

The Democratic Watchman

"THIS LIGHT OF ALL LIGHTS IN THE YEAR."

Oh for one sound of your voice to-night
My darling, my darling, my Mamie, my
light,
One smile to cheer me through this drear
night.
Oh! darling, my angel, I long for your
eyes,
Shining like twin stars, in Heaven's own
skies.
Oh, Mamie, I'm dreary, forsaken, alone—
None left to love, and call me "their
own."
Naught but drear, drear night.
And the heart will ache, and the tears will
flow,
When I think of, and wish for the long
ago,
And my soul feels sad and lone.
Oh! home my own, this passing hour,
Weave o'er me now thy magic power,
My soul to lift from this night.
Save me, save me, from deep despair,
Save me, oh Mamie, and fill with prayer,
This soul of mine.
In vain, I strive to hush my love,
It will not, will not go
From me away
And so heavily it weighs upon my soul,
(Will not be long ere the golden bowl
Will shatter be.
That thought through my being sends a
thrill,
And a whisper'd Peace, to my soul
Is passing by.

MARY MOORE.
A PRETTY LOVE STORY.
All my life long I had known Mary
Moore. All my life I had loved her.
Our mothers were old playmates and
first cousins. My first recollections of
a boy, in a red frock and morocco
shoes, rocking a cradle in which reposed
sunny haired, blue eyed baby, not quite
a year old. That boy was myself—
Harry Church, that blessed baby was
Mary Moore.
Later still, I see myself at the little
school house, drawing my little chair up
to the door to see how well I might
do. Many a beating have I gained on such
occasions, for other boys besides me
liked her, and she, I fear, was some
thing of a flirt, even in her infancy.
How elegantly she came tripping down
the steps when I called her name! How
sweetly her blue eyes looked at me!
How gaily rang out her merry laugh!
No one but Mary could ever bring her
heart so soon to her lips. I felt that
that laugh from the days of my childhood
till I grew an awkward, blushing
youth—I followed it through the heated
noon of manhood and now, when the
frosty stars are silvering my hair, and
many children climb upon my knee and
call me father, I find that the memo-
ries of my youth are yet so fresh, and that
even in my old age I am following the
course of life.

When I was fifteen, the first great sor-
row of my life came upon my heart. I
was sent to school, and was obliged to
part with Mary. We were not to see
each other for three long years. This
to me, was like a sentence of death for
Mary was like the very life to me. But
hearts are tough things, after a while
I felt as if in a year or two, the
memory of my youth would be
but a faint, slender thing, with a very
good opinion of myself both in general
and particular. I felt that of Mary
Moore it was to imagine how I could
forget her and how I should forget her
and never thinking of the mightiest
thing in my life—a sweetheart, I knew,
but as youth and good looks have fled,
I trust that I may be believed when I
say that self conceit has left me also.
An advantageous proposal was made
me at that time, and accepting it, I gave
up all idea of a profession, and prepared
to go to India. In my hurried visit
home of two days, I saw nothing of
Mary Moore. She had gone to a board-
ing school at some distance, and was not
expected to be until the following May.
I entered out a sigh to the memory of
my little blue eyed playmate, and then
called myself a man again.
In a year, I thought, as the vehicle
whirled away from our door, in a year
or three years at the very most, I will
return, and if Mary is as pretty as she
used to be, why, then perhaps, I may
marry her.
And thus I settled the future of a
young lady whom I had not seen for
four years. I never thought of the
possibility of her refusing me, never
dreamed that she would not consent
to accept my offer.
But now I know that had Mary met
me then, she would have despised me.
Perhaps in the scented student she
might have found plenty of sport, but
as for loving me, I should perhaps have
found myself mistaken. India was my
salvation, not merely because of my
success, but because my laborious in-
dustry had counteracted the evil in my
nature, and had made me a better man.
When at the end of three years I pre-
pared to return, I said nothing of the
reformation of myself which I knew had
taken place.
They loved me as I was, I murmured
to myself, and they will find out for them-
selves whether I am better worth loving
than formerly.
I packed up many a token from that
land of romance and gold, for the friends
I had hoped to meet; the gift for Mary
Moore, I selected with a beating heart,
it was a ring of virgin gold, with my
name and hers engraved inside—that
was all, and here's the sight of the little
toy strangely thrilled as I balanced it
upon the tip of my finger.
To the eyes of others it was but a
small, plain object, suggesting some
thoughts, perhaps by its elegance, of
the beautiful white hand that was to
wear it. But not to me—how much was
embodied therein—all these delights were
hidden within that little ring of gold.
Tall, bearded, and sun bronzed, I
knocked at the door of my father's
house. The lights in the parlor win-
dow, and the hum of conversation and
cheerful laughter showed me that com-

