

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTAINE, PA.

THE SISTERS.

BY JOHN C. WHITTIER.

Annie and Rhoda, sisters twin,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain.
Of great waves clashing a rocky shore...

AMANDA'S SIN.

If a dozen young men were
To gaze on those two faces,
Which are to be found all
Over the world...

Harwood was a favorite among
his associates, because he had a habit
when on his drunken spree, of whip-
ping them soundly and they did not
wish to sit idle when he was receiving
the worst of the bargain he himself
had made.

downward course. The strong man was
but a plaything in the hands of the
demon appetite.
The storm of war burst over the
land. A call was made for volunteers,
and in a moment of drunken patriot-
ism his name was enrolled. But he
shrank not from the duty, though
everything was left in confusion by his
sudden departure. His affairs were
not and could not be suitably arranged.
But he did not murmur. Only as he
clasped his wife to his bosom, in a fit
of farewell, he said:

A Woman's Speech in Frisco.
They have a queer woman orator in
San Francisco. Here is a portion of a
speech she made recently:
They say man was created first.
'Positively he was! Ain't first experi-
ments always failures? If I was a
better man I'd bet two dollars and a
half they are. The only decent thing
about them, anyhow, was a rib, and
that was to make something better.
[Applause.] And then they throw it
in your face, about Eve taking that
apple. I'll bet five dollars Adam
booted her up in the tree, and then
only gave her the core. And what did
he do when he was found out? True
to his masculine instinct, he sneaked
behind Eve's Grecian Bend, and said,
'Fwarent me, 'twas her.' Bring up
your little daughters to love and caress
the ballot, and when the are old and
strawing they will not depart from it.
Teach them that man occupies no
position that woman cannot fill, even to
a pair of pants. Teach them that
without the ballot woman is simply a
cooking and washing machine; that
with it she can just rule her little
roost. We have plenty of ballet girls, but
what we want is ballot women. (Hear
hear.) I am astonished there ain't
more interest manifested in this
subject. This ball ought to be
rolled from dome to dome, and a
couple of hundred climbing up the
high and low outside. Our speakers don't
lack brains or influence, but there is
one thing I wish they did lack, and
that is the desire for a husband. No
matter how rabid a woman is on the
question, or how much she talks
against the men on the platform, she
grab the first one that offered himself,
and turn right straight around, and
that's where we weak. Most women
think they're made for a purpose, and
that's to be made Mrs. on their tomb-
stone. They're better be missed all
their lives, and when they die the
way they're missed the better. I'm
commander in chief of a large army of
female women's ballots and am clean-
ing up everything that looks like the
male sex, whilst the band plays. See
the competing shero cometh. Come
with me to the worst portion of our
great city. After ascending thirty one
flights of rickety stairs, what do we find?
A miserable basement. In one corner
sits a wretched woman, once the belle
of the city. She makes vests. Twenty
four years for a coat. Not a morsel
of food has passed her lips in a full
month. Her fourteen children cry-
ing for bread. But, alas! she ain't got
no bread, but with tears in her eyes
she mournfully dears among them the
last half of a yellow candle. Have
I overdrawn this picture? No, sir.
And if any man dares to say I have,
I'll fight him and his home on a
'batting less than ten minutes (Coo-
tion in the audience.) But my dear
sisters, I am not here simply to touch
your hearts, but to touch your pockets
also. A thing of the kind I got up on
without money, and I nearly fell on
my back of the most able. I wish I
could tell my sweet to be the muscle
to press round the hat. Think of the
gratitude of our cause, and the effect
upon thousands of man's ears still in
ignorance. Think of your orphans,
where widowed mothers with dis-
appointed hearts, press their orphan
children to their breasts. Think, oh!
think of Geo. Washington at Mr. Val-
ley's forge, and bottled, and shell out.
This appeal was so moving that a
majority of the audience moved toward
the door. About seven dollars and a
half was collected, however, which
went for Mr. Sawyer's cork-row
card. After paying the amount in
her retainer, and putting her right
hand firmly upon it, she proceeded:
My dear friends, I must now bid you
adieu, but I will be with you again
when times are better, for I intend to
argue this question till we get our
rights, and whatever we can sponge
besides. I will agitate it till my breath
gives out and my wig turns gray.

The Scarcity of Women in Southern California.

A lady in Green Bay, Wisconsin says
a Sacramento, California, correspondent,
recently gave a party at her house,
at which there was, eighteen babies,
most of them with their mothers, and
no less than sixteen baby carriages
were standing in the yard at one time.
Hay Southern California sighs
greatly over such a paragraph. In
stead of sixteen baby carriages in one
yard, what do you think of fourteen
horses tied to the horse rack before the
door of one unmanageable madden?
Why do not the ranchers down south
import their wives as Webster has
done?

