

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Something Beyond.

Near a wide field set thick with corn
Stood the low eaved house where I was
born.
And ever and ever 'twas my delight
To watch the green blade smooth and
bright.
"It comes from the sun, it comes from the
soil,
It comes by the farmers who toil and mow,
So said my father, but on his knees
Knew there was something greater than
these.

Out of my window I used to lean,
The long shining ribbons bonny and green
Fluttered and floated; and through the soft
gleam
I looked for the wandrons, invisible looms
That wove the bright corn. "It comes
from the soil.
It comes by the farmers who toil and mow,"
So said my father, but on his knees
Thought there was something greater than
these.

Down in the eave on a midsummer day
I looked for the years that were hidden
away.
O little green crabs lined with soft silk,
Holding the young corn white as new
milk!
I did to the blue sky, "Where can it be,
The heart of this beautiful mystery,
In the sun, and the soil, and the warm
rains that fall?
Ah, yes, but there's something behind it all.
The years go by, I'm a child no more,
Who runs through the corn to the cot-
tage door.
Out with the harvesters we run
Under the golden September sun,
My father looks on with hope and with
fear.
"Love is a rainbow, a smile and a tear,"
Nay, love is a mystery. It grows like the
corn.
None know the heaven where it is born.
Bonny green ribbons, brown full sear,
Magical light of the harvest moon!
My brother's laugh and my father's
"Love is a rose with many a thorn,
But roses die," I listen and smile,
I think the corn and know all the while
That, though our love is a human bond,
Its life is held in something beyond.
—[Mrs. M. E. Batts, in the Housewife.]

THE COPYIST.

"Jim," said Mr. Perkins to his office
boy, "put on some more coal."
"Yes, sir."
"And—by your heart—take this
packet of papers around to Penn &
Lak's and ask 'em what they mean by
sending me such a blotted piece of
work."
"Yes, sir," and Jim evidently prefer-
ring the snow-drifted air and
slippery sidewalks of the outer world
to the close little law office, dashed off
like an arrow out of a bow.
Mr. Perkins took out a fresh bundle
of quill pens and a pair of gold
tweezers and began to work in good earnest,
when, all of a sudden, a tap came to
his office door.
"Come in," said Mr. Perkins, in a
voice that sounded considerably more
like a "clear out" and a young lady
entered, dressed in current-colored
merino, with a little plumed hat and a
neat-looking flat satchel on her arm.
"I haven't anything to give," said
Mr. Perkins, sternly.
The young lady sat down uninvited,
and then Mr. Perkins saw that she was
very pretty.
"I was not begging, sir," she said.
"May I ask, then, what was your
business?" said Mr. Perkins, more tri-
pidly than ever.
The young lady took a parcel from
her bag.
"I don't want to buy anything," said
Mr. Perkins.
"I was not selling, sir," said the
lady.
"Please explain your business at
once," said he, tartly. "I have no time
to spare."
"Please allow me to do so, then,"
said the young lady. "I was soliciting
subscriptions for—"
"I don't want to subscribe," hastily
interrupted Mr. Perkins.
"How do you know whether you do
or not?" inquired the young lady, with
some spirit, "that you have seen the
work, at least?"
Mr. Perkins smiled a little. She was
brusque, but he didn't altogether dis-
like that. And besides, she was de-
cidedly original.
"Because there have been at least
three of your craft before you this
morning," said he, "all selling 'Illustrated
Lives of Great Men.'"
"But mine is quite different. Mine is
'Careers of Famous Women,' with
Steel Plate Engravings," persisted the
young lady.
"Your business is overcrowded,"
said Mr. Perkins. "No, you needn't
take the trouble to show me the book.
Why don't you do something else?"
"Will you tell me what?" said the
young lady, despairingly. "Will you
help me to get anything whereby I may
support myself?"
"What can I do?"
"That is what everybody says," she
answered, "and between you and I
I should starve. You are a lawyer. Will
you give me some law copying?"
"Can you write a clear and legible
hand?" Mr. Perkins asked.
The young lady sat bolt upright at a
desk by the chimney piece.
"I'll show you what I can do," said
she.
Mr. Perkins looked over her shoulder