pany was assembled there. I hoped
sister Lizzie would come to the door,
and I might greet my family when no
strange eye was looking carelessly in.
But no—servant quivered my an-
nouncement. They were too merry in the
parlor to heed the long absent one who
asked for admittance. A bitter thought
leapt into my mind as I heard the sound
of the parlor and saw the half-suppressed
smiles on the servant's face.
I hesitated a moment before making
myself known or asking for any of the
family. And while I stood silent a
strange apparition grew up before me:
from behind the servant peered out a
small golden head, a tiny delicate form
followed and a sweet childish face,
blue eyes, was lifted to mine—so like
those of one who had brightened my
boyhood, that I started with a sudden
feeling of pain.
"What is your name, my pretty?" I
asked, while the wondering servant held
the door.
"Mary Moore."
"And what else?" I asked quickly.
She lifted her hands to shade her
eyes. I had seen that very attitude in
another, in my boyhood, many and many
a time—and she answered in a sweet,
birdlike voice:
"Mary Moore Chester," I whispered
the child.
My heart sunk down like lead. Here
was an end to all the bright hopes of
my youth and manhood. Frank Chester,
my boyish rival, who often tried in vain
to usurp my place beside the girl, had
succeeded at last, and had won her away
from me! This was the child—his child
and mine!

I sank, body and soul, beneath this
blow, and hiding my face in my hands,
leaped against the door, while my heart
wept tears of blood. The little one
gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and
put up her pretty lips as if about to
speak, but she saw my face, and stepped
to the parlor door, and called my sister
out to see who it was that conducted
himself so strangely. I heard a slight
step and a pleasant voice saying:
"Did you wish to see my father, sir?"
I looked up. There stood a pretty
sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much
changed from the dear little sister I had
loved so well. I looked at her for a
moment, and then, stilling the tumult of
my heart, by a mighty effort, I opened
my arms and said:
"Lizzie, don't you know me?"
"Harry, oh, my brother Harry!" she
cried, and threw herself upon my breast.
She wept as if her heart would break.
I could not weep. I drew her gently
into the lighted parlor, and stood with
her before them all.

"There was a rush and a cry of joy,
and then my father and my mother
sprang toward me, and welcomed me
home with heartfelt tears. Oh, how
sweet such a greeting to the way worn
traveler. And as I held my dear old
father to my heart and grouped my
mother and while Lizzie came beside
me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and
though another had secured Lizzie's
chosen blessing many a joy remained
for me in the dear sanctuary of home."
There were four other inmates of the
house, who had risen in my sudden in-
cursion. One was the blue eyed child
whom I had already seen, and I who had
traced Frank Chester's changing face to
himself. Near by stood Lizzie Moore,
Mary's first sister, and in a distant
corner, in which she had been mysteri-
ously hidden, when my name was spoken,
stood a tall and slender figure, half hid
by the heavy window curtains, that
I felt to be the heavy shadow of my
father.

