

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEVILLE, PA.

ROBIN, THE REAPER, IS COURTING ME.

Rich is the grain to the summer yield On the sunniest side of the hill...

She is building those castles so frail and fair, Where maidens delight to dwell...

The son of the Mayor from the neighboring town, On his horse's speed has slackened the rein...

By the light of my eyes, fair maid, "quoit he As low on the horse's neck he bent...

She looked at his eyes so bold and free, And she dropped him a curtsy low...

Gravely the Judge is wending his way, Slowly along from the neighboring fair...

"Riches and honor and fair renown Are dear to the heart of man," thought he...

Go the riches of "I and of Araby," To the pride of his home, at her feet he lay...

Then over the hill-side and down through the grain, Past the Judge or Squire could ride...

ETHEL ROMER'S MISTAKE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAN.

Valentine's day! as soft and sweet a day as any birds could wish for mating...

Ethel's musings were interrupted. The postman's rap did it. Ethel opened the door...

"For me?" asked Ralph. "No," she said, "for me."

Yes, it was a Valentine. Three times had that day returned since she married Ralph Romer...

Could it be the fair-haired student who sat near them in church? Or the dark-eyed soldier...

Even then she took one look in the glass, and thought, if she did not say it...

After tea they walked together, and stood beside the pond in the garden...

But from this time forth, the little happiness that had still lingered in Ethel's life was at an end...

Ralph Romer never thought to keep her at home, but he seldom went out with her...

had found it the most natural thing in the world to act as escort home after some social meeting...

So the long year rolled round, and Valentine's day came again. Ethel had watched and waited for its coming...

She had given him a hint, and if it were she would surely know it this day. And if it were he, then Ethel Romer knew that it had been better for her never to have been born...

"If it comes to that," she said answering her own thoughts, "how my name will ring—I shall be blacker than Satan."

At last, she saw a figure coming straight and fast towards the house, and the blood flew to her cheek...

They brought him in—and from that moment, for long days and nights, she kept watch beside his bed...

The gray overcoat was hanging on the wall, which she had thought old manly and like him...

Within lay envelopes like those upon the valentine, a little box of such gay seals and fragments of verse...

They are together still. I think they have forgotten that one is young and the other is old...

She has but to remember those treasured Valentines which he bound together with blue ribbon in her most sacred hiding place...

Gamblers—Their Superstitions

General A. L. S., of Kentucky, perhaps one of the best card players in that state, would never play a hand or risk a dollar if there was a black cat in the room...

In 1849, I was a passenger on the steamer Star Spangled Banner, from New Orleans to Louisville. She was crowded with people...

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WHO LOVED HER BEST?

Quiet and pale and sweet and fair They surrounded her for rest, Weeping the lilies around her hair...

Pure as the foam of the milk-white flower Was the heart of that maiden dead; Peaceful and calm was the funeral hour...

Into the room where the maiden lay, Three men drew softly near, Three men who had loved her, ah, well-a-day...

And one whose eyes were black as night, Made wildly a desolate moan, "Nearer to me shall the skies be bright, Or peace to my soul be known!"

And one whose eyes were bright and blue As the clouds in the spring-flood air, Stopped lowly the pale, still lips unto, And lovingly kissed them there.

And one whose forehead was white and wan, Whose eyes were stern and gray, Gazed long and sadly her face upon, Then silently turned away.

They buried her deep where the grass grows And the birds sing a blithesome song, Green were the hedgerows bright blossoms were, Nodding the whole day long.

Nodding, still nodding when the sun In the summer with shimmering glow, For the maiden died and she was laid down Many long years ago.

The days were dimmed with the dark-eyed In a tempest of misery and strife, Inman And wild with an awe the years that ran, The course of his stormy life.

And the blue-eyed one, his pulses beat Quick when he heard her name, Until to his heart with rapture sweet A new love softly came.

But the wan-browed man, went forth that day With a new-born light in his soul, To guide his footsteps over his way, The shadow of death should toil.

Nearer to his lips came smile again, Nor yet to his eyes a tear, But never the deeper of grief or pain, To the sad strong heart came near.

The Gray Friars' Dog.

In the city of Edinburgh the old chapel of the Gray Friar Monks stands in the churchyard where some of Scotland's noblest sons and daughters are buried...

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Two Women Claim one Man

In 1866 Adam Kinzmat, being then about to leave his native land, to seek his fortune in the new world...

Arrived in this country Adam proposed Pittsburgh as his future residence, and the home of his home said, as a dutiful wife ought...

The bride's kin came to Wheeling and shortly after settled in Ritchie town. He was not happy. He had violently snapped the ties that bound him to his wife and child...