An Awkward Mistake.

We have heard a anecdote which
is probably not reported in print be-
fore, and which has been told us as a
piece of genuine history. It happened
in a large city, never mind what
city.
There were two sisters, who had
married an eminent lawyer, the
other a distinguished literary man.
Literary man dies, and leaves younger
sister a widow.
Some years roll away, and the widow
lives as she will. Now, then, it
happens that a certain author and
editor has occasion, on a brooding day
in summer, to call on the eminent
lawyer, husband of the eldest sister.
He finds the lawyer pleading and
swearing in a crowded court, sees that
the lawyer is suffering dreadfully from
the heat, pities him, resolves that he
himself is not a lawyer, and goes for
a cool summer under the sheltering
trees of a fashionable park and garden.
Among the recreating, fanning
crowd there he meets the younger of
our two sisters, and for a moment he
thinks he is speaking to the elder.
"Oh, Mr. ——" answered the
lady, "how dreadfully hot it is here!"
"Yes, madam," replied our law-
yer, "it is hot here, but I can assure
you the heat of this place is not a
circumstance when compared with the
heat of the place where your poor dear
husband is suffering to-day!"
A horror-stricken expression comes
over the face of the lady, she rises
from her chair, and flourishes indignantly
away.
"And me miserable," soliloquizes
our wretched critic. "I have been
mistaking the one sister for the other,
and she thinks I meant to say that her
husband is — not in heaven!"
" — Well, my dear," said our good
pastor at Sunday school to a tow-head
urchin, "I am glad to hear that you
are getting to be a better boy." "Why,
sir," said little Joe, looking up with
grave earnestness, "gosh, I ain't been
sick."

A TIGHT FIT.—The editor of a
Maine paper says that he has a pair
of boots given him which were so tight,
that they came very near making him
a universalist, because he received his
punishment as he went along.

and he kept dodging backward and
forward, right and left, as if to plead:
"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will plead with mine."
or at least one of them. But present-
ly a brilliant suggestion seized him.
He turned his head to one side and
ranged both eyes on the crack at once,
but this gave him such an overwhelm-
ing impression of her charms that he
sighed and dropped a tear.
At last, when I was pretty near the
goal, my neighbor next in the rear be-
gan to suspect there was foul play, and
scrutinized me carefully from head to
foot, evidently not at all relishing the
prospect of having his fourteenth
chance reduced to a fiftieth. Then
said he to me:
"Sense me, stranger, are you a real
valent any where round these parts?"
"I have not pre-empted my govern-
ment land yet, but at that crack in the
door, 'prospects well,' as the miners
say, I intend to take up a quarter sec-
tion at once," I answered.
"Well now, stranger, 'less you've
took up some land already, 'round'
'yar, you ain't got no right 'peakin' in
that a crack, 'interuptin' actual set-
tlers."
The justice of this view was not to be
controverted, nevertheless I persevered.
The lady was a very pretty Texas dam-
sel, with one of those peerly white
puffy faces, which look as though they
would collapse if kissed too eagerly and
which are wrinkly at twenty five.
A Theatrical Incident.
Some years ago, the manager of a
well regulated theatre, somewhere
along the line of the Erie Canal, en-
gaged a good looking and brisk young
lady as a supernumerary. It happened
that the young lady, in question, had
formerly officiated in some capacity as
a hand on board a canal boat, a fact
which she was extremely anxious to
conceal. She exerted much anxiety to
master the details of her new profession
and soon exhibited a more than ordi-
nary degree of comic talent. She was
duly promoted, and in time became a
general favorite with both the man-
ager and the public. One night she
was announced to appear in a favorite
part, a couple of boatmen found their
way into the pit, near the footlights,
particularly anxious to hear and see
the now famous supernumerary. The
house was crowded, and after the sub-
sidence of the general applause, which
greeted her appearance, one of the
boatmen slapped his comrade on the
shoulder, and with an emphatic ex-
pression, exclaimed, loud enough to be
heard all over the house, "Sam, I
know that gal!" "Pshaw," said Sam,
"dry up." "But I ain't dry if I don't
know Sam." "It's all right, Sam, as
long as you're born." "She's old Fink's
daughter that used to run the 'Mur-
dered Polly,'" said Sam, "you're a
fool, and if you don't top your moral
clock, you'll get put on." "Sally,
kins!" "You know a ship that runs
that's her name." Tom was silenced, but
not convinced. He watched the ac-
tress in all her motions with intense
interest, and one long look out mean-
ing to say, "Sam, that's her!" "You're
tired," you can't see it. I know her
too well!" Sam, who was a good
deal interested in the play, was out of
patience at his persistent interruption
on the part of Tom. He gave him a
tremendous nudge in the ribs with his
elbow, as an emphatic hint for him to
keep quiet. Tom, without making
the acknowledgment, said, "You just wait,
I'll fix her, I'll see you yet, you see."
And sure enough he did fix her.
Watching his opportunity when the
actress was deeply absorbed in her part
he sang out in a voice which rang
out through the gallery, "She's bald!"
From the back of that, the actress in-
stantly and involuntarily ducked her
head, to avoid the anticipated collision.
Down came the house, with a perfect
thunder of applause at this "splendid
hit," high above which Tom's voice
could be heard, as he returned Sam's
punch in the ribs with interest.
"Didn't I tell you old boy, I showed it
was her. You couldn't find me!"