When my first rapturous greeting was
over, I saw how forlorn was the
place, and Frank Chester, grasping my
hand.
"Welcome home, my boy," he said
with the loud cheerful tones I remembered
so well. "You have changed so, that I
would have never known you, but do
not matter what you are, you are in the
right place. I know."
"How can you say he is changed?"
said my mother, gently. "He is sure, he
looks older and graver and more like a
man than when he went away, but his
smile and his eyes are the same as ever.
It is a heavy heart which changes him."
"He is my boy still."
"Heaven help me!" At that moment I
felt like a boy, and it would have been
a blessed relief to have wept on her bosom,
as I had done in infancy. But I kept
down the beating of my heart, and the
tremor of my lip, and answered, quietly
as I looked full into his handsome face:
"You have changed, too, Frank, but
I think for the better."
"Oh, yes—thank you for the compli-
ment," he answered with a merry laugh.
"My wife tells me I grow handsomer
every day."
"His wife! Could I hear that name
and keep silent still?"
"And have you seen my little girl?"
he asked, lifting the infant in his arms,
and kissing her crimson cheek. "I tell
you, Harry, there is not such another in
the world like her mother—used to?"
"Much like her mother—used to?"
"Very much," I faltered.
"Harry," cried Frank, with a sudden-
ness which made me start violently. "I
have forgotten to introduce you to my
wife. I believe she and you used to be
playmates in your younger days—yes,
Harry?" and he slapped me on the
back, for the sake of old times, and be-
cause you were not at the wedding, I
will give you leave to kiss her once—
but mind old fellow you are not to re-
peat the ceremony. Come—here she
is, and I for once want to see how you
will manage the operation."
He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blush-
ing towards me. A gleam of light and
hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came
over me, and I cried out before I thought,
"Not Mary!"

I must have betrayed my secret to
every one in the room. But nothing
was said, even Frank, in general so ob-
lusive, was this time silent. I kissed
the fair cheek of the young wife, and
hurried to the silent figure looking out
of the window.
"Mary—Mary Moore," I said in a low,
eager tone, "have you no welcome to
give the wanderer?"
She turned and laid her hand in mine,
and said hurriedly:
"I am glad to see you here, Harry."
Simple words, and yet how blessed
they made me. I would not have yield-
ed her up that moment for an emperor's
crown. For there was the happy home-
group, and the dear fire-side with sweet
Mary Moore. The eyes I had dreamed

of by day and night, were falling be-
neath the ardent gaze of mine, and the
sweet face I had so long prayed to see
was there beside me. I never knew the
meaning of happiness until that mo-
ment.
Many years have passed since that
happy night, and the hair that was dark
and glossy then, is fast turning gray.
I am now grown to be an old man, and
can look back to a happy, and I hope
well spent life. And yet, sweet as it
has been, I would not recall a single
day, for the love that made my manhood
so bright, shines also upon my white
hairs.
An old man? Can this be so? At
heart I am as young as ever. And
Mary, with her bright hair parted
smoothly from a brow that has a slight
furrow upon it, is still the Mary of
other days. To me she can never grow
old or change. The heart that held
her in infancy, and sheltered her in the
flush and beauty of womanhood, can
never fast her out until life shall cease
to warp it. Not even then, for love
still lives above.

A GHOST OR NO GHOST.
BY A SPECTATOR.

