

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLE FORT, PA.

THE NEW ARRIVAL.

There came to port last Sunday night the queerest little craft...

Yet by these presents witness all, she's welcome fifty times...

Ring out wild bells— and come one too— Ring out the love's moon...

A LIFE WASTED.

BY GEORGE MARTIAL.

Nobody ever saw such weather, first it had rained, then snowed, now it had rained again...

Alice rushed toward the hall, then stopped, there were voices...

Guy seemed rather to hesitate, and shrink from her kiss...

"Alice, my dear, Miss Harleigh, Marian Harleigh, of whom you have heard me speak often...

"Oh, I am repaid already," answered the lady, smiling down at Alice's face...

"Oh, not in the least," said Alice, of course, as she led the way into the parlors...

Meanwhile Miss Harleigh had laid aside bonnet and cloak, and was looking at her with evident curiosity...

The baby looked up into the handsome face bent over him in real earnest; at first with calm attention...

"It was done purposely; and as for baby, he was a little traitor, to be seduced by a steel comb..."

"It is somewhat different," he said, pointedly, "from the plans we had six years ago..."

"I did not mean that," she said, "I was not thinking of it at all. We were certainly very foolish and very harsh, especially I; I think now it is far better as it is..."

Once more, there was something like disappointment in what she said, or rather the tone as it were...

Marian's voice was singularly sweet and powerful, and she executed the difficult airs that she was trying with no little smoothness and finish...

"Are you unwilling to take the trouble to entertain a friend of mine?" he inquired, sharply.

"Certainly not, I did not suppose she came to stay. That was all."

"She did not, but she is expecting to meet the Trevanons, friends of hers, who will start in a week or so, and I invited her to remain till then..."

She had created a new atmosphere out of her own into which Alice could not enter. From their talk, their reading, and their music, she was shut out...

For all this Alice at first excused them then she contented herself with counting the days till the coming of the Trevanons...

Her husband, as he told her, was fully determined not to encourage her wily jealousy. He loved her of course (Alice smiled, bitterly) but he had a right to be civil to any lady, and he certainly should avail himself of it.

In any of those demonstrations which afforded Marian malicious gratification. Guy congratulated himself that she had grown sensible at last...

She was calm, attentive, diligent as she had always been; but all her sunshine, her eager confidence, her clinging trust was gone...

"I cannot, Guy, I cannot be the same. I know it was a temporary delusion; but I have no certificate of the number of these delusions to which you are liable..."

"So the world says. 'What a cold, hard woman is Alice Whitmore!' and Marian Harleigh sneers..."

Mrs. Prim on Scandal.

No, my dear—goodness be thanked! no person can say that I ever scandalized any one, not even my worst enemy, no matter what he or she may do!

"I had a mind to, as every one in this town knows full well. Of course, living here right in the High Street of the town, I can't help seeing a great many queer things, and when our windows are open and the blinds shut in the summer time, I can hear them too!"

"But then, as I said before, it isn't for want of a chance. Why, only last evening as ever was, who do you think I saw walking up by here, in the bright moonlight, as brazen as my pleasure, but Miss Lennox and Colonel Parker? Fact, as sure as you are in that chair! And they were walking close together, and talking so confidentially!"

"I suppose that you know all about that disgraceful affair with the school girls? My dear you must really live in the dark! Why, they have been writing a lot of anonymous letters to the people here in town, and the postmaster suspected what was up at last, and he just kept a quiet lookout, and caught some of them putting the letters in. I don't know what Miss Clack will do. Expect them, I hope, girls like those have no business to act so!"

"There's Mrs. Price going by. I presume she has been down to cheapen a fool, or get a half penny or two taken off a joint of meat. She's the sturdiest thing, my dear, it would really make your heart ache to hear of the way she manages and contrives! And there is her husband, one of the richest men in the town, and folks do say that he can't get a decent meal of victuals in his own house. Wouldn't you?"

"What! going? Can't you stay any longer? Well, do come again very soon, won't you? Good bye!"

