

The Democratic Watchman

BELLEVILLE, PA.

THE BRETON MARINER'S PRAYER.

Keep me, my God! my boat is so small and my ocean is so wide!

So wide, my Father, and the waves so rough, wilt Thou not guide me, my tiny bark?

Oh, Father! shall I ever reach that farther, distant, golden shore?

So wide, oh, Father! shall I ever reach that farther, distant, golden shore?

But Thou wilt guide me safe, my Father, for Thou knowest my heart is small!

Oh, Father, when the restless ocean lifts these my limbs, wilt Thou not guide me?

Through the bars of a cell.

Courteous reader, I am the inmate of a State Prison. Do not be astonished...

I had an only brother. We had been brought up in a distant village in the State of Pennsylvania.

I was extremely fortunate in New York. My last employers in the country gave me letters to one of the chief merchants in this city.

Some years before I had conceived the idea of giving my brother a good education. My brother was to me more like a son than anything else.

He went to college. His progress was remarkable; he was at the head in everything; he graduated with the highest honors.

My brother went home, and, as I supposed, studied for his profession. I corresponded always with my mother.

One day, on going to the office, I found a telegraph dispatch. The words of that dispatch have burned themselves into my memory.

It was a stranger's name. Great God! my brother dying. A stranger, too, telegraphing to me! What meant all this? Was my mother also dying?

I never closed my eyes for three days and three nights, nor did I eat a mouthful until I came in sight of my native town in Pennsylvania.

Are they in? I gazed out, not knowing what I said.

No one recognized me. I did not wish to be recognized. Fearful of being an object of vulgar pity, I had determined to act as a stranger.

"She's dead sir," I asked, with a frightful attempt at indifference. "Yes, sir, his death broke her down; she died next day."

"Ah, yes, sir. There's never been a death in the village so unfortunate. Especially poor Henry sir. He was a great favorite."

"I used to know a brother of his in New York. Does he know about this?" "Ah, sir, I don't know. It'll be a sad blow for him."

"How did it happen?" "Won't you walk in, sir, and I'll tell you?" "No, thank you; it's so close; I'm hot; I'll sit here."

I sank into a seat by the cottage. The woman told me all. Her story was simply this: When Henry came home from college he was the pride and boast of the village.

All can be told in a few words. My mother, horrified, started, overwhelmed by this most unlooked-for calamity, and gentle in nature like my brother, sank like him under the sudden stroke.

"And now," concluded the woman, "they both are buried beside her husband." All the time she spoke I did not utter a word.

My scheme was one of grandeur. You seldom hear of such schemes. People generally find it difficult to take revenge because they are too anxious to take care of themselves.

I started for New York immediately, and arrived there as soon as possible. The head of the house was living at that time up the Hunson. He left everything to me. My measures were all taken.

On my card there was the same name, and over it a neatly engraved crest. This nobleman I was personally acquainted with. He had large dealings with our house, and all his circumstances were well known to me.

"Distinguished stranger.—Yesterday a distinguished nobleman arrived at the Hotel. He is Henry Lord Arlington, and is related to the leading English nobility.

"God bless you, my dear boy! he said, 'your desire for revenge has misled you. May you be forgiven as I forgive you!'"

A MANTLE shelf—a lady's shoulders.

At the Hotel. He is Henry Lord Arlington, and is related to the leading English nobility. He comes to this country to study our institutions and see the wonders of nature in which our land is so rich.

I was waited on by the chief people in the city. I bore letters of introduction to them, and met with an eager welcome. My stately manners, my calmness and self-reliance won me respect.

Isabel Nevers, for this was her name, was the daughter of one of the old families. Her father was a man of self-importance and absurd conceit. He prided himself on being the son of an American officer, and cultivated his lofty feeling of arrogance to a ridiculous extent.

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—It is stated that Lord Arlington is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the daughter of one of our most distinguished citizens. If this be so, we venture to say that the court of St. James will have no brighter ornament than Miss Nevers."

"The young man in whom you placed confidence is a scoundrel.—He is not in Europe but in Philadelphia, with forged letters bearing the name of Lord Arlington. Do not despise this, but come yourself to Philadelphia. Learn all, and save yourself from ruin."

"We were married. It was the most magnificent wedding ever known in Philadelphia. All the elite of the city were present. Such splendor, such display, had never before been seen."

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"I must see him," cried a loud voice. "Well, it's getting better," I exclaimed, and springing up I went to the door.

"I saw my late employer. He started back. 'Well, my good man, can I do anything for you? My calmness, my hauteur, my independence was beyond description.'"