We were seated round our pleasant
fireside one night last winter, talking of
the heavy falls of snow, and speculat-
ing on a sleigh ride the following day
until the eyes of my young brother and
sisters gleamed with anticipated de-
light.
Our uncle Otis occupied, as usual, his
arm chair, gazing through his large
spectacles upon the pleasant family
group that surrounded him with that
benignant air which old believers assume
when, having no family of their own,
they adopt those of others.
"Uncle Otis," cried Fred, "you have
traveled ever so much. Won't you tell
us a nice ghost story?" He uncled
and the young scamp laid his curly,
fourteen-year old head on the old man's
shoulder.
My uncle frowned a little and looked
ground, as much as to say, "Who has
been putting those foolish ideas into
the children's heads?" I endeavored to
look as if I was not guilty, but I fear
my face told him otherwise, for several
times of narration, suggesting as I did a
large repository of such lore.
"It is only tools and cowards that
have in ghosts," said uncle Otis in a
severe tone.
We all kept silence, but after a mo-
ment's reflection he seemed to forget his
anger, and said softly:
"You wish for a ghost story? Well,
you shall have one. It happened to my-
self, so you can't doubt its truth."
"Well, I exercised my duty, Fred,
on that evening in autumn, forty years
ago, when I was hardly twenty. I was
traveling in France in one of those
gay vehicles in which we traveled post
in those days, when passing close to a
ruined town, Sainte Etable, I think it
was called, a furious storm overtook us,
and one of the horses was struck by
lightning and instantly killed.
There was no possibility of proceed-
ing, so photographically leaving my com-
panion to look after my baggage, I quietly
walked to a roadside inn which was
some quarter of a mile distant. The
place looked filled with company as I
entered, some Spanish merchant's young
spontaneous overtaken by the storm, with
a few persons whose trade or occupation
was not discernible. We all crowded in
the huge fire to dry ourselves, and in
a short time after supper was an-
nounced.
I could check every tongue, and con-
versation being conducted in mono-
syllabic, a general silence reign-
ed over the parlors through. One
had been hung from his horse, another's
carnage had been upset. At last some-
one cried:
"The devil must be about to-night,
it is a regular witches' Sabbath."
This remark was common place enough,
but it gave birth to a singular rein-
deering.
"Sarcophagi and ghosts prefer a moon
light night to a stormy one like this."
We all looked at the speaker. It was
one of the Spanish merchants. His
face was easily known by his dress and
figure. He stretched open at the knee, gait-
ers laced with things of leather, red
coat picturesque hanging from the
shoulders, and an air of proud poverty
pointed on his brown face, round which
hung long, black, curling hair. No one
seemed inclined to contradict this obser-
vation made as it was in a grave, severe
voice, until a young man who sat next
to me burst into a fit of laughter, and
said:
"You appear, Sir, to know the habits
of ghosts. Have they told you that
they do not like to get wet in their
feet?"
He had scarcely finished speaking,
when the Spaniard cast on him a fero-
cious glance, saying:
"Young man, you must not speak so
lightly of things you know nothing
about."
"Do you mean to pretend to persuade
me to believe in ghosts?" answered the
young man, contemptuously.
"Perhaps," replied the Spaniard, "if
you had the courage to make the trial?"
My neighbor bounded angrily from
his seat; but he composed himself in-
stantly, saying calmly:
"You would have to pay dearly for
this impertinence—if it were not that of a
fool."
"That, of a fool!" cried the Spaniard,
leaping to his feet. "Well," he added,
bringing his fist down on the table, and
flinging thereon a large leathern purse,
"see! here are five thousand francs,
which I am content to lose, if in one
hour from this time I do not show you
the ghost of any of your deceased friends
that you choose to name, no matter how
long he may be dead; and if, after hav-
ing recognized him, you have the courage
to permit him to lay his lips against
yours."
The Spaniard had such a terrible air
as he said this, that we all started.
My neighbor alone preserved his disdainful
and mocking smile.
"You will do that, will you?" he
answered.
"Yes; and I will stake these five
thousand francs on the event, if you will
wager a like sum. If I fail, I loose; if
you are vanquished I win."
The young man remained silent for a
moment, then he said gaily,
"Five thousand francs, most worthy

