

The Democratic Watchman

PELLERONTE, PA.

THE DOORSTEP.

The conference meeting through last, We boys around the vestry waited...

The Bride's Tomb.

AN AWFUL PRESENTIMENT.

The incident which I am about to relate is one of the many evidences of the oft-repeated saying, that truth is stranger than fiction.

Quite as lucid is the definition of those who deny the agency of other than physical or natural causes in producing this class of events.

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The month passed rapidly, as the months always do when people are absorbed. Marie was to marry the man of her own choosing, and a man that her parents would have chosen for her.

It had been a clear sky, a bright sunshine, from first to last. The 20th arrived, and the first part of the programme which had long been arranged, was carried out.

Nine o'clock soon came, when the rooms were filled with the beauty and aristocracy of both town and country.

On that day Marie, with her husband, and two or three other young friends, had gone out on the bay, as was their frequent custom when the weather was fine.

"How are you, Jim? Fine morning," "Hearty, squire," replied Jim. "Beautiful weather; fine mule you have there."

"What words, Marie?" I answered. "You know the words on the monuments, and if you did not, you could not read them at such a distance."

"Why, Marie?" said he, "you are pale as one of Hofer's Walpolen's ghosts!"

"Am I the victim of a dream?" I said. Did Marie Percival stand by my side a moment ago, reading the inscription upon her own tomb?

"I do not like rummaging in graveyards," I would say to him. So, too, with all moonlight nights; so beautiful to him, but which were, and always will be, a ghastly horror to me.

We remained abroad until the following April, a little more than a year. The day after our arrival home, I started for Mr. Linden's. I cannot exactly tell what my feelings were as the cars neared the old town.

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had asked me if I believed in the possibility of his truth, I should have answered, "No."

"I was your deck when I arrived at the end of my journey. A few minutes' walk brought me to the house. I rang the bell, which was answered by an old woman whom I had frequently seen during my previous visits."

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I have only to add, that Mr. Linden, who was an Englishman, took his wife to Europe, hoping that in change of scene she might recover from the shock.

Kicked by a Mule.

BY ZAC WADDELL.

Jack Johnson had a mule. There was nothing remarkable in the mere fact of his being the owner of such an animal, but there was something quite peculiar about the mule.

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A PRESIDENTIAL INTERVIEW.

A Detroit Sovereign and his Meeting (With Frank Pierce).

In the happy days of Democracy, Detroit boasted many an adept at pulling the wires, and making up the State in the interest of those who generally arranged things at "Ten Eyck's old stand."

"Where's Bob?" quoth Alderman John. "Who, sir?" replied Mr. Kelly in bland tones.

"The Secretary is engaged, sir, just at present, and cannot be disturbed."

The next morning, punctual to a minute, our friend was on hand at the office of the Secretary to make the promised call upon the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

In the meantime, Mr. McClelland had announced to Mr. Pierce his intention to call with his Michigan friend, and begged him, so far as he possibly could, to bury the dignity of the President in the cordiality of the citizen, assuring him that Mr. Hull would feel highly flattered with any familiarity that might be extended to him by the President of the United States.

"Anything new in Detroit, Mr. Hull?" inquired Mr. Pierce. "No," replied Mr. Hull, shorter than ever.

"When did you leave home?" continued Mr. Pierce, not a little amazed at the grumness of his visitor.

Without deigning a reply to this last question, Hull, in uncontrollable wrath at his supposed neglect, broke out in a loud rage, spiced with an oath, that "If Bob McClelland intended to introduce him to the President, he wanted him to do it—quick, as he didn't come up there to sit around like a stouthead bottle."

Mrs. Ellet, in her recent book on "Famous American Women," makes mention of a California lady remarkable for her ability to entertain twenty gentlemen at once by her vivacious conversational powers.

gotten them—wearing conspicuously at all times, and in all places, a neat gold "6" upon her dress, and at all times making the Company of which she is a duly elected member costly presents, ranging from the cherished "19" to a barrel of brandy, now by staking a thousand on a favorite horse at the races, again by riding on the plovercatcher, the entire length of the Napa Valley railroad, to which ride she challenged an engineer, and still again by some of the noblest deeds of philanthropy and charity.

She has upwards of fifty thousand dollars in her own right, and of course is expected to inherit the hundreds of thousands of her father's estate.

A few days since she started in company with her parents overland for New York, and thence to Paris. Two days after, her marriage notice appeared as evidence of the latest of her eccentricities, she in a quiet way, with the personal knowledge of but two human beings beside herself and the fortunate groom having suddenly experimented in the role of bride.

Her husband is left behind, she not having seen him, it is said, since they left St. James' Free Church Doubtless, ere this she has informed her loving pa and dearest ma of her late romantic experiment, and is now enjoying some other innocent amusement.

A dismal round of beating rain is heard against the window pane. The heart of Nature throbs with woe. Her dreary tears unceasing flow.

A STORMY NIGHT.

No raked branches lose and sigh. No stars gleam in the clouded sky. The gloom of hurried frowns—moan. And streams reply with willing tone.

The vision vanished; what is meant I know too well, and why 'twas meant. In household cheer and warmth secure We never should forget the poor.

A Continental "Dam."

A correspondent in Atlanta, Ga., offers the following plausible explanation of this term. He says: "I do not claim to be versed in slang phrases, but I must confess that my knowledge of them is sufficient to explain the origin of an expression of this nature, of which Mr. Richard Grant White admits he can give no account.

"I have come for my umbrella," said the lender of one of those articles. "Can't help that," exclaimed the borrower. "Don't you see I am going out with it?"

"Well, yes," replied the lender, astonished at such an outrageous impudence, "yes, but—but—but what am I to do?"

This, That and the Other.

—Die early and be an economist of time — North Carolina down to 1866 had produced \$2,500,000 in gold. — A New Hampshire lady of 80 is cutting her third set of teeth.

—Gophers are said to be fond of corn, but a man who has corn doesn't like to "go fur" — Franklin, Kentucky, ships to Louisville one thousand dozen of eggs per week.

—A doctor in Meriden, Conn., visits his patients on a telegraph. It is so gentle that he leaves it without hitching.

—An exchange says: A physician at New Albany, Ind., spent twelve hours last week in taking an eight-foot tapeworm from a boy two years old.

—An English girl has obtained £5 damage from a sweetheart who, while breaking her sweetest heart, had also broken a finger. She marries he might have broken her heart with impunity.

—A Chicago Journal, alluding to Garrett Davis' solution regarding the negro, says: "In case Butler is found to deserve severe punishment, he is sent to the Senate to hear one of Davis' speeches."

—The Lafayette (Ind.) Courier announces that the patent for making brick is offered for sale there, and adds: "A first-rate notice will be found in the telegraph columns—the fall of a church, steeple ball of that kind of material."

—A velocipede in New Haven, while crossing a street, ran into a horse and knocked him down. The horse was so injured by the fall that the owner was obliged to kill him, and he now holds the velocipede-rider responsible to the extent of \$500.

—Some of the Quakers of Pennsylvania are advising their brethren to resist paying the militia tax. But the Quakers, bonded on the negro war. It was all right for the youth of the country to spill their blood to turn the darkness loose, but it is all wrong for the Quakers to pay the taxes which have come from the war.

—A Pittsburgh paper says: "The other day a little girl was playing near a well, when she slipped and began to fall into it. But fortunately a cat was sitting on a log close by the well, and the girl grasped the cat's tail and held on, screaming all the time, until some body came out of the house and saved her."