

The Democratic Watchman.

RELLFONTE PA

ETHEL ROMER'S MISTAKE.

Valentine's Day is so soft and sweet as my birds could wish for mating in; promise of violets in its breath...

Ethel's musing was interrupted. The postman's rap did it. An envelope, with a pretty bow, fancifully sealed, and her name upon it, was put into her hand.

Yes, it was a valentine. Three times had that day returned since she married Dr. Ralph Romer, and each time had it brought just such an envelope, with just such passionate lines upon the page within, written in the same feigned hand.

Could it be the fair-haired student who sat near them in church? Or the dark eyed soldier, with an empty sleeve, who passed their garden so often? On whom had she made such an impression?

Her poor heart ached, as her head did. She felt wicked and ashamed, and very miserable, and forgot how time was flying, and her household duties pressed upon her, until the sinking sun reminded her of them.

Even then she took one look in the glass, and thought if she did not say it, that a great deal of beauty had been cast away on quiet, unromantic Ralph Romer.

After tea they walked out together, and stood beside the pond in the garden, and saw the goldfish in its depth, and he told her of the general habits of gold fish. The writer of valentines would have spoken so thought Ethel of her golden hair.

She wanted to turn upon him, and say, "What are these things worth compared with warm and loving eyes?" She longed to ask him why he had given her that woful fate...

paper, frozen village women, who will scorn me so—what it is for a loving woman to lead a loveless life? It withers one as neglect and cold have withered those poor flowers there.

For Ethel had set forth no flower-pots in the sun to-day, nor for many days. That morning she had watched her husband ride away on his great brown horse, thinking how grave and serious he was, how old in all his ways.

At last she saw a figure coming fast towards the house, and the blood flew to her cheeks and her heart beat fast; but it was not the post man!

She went out to meet him, and they stood there looking at each other for a moment. Over the hills a little crowd was coming slowly, something in its midst.

"Don't be too frightened, Mrs. Romer," gasped the man at last. "It may not be as bad as they think. The horse died just before the post office, and the doctor was thrown. He hasn't come to yet. Oh, no, no! For she had thrown herself upon her knees and cried out that he was dead."

But the wretched woman knew that death was very near, and the flood of agony that swept across her heart told her that she had not ceased to love her quiet husband.

They brought him in, and from that moment for many long days and nights she kept watch beside his bed, thinking of no other thing on earth, praying only that he might be spared to her.

The grave overcoat hanging on the wall, which she had thought old manish and like him, as he rode away, seemed to taunt her with the thought that it would never be worn again.

Ethel began to tremble from head to foot. She sank down on her knees, clasping the valentine between both hands, and held it thus for awhile. "Could it be?" could it be? oh, could it be?

A Slack Husband Punished.

"Mr. Moncton," said my grandmother, "I have no wood to burn to-day. What shall I do?"

"Oh, send Louise to rick up some," said the good man, making a stride toward the door. "But she has picked up all she can find."

"Then let her break up some old stuff." "But she has broken up everything already." "Oh! well, then, do the next best thing—I must be off," said the farmer, and off he was, whistling as he went.

"Well, wife, here we are," said my grandfather, cheerily. "So I see," replied she, placidly; "have you had a good morning in the cornfield?"

"Why, yes, so so. But where is the dinner?" "In the pot on the fire. Won't you see if it is done?"

"Yes, you told me to try the next best thing to have a fire, and I thought setting my dinner in the sun was about that." My gran blathered about for a moment, but finally his sense of humor overcame his sense of injury.

"Are you hurt?" asked my grandfather, snuffing his pipe before the fire. "No matter whether I am or not! returned the angry housewife, reappearing with her empty pan.

"Please yourself and find the next best way to get it done," said the husband, a little vexed at her tone. "I will," said my grandmother, and she was as good as her word.

"What in thunder!" exclaimed he, nothing worse, I assure you, for he was not a profane man—"what in thunder is the matter down here? Why, woman, your milk is all over the cellar bottom!"

perfectly au fait in matters of this kind in court. How long have you been married? "Nine years." "You must have been very young when you entered that blissful—I mean wretched state."