"Thank goodness, she has gone! I really thought she was going to stay all night. I heard a nice story about her, by the way, last week—how shamefully she treats all her servants! Suppose she thinks I don't know it. I might make mischief enough in her family, if I chose. But I abhor scandal!"

The Encalyptus, or Australian Gum Tree.

This wonderful tree so rapid in growth, so towering in height, so massive in strength, and so beautiful in its symmetrical dark green foliage, has been extensively planted in California, while its culture is rapidly increasing in the arid Territories east of the Rocky Mountains...

In California several efforts at planting on a considerable scale have been commenced. Mr. J. T. Stratton, in Castro valley, Alameda county, has planted 50 acres in two varieties of the Encalyptus, which now average 10 feet in height, and present a beautiful appearance...

The New Enforcement Law.

The following is a synopsis of the bill, supplementary to the enforcement bill of last winter, which passed the Senate on Wednesday and which will, most probably, become a law without any material modifications.

The bill comprises eighteen sections, but it may be briefly summed up as a measure making the federal election law of last session more stringent in every respect, by imposing penalties of fine and imprisonment regarding the registration of voters, extending its operations beyond the cities whose population exceeds twenty thousand inhabitants, to every county, provided two citizens shall apply to the judge of the United States circuit court in whose circuit the town or city may be located, that they desire the law to be enforced in said place, and requiring said court to provide for the appointment of federal inspectors and supervisors of election to attend all registration of voters and elections of representative or delegate to Congress, and to remain in session while the act is being in force to transact business under it.

Elaborate powers are given to the inspectors to inspect at all times on the day of election the way the voting is done, and the way the registry, tally-books and lists are kept, and to personally scrutinize, count and canvass every ballot, what ever may be the endorsement on said ballot, or in whatever box it may be placed or found, and to forward their report to a chief supervisor provided by this act for each judicial district.

Provision is made for the United States marshal and a number of deputies to protect and assist the inspectors and to arrest without a warrant any person who attempts to commit any act prohibited by this supplement. No one is to be arrested, however, for any offence not committed in the presence of the marshal or his deputies. Any State or local officer, who interferes, is liable to arrest, with punishment not exceeding a thousand dollars, and two years imprisonment. Any person who gives false information about the verification of a voter or registry list shall be held for misdemeanor. The twelfth section gives the marshal power to call on the military or naval forces of the United States to enable him to force the law. It is made the duty of the commanding officer of these United States forces to obey the requisition for troops and vessels of war without delay. Provision is made for the transfer of any suit brought by an aggrieved citizen against a federal officer of the United States circuit court, and to render the judgment of a State court in such a case null and void. Sections five and six of the act of last session, to amend the naturalization law and to punish crime against the same, and repealed by this bill though such repeal is not to affect pending suits.

A Grievous Wrong.

There is the soundest common sense in the following paragraph from the Manufacturer and Builder.

Why is it that there is such a repugnance on the part of parents to putting their sons to a trade? A skillful mechanic is an independent man. Go where he will his craft will bring him support. He need ask favors of none. He has literally his fortune in his own hands. Yet foolish parents—ambitions that their sons should "rise in the world," as they say—are more willing that they should study for a profession, with the chances of even moderate success heavily against them, or run the risk of spending their manhood in the god-like task of retailing dry goods, or standing at the account and desk, than learn a trade which would bring them manly strength, health and independence. In point of fact, the method they choose is the one least likely to achieve the advancement aimed at, for the supply of candidates for "errand boys," dry goods clerks, and kindred occupations, is notoriously overstocked; while, on the other hand, the demand for really skillful mechanics of every description is an notoriously beyond the supply. The crying need of this country to-day is for skilled labor; and that father who neglects to provide his son with a useful trade, and to see that he thoroughly masters it, does him a grievous wrong and runs the risk of helping by so much to increase the stock of idle and dependent, if not vicious, members of society. It is stated in the report of the Prison Association, lately issued, that of fourteen thousand five hundred and ninety-six prisoners confined in the thirty States, in 1867, seventy-seven per cent., or over ten thousand, were engaged in some kind of a trade. The fact conveys a lesson of profound interest to those who have in charge the training of boys, and girls too, for the active duties of life.

