thrust upon him. Returning from a solitary ramble on the beach, the next morning, with eyes on the ground, the sound of a strangely familiar voice fell upon his ear. He looked up into the face of Bertha, for they were right upon him, and, before he had time to more than glance at her companions, she had stopped short in her walk and reached her hand out to him with her old impulsive motion.

"You here, Harry! Why, I thought you were in the city. I am so glad to see you! I never expected—but I am forgetting, allow me to introduce my friends. Carrie, this is my friend, Mr. Chester. Miss Leverett, Harry. Mr. Leverett, Mr. Chester."

Introductions acknowledged, the four were walking along the beach together, Harry wondering to himself if this girl was playing with him, and feeling inwardly a strong desire to pitch Leverett into the ocean.

"I was working too hard, and just ran down for a few days' rest," he said, in answer to Bertha's expression of surprise at seeing him, feeling that the time and place had not arrived to tell his real reason.

"My friends and I thought we would breathe a little sea air before my return. I intended to be at home now, but you find me here on their invitation, which I could not resist."

Harry could hardly make out the situation; her manner puzzled him. She seemed to treat Leverett and himself alike. She had too much womanly tact and feeling for Leverett to do otherwise. He inwardly resolved to have it cleared up as soon as possible; he was beginning to feel angry with her.

"I should like to see you alone," he said, when they returned to the house.

"I want to see you, too," she answered, with a smile. "Here is a private parlor where we shall be secure from interruption."

He sat down beside her, and took both her hands in his.

"Bertha, tell me what is Mr. Leverett's relation to you?"

"That of a noble but rejected lover.—Harry, didn't you know that I loved you too well to admit another into my affections?"

He caught her in his arms and held her close. She was his once more.

"You know, Bertha, that I didn't get a letter for a whole week, and then, when you did write, it wasn't satisfactory, and you were with him all the time. When I saw you first to day, I was afraid something was wrong."

She drew his face close to her own.

"I never fully realized how I loved you until dazling wealth on the one hand and you on the other trembled before me in the balance. Then I knew that my love for you outweighed every consideration. I want you to trust me now, no matter how strange my actions may appear. Can you not?"

"Yes, darling, I can. But do you wonder that, loving you as I do, I was uneasy?"

"No, I don't. I know too, that I am very provoking. I ought not to have written that last letter as I did. I knew you would not be reassured by it, but I did not dream that you would mind it so much. Won't you forgive me, Harry?" And her arms stole lovingly around his neck.

"Forgive you, dear? I could forgive anything now! But you won't do so again, Bertha," he said, with a compelling tone in his voice new to her ear as he raised her from her resting place, and looked into her eyes with a steady light in his own.

Something in his manner caused her to say almost humbly:

"No, I will not. And, Harry, dear, won't you be polite to Mr. Leverett?—He and his sister are both good friends of mine, and he has acted nobly since I had to tell him I loved another."

"Oh, yes," said Harry. "I can afford to be polite to him, since he has not won you from me."

A week after Harry and Bertha were again in the city. He found letters awaiting him. The first he opened was the missing one from Bertha; it was soiled and somewhat crushed, and had evidently been carried in some one's pocket. On opening the other he found that in consideration of important service rendered he had been promoted to a higher position in his business, on a liberal salary, that would enable him to offer her a home of elegance and even luxury. He at once carried the letters to her.

"There," she said, as she looked at the one she had written. "Carl forgot to mail it, and carried it around a forthight, but when he did remember he acted on the receipt, 'better late than never'."

"'Now look at this,' he said as he handed her the other, secretly rejoicing that it was in his power now to place her in the position she was fitted to fill.

She looked up from its perusal, her eyes full of happy tears.

"I have your love and money too, dear Harry," she said. "I ought to be content."

Through the dicipline of years of happy married life, Bertha has well nigh lost her old time propensity for teasing. Her nature has been ennobled and refined, until she has become

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

Gordon Leverett has found another, a fair, gentle wife whom he loves as well as if he had never known Bertha, and she rejoices in his happiness.

An ingenious Frenchman on Long Island claims to have discovered a sure means of destroying the potato bugs.—Mix one gollon of prussic acid with three ounces of rend rock, stir well, and administer a tablespoonful every hour and a half till the bug shows signs of weakening. Then stamp on him.

A woman in a western city recently fell out of a second-story window and struck on her head. She said she didn't know when anything had made her so mad before.

