The Democrat & Watchman.

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The Watchman,

FEAR AND FAVOR JUSTICE TO ALL.

HENRY HAYS, WIEN FORNEY, } EDITORS.

THE ONLY ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER IN CENTRE COUNTY,

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JOB PRINTING,

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OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Subject to the decision of Democratic National Convention.

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We also make known to the public that in addition to our other extensive stock of goods we have just received a large and splendid assortment of

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Of every style and variety. Being practical workmen, and pay particular attention to our business, we hope to give general satisfaction and receive a share of the public patronage We respectfully invite all wanting anything in our line of business to call and examine our stock of goods.

apl0 J. MONTGOMERY & SON.

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LADIES' DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS. A great variety, for sale by

jsal4 J. B. AWL & Co.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Shortly before the departure of the lamented Hober for India, he preached a sermon which contained this beautiful illustration:

"Life bears us like a stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down to the narrow channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—*but the stream hurries on, and still our hands* are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects, more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures and enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited at some shortlived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked—we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of the earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the infinte and eternal!"

Speech of Senator Douglas.

Senator Douglas lately delivered a speech on the Kansas question in the U. S. Senate, the concluding portion of which we give below. By his bold and manly defence of our Constitutional rights—"hazarding the prizes of ambition and the prospects of political promotion"—he is receiving the admiration and applause of every true lover of his country:

Mr. Douglas said:

The Black-Republican party was organized and founded on the fundamental principle of perfect and entire equality of rights and privileges between the negro and the white man—an equality secured and guaranteed by a law higher than the Constitution of the United States. In your creed, as proclaimed to the world, you stand pledged against "the admission of any more slave States;"

To repeal the Fugitive Slave law;

To abolish the slave trade between the States;

To prohibit slavery in the District of Columbia;

To restore the prohibition on Kansas and Nebraska; and

To acquire no more territory unless slavery shall be first prohibited.

This is your creed, authoritatively proclaimed. I trust there is no evading or dodging the issues—no lowering of the flag. *Let each party stand by its principle*, and the issues as you have presented them, and we have accepted them. Let us have a fair, bold fight before the people, and then let the verdict be pronounced.

Mr Seward—You will have it.

Mr. Douglas—I rejoice in this assurance. I trust the Senator will be able to bring his troops up to the line, and to hold them there. I trust there is to be no lowering of the flag—no abandonment or change of the issues. There are rumors afloat that you are about to tostrike your colors: that you propose to surrender each one of these issues, not because you do not profess to be right, but because you cannot succeed in the right; that you propose to throw overboard all the men who distinguished themselves in your service in fighting the Anti-Nebraska fight, and to take a new man, who, in consequence of not being committed, to either side, will be enabled to cheat somebody by getting votes from both sides! Rumor says that all your veteran generals who have received scars and wounds in the Anti-Nebraska campaign, are now considered unfit to command, and are to be laid aside in order to take up some new man who has not antagonized with the great principle of self-government and State equality. Rumor says that in pursuance of this line of policy you dare not allow your Committees in the House of Representatives, to bring in bills to redeem your pledges and carry out your principles; that there is to be no bill passed in your fusion House to repeal the Kansas-Nebraska act—none to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia—none to redeem any one of your pledges, or carry out any one of your principles *upon which you secured a majority in the* House by a fusion were Northern Know-Nothingism.

Rumor says that your committees were ranged with the view of keeping all these questions in the back ground until after the Presidential election, in order that the agitation may be re-opened with better prospects of success when power shall have been obtained under the auspices of a new man, who has not been crippled in the great battle. Would it not be a curious spectacle to see this great anti-Nebraska or Black-Republican party—which less than eighteen months ago proclaimed a war of extermination in which no quarter was to be granted or received, and no prisoners taken—skirmishing to avoid a pitched battle, and get an opportunity to retreat from the face of those whom they determined to hang and burn and torture with all the refinements of cruelty which their vengeance could devise? Are the offices and patronage of government so much more important to you than your principles that you feel it your duty to sacrifice your creed, and the men identified with it, in order to get power? Are you prepared to ignore the material points in issue for fear that they will compromit you in the Presidential election?

Mr. Wade—We will whip you, then.

