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POETRY.

A YEAR HENCE.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

Yes, I was to be married in the coming fall to Rollin Weatherbee, heir of the Weatherbee estate. How matters had progressed so far and I had been engaged to Rollin I scarcely knew. Did I love him I asked myself many times, without being able to answer the query. My mother had very quietly and in her determined way settled the whole affair, and I supposed I had nothing to do but quietly submit to the decree. I did not dislike Rollin, and indeed there was little about him to make one do anything but like him. I knew my young friends envied me.

I was paying my last maiden visit with my brother, and the wedding day was drawing near. At the seaside, where we were I met Breeze Rogers, and our acquaintance at once ripened into friendship. I had scarcely noted the growth of this intimacy until one evening Breeze and I were taking our accustomed walk, when he suddenly turned to me and said:

"Is this thing true your mother tells me?"

"What thing?" I almost whispered.

"You know!" he answered fiercely. "Is it true that you are to be the wife of Rollin Weatherbee next October? That you are here to make your preparations?"

"Yes." The word came almost with a gasp. He took my hands in his and looked down upon me.

"You shall not—you shall not! I love you, you are mine, now and forever."

Before I could speak or cry out he had taken me in his arms, and was raining kisses upon my lips. I was young, romantic and impulsive. This man had aroused a strange feeling in my breast, that now, as I lay in his arms, I believe I must be love. I could see the reckless beauty of his face set bent above me, and almost unconsciously I clasped my arms about his neck, sobbing wildly, and [illegible] if it were not too late."

"It is not too late," he cried, passionately, straining me to his heart. "You are mine, now and for all time. You must be my wife!"

"But I cannot," I sobbed, "I am bound to another—the wedding day draws near."

"I care nothing for that. You must wed me, and no other. I cannot give you up."

His imperious manner, his impassioned earnestness, aroused my girlish admiration.—He seemed like some knight of olden romance to me, beside whom Rollin Weatherbee, with his prudent beauty, was completely overshadowed. For three weeks I met Rogers each day, and listened to his words of passionate devotion. At last came an afternoon late in September. I was to meet Breeze that evening, and stood looking out at the gorgeous sunset, with a heart full of contending emotions, when mamma came into the room.

"Rose," she said, "you remember Breeze Rogers who came here so often some time ago?"

Remember him! But I only said: "Yes, mother," in a very low voice.

"Well, Harwood tells me a [illegible] connection with him. She says her husband tells her it is the neighborhood talk now. It seems there is a very lovely young girl, a gardener's daughter, Cora Smith by name, whom Breeze has been very attentive to for some months. The girl's father says she is betrothed to him. At all events, he has been a most ardent lover, for a year or more, and now, without a word, or any apparent cause he has deserted her. Has not been near her for two months, and the girl is very ill—calling for him constantly, but he does not go near her. It is thought she will die. She is very sad.—What a heartless villian he must be."

My heart seemed to die within me. A rush of emotion, shame, anger, grief, misplaced love and wounded pride fought together in my breast. Oh! how mean the man was whom I had placed above Rollin Weatherbee in my heart's affection. How I despised him, for that moment. Then I began to think it might not be so—there might be some mistake. "I will go to him to-night," I thought, "and I shall know."

I did go, when the shadows of the gloaming settled down over the earth. I found him waiting for me. He held out his arms, but I stood aloof.

"Go to Cora Smith," I said. "She is entitled to your caresses—she wants them—I do not."

I needed no further proof of his guilt. His face turned crimson from brow to chin, and then pale as death.

"What do you know of her?" he cried, hoarsely. "Who has been telling you lies?"

"No one," I answered. "Your face is a proof of the truth of all I have heard. I will make this our last meeting. My eyes are opened in time, thank God. I do not want to set them upon you again. Do not try to see me, for it will be useless. I utterly despise you. Go back to the only person who believes you worthy of love—who is dying for you."