A STRANGE STORY ABOUT GENERAL GRANT.

A few days after the capture of Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, when the voice of the whole country was for war, we had a conversation with a gentleman who was an officer in the Mexican war, and who besides, in Ohio has obtained eminence as a civilian, that we have often thought of since. said he to us: "I saw to-day an old comrade of mine in Mexico, a West Pointer, but who resigned his position in the army a few years ago. I asked him why he was not in uniform, and expressed my surprise that he was not already a colonel or general of volunteers. His reply was, 'I think you and I have had fighting enough! What I want in this war is a place by which I can make money.' He sought to get that place here. He made an effort to be selected by the Government as a buyer of horses, but failed. He next endeavored to borrow a few hundred dollars of a military friend of ours then and now in the regular army, for the purpose of entering into business where he would get army patronage. Being refused, he applied, as we understand, to Gen. Burns for a position in the Commissary Department in this city, but failed also in getting it. There being nothing here to suit him, he wended his way back to Illinois, and became a sort of secretary to Governor Yates, and everything else being unsuccessful, he chose at last to go to the army. But he did not want to go there where he was fighting at all. It was money he was after, and money he has made as General and President of the United States. If he had obtained the position he asked for, as buyer of horses, the country would have had a competent if not an honest man in that place, and we should not now have a bad President, who makes the filling of his purse his principal business." Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Novel Cure.

Alexander Dumas published, some time ago, in a daily Paris paper, a novel, in which the heroine, prosperous and happy, is assailed by consumption. All the slow and gradual symptoms were most naturally and touchingly described, and the greatest interest was felt for the heroine. One day the Marquis Dalomieu called on him.

"Dumas," said he, have you composed the end of the story now being published in the —?" "Of course." "Does the heroine die in the end?" "Of course, dies of consumption. After such symptoms as I have described, how could she live?" "You must make her live. You must change the catastrophe." "I cannot." "Yes, you must, for on your heroine's life depends my daughter's." "Yes; she has all the various symptoms of consumption which you have described, and watches mournfully for every number of your novel, reading her own fate in your heroine's. Now, if you make your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply impressed, will live, too." "Come, a life to save is a temptation." "Not to be resisted." Dumas changed his last chapter. His heroine recovered and was happy. About five years afterwards, Dumas met the Marquis at a party.

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After the war had somewhat subsided, the witness drew out, "Well, now, we do read in the book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd a thought the darned critter had got in here!" The Judge ordered the man to be sworn.

"An EFFECTIVE REBUKE. On his way home from his last tour in Ireland, Rev. Rowland Hill was very much annoyed at the reprobate conduct of the captain and mate, who were greatly addicted to the ungentlemanly habit of swearing. First the captain would swear at the mate, and then they would both swear at the wind.

"Stop, stop," shouted Hill, "let us have fair play, gentlemen, it is my turn now." "At what is your turn?" asked the captain.

"At swearing," replied Hill. After waiting till his sentence was executed, the captain urged Mr. Hill to be quick and to his turn, but he wanted to begin again.

"No, no," said Hill, "I can't be hurried; I have a right to take my own time and swear at my own convenience." "Perhaps you don't intend to take your turn," responded the other.

"Patience," said Hill, "but I do as soon as I can find the good of doing so." The rebuke had its desired effect; there was not another oath on the voyage.

"Allow me," said an American host, in his most persuasive tones, to a friend dining with him, "allow me to help you to a piece of Washington pie." "Sir," replied the gentleman, oratorically waving his hat, "George Washington was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. I admire him for his purity, his piety, and his patriotism, but I detest his pies."

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to bring out a traveler's horse, but not knowing which of the two horses in the stalls belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. "That's my nag," "Certainly your honor, I know that very well," said Pat, "but I didn't know which was the other gentleman's."

An Abbe-tion—a monk's dinner.