Mr. Douglas—That remains to be seen. We are prepared to give you a fair fight on the issues you have tendered and we accepted. Let the Presidential contest be one of principle alone; let the principles involved be distinctly stated and boldly met, without any attempts at concealment or equivocation, let the result be a verdict of the approval or disapproval so emphatic that it cannot be misunderstood. One year ago you promised us a fair fight in open field upon the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska act! You then unfurled your banner, and bore it aloft in the hands of your favorite and tried leaders, with your principles emblazoned upon it! Are you now prepared to lower your flag; to throw overboard all your tried men, who have rendered service in your cause, and issue a search warrant in hopes of finding a new man, who has not antagonized with anybody, and whose principles are unknown, for the purpose of cheating somebody, by getting votes from all sorts of men! Let us have an open and a fair fight. [Applause in the galleries.]

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

There's music in the autumn wind,
When it sighs o'er the dripping eaves;
And where its pinions stop to play,
Among the fallen leaves
There's music in the river's flow,
Along the pebbly shores
When all the winds have gone to sleep,
And boughs are swayed no more.

There's music in the cricket's song,
I hear through evening shade,
And in the low of distant herds,
Returning from the glade.
There's music in the household tones,
That greet the sad or gay,
And in the laugh of innocence
Rejoicing in its play.

But there is music sweeter far
In memory than this—
The music of my mother's voice
Now in the land of bliss;
A music time may never still—
I hear it in my dreams,
When all the fondness of her face
Once more upon me beams.

I know not what the angels hear,
In mansions in the skies—
But there is not a sound on earth,
Like mother's gentle voice
The tears are in my clouded eye,
And sadness in my brain,
And nature whispers to my heart—
She will not come again

A mother! oh, when she departs,
Her like is never known;
The records of affection speak
Of only, only one!
And brighter will that record grow
Through all the changing years—
The oftener to the lip is pressed
The cup of sorrow's tears.

MY DREAM.

I have a story to tell, which my readers may believe if they like, or bring a battery of scientific explanation to bear upon, if they choose. I can offer no impartial opinion on the subject, being the party interested.

I only undertake to tell the story as it happened to me.

I was born in one of the midland counties of England, miles away from the sea, in a large old-fashioned house of black and white, the upper story of which overhung the lower, and the door of which stood back in a deep porch. The joists and floors were of fine oak, and all the tables, benches, presses—indeed all the furniture was of oak: some of it rude and clumsy, but the greater part beautifully carved.

My first notions of life history were taken from my mother's bedstead, which was entirely of oak, and carved all over with *figures of angels*, Adam and Eve, the serpent, and the Virgin and child.

The house was still called the Old Hall, although it had become little better than a farm-house. It stood at some distance from the road; a gate on the road side led up a paved way with a row of sheds filled with carts, ploughs, and farming implements, on one hand, and a large cattle-pond on the other, into a spacious farm-yard, built round with stables, barns and outbuildings, all wearing an old Saxon stamp that I have never seen elsewhere. A wicket gate on the side of the yard opened into a large garden which fronted the house. This garden had several broad gravel walks, and two alleys covered with turf, and hedged with yew-trees cut into all manner of quaint devices. Beyond the garden was an orchard containing, amongst other trees, some old mulberry trees, which my sister and myself were taught to regard with great reverence.

Beyond this orchard lay ploughed fields and meadows, all belonging to my father. No other dwelling was in sight, except a few cottages belonging to the farm servants.

My father and mother were cousins, and both were descended from the same old Saxon family who had possessed their land long before the Conquest. In the course of years the property had dwindled down to the farm on which I was born. We had no relation. There certainly was an uncle, a merchant in Liverpool, of whom I sometimes heard; but he was an offshoot of a distant branch, and, being in trade, was considered to have forfeited all claim to be considered one of the family.

I was the only son. I had one sister (two years younger than *myself*—a gentle, pretty child with long golden locks. She was called Edith. All the education I received, was two years at the grammar school—a curious old endowment, held by a "clerk in orders," to teach Latin and scholarship to all the boys in the parish of Ledgely Laver. There were about a dozen besides myself; and unless the master had been endowed with the *common sense to teach us* writing and arithmetic, and a few common branches of education, I don't think we should have had more learning than Tom Thumb carried in money from King Arthur's treasury; which, as everybody knows, was a silver threepence. My companions were the sons of small farmers, and came at intervals, when they were not wanted at home.