"I was a mere child—a foolish, inexperienced school girl. A doting mother placed me in the arms of a man old enough to be my father; but he was rich, and for two or three years I did not know the difference. I was as happy as though my husband had been twenty years younger.

"Exactly so," exclaimed the lawyer, rubbing his hands and twisting his incipient moustache. "But your sufferings will soon terminate. I will get you a divorce and then—"

"Oh dear me!—and then—but I must not be too sanguine. My husband is very rich, and he will never let me get a divorce if he can help it."

"Madame, you don't know the law—its majesty, its glorious certainty—its magnanimity. Consider yourself divorced, and rest easy."

"What, the merchant? He's rich as Croesus." "Yes, he's rich, but I don't care for his money—I want a divorce."

"The lawyer wrote down a sketch of the lady's matrimonial infelicities, and assured her that he would have no difficulty in procuring a divorce, with at least \$10,000 alimony."

"How much are you going to bludge me for making me so happy?" inquired the lady. "Well, I ought to charge you a thousand dollars, but out of consideration for your sufferings, I will only take a retainer of \$100, and when it is accomplished you will increase it to \$500."

"That is extremely reasonable. I have no change about me now. O, yes, here is a check for \$200 that my husband gave me to-day to go shopping. I will only want half of it to-day. Will you get it cashed for me?"

"I Want to Know."

We heard a friend tell the following incident the other day with not a little zeal, and to the amusement of a good many bystanders:

"Jumping in to an old fashioned stage coach last month, in company with nine others to jostle over ten miles of unfinished road, I was very much amused with the following characteristic dialogue between a regular question-asker 'Down Easter,' and a high-heeled Southerner: We were scarcely seated before our Yankee began:

"Traveling east, I expect?" "Yes, sir." "Goin' to Philadelphia?" "No, sir." "Goin' to New York, my be?" "Yes, sir."

"Never been there before, I wouldn't wonder?" "No, sir; never." "New York is a wonderful place." "Such is my impression, sir."

"Got letters, I expect?" "Yes, sir; I am provided with letters of introduction." "Wouldn't mind showin' you around myself a spell, if you wanted."

"I thank you, sir; but I shall not require your assistance." "The last remark of the polite but reserved stranger, was a poser, and the inquirer fell back a moment to take breath and a change of tactics. The halt supposed smile upon the faces of the other passengers soon aroused the Yankee to still further exertions, and then summing up more resolution he began again:

"Stranger, perhaps you are not aware how almighty hard it is for a Yankee to control his curiosity. You'll please excuse me, but I really would like to know your name and residence, and the business you follow. I expect you ain't ashamed of either of 'em; so now won't you just oblige me?"

"My name is General Andrew Washington. I reside in the State of Mississippi. I am a gentleman of leisure, and I am glad to be able to say, of pretty extensive means. I have heard much of New York, and I am on my way to see it, and if I like it as well as I am led to expect, I intend to buy it."

"Mother, Father won't be in heaven with us, will he? Why, my child? 'Because he can't leave the store.'"

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Sky lights—Stars. Saturday Notes—Our salaries. Ocean timber—The sea board. Creature comforts—Good wives. How was Jonah punished—Whaled. Never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you.

Academy of designs—A young lady, boarding school. For farmers—A good thing to "put a head on"—lettuce. The height of a young lady's ambition—Two little feet.

When does a chair dislike you? When it can't bear you. Twenty quires make one ream, or Ream makes a statue. The most pompous soldier ever known—General Importance.

Mrs. Romer wants Congress to give her somebody else to "do." Providence young men are fond of discussing tails—cocktails. At this season fast horses go over the snow and under the rein.

Seeing through a glass darkly—Inspecting the contents of a black bottle. How does the woodpecker get its food? Why it runs up a bill for it. A good housewife's affairs are like a motion to adjourn—"always in order."

Good—Mark Twain says that since his marriage he feels more than twice ever. Advice to children—Mind your mothers. Advice to mothers—Mind your children. My first is equality, my second is superiority, and my whole is superiority.

Good resolutions are like holes who faint in a lecture room—they should be carried out. Jones opines, from the unearthly squeal, that locomotive whistles are made of pagaron. A Michigan judge has decided the cost of towing a rocker two days—one cent.