All Sorts of Paragraphs.
Man-hood—A hat.
Light infantry—babies.
A grave business—crying.
Carnation—Railroad people.
A soft thing—A brand's wife.
Pressing business—The printer's
The "Dark Ages"—Ladies' ages.
The poor man's story—The gambler.
The child of the sea—The laborer
buoy.
Food for the mind—Cereal publica-
tions.
A paper that takes—A Sheriff's war-
rant.
A narrow minded man was William
Tell.
The cards which the shalater plays
they deceive.
Troublesome farming—Railroad on
on little toes.
The swiftest arm of the military ser-
vice—The fleet.
Question for physiologists—Do two
points make a pair?
Is a coat of mail a portion of a large
carrier's uniform?
When is tea like a work of art? When
is a drawing.
The days, like model peasants, are
becoming very short.
" 'Tis a 'toller' friend a 'toller' as
the snuff said to the nose.
Although the mill-maid has passed
away, the made milk hasn't.
Widow's weed, are not the same.
Nempe, are not laws, as a rule.
"Measure for measure"—But a bar-
two in a shoemaker and a tailor.
How to stand of rats and mice—
Road Martin Pupper to them.
The still water of the night
whishes that won't go into a duck.
Episodes of the middle age—mar-
riages among the strong minded.
The news of the Paris Convention
come to nation is a little raw wester.
Patched battles, which are still out
they invariably pitch into each other.
Men are like potatoes, they do not
know how soon they may be hot
water.
It is hard to respect a man when
one gets sold on a venalible part of
children.
To convert an article into a bit of
an article, there is only wanting a
"the."
State bread goes further than new.
Some people are willing it shall go
far as it likes.
A new crop of treason may be expected
about the time hungry children return
from school.
Why is the soldier called a "mother"
or the shiner a "her own child"?
It has been said that cork streets
have sunk more people than cork
pots have ever saved.
When you hear a man say, "I wish
I was a man," it is a good sign, and
wake him up.
Speaking of man's temperance, the
water-woman of that city is very mean
when it rains on Monday.
Eighty or a dozen, or a dozen, or a dozen,
minister in homes of "banishment"
is called "banishment."
Sung on, thinks some numbers
would make good numbers, they'd so
dry they would burn well.
New news—An ugly old head
suggested it at first. "I could be put
in of under the head of 'New Music'."
Miss M. Kepley, the Illinois lady
rings a bell. Back to the top, and
and is something of a joke etc.
People engaged at the mint ought
to be rich, for the single reason that
they know how to "make money."
It is all like counterfeit money, but
we can't hinder them being others, but
we are not bound to take them.
People interested in such matters
may find out all about torture of the
high class by going to the numerous con-
certs.
Oliver Wendell Holmes calls a kiss
a "lip-ping on one's cheek." He should have
said, also, that it usually follows a
"toot."
A conscience-stricken New York
mother says that half the mothers worn
by ladies were pulled from the tails of
roo-ters.
The Marysville, Kentucky Babbling
has in room "A man killed by a horse."
What is that to a government killed
by an ass?
The most dangerous—Steel is the
most dangerous of metals, it assists in
the composition of the sword, the pen
and the erasor.
An Irish painter declares in an ad-
vertisement that, among other portraits
he has a representation of "Death as
large as life."
The Republican Union declares that
the Republican party is going to the
dogs. If this is true, it is a melancholy
thing for the dogs.
One's meat, another's poison. An
illiterate man is denied for that which
in the man of education wins applause
—making his mark.
If those ladies who are so anxious
for universal peace would only close
their little mouths, the beginning of the
end would commence.
People now are saying when they
rise, "This is a nice morning." Pretty
soon they will change their opinion, yet
say the same thing—viz: "This is an
ice morning."
A physician said of a quack that he
was such an ignoramus that if he
could take a lantern and go down
inside his patient's head, he couldn't find out
what the matter was."
The pigeon mail from Paris suggests
to a contemporary the fulfillment of the
scripture prophecy: "For a bird of the
air shall carry the voice, and that
which hath wings shall tell the mat-
ter."