My sister Edith never went to school at all; she stayed at home with my mother, and was taught to be notable. As we continually heard that we were all that remained of the oldest family in the county, we learned to attach a mysterious importance to ourselves.

So we grew up, and, did not find our lives dull, although my sister never left the house, except sometimes to go to church. When I, myself, was sixteen, I had never been as far as Drayton Ledgely, though it was only twenty miles from Ledgely Layer, which was our market town. In those days people did not go travelling about as they do now.

I might be about five years old, the day my father brought home from market a book of voyages and travels as a present for me. I had done some farm work in a way that pleased him. It was the first new book *out of a shop that I had ever possessed*; and I read it aloud at night whilst my father smoked in the chimney corner, and my mother and sister were busy knitting and spinning.

That book made a great impression upon me, and set my mind thinking of foreign parts, and might have something to do with what I am about to relate; and I do not assert *that it had!* I am cautious how I assert anything but what I know for a fact.

The night on which I finished reading that book was the thirty-first of January; the date is remembered by others as well as myself.

That night I went to bed as usual, and dreamed a long consecutive dream, such as I never dreamed before or since. I dreamed that my uncle at Liverpool sent for me to go a long voyage, on some business of his; and then I found myself standing on the quay, where there seemed hundreds of ships, and all their thin upright masts standing like a forest of poplar trees in winter. I knew they were ships, though I had never seen one. I heard somebody say that it was Liverpool." I do not recollect anything about my uncle, *nor the business I was going about. I had* to go across several vessels, into one that lay outside the dock; sailors were going about in all directions, and there was a great deal of confusion. A large gilded figure-head of a woman was at one end of the vessel, and "Phœbe Sutliffe" was written under it; I thought it was the likeness of Phœbe Sutliffe. I had never seen the sea nor a ship before, *but I did not feel at all surprised* at anything. I looked out on the green waves that were rippling against the side of the vessel; and as far out as I could see, there was nothing but water. I thought it all looked quite right and natural, and the sun was shining quite bright upon some little boats with white sails. As the ship began to move, a voice called, loud and clear, for us to stop, and young man with a portmanteau of a curious shape came scrambling up the side of our vessel out of a little boat; he came up close to where I was standing. He was a very handsome young man, with a moustache, and he wore a foreign cap.

We began to talk, but I could never in the least recollect what we said. Suddenly, a great storm arose, and everything was as dark as pitch. *I heard the wind howl fearfully*; but did not feel any tossing of the waves, as might have been expected. At last there came a dreadful crash; another vessel had struck against us, and we were borne down under the keel of it. I found myself in the water. The young man was close behind me; he pushed a hen-coop to me, and we floated, quite pleasantly and easily, towards some rocks, which lay around a beautiful green island, where the sun was shining. The rocks, when we came among them, were like the ruins of a hundred old castles.

"These are the rocks of Scarlet in the Isle of Man," said my companion; "I live here, and yonder is my father's house."

When we had clambered up the rocks, and had reached the greensward, I thought I was unable to move a step further. A white house, with green outside shutters and surrounded by a low wall, stood close at hand; but I could not stir, and lay down on the ground fainting, though I knew all that was going on. My companion shouted, and some men came up; he sent them to the white house. In another minute I saw a beautiful young woman clothed in white, with long black curls, standing beside us. With her was an old man.

"How did you come here?" said the old man. "We were struck by another vessel, and swam to shore; but this youth is dying. Give him a cordial." The young lady stooped over me, raised my head, and was extending her hand for a drinking horn, when the cliff we were upon began to quake, and fell with a dreadful crash into the sea beneath.

The crash awoke me I sprang up in bed without in the least knowing where I was. The noise I heard in my dream still continued. My father burst into my room, saying, "Come away, boy! Save yourself! The house is falling!" I was completely bewildered. I did not know where I was, nor whether *it was a continuation of my* dream; but my father dragged me out of bed and we all took refuge in the kitchen.

A terrible storm was raging; every blast seemed as if it would blow the house down. A stack of chimneys fell with a terrific crash, and the kitchen window was at the same moment blown in. My mother and the maid servants knelt down to prayers in a corner, *while my father and myself strove* to fasten up a strong oak shutter. At length towards morning, the violence of the gale abated, and we were able to go out, to see what damage had been done. "God help all the poor souls who have been at sea this night!" said my mother, pitifully.