I turned and sped back to the house, and for two weeks scarcely stepped outside of its walls. I was ill in mind and body. My unreasoning romantic folly, that I had called love, died suddenly at one blow, and I knew there was only one man in the world that I loved, or ever loved, and that one man was Rollin Weatherbee. But my heart was filled with regrets for my past folly, and fears for what might follow. But two weeks passed by and I heard no word and nothing of Breeze Rogers until that stormy October night, when our story opens.

I turned my face away, lest the light of those love eyes should bring back the old delusion. For at that one glance I felt the blood leap through my veins, and a strange glow shoot through my heart. I thoroughly despised this man, yet he had a power over me still. A woman who has ever been held in a man's arms, and felt his kisses upon her lips, can never wholly [illegible] or forget him. The [illegible] sight of his face will not sometimes move her. At [illegible]

"What was that?" asked mamma.

"The wind hurled something against the window pane," I answered. A moment later and it was repeated. "Why, it sounds like something thrown against the glass," mamma said. "I'll Harwood to see what it is, Rose."

I got up and went out of the room. I knew it was the work of Breeze Rogers' own [illegible]. I must go and see what he wanted. I threw a dark cloak over my shoulders and went out. He heard the door open, and glided into the shadows again.

"What do you want?" I asked icily. "Why are you here? I told you never to approach me again."

"Yes, but you were angry then. You have had time to think more kindly of me since, and I came to tell you that Cora is dead. She died last night, and with her dying lips she forgave me whatever wrong I have done her. I was with her and caught her last breath. If she could forgive, you, surely you ought. I know I did her a great wrong, but I repent of it, and she has forgiven me; will not you do the same and come to me?"

He took a step toward me, but I retreated. "I have nothing to forgive," I answered coldly. "If she whom you so wronged has forgiven you, well and good. I owe you no ill-will, but I do not love or respect you now and never can."

[illegible] come to me and fly before it is too late."

"Hush!" I said sternly. "All that will [illegible] I shall be the wife of Rollin Weatherbee next week at this time, and far from here. The wife of the only man I ever loved. That mad fancy I conceived for you died as suddenly as it sprang to life, and can never live again. Go away now and leave me. Good night and good-bye."

I passed back into the house and locked the door behind me, leaving him alone in the darkness. I found mamma had fallen to sleep in her chair by the stove, and was relieved that I would thus be spared answering any questions.

The wind blew colder and harsher across the moorlands. A dreary rain began to fall, and the night settled down, desolate and lonely. Meredeth House was oppressively quiet, and my heart was full of sad forebodings.—What if the dreadful autumnal storms should come on just after Rollin embarked for Avondale! What if his ship went down in the waters of the lake, and he never came to me? Would it not be a just punishment for my wild folly? Had I not been untrue to him in thought, and almost broken my vows, and fled with another, and that other a base-hearted, unprincipled villain? Oh! I was ashamed; and I hid my face in my hands, praying to God to forgive, and send Rollin to me in safety.

The days that followed were damp and chill, with frost and wet east winds. But the dreaded storm did not come on. Each night I went to rest with a heart full of anxious fear; each morning I arose, thankful to find only wet winds and sombre skies. Thursday morning came gray, cold, chilly, like the ones that preceded it. Thursday night the ship Cora Bell was expected, and by that ship Rollin Weatherbee would come to me.

I was restless and uneasy all the long day.—No glimmer of sunshine lighted the dull, gray skies. A damp mist fell, and the cold east wind blew over the moor. By night I was almost hysterical, and my heart was like lead in my breast. "A wan-faced bride ye'll be, if ye dinna brighten up a bit," Harwood said to me, and I did not wonder as I caught sight of my dead white face in the mirror.

The evening came on dark and desolate.—No moon, no stars, only a gray sky, varied here and there with dense black clouds. I could not stay in the house. It seemed like a prison to me, and seizing a cloak I threw the hood over my head, the cape over my [illegible] leaning on the stone pillars of the gate, looked out towards the lake. Suddenly something caught my eye; it was a bright light high up in the air. "A lighthouse, of course," I said, mentally, "but why have I never seen it before? That is not the lighthouse that directs ships to Avondale landing, for the landing is exactly opposite Meredeth House. I have seen the light night after night from chamber window." I turned my eyes in the direction of the landing. It was dark as pitch. But to the left, full half a mile, shone the brilliant light. Suddenly a thought struck me. "My God, it is the lighthouse on the rocks!" I cried, and my heart seemed to stand still. I remembered that I had been out there once, in my boat. An old fisherman, sitting on the rocks, and dropping his line in the water, had answered my queries concerning the lighthouse. "It is where the red light is hoisted of a very stormy night," he said. "Not often used, miss, for the beacon at Avondale guides the ships safe to the landing. But this is lighted sometime to show where the danger lies, if the night is o'er dangerous."