Nursing revenge is like nursing a young hedgehog—the older he gets the sharper his quills. Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's cane? Because it hurts the pupil. Your field may be furrowed with care, but it cannot be harrowed by its recollection.

During peace a regiment is quartered, during war times it is occasionally carried to pieces. Perhaps we shouldn't say it, but it is a fact that Jenny Lind will be fifty years old in October. Some one asserts on good authority that the "early bird" caught cold instead of a worm.

Recollections of Don Quixote.

Here are a few extracts from Don Quixote. "Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open." "Self-praise depreciates."

"All women, let them be ever so homely, are pleased to hear themselves celebrated for beauty." "Liberalty may be carried too far in those who have children to inherit them."

"Virtue is more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous. Honey is not for the mouth of an ass." "No padlocks, bolts or bars, can secure a maiden so well as her own reserves."

"Wit and humor belong to genius alone." "We are all as God made us, and oftentimes a great deal worse." "Covetousness bursts the bag."

"It is easy to undertake, but more difficult to finish a thing." "This term is equally applicable to all ranks—Whoever is ignorant is vulgar." "By the streets of 'by and by' one arrives at the house of Never."

"Between the yes and no of a woman, I would not undertake to thrust the point of a pin." "Patience and shuffle the cards." "Other men's pains are easily borne. Pray devoutly and hammer on stoutly."

A New Kink in Divorces.

A lawyer learns wisdom from a Pretty Woman. A day or two ago a talented young lawyer of a neighboring city, whose name is not Smith, and whose griefs have been like an angel's visits, was delighted by finding in his office a richly-dressed lady, who announced her desire to employ him professionally.

With a beaming smile that could hardly be restrained from bursting into a full blown laugh, the young Blackstone handed the lady a cushioned arm chair, and he assured her that he was "entirely and devotedly at her service." Seating herself in the proffered office chair, the lady unglved a small white hand that literally glistened with diamonds, and applied a sugared handkerchief to her lips, blushed, and, casting her eyes upon the floor, said:

"My business is very particular—it is—pardon me, sir, but you will not betray me?" "Betray you? Not for the world, madam. You can confide in me with the same reliance as in a priest at the confessional."

Habits and Doings of the New King of Spain.

He ordered the Palace gates to be locked and the lights put out at midnight. He himself, so far, has retired to rest soon after ten. These are royal habits—or, I may better say, a Spanish habit—or, here the natives breakfast at 11, and go to bed when the cock crows—are creating great astonishment. He has had one or two receptions of officials, at which he has abolished the hand-kissing of royalty for the hand-shaking of democracy.

What the Mrs Grundys of England will say to this I know not. He gave 1,000 pounds to the poor of Madrid, and another 1,000 to the needy among the citizen militia. He is soon to hold a review of the troops, and insist on reviewing the militia-also. He walks about the streets, goes shopping without any escort, and accompanied by only one or two Adjutants. He called upon poor Naudin, who had his hand shot away by the same wretches who killed Rin, and he told him he was to consider his service as Adjutant transferred to himself. He has done the same with all the Adjutants of Gen Prim. Learning that the public school-masters are months behindhand in their pay, he has told Minister Moret that he will touch none of his pay till their claims are satisfied.

The first week of his reign is nearly over, and he has not been mirrored or insulted, and no insurrection has occurred, as prophesied by many. Indeed, so little likelihood is there now of any of these things that the Queen intends to come here before the end of the month, and it is reported to-day that the ex-Empress Eugenie is to make a visit to her mother, the Countess de Montijo. Another good thing I have recorded of the King. He expressed his intention to grant a general amnesty for political offences; but on reference to the constitution, it was found that one of the articles expressly prohibited the King granting general indulgences, unless authorized by a special law of the Cortes, and this special law was forgotten to be asked for in the mad haste with which the Cortes were closed.

ASSENTS.—Never trust a man who assents to everything you say, who falls in with all your views, without making a single suggestion or correction of his own. A man, in fact, who is an incarnate "yes," is either a fool or a knave.

Justice should be the rule of a man's life; but it should be tempered by generosity.

Why are there no eggs in San Domingo? They banished the whites and cast off their yolk (yoke).

If it comes to that," she said, answering her own thoughts, "how my name will ring. It will be blacker than Satan. Do you know—those