I started. I was one of those for whom my mother was praying. Had *I* not been *to sea?* And had *I* not been wrecked? I was frightened, for I did not know but that I might be under witchcraft, of which I had been told much, and which, in that part of the country, we all believed in. However, I said nothing, but followed my father out of doors.

A scene of great damage and desolation there presented itself; the ground was covered with bricks, and tiles and branches of trees; all the lead-work from the roof had been torn off, and hung down, twisted like icicles. The garden was laid waste; and, in the orchard, two of our beloved mulberry trees were uprooted, as well as a fine old elm and several fruit trees.

The wind was still too high to make it safe for us to be abroad; *tiles and stones*, and branches of trees, were still, from time to time, falling about. The damage done by that storm was fearful, and was recollected through the country for many a year afterwards.

For weeks we were all too busy repairing the effects of the storm for any one to bestow much attention upon me; but at last my father began to complain that I was good for nothing, and that I went about my work as if I were crazed. My mother agreed that I had never been the same lad since that awful night, and questioned me whether anything had hurt my head.

The fact was, that the whole tenor of my life was broken, and I could not take it up again; I could not forget my strange dream. I was separated from that lovely young lady and her mother, who were more real to me than the people I saw and spoke to every day, and I felt lonely and miserable The White House on the cliff, and the Scarlet Rocks, what had become of them? Had the house really been swallowed in the sea? I was consumed by a constant sense of disgust and misery. *The only hope I had was*, that some night I might dream again and hear what had become of them all. But I never dreamed again, and at last I began to loose my rest.

Every day the dream haunted me more vividly, and when I thought I should never see those two beings more, I felt mad and suffocated with baffled desire.

At length the change in me grew so alarming that a doctor was called in. He shook his head when he saw me, and said that I must be sent away from home, have plenty of change, and be kept amused, or I should go mad.

Whilst my father and mother were shocked and perplexed by what the doctor had said, and wondering whether going to market with my father, and a visit for a day to the to the town of Ledgely Drayton, would not be the sort of thing he had recommended, a letter came. Now a letter was a very great event in our house: I do not think my father had ever received more than three in his life. He would not have received this letter in question, for the next fortnight, if *one of the farm servants had not been sent* to the town for some horse medicine, and the post office chanced to be next door.

The letter, written in a clear stiff hand, proved to be from my uncle at Liverpool; it stated that he was getting old, and having no children, wished to see me; that he and my father had seen less of each other than relations ought. He wanted some one to go and look after his estate in Antigua, and if my father would spare me to him for a short time, he would make it worth my while. A bank note for a hundred pounds was enclosed, to pay the expenses of my journey, and to buy some present for my mother and sister.

There were difficulties raised, and objections made; but I heard the magic word "Liverpool," which was the first stage in my dream, and I insisted, resolutely and passionately, on going. Of course I prevailed. I had never been from home before, but I felt sure I should find my way. I was impatient till I set off; my father saw me to the mail, and I reached Liverpool without accident, and with the vague idea that I had seen all I now saw of it before.

My uncle was a little, dry, spare old man, dressed in a snuff colored suit, with gray silk stockings and silver buckles. He received me very kindly, and took me about to see the lions, as he called them. But the Docks were the only sight I cared for.

My uncle had a notion—rather a curious one—that, having been brought up on my father's land all my life, I must of necessity understand how an estate ought to be managed; and this was why, he informed me, one day, that he intended to send me on a voyage to Antigua.

I obtained my father's consent, and my uncle gave me instructions as to what I was to do when I got there. I had been accustomed to *look after our men at home*, and I knew how my father managed them, so that what my uncle wanted did not come very strange to me.

One morning at breakfast, my uncle read a letter which seemed to please him; he rubbed his hands and said:

"Well lad, after breakfast, we must go down and take your berth. I did think of sending *you in the Lively Anne*, but it seems the *Phœbe Sutliffe* will sail first."

I put my hand to my forehead; I did not know which was the dream or which was reality

That day week saw me on board the *Phœbe Sutliffe*, and clearing out of the harbor, on just such a day, and amid just such a scene, as I had beheld in my dream.

But *one* thing befel me which I had not taken into account, and which I had not dreamed—I became dreadfully sea-sick; a startling novelty which, for the time, effectually banished everything but a sense of present misery.