His words all came back to me now, with dreadful distinctness. The light seemed to burn into my very eyeballs—the light that shone clear and white—not the red signal of danger—high up on the cruel rocks. Quick as lightning it all flashed through my mind.—Some one had lighted the lamp to wreck the Cora Bell upon the rocks. Who could that some one be but Breeze Rogers? He knew that Rollin Weatherbee was coming to me on that ship, and he was fiend enough to wreck a hundred lives for the sake of killing one man. What could be done—how could the danger be averted?—Without even a glance back to the house, I opened the gate and sped toward the lake. I knew every inch of the ground.

On I went till I reached the hut of a fisherman. I gave a loud knock at the door, then burst it open without waiting to be bidden.—A stalwart man and his burly son sat over the grate. Both started to their feet at the sight of my deathly face and staring eyes. "Why, Miss Rose—but—" I stopped them.

"For God's sake," I cried, "come with me! The beacon at Avondale landing has not been lighted, and the house on the rocks is burning a white light, and see the Cora Bell will be a wreck unless something is done. One of you go to Avondale and why the keeper has neglected his duty, and one of you come with me to the lighthouse on the rocks."

"With you, Miss Rose, why—"

"Yes, with me. I can't stay here, I must go with you in the boat and see that the light is put out. I am not afraid. The night is dark, but the lake is not rough. The only danger is threatening the Cora Bell. We must be quick."

On we hurried, I keeping pace with the long limbed fisherman. Down to the landing the young man hastened, and up the lighthouse; while I sprang into the boat which the old man unlocked, and scarcely waiting for him [illegible] all my might. How slowly we went—how slowly. Would we never reach the rocks? And all the time that wicked, hateful light burning into my very eyeballs. There at last! The light made the landing less dangerous than I had thought. The old man fastened the boat, and I clambered up the rocks.

"Careful, miss," he cautioned, "those rocks are wet and slippery." But I reached the lighthouse, and entered with a heart so wild with fears for the Cora Bell that I forgot all danger for myself. I ran like a squirrel up the stairs, up the ladder on up, up—till I reached the tower. I opened the door, I leaped into the loft, where the light gleamed and flamed its white light into my very eyes. A man with a face devil face turned at the [illegible]. He had been so intently gazing through a glass out upon the waters that he had not heard my approach. "Fiend," I cried, "what would you you do? and with one bound I dashed my whole force against the lamp, shattering it in pieces, and extinguished the baleful light. For one moment we were left in utter darkness and a man's voice hissed:—"God, you shall rue this. I have you in my power now!" I felt his iron grip upon my wrist and screamed outright. Then the door burst open, the light of a lantern flashed into the tower, and the burly form of the fisherman entered and stood beside us. "Seize him—bind him!" I cried. "He will kill me!"

The burly fisherman set down his lamp and caught the arms of Breeze Rogers, and quick as thought pinioned them at his back. I tore up the skirt of my dress and twisted it in a stout cord thus securely fastening the villain's hands. He scarcely moved—so sudden had been the fisherman's attack, so iron like his hold. "Now bring him down," I said, "I will lead the way with the lantern." He took Breeze Rogers' lithe, slender figure in his arms as if it had been a child's, and followed me down the ladder. It was a treacherous descent, but we landed safely upon the rocks and took our seats in the boat. Breeze was not gagged, yet he said no word—made no sound. We had not rowed half the distance back to the landing, when, joy of joys! the light flashed out from Avondale beacon, streaming far over the waters, and I knew the Cora Bell was saved.