magician, is more than a poor student
ever possesses. But if you will make
the bet a hundred francs, I am your
man."
The Spaniard took back his purse in
silence; then he said in a contemptuous
tone.
"Ah! you back out my little braggar-
do!"
"I back out!" cried my neighbor.
"Ah! if I had the five thousand francs
you would see whether I would back out
or not!"
I could not resist a sudden tempta-
tion that seized me.
"Here's a quarter of the bet," I cried,
putting the money on the table. "I
will go shares with you, young man."
I had scarcely done this, when five or
six persons round the table, attracted as
I was by the singularity of the chal-
lenge, offered to take shares; and in a
very few moments the sum required by
the Spaniard was made up. This last
seemed so sure of its issue, that he gave
the money of the bet to the young stu-
dent, and began to make his prepara-
tions for the trial.
The place chosen was a small, isolated
pavilion in the garden, built in such a
manner as not to admit of jugglery. We
inspected it, assured ourselves that there
was no egress save through a tightly-
closed window and a tightly-closed door,
at which last we all remained after we
had left the young man in the pavilion.
Meanwhile we had placed upon the table
all necessary writing materials, and
carried away all the lights. We were
intensely interested in the whole affair,
and maintained a profound silence;
while the Spaniard, who remained in our
midst, sung or rather chanted, in a sweet
and sad voice, the following words:
"The sepulchre opens wide,
The coffin lid falls away,
Behold by the black grave's side
The phantom, grim and gray!"
After this first couplet, he lifted his
voice solemnly and said:
"You have asked to see your friend
Francois Vialat, who was drowned three
years ago! what do you see?"
"I see," answered the young student
from within the pavilion, "a pale white
light that rises inside the window, but
it has no form, and is nothing but a
vague cloud."
We remained in a state of stupefac-
tion.
"Are you afraid?" cried the powerful
voice of the Spaniard.
"I am not afraid," answered the
student in a voice not less assured.
We scarcely breathed. The Spaniard
was silent for a moment then he struck
the ground with his foot three times,
and sang again, but this time with a
deeper, commanding tone.
"Phantom gray in the wide sea drew
Up of a black and hollow cry,
Wrap thyself in thy shroud around,
And hither come at thy master's cry."
The song ended, the Spaniard turned
once more to the door of the pavilion,
and, with a voice still more solemn than
before, cried:
"You have desired to see the deep
mysteries of the tomb, what do you
see?"
We listened with breathless anxiety.
The student replied in the calm voice of a
man who watches with curiosity the
details of some physical phenomenon.
"I see the vapor of night itself, and
take the shape of a phantom. This phan-
tom has its head covered with a long
veil. It remains in the place in which I
first saw it."
"Are you afraid?" said the Spaniard,
implacably.
Proudly and bravely the young man
answered:
"I am not afraid."
We scarce dared to look at each other;
great was our astonishment and so much
were we occupied with the wild notions
of the Spaniard, who tossed his arms
over his head, and waved three times a
nameless utter, after which he sang
the third verse of his denunciating song, in
a shrill, reverent voice.
"The phantom, come, thy light is here,
He says I hear my friend call,
He loves to well to feel a fair,
When I lift my veil and cast my part."
The Spaniard, as soon as he had
finished, repeated his diabolical ques-
tion.
"What do you see?"
"I see," answered the student, "a spec-
ter advancing. He lifts his veil and
is Francois Vialat—he approaches the
table—he writes—it is his signature."
"Are you afraid?" cried the Spaniard
with a sort of hoarse fury.
There was a moment of awful silence,
then the young man replied in a calm
and equable tone.
"No, I am not afraid."
Then the Spaniard, as if attacked with
an epileptic fit, leaped and shrieked in a
sort of frenzy, and sang in a hoarse,
guttural voice, the last internal stanza,
"The phantom says to the braggart boy,
I come to thee from the grave yard child,
I clasp thy neck with a shuddering joy,
My lips to thine forever I'll hold."
"What do you see?" cried the Span-
iard in a voice of thunder.
"He comes nearer—nearer—he em-
braces me—help!—help! Oh! help! I
say!"
"Are you afraid?" cried the Spaniard
with a sort of ferocious joy.
A piercing cry, then a stifled groan,
were the only replies to this terrible
question.
"Answer this young braggart," said
the Spaniard to us, in a bitter voice.
"I have won the bet, but it is enough to
have given him a lesson. Let him
keep the money, but be wise in the fu-
ture."
Having said this he walked rapidly
away. We were stupefied. We opened
the door and found the student in horri-
ble convulsions. A paper signed with
the name of Francois Vialat lay on the
table. The moment the young man re-
covered his senses, he demanded where
was the magician who had been the
cause of such horrible profanation. He
wished to kill him. He ran to the lav-
atory to seek him—he rushed like a mad-
man out into the night to discover him,
and we saw him no more. That is my
story.

The dead silence that prevailed—so
much were we impressed with the story
—I was the only one who had the cour-
age to say,
"And after all that, how is it that you
don't believe in ghosts?"
"Because," answered my uncle,
"neither the young man nor the magi-
cian ever came back, nor with them the

five-thousand francs that myself and my
fellow-travelers had contributed toward
the bet. Those two rascals had robbed
us, after having played under our noses
a comely price of which I shall not
consider too dear if it convinces you
that it is only fools who believe in
ghosts."

THE FLOWER GIRL.