—To protect the chest—put a lock on it. —Parental cares—The old man's corns. —Soundings on a bar—Rapping for drinks. —The pound of flesh—Making tough steak tender. —A woman's pride and sailor's gaud—the needle. —A common difference—matrimonial squabble. —The quietest thing in a theatre—a reserved seat. —Of course all the florists in Japan are Budd-hists. —How to keep your head clear—Shave every hair off. —A word to croakers—When the wine's in the wit's out. —It's a paradox, but no young lady is in society till she comes out. —Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little than outliving a great deal. —The bachelor has to look out for number one, the married man for number two. —A man who says he will subscribe, very often proves to be a non-subscriber. —An Eastern paper calls a colored centenarian of its vicinage, "one of the dark ages." —A man may be a Minor Canon in a cathedral, and yet be a big gun in the church. —True heroism—Sifting the ashes at five in the morning with the thermometer at zero. —What trade affords support to the greatest number of the population? The bias-trade. —When is Bridget like the kitchen fire? When she goes out; and likewise when she flares up. —Hint to mothers—When a child will creep rather than walk, it's a sign of an on-kneeys disposition. —Little fish have a good notion as to the commencement of life; they always begin on a small scale. —Physicians recommend ladies to form walking clubs. This is a matter in which steps should be taken. —Why are the candidates who fail to get elected like the world? Because they are depressed at the polls. —Daniel Webster once said of Ben Butler, that he had the "impudence of the devil and a conscience to match." —Because a tanager takes skins—and hides, it is not safe to infer that he cannot be found as easily as any one else. —None but the brave deserve the fair," as the rough said when he collared the conductor and declined payment. —Just like him—Old Singleton says that he only knows of one thing better than a wedding present—a wedding absent.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—An English arborist declares that a woman's voice can be heard two miles up in the air, and a man's only one. —Miss Emma Dill wants a clerkship in the Wisconsin Legislature, and the places being all filled, the members are in a Dill-Emma. —A pawnbroker having joined a temperance society, it was remarked that there need be no fear about his keeping the pledge. —"The good are taken first," does not apply at photograph establishments or barber shops. Each must take his or her turn, good or wicked. —Naval intelligence—The landladies may be informed that the nautical experiment of boxing the compass is usually attempted upon the spade deck. —Somebody suggests an appropriate motto for the servants' hall of a fashionable mansion. "They also serve who only stand and wait." —An Ethiopian barber out west, drawn as a juror, was asked if he was a voter. He replied, "I'm black enough, but not old enough."

Mrs. Burnside, of Michigan.

rubbed her boy's head with kerosene. The treacherous fluid took fire, the boy lost his hair, and Mrs. B.—lost her hair. —A shoddy workman, who returned from Europe with some paintings, was asked if they were landscapes. She said, "No, over one-half of them are water-pieces."

—They take affairs coolly in Vermont. With the thermometer ranging at will from eleven to fifty degrees below zero, they call it simply a "coolish turn."

Railroad managers are perhaps not to be blamed for the conduct of those they employ, but it is not strange that none of them ever hire a civil engineer to run the engine.

Mr. Bunceke, of Chicago, left a note for the coroner explaining that his suicide was an act of considerations for his wife, who was in great want of another husband."

"Miss A. what is your opinion of the weather?" "I think it tends to be clear, and I wish some folk would follow the weather's example and clear too?" Mrs. B. seized his hat, and has not been seen in that street since.

A wag, observing on the door of a house the name of two physicians, remarked that it put him in mind of a double-barreled gun, if one misad, the other would be sure to kill.

—It is the irrevocable law of Mammoth College "that no gentleman shall kiss a lady student except in cases of necessity, and then only under the immediate supervision of the faculty."

—An eccentric citizen of St. Louis, died recently, and left in his will \$1,000 to a man who, ten years before, had run away with his wife. One of the last things he said was that he never forgot a favor.

"Which side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipples?" asked a counsel, cross examining a witness. "On either side, sir. If you go one way, it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left."

—A gentleman in this city throws dice with himself whenever he wants a drink, to decide whether or not he shall indulge. He has had a run of poor luck lately, and is unpleasantly affected by the consequent draught.