

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTAINE PA.

THE MERRY LAUGH.

I love to hear a merry laugh,
Out ringing wild and free,
As floats the music of the winds
Across the sunny sea.

The merry laugh goes hand in hand
With happiness and mirth,
And at its silvery tones a command
Joy nestles round each heart.

The merry laugh bespeaks a heart
With noble feelings warm,
One that will bravely do its part
In sunshine or in storm.

The music of a merry laugh
Sets aged hearts aglow,
The smile gleams on the wrinkled brow,
Like sunset on the snow.

Then let the merry laugh ring out
Upon the balmy air,
And let its gladness purgify
The hold of mortal care.

THE STREET ARAB.

Well, yes? I suppose I am a loafer—
As somehow is used to get me for
An answer.

And yet would a seemed kind of funny
My good sir,
If you'd refuse me the money,
It would stir.

It's only a dime, you see, sir—
Scarce enough for to buy a cold withal
For me sir.

Yet still you look a look of compassion
Upon my face,
Is that of money and of custom
That pity.

I'm hunted and cursed at and kicked—
No wonder,
I'm hard up and bare and kicked,
By tramps.

I happened to hear Dr. Potter's lecture
One Sunday
A long while ago and the preacher
Said one day.

He come when there'll be a big reckoning—
Down yonder's my part, I s' a becoming
To-day, day, sir.

—N. J. Citizen and Round Table.

THE TEMPTATION.

How gloriously beautiful she was!
As she came up the broad aisle, every
one turning to look at her, I among
the rest. I little thought I was to
meet my fate. I had never seen such
a face. It was perfect in contour, with
a complexion of transparent purity,
and the eyes were of that deep violet
blue, that is so very rare. Tenderness
and refinement, and the noblest
womanhood, shone out in every linea-
ment. I had lived years abroad, and
I had traveled everywhere in my own
country, but I had never before seen
such an exquisite being, such a perfect
blonde. Throughout the whole ser-
mon I remained like one in a trance.
I heard nothing, I saw nothing, but
that face. I loved her from that
moment. I, the cold, almost cynical,
man of the world, I, who heretofore
had cared only for my profession, I
loved this peerless creature with the
concentrated ardor of years.

My friend with my old friend and part-
ner, Dr. Potter, and that day, at dinner,
he remarked:

"What a beautiful creature Mr.
Withington's wife is?"

"Where did they see her?" I asked, with
a great dread stealing over me.

"In the front pew to our right,
You, fastidious as you are, would pro-
bably have seen her faultless, beautiful,
had you seen her?"

"Hail, friend!" Oh! that I never
had! She, the only woman in the
world to me, worn and worn by a father!
She Mrs. Withington!

I felt the table. I went away alone
for hours I struggled against the pas-
sion that had taken possession of me.
I was resolved to crush it.

But crushed it would not be. Con-
ceded it was. After a time I learned
to bear her name calmly. I even made
her acquaintance, then I became the
intimate friend of her husband. Again
and again I tried to conquer my all-
fated love. It was of no avail.

But one honorable course remained
for me, and that was to go away, and
and in no way seem to find forgetful-
ness. More than once I spoke to my
partner of my wish to travel again in
Europe, and to remain a year or two
in Vienna, at the hospitals. But Dr.
Potter was old, and relied on me al-
most entirely, he could not think of
springing me, he said. Of course, I
could not tell him the true reason why
I wished to go abroad. So it came to
pass that I remained.

A year went by. I had become but
a wreck of my former self. The ne-
cessary, constant guarding of every
look and act was wearing away my
physical strength.

The war broke out. Here, at last,
was an excuse to go away. Surgeons
were greatly needed in the army.
Even Dr. Potter could gaily my de-
parture no longer. I was about to
apply for a commission, when I re-
ceived a professional summons to the
Withington mansion.

I found the husband down with one
of the worst cases of typhoid fever that
had ever come under my experience.
For days his life hung on a thread.
Now came my great temptation!

One night, when his delirium was at
the height, I determined to remain
till morning. His wife watched with
me. Oh! what misery it was to sit
there, and see her striving to talk with
him, begging him not to send her
away—to speak to her, his Elsie! He
would laugh wildly and thrust her
from him, and she would sink on her
knees by his pillow, sobbing as if her
heart would break.

