

The Democratic Watchman.

WASTED TIME.

Wasted time. The chances of happiness... Wasted time. The chances of happiness... Wasted time. The chances of happiness...

Bold Strike For A Wife.

It was my first visit North since I had taken up my abode and entered on the practice of my profession in New Orleans.

In the city of New York I had a very dear friend, my old friend and classmate, George Dickson, and as he was the only person I knew in the great metropolis, of course I lost no time in looking him up.

Three years had passed since our last meeting, but he could scarcely have produced a change more marked than had taken place in the appearance and manner of my friend.

Our first greetings, and friendly inquiries over, I longed, yet forbore, to ask the cause of my friend's melancholy.

That evening, in my room at the hotel, George told me his story. He had formed an attachment for a young lady, whose graces of mind and person he portrayed with all the fervor of a lover's eloquence.

Some months since, Mr. Parsons, the young lady's father, had gone south on business, accompanied by his nephew.

On the day preceding his death he had executed a will, which had since been duly proved by the depositions of the attesting witnesses.

To ascertain her father's heart's choice would not have cost Julia Parsons a moment's hesitation, and nothing could have more delighted George Dickson, than to have an opportunity of showing how superior his devotion was to all considerations of personal advantage.

Young Parsons had not the magnanimity to forego his huge ancestral estate. He might have been content with his cousin's fortune alone, but his right to that depended on his offer and her rejection of an alliance which she felt in conscience bound to accept.

At the conclusion of my friend's narrative, in which, for reasons that may be after he developed, I took a peculiar interest, I prevailed upon him to accompany me to a place of amusement to which I had previously procured tickets.

When we reached the theatre, the performance had begun, but we succeeded in finding seats which commanded a fair view of the stage and the audience.

In a few moments George touches my elbow.

Observe the gentleman nearly opposite in front of a proscenium seat, seated in the column. I saw his arm raised, and he was shouting.

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a man whose striking resemblance to one I had seen before caused me to start with surprise.

Who is it? I asked. Ed. Ige Parsons, was the reply. The same, I replied, unhesitatingly. Do she resemble his mother? I was on the point of inquiring, but just then the manager directed the glow...

right hand, and I saw that the first joint of the middle finger was wanting, a circumstance which, for sufficient reasons, I absorbed my attention.

"Yes," said George, "it was the 23d of December." His brother received a telegram from her on the 23d of the month, and she died the same day.

"I have a reason which may or may not prove a good one," I returned, and stating that I had business engagements for the whole of the next day, I parted with my friend, promising to meet him on the following evening.

"Next afternoon found me at the office of Dr. Parsons.

"Yes, sir," I answered, with some embarrassment.

"I am the gentleman on whom you called to draft a will."

"What do you mean?" he shouted in a defiant tone, springing to his feet.

"Simply that your uncle's signature to that paper is a forgery! I saw, read, and confirmed him."

"Enough, if you have shown your self possessed of a secret the custody of which may prove dangerous."

"I am not unprepared for your threat," I replied. "In the first place, I did not come here unarméd, in the next, I have prepared a full written statement of the facts to which I have alluded, with information, besides, of my present visit to you self."

"What is your purpose?" he exclaimed.

"To keep your secret while you live, I answered, "on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you write instantly to Julia Parsons, announcing all pretensions to her hand, and absolutely withdrawing your proposal of marriage."

"After a moment's pause he seated himself at his desk, and hastily penned a brief note, which he submitted to my inspection, it was quite satisfactory."

"I will see it is delivered," I said, taking it up and bowing myself out.

When I met George Dickson that evening, his old college look had come back.

"Edridge Parsons, I have just learned of the death of the late Cuban patriot, and was killed in a recent encounter with the Spaniards."

Do I know him in the Old Time. A law to prevent drunkenness by prohibiting the public sale of intoxicating liquors was by no means original in the State of Maine.

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Ye Cuban Patriot. — Mark Twain Makes a Calm Inspection of Him.

Just at this time our souls are wringed with sympathy for the Cuban patriot, and with hatred for his oppressor.

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from equally ready to live the same way by nothing whenever their lives stand in peril.

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CHINESE WOMEN.