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Perturbed Spirits,

About fifteen miles from Leavenworth, near the Benham salt works, stands a house that seems to have fallen under the displeasure of some spirit or spirits, apparently not of this world.

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Don Platt and the Postmaster.

I had been at Lako George some two weeks without getting any mail matter, although I had sent over almost every day. Wearied out at last, I went myself.

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Pressed for time—Egyptian mummies. The only industrious loafers are the bakers. In many times farmers like to pitch it strong.

A GO-AHEAD class—The locomotive engineers. The best abdominal supporter—A good dinner. About 80 lives were lost by the Virginia floods.

Meats are high, but cows low—when they are hungry. Some lovers' quarrels begin and some end with a smack. A man with a long head is not very apt to be head long.

The man who works with a will—the probate judge. Something that you can't beat all hollow—a bass drum. The total receipts of the Allentown fair were \$5,120.77.

Wild geese are hunted with steamers on Lake St. Croix. Whirlwind of a horse to take in mounting—The outside. The Republicans of Tennessee have nominated W. H. Ursher for Governor.

A farmer gathers what he sows, while a seamstress sews what she gathers. Can people who list believe in young ladies? No. Every miss is a myth to them. The side that a good many people in Paris would like to take at present—the outside.

Modesty in a woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming if not put on. Teacher—"T-h-a-t spells what?" Bright scholar—"Does it, I thought that it spelled that." The man who took things as they came—employed a large team to carry them home.

Railways are aristocrats. They teach every man to know his own station and stop there. It turns out that the woman who has not spoken to her husband for twenty years is an old maid. "Will you demonstrate your ability in a whirl?" Is the way they ask 'em to dance in Saratoga.

To keep cool in the country in warm weather—shake your roof, shingle your hair and bound yourself. The female school teachers of Crawford county, Indiana, have pledged themselves not to wear corsets. The census takers return 102,000 as the population of St. Louis, and the enumeration is not yet completed.

Never talk with your mouth full. If you talk with a bit in your mouth you must expect to be a little horse. A young man who has just returned from one of his bridal trips is like a sea voyage because it is a merry-time excursion. In eating oysters always peel the shells off before swallowing. The shells are indigestible and are apt to lie on the stomach.

It may not be amiss to state that three hundred and fifty-seven years from Sunday last the Pacific Ocean was discovered. "She isn't all that fancy painted her," bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; and worse than that, she isn't all she paints herself. A little girl seeing a litter of kittens for the first time, expressed her opinion that somebody had shaken pussy all to pieces.

A Kentuckian wants \$10,000 damages from a newspaper which published a first rate obituary notice of him before he was dead. A lady in Oskosh, Wis., amused herself in church on Sunday by counting the different styles of doing up the hair, and found 51. In Benton county, Iowa, the other day, a man named Joseph Rodman got into a rage, began to swear violently, and suddenly fell dead. At Wamego, a place in the extreme West, is a shanty which bears this sign: "Here's where you get a meal like your mother used to give you."

Ladies are discovering that one of the effects of the European war is an increase in price of imported goods, particularly gloves and ribbons. Miss Lydia Armstrong, of Grant county, Indiana, advices for a husband. "Money," she says, "is no object, but he must be healthy and willing to work." NOTICE.—To any one who can say—"Shoes and socks shock Susan," with rapidity and faultless pronunciation, four times running, a large reward will be paid.

The only busy people are milliners and lawyers; the one, in making up fall styles for women, and the other in showing up the falsity of all mankind towards his brother man. A New Yorker who fell in love with a beautiful girl last winter, was cured by visiting her lately, and finding her face covered with freckles as big as chocolate drops. Such love is only skin deep. The new hammer in the Bessemer Steel Works at Harrisburg weighs 85,000 pounds, costs \$92,000, and is the largest in the United States. The company expect to make 65,000 tons of steel rolls per month. McCLURG, the Radical candidate for Governor of Missouri, will be badly beaten by Brown, the Conservative candidate. The gabbling of geese saved Rome, but the quacking of a Drake can not save McClurg.

A little four-year-old boy sat alone on the piazza, when a new physician came to see his sick mother. The doctor naturally wished to make acquaintance, and said: "How old are you, my son?" "I'm not old, I'm new," said the boy. Miss Lizzie Barrigan is the champion swimmer of Charleston, Mass. She can swim faster than a five-furter. Five feet and some out less than an acre in the place, and altogether she is a good swimmer.