At last he became so violent that I
begged her to leave the room. She re-
fused. Laying her hand on my arm,
she looked up into my face with a
world of sorrow written in those eyes.

"Dr. Griffing," she implored, "you
will save my husband? You must
save him; he is my all! Tell me, is
there any hope?"

That pleading face almost unmanned
me; and I needed all my strength
then; so I said quietly:

"I will do all I can. But this is
only the beginning of the sickness. It
will be necessary for you to husband
all your strength. Seek rest to-night.
If there is any change for the worse,
I will call you."

She left the room on this assurance,
I watched by my patient until the par-
oxysm passed, and then, in that room,
alone with the sleeping man, the
Tempter came.

Faint and wavering at first, evident-
ly trying the susceptibility of my heart
and integrity of character.

I repulsed the thought with horror.
It returned with double force, with
stirring sophistry. It would be so
easy to let him die—die he would,
unless saved by mere skill, for con-
stitution he had none. Why not let
him die? Then Elsie would be free!

I strove against the temptation with
all my strength. But the Tempter
came again, and gained ground. The
cruelty of the crime passed away. I
began to question myself as to what
I should do, or, rather, should not do,
to obtain the desired end. After the end,
Elsie mine, only mine!

A movement from the patient, and
the spell broke. Elsie's words, "Save
oh! save my husband!" flashed across
my mind, and my promise. Was I
keeping it?

I rose and walked across the room,
striving to banish the horrible night-
mare. Then came the reaction. I
sank to my knees and prayed, prayed
for the first time in many years. I
prayed for strength, strength to resist
this horrible temptation, and for for-
giveness, for had I not committed
murder in my heart? I felt as if the
brand of Cain was upon me. I asked
for strength to banish this wild love,
and for knowledge to save Elsie's hus-
band, for saved he must be, or I should
forever thank myself an assassin.

I worked faithfully with him all
night, and when Elsie came in early,
there was a decided change for the
better.

I must flee now, I felt, lest I should
be tempted again. So I made my pre-
parations to go away. My patient re-
covered rapidly, and was soon out of
danger.

I paid my last visit. Elsie, putting
her hand in mine, said:

"Doctor, I can never thank you
enough for the efforts you have made
to save Rolfe. Perhaps I may never
see you again. God bless and reward
you!"

This kindness was more than I could
bear.

"Pray for me, pity, forgive me!" I
cried, madly, and losing all control
over myself, I caught her to my heart,
took one last look at her white, bright
end face, and rushed from the house.

This was not a war story, so I will
briefly pass over my life in the army.
I worked hard, I courted every danger,
but reckless as I was, I could not die,
death would not take me.

For four years I heard nothing of
Elsie. I had grown, at last, to con-
sider my love as a thing of the past.
But no woman, I felt, would ever be
to me what Elsie was. It was sacri-
fice to think of any one occupying
her place in my heart.

Well, I was mustered out when the
war ended. Once more I found myself
at home. My old friends crowded
around me, all but Mr. Withington.
So, one day, I asked if he had left the
city.

"Why, Hal, said Dr. Potter, didn't
you know he was dead? He died
two years ago."

"Dead? Where was his wife?" I
asked, breathlessly.

"Gone to Philadelphia. She was al-
most broken hearted when her husband
died, and some friends here insisted
upon her going to them. I had a let-
ter from her only last week. Let me
see, I have it here, if you would like
to see it?"

I seized the letter, tore it open, noted
the contents, and rushed to my room,
proceeded to pack my valise, as if life
or death depended upon my expedi-
tion.

That journey to Philadelphia was
the longest in my life. It was so hard
to wait even for a few hours, now that
Elsie was free. I went up the marble
steps with a palpitating heart. Yet,
strange to say, no doubt of my success
occurred to me. My great love would
surely awake an echo in her heart, I
said to myself.

The back windows of the parlor
opened into a beautiful conservatory.
I entered it. There, amidst rare ex-
otics, sat Elsie, the choicest flower of
all.