Fair lady, proud lady,
Will you buy these flowers of me?
The roses are red, as once were the cheeks
Of the perfumed babe on my knee.
Sweet the perfume of this hyacinth bloom,
But sweeter was baby's breath;
And a tender blue than these violets' hue
Were the eyes now closed in death.
Fair lady, proud lady,
Do you buy these flowers of me—
Not for my sake, for the sake of the babe
You may one day dance on your knee?
See the gold of his hair, more bright and
fair,
The marigolds dipped dew—
Through the death carved grace of the still,
white face
Is cold as the lily in hue.
See the pallor that tips the thin white lips,
Which once the stock pink 'ried,
And the little hands clenched with the pain
that wrenched
The life from his heart when he died?
Small was the cry of my baby boy
In this world of sorrow, I know,
And I only craved for baby a grave,
Where the flowers he loved may blow.
Ah, lady, fair lady,
You sniff my flowers in scorn;
But of me you must think, and your proud
heart sink.
When your own wee baby is born,
God knows, there'll be no thoughtless rose,
And the rose of your beauty will pale
What the honey bees sip the hoar frost upon,
And a feather may turn the scale.
Flowers, bright flowers, I sell at all
hours,
I have sold them for years and years—
And now but crave a green little grave,
Where my lonely heart strived for years
May claim from the earth full many a birth
Of flowers more fresh than the dawn,
To show me the light of the eyes that were
bright,
And the smile of the spirit that's gone!

Fact and Fancy.

A man without a new like the follow-
ing things, according to our experience and
observation.
Like a body without a soul,
Like a wagon without a pole,
Like a teacher without a class,
Like a ship without a sail,
Like a horse without a bit,
Like a drink without a drop,
Like a speech without a pencil,
Like a soldier without a sword,
Like a hunter without a gun,
Like a lady without a suit,
Like a woman without a child,
Like a man without a beard,
Like a man without a woman,
Like a man without a horse,
Like a man without a dog,
Like a man without a cat,
Like a man without a wife,
Like a man without a child,
Like a man without a home,
Like a man without a job,
Like a man without a friend,
Like a man without a name,
Like a man without a soul.

A QUERER HYMN BOOK—A good job
is told of a preacher in Nebraska, who
had dined with a friend just before ter-
restrial services. As it happened, this
friend occasionally luxuriated in a smile
of the ardent, and sometimes carried a
morocco-covered flask in his overcoat
pocket.
By mistake, the minister took the
friend's overcoat for his own on his de-
parture, and, walking into the pulpit
began the exercises without doffing the
garment, it being rather chilly in the
room.
Looking very ministerially over his
congregation from behind his spec-
tacles, he began drawing from his pocket,
as he supposed his hymn book, with the
introductory remark that the congrega-
tion would sing from a particular page
which he selected beforehand.
The minister held the supposed book
up in full sight of the congregation, and
attempted to open it sideways, but it
would not go.
The situation was realized in a mo-
ment, but, alas! too late.
His reverence was dumfounded, the
whole scene was made ludicrous by a
fellow in the back part of the congrega-
tion, not altogether too sober, who
drawled out:
"Say, Mister can we all (hic) jine in
that 'er hymn?"

Not the Prisoner—Yesterday evening,
a rather sooty looking individual
appeared at the central station and in-
quired if he could be honored with an
interview with the Chief of Police, and
being replied to in the affirmative, was
shown into the private office.
"What can I do for you?" inquired
the official.
"Are you the Chief?"
"Yes."
"Can I speak to you privately?"
"Yes."
"Will you be so good as to step
with me?"
"Yes."
"Well, then, listen: as I was cross-
ing Gibson Street, about 12 o'clock last
night, I saw a woman approach the
bank with a baby in her arms, looking
carefully around all the while to see
she was followed, and then when I got
at the edge, stooped and—
"Threw the child into the canal!"
"I claimed the appalled officers here from
white with horror."
"No," replied his visitor, "the child
was safe."
"See here, my friend," quietly re-
marked the Chief, "I'm not the person
you want to see; the real killer is
yourself."
"An incorrigible was who put a
number of inches worth of sawdust
in the water, and then, though I
should have seen it, I let it
"sinking" the paper.

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