On the 27th day of March last he fell from the altar, and in his fall, he brought his bride to the shady bowers of Ritchie town...

Yesterday Mrs. Kinzmat the First appeared before Squire Johnston and demanded a warrant for the arrest of the faithless, Brigham Youngical Adam...

New Orleans is the home of a remarkable character in the person of a European Spaniard named Pope Lulla, who publishes a card...

The preliminaries having been arranged, the parties repaired to Carroll on the following Sunday morning...

At the expiration of that time the Cuban, who had been standing in the attitude prescribed by the code...

Pope Lulla is a gentleman fifty years of age, who has been residing in New Orleans for the last twenty-five years...

A CURIOUS STORY.—Michigan papers state that a young man named Denslow, living at Romig Centre, in that State...

So goeth the ancient saw. But it is mighty slow sometimes in prevailing.

This, That and the Other.

—Can dealers in coarse fabrics ever be said to do a fine business. —Esteem is the mother of love, but the daughter is often older than the mother.

—It is useless to roast a pig of lead. It can never be cooked so as to make a light diet. —The man who made a note of passing events could not get it discounted at the Bank.

—Ago before beauty. That is why in these latter times children are ahead of their parents. —Hoops surround two things which are now commanding great attention—girls and whiskey.

—Blue looks much better on a lady's person than on her face. It adds grace to contour but not to countenance. —Wicked men stumble at a straw in the way to heaven, and climb over great mountains in their way to hell.

—The gentleman who stretched his fancy has had a feeling of soreness ever since, and has gone freely into the lament like. —Which is the cheaper—a bride or a bridegroom? The bride—she is always given away, the bridegroom often regularly sold.

—Mr. Short says the only thing horses make pay these times is his address to the ladies and these he never allows to get overdue. —"How long did Adam remain in Paradise?" asked a victim of her loving husband. "Till he got a wife," answered the husband.

—A dancer once said to Socrates: "You cannot stand on one leg so long as I can." "True," replied the philosopher, "but a goose can." —A beggar woman coming into a house where Nellie was sitting alone, asked for charity. "Charity!" said Nellie. "I guess we are most out."

—The man who got wise by eating sage cheese has a brother who proposes to become skillful in the fashionable dances by dieting on hops. —"Is your house a warm one, landlord?" asked a gentleman in search of a house. "It ought to be," was the reply the painter gave it two coats, recently.

—The peculiarities of the English language permit us to state that a man standing in Newark may at the same time make a speech on the Pacific railroad. —Where shall I put these papers—so as to be sure of seeing them tomorrow?" inquired Mary of her brother Charles. "On the looking glass," was the brother's reply.

—A man who was arrested for stealing goods at a fire, plead in excuse the extension of his conduct, that he had been in the place but a few days and hadn't learned the rules. —Little Johnny was being catechized by his brother, who asked him of what he was made. Johnny replied, "You and me and papa are made of dust, mamma and sister are made of man's wits."

—A party of young fellows found her with the butter on a boarding-house table. "What is the matter with it?" inquired the mistress. "Just you ask a said one, 'tis old enough to speak for itself." —A shrewd but unenlightened school director, out West, used to say, on examining a candidate for the post of teacher, "We all know that a, b, c, are vowels, but we want to know why they are vowels."

—Little three year old Mary was playing very roughly with the kitten carrying it by the tail. Her mother told her that she would hurt herself. "Why no I won't," said she, "I'm carrying it by the handle." —At a young ladies' seminary, recently, during an examination in Latin, one of the most promising pupils was interrogated, "Mary, did Luther die a natural death?" No was the reply, "He was excommunicated by a bull."

—"Don't you think my eyes look queer killing this morning?" said a lady to a smart girl, and he twisted his head in a visionary in the most cruel and fascinating manner. "They remind me," said the damsel, "of a codfish dying of toothache." —Ulysses the First complains that the people who don't want office, but merely to pay their respects, annoy him, and that he intends to close the doors to the public. He wants peace, but don't want to be bothered with common people.

—There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue, and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, and most steadfast happiness. —"Is my face dirty?" remarked a young lady to her aunt, while seated at the dinner table on a steambent running from Cairo to New Orleans. "Dirty!" No. Why do you ask?" "Because that insulting waiter insists upon putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes around he puts another before me."

—At Peekskill, New York, a man is in jail for murdering his little daughter. He attempted to chastise his wife with the poker when the child interposed and he hurled the weapon at her. It stuck in her head, and she ran screaming into the street, where a passing man pulled it out. She died in a few days afterwards.