endowed with a goodly spice of Mother

Erin's blarney.
"I don't know! I don't care!"
screamed Mrs. Molyneux Martin, tripping
the soles of her slippers feet on
the carpet in a way that threatened a
yet more violent attack of hysterics.
"Pick up the curb, Kailin, and
look," urged Edith Rosabene.
"Any Archdale," she read out loud.
"Why, ma, it's the governess you dis-
charged, Isour Miss Archdale."
"The old fool!" shrieked Mrs. Moly-
neux Martin. "To go and marry a girl
young enough to be his granddaughter!
Well, that caps the climax."
"You forget me," said Edith Rosabene.
"Uncle Edith's only two years
older than you are. I've heard you say
so lots of times."
"Hold your tongue, you ungrateful,
wretched daughter!" ejaculated Mrs.
Molyneux Martin. "I'll never speak to
him again!"
But she did. Sober second thought
convinced her that it was better to sub-
mit to the inevitable, and she was one
of the first to end on Mr. and Mrs.
Edith Perkins in the elegant brown-
stone house that the lawyer had bought
and furnished for his bride.
And perhaps one of the most trium-
phant moments of Amy Archdale's life
was that in which she extended a
gracious and paragonizing greeting to the
woman who had turned her out of
doors scarcely three months before.
"Things do balance themselves even-
ly in this world, if one only has patience
and faith to wait," she said to her hus-
band.
A Wonderful Mountain.
One of the most deeply mountains
of the Cascade range is High Point.
It is said that this mountain was much
used by Indians in ancient times because
of the extended view to be had of the
rich farming-country of the Dutch set-
tlers of Kinross, Hixley and Marble-
town, and that before making a propa-
gatory raid in the valley, they awaited
the signal of their scouts from the
high lookout at its summit. On this
rock, as the story goes, one of their
captives was sacrificed. It was a sturdy
Dutchman who refused to betray his
friends by acting as a spy. The In-
dians did not dare burn him for fear
the smoke would alarm the farmers, so
they made use of their tomahawks.
To the people of the town of Olive
this mountain has been a weather in-
dicator. Farmers look to it to see
whether it will rain or whether sun-
shine will prevail, while the fate of
gamble parties or excursions is settled
by the appearance of its gray summit.
Little can be ascertained with regard to
a certain cave and shaft rate is certain.
The mountain will, in certain stages of
the snowing, take up and repeat
sounds from the land below, and when
thunder clouds cover its summit, the
thunder rolls along its tremendous
sides, growling and reverberating as
heard as if coming from its very bowels.
There are people who claim that this
mountain contains a great cave, caused
by a stream that runs into it, and which
has worn the rocks away for thousands
of feet within the huge mass. This, it
is said, causes the roaring, being a re-
verberation of the thunder as the light-
nings expand their fury on its rocky
summit.—[Baltimore (N. Y.) Freeman.]

Bismarck Cleared the Way.

In the matter of the "Free Grave-
yards to Berlin," by General Philip H.
Schlesinger, in the "Morning," the
following fragment of a note which
Shlesinger sent to Bismarck, after the
batter of Gravelotte, is related: "Our
route lay through the village of Gorze,
and there we found the streets so ob-
structed with wreckage that I feared it
would take us the rest of the day to get
through. As the men were weary and
our horses were tired, I was equal to
the occasion. However, for taking a
postern from a house, the cannon, and
building up a barrier against the ene-
my, and quickly began to clear the
streets, directing, ordering, the wagons
to the right and left, marching in
front of the carriage and making way
for us, we were well through the
blockade in the twinkling of an eye, re-
marking: 'This is not a very signifi-
cant business for the Chancellor of the
German Confederation, but it's the only
way to get the job done.'"
A Lucky Brics-a-Brac Fancier.
A Toronto (Canada) brics-a-brac fan-
cier, while rummaging through the
lusty stock in a brics-a-brac shop, recently
came across a smoky, ill-framed and de-
cidedly shabby picture of
Robert Burns. He purchased the "pic-
ture" for \$10. It proved to be
an oil painting by Ruetman, done in
1787, and subsequent inquiry showed
that it had been bought in at the sale of
the effects of an emigrant Scotch farm-
er. It is now on sale in Scotland at a
price of \$100.00.

Why He Went.

"Is Mr. B. any taller?"
"Personal y' know."
"Personal?"
"Yes, 'cos why he is short—\$30,000
short. That's why he went to Mon-
trou."—[Bazar.]

SCIENTIFIC SCRAP.

There are 2500 miles of mains for
conveying natural gas in this country.
Texas is putting down artesian wells,
one of which is to yield a million gal-
lons per day.
The probable cost of the Nicaragua
Canal is put at between \$10,000,000
and \$50,000,000.
The Portland and Vancouver rail-
road has built a trestle across the bot-
tom lands of the Columbia river 8000
feet long, extending 700 feet into the
stream.
At Marseilles a railway 118 feet high
and five feet lateral water at the
top was swayed in a stage "that the
greatest oscillation was twenty inches."
China is favoring the exploitation of
the upper Yangtze river, and the Gov-
ernment has posted notices to the effect
that the natives must be friendly to the
explorers.
Petroleum is said to be solidified by
Kaufmann by heating it and making it
with 1 per cent. of soap, the cur-
rently named product being avail-
able as fuel.
The English iron-club, the Superior,
will have the largest engine in the
world, they being of the triple-expansion
type, with low-pressure cylinders 165
inches in diameter.
The correct grade for a toboggan
slide should be a cycloid curve. It is
that curve which a hawk makes when
swooping upon its prey. Oppolkofer
has just showed that the bells of river-
side true cycloids.
A correspondent of the Liverpool
Mercury says that he heard some cor-
net-playing from a phonograph which
had been repeated more than a thousand
times, and all the notes were as clear
and distinct as ever.

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