When I recovered a little, I went on deck My attention was, that instant, drawn to a portmanteau which I well remembered. A handsome young man in a forraging cap was leaning against the side of the vessel, watching a flock of seagulls: I know him again directly. We were standing near each other, and he addressed me, as I expected he would. I was curious to know what our conversation would be, as I did not, and never could, recollect what he had said when we met in our former state of existence—I mean in my dream. It was ordinary young men's conversation: we began with shooting—see gulls, and went off upon shooting and field sports in general. He told me he was in the army, and had been a great deal abroad—in Ceylon, Canada, Gibraltar—and was now on his way to join his regiment in Antigua. I was delighted to hear it, and waited with placid curiosity to see how much more of my dream would come true.

Towards afternoon, a thick fog came on, increasing in density until we could not see across the ship. He proposed that we should go below. "No," said I, "don't go below! You forgot how soon the vessel will come upon us that is to bear us down." A pang of mortal fear came into my heart as I realized the terrible moment that lay before us.

"What are you talking of?" said he, in a tone of great surprise. "Perhaps the vessel may not come," said I, "but we had better remain on deck."

The words were scarcely spoken, when our vessel struck. I recollect hearing a horrible grating, grinding sound, as if all the planks were being crushed in, like pasteboard; it lasted for a second only. I did not regain my senses until a sharp sense of pain aroused me. I had been dashed upon a low sharp-pointed lodge of rocks; beyond those rocks I saw meadows and houses, lying in a bright silver moonlight. It was a momentary consciousness only that I had. I remember no more until I found myself in a bed hung round with white curtains. I tried to raise my arm, and fainted with pain. I lay, I know not how long after this, in a troubled stupor, vaguely sensible of people moving about, but unable to move or even to open my eyes.

At last, I once more recovered my consciousness, and did not again lose it. I was told by an old woman who was sitting at my bedside, that I had been flung by the sea upon the rocks of Scarlet in the Isle of Man; that I had been taken up for dead, and brought into her cottage, and that the doctor had said I was not be allowed to speak on any account. She gave me a few spoonsful of something, whether of food or medicine I could not tell, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke, my eyes rested on my companion on board ship Beside him stood the beautiful lady of my dream!

"Am I alive, or am I dreaming again as I did once before?" I asked.

"You are alive, and will live, I hope, for a long time: you are not dreaming; this is my sister, Agatha, who has had her hands full with nursing both of us, though I escaped better than you did. When you are able to stir, we will remove *you to my* father's house, but in the meantime you must keep quet"

"But tell me, I implore you! Was not the white house, where your father lives, swallowed up in the sea when the cliff fell?"

"Not at all! It stands where it always did; and, now, not another word."

I was shortly afterwards removed to my friend's house, *which was on a hill* about a quarter of a mile from the rocks, and was the same house I had seen in my dream.

My friends's father was Colonel Panton; he was on half-pay, and lived there with his daughter. His son and myself were the only survivors from the terrible catastrophe of the *Phœbe Sutliffe*.

I, of course, lost no time in communicating with my friends: but I remained at the White House until my health was established.

I confided my dream to Agatha, with whom it is needless to say, I had fulfilled my destiny and fallen in love. She loved me in return, and her father gave his consent that we should be married "when we came to years of discretion."

When I went home, her brother accompanied me, and he fell in love with my little sister Edith: to which, neither she nor any one else made the slightest objection. Frederic and Edith have been long married, and are very happy. I went to Antigua at last, and was detained there much longer than I liked; but on my return, at the end of two years, I was married to Agatha, who had been the best wife to me man ever had.

My uncle died last year, and left me the bulk of his property; I only hope I may be enabled to use it well and wisely.

Although my life has been of such unlooked-for prosperity, I would counsel no one to desire to have their future shadowed to them in a dream. Dreams without end have no meaning in them, and never come to anything; yet still, this dream of mine fell out exactly as I have told it.

What we may expect from Kentucky. A correspondent of the Louisville *Democrat*, writing from Paducah, Kentucky, says, "I will try in the first to distribute the papers which we will keep on doing, and you may rest assured that Kentucky will roll up next November 5,000 majority for the Democracy. This is no exaggeration, but the opinion of all our best-informed farmers in the district. The Know-Nothings are leaving councils as fast as they went in, and when one comes out he is worse than an old back-slider returning to the church—he tries to out do the most rabid Democrat."