The strain upon my nervous system had been too great. As we reached the Avondale landing I fell in a dead faint, and knew no more till I woke in my room surrounded by a crowd of anxious faces. Harwood was rubbing my hands, mama bathing my forehead, some strange faces were scattered about the room, and—Rollin, my Rollin, bent over me, with tears in his blue eyes. When I was strong enough they told me all. How I had been brought back by the fisherman, hours and hours before, and the story of my adventure briefly stated by him. How the fisherman's son had found the keeper of the lighthouse in a dead stupor, a drugged sleep, and the lamps so tampered with that it took him a full half hour to right them and make them burn. How they did burn at last, in time to guide the Cora Bell safely to shore, and bring Rollin and the wedding guests in season for the morrow's bridal.

I was a pale bride and had to be supported by my husband's arm, but it was a glad bridal for all that. We left Avondale, mama, Rollin, and some few of the wedding company, that very day, and I have not been there since.—Breeze Rogers was tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison, where he died two years later. Rollin knew the whole story of my folly before I became his wife. He did not censure me—since I had risked my life to save his, and to atone for my error.

The Editor's Troubles.—Ye editor sat in his rickety chair, as worried as worried could be, for ye devil was grinning before him there, and "copy" ye devil said he.

Oh, ye editor grabbed his big quill pen and splattered the ink so free, that his manuscript looked like a war map, when, "Take this," to the devil spake he.

He scribbled and scratched through the livelong day, no rest or refreshment had he; for ye devil kept constantly coming that way, and howling for more "copee."

Day after day he scimmed and wrote, a slaying the whole countree; while ye devil kept piping his single note [illegible] outside copee."

And when ye boys in ye newsroom heard ye noise of ye fray, ye sound of a blow, and a blasphemous word, "He's raising the devil!" sayed they.

And oft when a man with his grievance came in, ye editor man to see, he'd turn his back with a word of sin—"Go talk to the devil!" sayed he.

And ever and oft, when a proof of his work ye proprietor wanted to see, "Ye proof shall be shown by my personal clerk; you must go to the devil!" sayed he.

And thus was he doomed, through all his life, by this spirit tormented to be—in hunger and poverty, sorrow and strife, always close to ye devil was he.

What I Have Seen.—I have seen a man build a house so large that the sheriff turned him out of doors.

I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant, and die in the insane hospital.

I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking at.

I have seen a young girl marry a man of dissolute habits, and repent of it as long as she lived.

I have seen the extravagance and folly of children bringing their parents to poverty and want and themselves to disgrace.

I have seen a prudent and industrious wife retrieve the fortunes of a family, when her husband was pulling at the other end of the rope.

The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

The difference between perseverance and obstinacy is that one often comes from a strong will, and the other from a strong won't.

One who has credit is indeed fortunate, and it generally can be had where one is prompt, reliable and shows a disposition to pay.

What to Teach Our Boys.—Not to tease girls or boys older than themselves.

When their play is over for the day to wash face and hands, brush the hair and spend the evening in the house.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room and put it directly in front of the fire, and forget to offer it to the mother when she comes.

To treat the mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they are to other boys' sisters.

Not to grumble or refuse when asked to do [illegible] will otherwise take the time of some one who has more to do than themselves.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take pride in having their mothers and sisters for their best friends.

To try and find amusements for the evening which all the family can join in, large and small.

To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To [illegible]

To learn to sew on their own buttons.

If they do anything wrong to take their mothers into their confidence, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, [illegible] drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and [illegible] and no comfort to anyone.

To remember that there was never a vagabond without these habits.

To learn to save their money and invest it, from the first penny they earn, and they are [illegible]

To observe all these rules and they are sure to be gentlemen.

