

# THE DEMOCRAT.

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**DEEP** Wonders exist in thousands of forms, but are surprised by the marvelous power of invention. Those who are in the habit of looking at things as they are, and not as they can be, are missing the best of things. It is not the thing itself, but the way of looking at it that counts. Send your name to the inventor, J. H. Lawrence, care of the publisher, The Democrat, Weldon, N. C. No special ability required; you are secured for your investment and return to us and we will send you free something of great value and importance to you. This will start you in business, which will bring you in money, right away, from the first day of the world. Grand outfit free. Address: J. H. Lawrence, care of the publisher, The Democrat, Weldon, N. C. 3-22-ly.

## The Same Forever.

The Cross stands firm; no blast of time,  
No hurricane of earth's rude climate,  
Can shake its heavenly steadfastness,  
Or lessen its high power to bless.  
I look and live!

The tidings from that tree of life  
Are still God's message from above,  
Telling, each hour, of cleansing blood,  
And pointing to the upward road.  
I hear and live!

Still does the Christ His face reveal,  
His well of living joy unsealed,  
Still telling of His love and light,  
His meekness, majesty and might.  
I come and live!

Still waves life's tree its glorious wealth,  
Laden with everlasting health;  
With fruit and leaf divinely fair,  
And immortality still there.  
I eat and live!

Still from the rock the waters burst  
To quench the weary spirit's thirst;  
Who drinketh once will drink again,  
Who drinketh shall not drink in vain.  
I drink and live!

—(Bonar.)

## THE CHANGED HEART.

"But how can I help being neglected and miserable, Ned? You scarcely look at me when Miss Lovel is near, and she is your preferred partner in all things now. You walk with her, you sing with her, you drive with her, you dance with her, and it makes me very wretched!"

"Now, Mollie, if you're going to be jealous!"

"I'm not jealous, Ned. If I thought you didn't care most for me; if I fancied you cared at all for any one else, I don't think I'd remonstrate with you at all. I would just take off this," touching the diamond on her hand, "and hand it back to you. I'm not jealous, but you are not very kind to me, Ned."

"My little pet, you do not see things as I see them. One owes something to society, especially when one is at the seaside. If you would only remember that I love you too well to find fault with anything you can do, and if you would become a little more of a society character yourself, I should be perfectly happy. Why, you scarcely take the least attention from any one but me, and so many are willing to offer attentions to you. Now, dear, kiss me once; I must be off; I am to drive on the beach with Miss Lovel; not jealous, my pet?"

"Not jealous, Ned, no," and she turned from him, but without giving the kiss he had asked for.

"She is jealous, though!" the young fellow thought, smiling as he watched the pretty, straight figure going away from the nook in which he had found her, out to the stretch of sand, against which the waves were rolling, receding, leaving now a mass of seaweed on it, now returning and bearing it away—a very coquette of an ocean, now kind and now cold, and always fair in the sunlight.

Ned Tremaine hurried over the beach, whistling as he went, and he presently caught up with his affianced, who, in her pretty dress of cream and black, with the wild sun hat pushed a little back on her blonde head, was looking very beautiful and animated—and smiling in the face of Lee Stone, the most incorrigible mate flit at the beach.

"Where now, Tremaine?" the latter called out, as with a nod he pursued his way.

"For a drive on the beach; will see you later," and Ned had gone by, resuming his whistle.

Mr. Stone smiled a little and spoke a few words to Mollie. She colored slightly, followed the tall form of her lover a moment with her eyes, then gave a gracious answer, and half an hour later, when Ned and Miss Lovel met the pretty light carriage on the beach in which Lee Stone took his daily drive, they received a pleasant nod from pretty Mollie, who was his companion, and who looked as though she was thoroughly enjoying his society.

"She certainly lost no time in following my suggestions," Ned told himself half in surprise, "and she had evidently found the society of Stone anything but boring."

"What a handsome couple they make," Miss Lovel said, with a certain gleam in her steady, gray eyes. Ned colored suddenly, but didn't quite know why.

"Perhaps you didn't know that Miss Annes is my promised wife," he said, a trifle coldly.