THE PHILADELPHIA ELECTION.—The result of the election on Tuesday last is everywhere hailed with the greatest enthusiasm. The Democratic gain in two years is over 13,000 votes.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

The following amusing and well told story was published in one of the city papers of Gotham, about a dozen years ago. It occasioned at the same time a good deal of merriment.

Not long since, two stylish-looking persons put up for the night in the upper part of the city. On the morrow, after ordering their bill, they sent for the landlord, who was not long in waiting upon his aristocratic guests at

"I wish to purchase that old clock up stairs; will you sell it?" asked the older, while the younger lit a cigar, and cast his eyes over the columns of a newspaper which lay upon the table. The landlord, who had placed no great value upon the clock except as an heir loom, began to suspect it might possess the virtues of Martin Heywood's chair, and be filled with coin; and almost involuntarily, the three ascended to the room which contained it.

"The fact is," said the elder, "I once won twenty dollars with a clock like that."

"Twenty dollars!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Yes, you see there was one like it in Essex, and a fellow bet me he could keep his forefinger swinging with the pendulum, for one hour, only saying, 'Here she goes, and there she goes.' He couldn't do it. I walked the money out of him in no time."

"You did! You couldn't walk it out of me. I'll bet you ten dollars I can do it on the spot."

"Done!" cried the knowing one.

The clock struck eight; with his back to the table and the door, the landlord popped into the chair.

"Here she goes, and there she goes!" and his finger waved in curve his eyes fully fixed on the pendulum.

The fellows behind interrupted, "Where's the money? Plank the money."

The landlord was not to lose in that way. His forefinger slowly and surely went with the pendulum, and his left hand disengaged his purse from his pocket, which he threw behind him on the table. All was silent; the dapper man at length exclaimed.

"Shall I deposit the money in the hands of the waiter."

"Here she goes, and there she goes!" was the only answer.

One of the wags left the room. The landlord heard him go down stairs; but he was not to be disturbed by that trick.

Presently the waiter entered, and touching him on the shoulder, asked—

"Mr. B., are you crazy? What are you doing?"

"Here she goes, and there she goes!" he responded, his hand waving his forefinger as before.

The waiter rushed down stairs; he called one of the neighbors, and asked him to go up. They both ascended, and the neighbor seizing him gently by the collar, in an imploring voice said.

"Mr. B., do not sit here. Come down stairs: what can possess you to sit here.

"Here she goes, and there she goes!" was he sole reply; and the slowly moving finger settled the matter. He was *mad!*

"He is mad!" whispered the friend in a low voice; we must go for a doctor.

The landlord was not to be duped; he was not to be deceived, although the whole town came to deceive him.

"You had better call up his wife," added his friend.

"Here she goes, and there she goes!" replied the landlord, his hand still moving as before.

In a moment his wife entered full of agony of soul.

"My dear!" she kindly said, "look on me; it is your wife who speaks!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his hand continued to go, but his wife wouldn't go; she would stay, and he thought she was determined to conspire against him and make him lose the wager. She wept, as she continued.

"What cause have you for this? Why do you so? Has your wife"——

"Here she goes, and there she goes!" and his finger seemed tracing her airy progress, for anything she could ascertain to the contrary.

"My dear," she still continued, thinking that the loss of his child, whom he fondly loved, would tend to restore him, "shall I call your daughter."

"Here she goes, and there she goes!" he again the harmony with the waving finger issued from the lips of the landlord.

"A consulation, I think, will be necessary," said the physician. "Will you run for Dr. A.?"

The kind neighbor buttoned up his coat and left the room.

In a few minutes Dr. A., with another medical gentleman, entered.

"This is a sorrowing sight," said he to the doctor with him.

"Indeed it is, sir," was the reply. It is a sudden attack, one of the"——

"Here she goes, and there she goes!" was the sole reply. The physicians stepped into a corner and consulted together.

"Will you be good enough to run for a barber; we must have his head shaved and blistered," said Dr. A.

"Ah, poor dear husband!" said the lady, "I fear he will never know his miserable wife."

"Here she goes, and there she goes!" said the landlord, with a little more emphasis, and a more nervous yet determined waving of the finger in concert with the pendulum; for the minute hand was near the spot, that point which was to pay his dollars.