Hash! Cuts Ribs.—[illegible]

[illegible]

The Law of The Rail.—Some one who has taken the trouble to post himself on the laws governing railroad passenger travel, says that extra charges for failure to buy tickets are universally sustained by the courts, but there must be a fair opportunity to buy afforded by the ticket seller. Passengers must show tickets when asked for. As to "stopping off," there is only one decision, which is that a passenger cannot "stop off" and resume his journey without the previous consent of the company. As to the obligation of the road to furnish a seat to a passenger, a decision says: "A passenger who cannot get a seat need not surrender his ticket until he has been furnished with a seat." A railroad is not liable for things stolen out of a passenger's seat, those being no proper charge of the company's servants; for the same reason the company is not liable for baggage in the passenger's own care. Passengers who neglect to look after their own baggage on arrival at their destination, cannot recover if it is lost without fault of the carrier. Baggage left in stations is [illegible] for the passenger's convenience [illegible] the baggage master assuming the position of a "gratuitous bailee," who only becomes liable in case of gross negligence. The obligation of the railroad as carrier ceases when it has delivered to the owner at the point of destination, or when he has had reasonable opportunity of receiving and removing it. It will interest sportsmen to know that they may recover for the value of dogs when they entrust them to baggage masters for hire, [illegible]

[illegible]

Practice vs. Preaching.—The other Sunday a Detroit minister preached a sermon on the sin of whims and weakness, and he flattered himself that his congregation took every word to heart. Next day he made a call on one of his parishioners, and as he mounted the front steps he heard one of the boys call out:

"Ma! ma! the preacher's coming here!"

"Great land!" he heard her shout, "and my hair down and I've got this old dress on! Run to the door, Bill, and tell him I went to Genesee Lake on a Church excursion!"

"Oh, no, I hate to," replied the boy.

"Now go quick—hurry up, or I'll tan you till you can't raise a fuss!" she urged, and the lad went to the door and discouraged the preacher from making the call.

The National Democrat.
RAHWAY, N. J., SEPTEMBER 16th, 1875.

METROPOLITAN LIFE.

[illegible]

Meeting of the Farmers' Club.

[illegible]

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VOL. XXXVI. NO. 5. RAHWAY, N. J., SEPTEMBER 30, 1875. WHOLE NUMBER 1760.

The National Democrat.

RAHWAY, N. J., SEPTEMBER

ADVERTISING PAYS.

[illegible]

New York, August

[illegible]

STRANGE ADVENTURE.—The Trenton Gazette gives the particulars of a strange adventure of a young woman named Mary Taylor, who resides at the village of Blue Ball, Monmouth county, and was placed in the Asylum. Her father had remarried and a disagreement grew up between her and her stepmother, and although not actually crazy she was regarded as weak minded, and for this reason was placed in the Asylum. [illegible] in Trenton. [illegible] Without thinking of the consequences [illegible] the road to Freehold, until she reached New Brunswick. [illegible] Judge Ewing [illegible] the girl was taken to her home.

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L. F. HOLZWARTH, JEWELER. N. V. COMPTON, REAL ESTATE, Fire and Life Insurance Agent. PATRICK CLARK, CIVIL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEER. ROLL & COOK, HOUSE SIGN PAINTERS. STACY'S PHOTOGRAPHIC PARLORS. THOMAS H. SHAFER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. TREAT & CO., FINE GROCERIES, PROVISIONS. HORSESHOEING! BENJAMIN HENDRICKS. NICHOLAS MOONEY, Royal Fire Ins. Co. Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co. "The Club House," AVON PARK, Plainfield, N. J. Beatty Piano! COMBINES EVERY IMPROVEMENT KNOWN.

POETRY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Youthful Thespian.

[illegible]

MASONIC SECRET.

Mrs. Brown and her gossip, Mrs. White, were conversing about their husbands and the secrets of Freemasonry. [illegible]

FLOSCULI SENTENTIARUM.

[illegible]

HOW TRAFFIES LIVES.—[illegible] "Traffies," said I, "how is it? You have improved." "Improved? How?" "Why, in every way. What have you been doing?" [illegible] "That's one of the things I've been doing," he said, after the child had gone. [illegible] That's what you see, I suppose."

ELEPHANT FREE-FOLKS.—On Tuesday the entire population, except a bed-ridden [illegible] went over to see Green's great show and have a good time. [illegible] But the fun was over for the day; and about half an hour, and such as before for these two souls, who walked home with but a single thought about wild animals.—*Kansas City Times.*