THEIR FRIGHTFUL TREATMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The St Paul Pioneer has the following on the Chinese women in San Francisco:

"Very few of the women brought here are waves, and they live, for the most part, in the most abject manner.

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The Sultan has sent the Pope a \$6,000 ring.

Pneumonia is fatally prevalent at Fort Scott, Kansas.

California manufacturers' sweet oil from the sunflower.

Dressmakers' bills caused a recent failure in New York.

New York has a store for the sale of cats of a fancy breed.

The gizzard of a California goose yielded \$6 worth of gold.

The fashionable folks of Henderson, Ky., eat puddings in church.

Mr. and Mrs. McFarland were married by Theodore Parker.

Three papers in Paris are now publishing a "Life of the Devil."

There are upward of five thousand practicing physicians in Illinois.

California laborers have mostly abandoned the eight-hour system.

There are thirty slate quarries in Lehigh county, worth \$2,000,000.

Philadelphians complain of too many mud dogs. Forney is one of them.

The Germans in Chicago are about to build a theatre to cost \$80,000.

General Sherman has been elected a member of the London Army and Navy Club.

"Carletta Will Recover," is the title of a pamphlet just published in Paris.

Why is a prisoner's time like an abominable joke? Because it's past in distance.

The fire in the Gold Hill mines, Nevada, which broke out last April, still rages.

Texas has a large crop of peanuts, which are worth \$8 gold per bushel.

A Bates College student, out of employment, abates his poverty by sawing wood.

They are talking over in Jersey of removing the State capital from Trenton to Newark.

Shade trees should not be planted close to dwelling houses. Let in the sun light.

Connecticut has raised a pumpkin that furnished material for two hundred pies.

The Canadian press contemptuously calls Winnipeg-don the "Half-breed Republic."

The fashionable material for wedding gowns at present is said to be white uncut velvet.

Trautmann is the champion confessor. No two of his confessions agree, except in strictly.

A Governor, advertising for a situation, says that "his is perfect mixture of her own tongue."

Mormon missionaries East telegraph to Brigham Young that they can't make many converts.

A Parisian fortune-teller has accumulated a fortune of 700,000 francs during the past eight years.

South Carolina has a colored legislator named Thistle, and Southern papers are down on him.

Eugenie's hair dresser charges the ladies of the court \$1.18 each a year for his valuable services.

A woman in Chicago recently seized a man, and before he could secure assistance, brutally married him.

Miss Muhlbach is contemplating a series of historic novels on the Presidents of the United States.

The melancholy days have come when overcast mistreously disappear from the rack in the front hall.

Emma Webb has wedded a Frenchman named Navarro, though everybody thought she would never do it.

A Chicago restaurant keeper found the head of a young Hyson in a chest of tea; which was a chop he didn't bargain for.

George D. Prentice, the veteran editor, has been quite ill at Louisville, and confined to his room for several days.

An eastern editor notices correspondents that "it we should desire stupid articles, we can write them ourselves."

A handsome girl at Ullica wenders the other day, because her pa wouldn't let her marry a man six feet high and red-headed.

Sixty new buildings of differing kinds have gone up at Calpepper Court House, Va., within the last twelve months.

Ladies who wear the shortest skirts some-how have small feet and nice fitting boots. We suppose it happens to happen so.

Six British detectives are said to be prowling about New York reporting the departure of suspected Fenians for Ireland.

The Empress Eugenie ran short of funds at Alexandria, and borrowed \$50,000 to get home with, just as any of us would have done.

The Atlanta Constitution says that a man came to that city recently with 15 pounds of gold, mined near Grantville, Georgia.

A drunkard was found lying in the Pottsville grave-yard, and when taken to charge by an officer he claimed to be a petrifed giant.

A Virginia preacher poured his Bible with such effluence, on a recent Sunday, as to break the marble slab which formed the pulpit desk.

A young woman in Newark, New Jersey, is contemplating Ida Lewis, having already rescued three persons from the raging waters of the canal.

Frederick S. Cozzens, of New York, author of the "Spatterglass Papers," and many other pleasant gossip works, was buried the other day.

A Louisiana planter progressed finely in taming a young panther until the animal got large enough to lunch off his owner, one night, when hungry.

An Alabama wife, wishing a divorce, read out and bored, gave her lawyer her most-forth superfluous contributions as a fee to recount her pain in court.