"Oh, but so many engagements are broken in a summer at the seaside; one never minds that very much," the languid belle said indifferently.

That night there was a hop at the hotel, and Ned had made up his mind while dressing to be a little more attentive to Mollie; but to his surprise he didn't find Mollie Annes shrinking under her mother's wing as had been her custom. A number of old friends had arrived while they were at dinner, and they were about her, and while she gave him (Ned) a smile from the distance he found it quite difficult to get near her. Then a slight tap on his arm informed him that Miss Lovel was asking him why he was so preoccupied, and, as Mollie and Stone went circling

by, joining the waltzers, he followed them with Miss Lovel.

"A rather pronounced flirtation," Lee laughed, later, when he and Mollie stood on the hotel terrace, watching the moonlight on the sea and strand, and one solitary couple pacing slowly along beside the waters. Both knew who they were, for a few minutes before they had seen Ned Tremaine place that pale pink scarf about the shoulders of Miss Laura Lovel as he led her across the terrace, too much engrossed in his task, it would seem, to notice Mollie or her companion.

"Oh, everybody flirts more or less at a seaside hotel; one has nothing else to do, you know," Mollie answered. Lee with a little ripple of laughter, and he looked on the pretty face to which the moonlight was so tender, his voice sinking almost to a whisper as he spoke to her.

"It is a cowardly pastime for a man," he said softly, "and for a woman it is a cruel one."

Ain she laughed, while arranging the bracelet on her arm; a touch of mockery was in the rippling voice.

"And you—is it pleasant to know that you are cruel and cowardly?" she questioned. "One is tempted to become personal when such remarks come from one who is said to count his conquests with cruel pride, and to whom the world gives no higher aim than to fascinate—and remain careless. Am I to complain? Forgive me."

"I forgive you freely—as I would forgive you all things, Miss Annes; but neither you nor the world fully understands me. I may seem a trifle; but were the woman I love to love me in return no smile would be so sweet as hers, no presence half so dear."

Mollie had been watching the couple on the sands going slowly back and forth, back and forth in the moonlight; now she lifted her sweet young face and looked at him with a sort of wondering pity.

"Do we all wrong you, then?" she asked, gently. "Have you failed in your wooing? Can you not win where you love?"

His face flashed a little at her words, and she, watching it, was struck by its strength and beauty. How did it chance that she had never noticed it before?

"I am not left the chance to woo or win her," he said, slowly; "she is another's promised wife."

"Ah," she said, pityingly; and she gave him her hand in a sweet, womanly sympathy, never for an instant connecting his words with herself. He lifted the small hand reverently to his lips, and drawing it through his arm turned towards the beach. As he did so he found himself facing Ned Tremaine and Laura Lovel, who were coming in from the moonlight, and he noticed that the young man's face was quite white, while there was a half scornful smile on the lips of the fair belle of the seaside. But the two couples passed each other in silence, the one going down to the stretch of the glittering sand, the other going in to the dancers.

A week later, and Mollie had just come in from a long hour, peaceful and calm, spent with Lee in a quiet nook among the rocks that overhung the ocean. He had been reading to her there some of the sweetest poems given to the world by genius. Her heart had thrilled as he read, and new, strange feelings had stirred it. When he closed the book he had looked up and found her eyes filled with tears. And now in her own room she was asking herself how it was that what she had commenced but for the purpose of annoying Ned had in one brief week slain all her old resentment against Miss Lovel and made her thoughts turn constantly, not to Ned Tremaine, who was her affianced husband, but to Lee Stone, who was termed the greatest flit at the beach. What was changing in her life? When she saw Ned and Laura it did not pain her as it used. Was it because a handsomer face, a stronger and a nobler face than Ned's was constantly near, ready to turn to her with devotion, ready to light if she smiled?

A servant broke her ponderings by bringing her two messages—one a bouquet of white flowers with a few feathery sprays of fern among their whiteness and one crimson rose gleaming red from their centre, and in it was a note from Lee asking her to go for a drive with him by moonlight; the other was a few angry lines from Ned, asking if she remembered that she was betrothed to him while she allowed every gossip at the hotel to chatter of her flirtation with Lee Stone.