Forest's First Appearance.

He was in the street playing marbles on the pavement with some other urchins, when Porter, the manager, came along and said to him, "Can you perform the part of a girl in a play?" "Why?" asked Edwin, looking up in surprise. "Because," replied the manager, "the girl who was to perform the character is sick." "Do you want me to take the part?" "Yes. Will you?" When is it to be played?" "To-morrow night." "I will do it," answered the considerate youth, triumphantly. Porter gave him a play book, pointed out the part he was to study, and left him.

Edwin began forthwith, and was soon quite up in the part. But how to provide himself with a suitable costume for the night! This was a great difficulty. At length, bethinking himself of a female acquaintance of whose name was Eliza Berryman, he went to her and borrowed what was needful in general, but not in particular.

Night came on, and the boy, as a substitute for a girl, was to take the part of Rosalia de Borgia, in the romantic melodrama of "Rudolph; or the Robbers of Calabria." He went to the theatre and donned the dress. Finding himself in want of a bosom, he tore off some portions of scenery and stuffed them about his breast under the gown, and was ready for the curtain to rise. He had been provided by the kind Eliza with a sort of turbin for the head, and for ringlets he had placed horsehair done into a bunch of curls. The first scene pisplayed Rosalia de Borgia at the back of the stage, behind a barred and grated door, peering out of a prison. As she stood there, she was seen by the audience, and applauded. They could not then well discern her rugged and somewhat incongruous appearance. Pretty soon Rosalia came in front, before the foot-lights. Then at once rose a universal guffaw from the assembly. She looked about, a little disconcerted, for the cause of this merriment. To her intense sorrow and disgust, she found that her gown and petticoat were quite too short, and revealed to the audience a most remarkably unfeminine pair of feet, ankles and legs.

He stood it for a time, until a boy in the pit, one of his mates, whom he had told that he was going to play, and who was there to see him yell out. "The heels and the big shoes! Hi yi! hi yi! Look here, chap, you wait till the play is done and I'll lick you like hell!" Then the boys in the pit bawled out, Oh, she swears! she swears!" The audience were convulsed with laughter, the curtain came down and poor Rosalia de Borgia, all perspiration, was hustled off the stage in disgrace.

He kept his word with the boy in the pit, whose pointed remarks and loud laughter had so much annoyed and provoked him. He inflicted the promised thrashing, though—as he said, in relating the incident more than fifty years later—it was one of the toughest jobs he ever undertook. As soon as the combatants were satisfied, the victor and victim made up, shook hands, and remained ever afterwards firm friends.

A year later the late Alderman John Swift, who had casually met the lad and conceived a high opinion of him, obtained for him the great favor of a regular appearance at the Walnut street Theatre. That was on November 27, 1820, as Norval in the play of "Douglas." He wanted some months of fifteen, but he succeeded. Between that date and January 6, 1821, he appeared twice as Norval, once as Frederick in "Lovers Vows," and once as Octavian in "The Mountineers." His ambition was excited, and he actually ventured, a little later, on hiring the Prune-street Theatre for his own benefit, and, drawing a good house, came off with plenty of applause and some pecuniary gain.

A boy came down Linwood avenue on the rush, a few nights since, and in an exciting manner said there were a lot of lights in the Jewish burial ground. Half a dozen scientific men, four loafers and a dog started off to see them. The graveyard was as dark as such places usually are. "Where are the lights?" asked a big man of the boy. The youngster backed off to a safe distance and yelled out, "Underground; they are Israelites!" He then ran for his life.

He was praising her beautiful hair, and begging for one tiny curl, when her little brother said: "O my, 'tain't nothin' now. You just ought to see how long it hangs down when she hangs it on the table to comb it." Then they laughed, and she called her brother a cute little angel, and when the young man was going away and heard that boy yelling, he thought the lad was taken suddenly and dangerously ill.

"It's all very well," remarked a red-nosed man in a bad hat and an ulster of the vintage of '73 "it's all very well to say let business revive, but what we want sir, is confidence, public confidence, sir. Each of us must be willing to bring out our hoarded dollars and put them once more in circulation. Then the skies will brighten, then—by the way, I changed my vest this morning—lend me fifty cents, will you?"

The odor of the African has never been accounted for, although many expeditions have started for the scenter of Africa.

The good Samaritan stopped at the sound of woe; so does a good horse.