"I have been patient, waiting an opportunity of speaking to you," he wrote, "but you will not give me one, so I write to ask you if you wish our engagement broken; to all it would seem so."

She trembled a little as she read, and her sweet face changed color; but she went to her desk, drew from it every letter he had ever sent her, formed them and his ring in a package, and wrote him the following note:

It was I who first taught patience while my existence was forgotten for one who was what you had me become—a society character. Why should I fancy that you wish

an interview with me of late? It is not so long since you could not spare a moment for me from Miss Lovel. Do I wish our engagement broken? Perhaps we both wish it. Ned; at least let us break it, since I so dispense you. I send you your letters and ring.

Then, although a choking sensation was in her throat, she penned a brief note to Lee:

"I shall be pleased to go with you," that was all; and in the twilight—the moon rose late—the went with him out over the beach and far along the country.

Was it strange that he noticed she no longer wore Ned's ring? Was it strange that he told her of his love, and that she listened silently, believing, with a strange flutter at her heart? Was it strange that when they drove back, lingering beside the sobbing ocean, another ring should deck her finger and another bond should lie upon her life?

Well, two others walked upon the strand, two whom the gossip called lovers; and yet when it was told that Mollie Annes was to place her happiness in the keeping of the "flirt of the beach," one man who heard it turned as white as death, and shrank from the sight of the beautiful woman beside him, although men called her fair, and many said she had won him from his faith; yet Mollie was too happy to regret, although she sometimes remembered.—(Toledo Blade.)

**Pet Problems to the Ancients.**  
Among the problems with which it pleased the ancients to perplex themselves was one which bears in an instructive manner on the doctrine of limits. It may be thus stated: The swift footed Achilles started in pursuit of a tortoise which was 10,000 yards from him, Achilles running 100 times faster than the tortoise. Now, when Achilles had traversed the 10,000 yards, the tortoise had traveled 100 yards; when Achilles had traveled these 100 yards the tortoise had traveled one yard; when Achilles had traversed this yard the tortoise was still 100th part of a yard in advance; when Achilles had traversed this 100th part of a yard in advance, and so on forever—the tortoise being at each stage in advance of Achilles by one hundredth part of the distance Achilles had traversed in the preceding stage. The tortoise then remains always in advance of Achilles by some distance however minute; and therefore Achilles can never overtake the tortoise. But we know that Achilles traveling faster than the tortoise will overtake it. Therefore, Achilles will and will not overtake the tortoise; which is absurd. The ancients were strangely fond of problems of this sort. Thus there was the famous problem about the ass between two exactly equal bundles of hay, at exactly equal distance. "This ass," says the sophist, "will attempt to eat neither bundle; for, by whatever line of reasoning it could be shown that he would turn first to one bundle, by a line of reason precisely similar it may be shown that he would turn first to the other. But he cannot turn first to both. Therefore, he will turn to neither." Another of these problems was thus worded: "Euphemides, the Cretan, says that the Cretans are liars. Now Euphemides is himself a Cretan, therefore Euphemides is a liar. Therefore the Cretans are not liars. Therefore Euphemides is not a liar. Therefore the Cretans are liars. Therefore Euphemides is a liar. Therefore," etc., ad infinitum. Other stated the problem in a more simple form, thus: "When a man says I lie, does he lie or does he not lie? If he lies he speaks the truth, if he speaks the truth he lies."—(Commercial Advertiser.)

**Good and Bad News.**  
Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops the digestion, and partially suspends the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches, joy illuminates it, and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotions often kill the body at a stroke. Chilo, Diogenes and Socrates died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of defeat killed Philip V. One of the popes died of an emotion of the ludicrous on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificals, occupying the chair of state. The door-keeper of Congress expired on hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it had subsided. L. G. Grave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another.

**In an Old Boston House.**  
Mr. Platterly (trying to make himself solid)—What a remarkably strong, manly face your grandfather had, Miss Phillips.

Miss Phillips—Pardon me, Mr. Platterly, but that's grandpa's—(Judge.)

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—(Name withheld.)

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