The soft carpet gave back no echo to
my footsteps, and she did not perceive
me, so absorbed was she reading.

She was so beautiful, so much more
beautiful than ever, that the first
glimpse of her face brought back, with
overwhelming force, the love I had
so long struggled to destroy.

"Elsie!" I called, softly.

She looked up. The color surged
over the sweet face. Rising, she came
forward, and welcomed me, but with
embarrassment.

I led her back to her seat among
the flowers, and standing there before
her, told my story as best I could. I
went on rapidly, lest my courage should
fail. I told her all. How I first met
her, and the result; how I struggled
to conquer my love; how I was tempt-
ed by the bedside of her husband; how
I was saved from crime. She gave me
a look of horror at this, and buried
her face in her hands. I could
scarcely go on. But the truth must
be told, so I continued to the end.
Then, with all the eloquence I possess-
ed, I pleaded my case. "Only a look,"
I said, "Anything to give me hope
for the future?"

She gave no sign—no reply, but
tears.

"Elsie," I cried, in my anguish, "can
you not forgive me? Spare, oh! spare
me another trial. I, who have suffer-
ed so much already! Have mercy
and answer me!"

At last she spoke. Laying her

hand among my once black locks, that
were now prematurely gray, she said:

"Harold, I have pitied you since that
night we parted, years ago, since I
have had a right to have thought of
you often, and now I—I think I might
love you."

At last, at last, I had won my
heart's desire!

I caught her in one long embrace,
and thanked God for giving me such
joy, after such sorrow.

We have been married five years,
and my life, since, has been one of
unalloyed happiness. The possession
of my lovely wife has left me nothing
to wish for, and her pure example has
led me to look with faith to the God
who so mercifully blessed me, and
whom I so long ignored.

A Singular Fascination.

A WOMAN IN LOVE WITH A WOMAN.

The Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch*
contains an account of a woman who
was fascinated by a woman, which is
most remarkable as a psychological
study.

A lady was one of the teachers at
a school in a little country town, and
among her pupils was a young girl who
became so attached to her as to be rest-
less when not near her, and so marked
did this love become that her parents
withdrew her from the school, and soon
afterwards the teacher left the town.

The girl went to another school in
a distant town, but proved so refract-
ory that at one time the principal
thought it advisable to send her home,
she would not study nor associate with
the other girls, until at last her lady-
her old teacher—came to the town and
applied for a situation as teacher, which
was denied her. Then she established
a school of her own, and her occasion-
al visits to her old pupil were so bene-
ficial that the girl became sociable and
attractive. The parents discovering
that their daughter was again under
the influence of the woman whom by
this time they cordially hated, with-
drew her from school and took her
home. In the next week the woman
came to the village in which the par-
ents resided and requested to be the
child's governess, but was refused, and
another was taken in her place, where-
upon the girl became so obstreperous
that she tore up her books and threw
them at the head of the governess, who,
not liking such treatment, went her
ways. As no plausible reason could
be urged against allowing the two to
see each other occasionally, the strange
woman was permitted to visit at the
house, until the girl's parents became
suspicious of her that they actually drove
her from the town, although her con-
duct had been unexceptionable. Let-
ters were exchanged, and as time passed
the strange love seemed to increase
and gain entire control of the girl's
mind. Although she had grown to wom-
anhood she loathed the company of
men, although she had numerous lovers,
would have nothing to do with
them. Her friend was in a distant
town and hardly able to support her
self, and this fact so preyed on the girl's
heart that she determined to go to her,
and she did at last, although her par-
ents discarded her for it. The two
worked together in poverty, and when
at last the elder died, she said to her
weeping friend: "Oh! darling, turn
away your face and let me die!" Eight
years have passed since that time, but
her grief yet torments her, she sits
alone and mopes all day long in her
father's house, to which she has been
welcomed. She does not seem to be
better, and physicians think that in
time she may recover from her strange
and melancholy plight, but her par-
ents knowing her thoroughly, do not
believe that she will ever escape the
strange fascination of the dead.

—When Mr. Dodge, electric phy-
sician, was lecturing through the State
on the laws of health, he happened to
meet, one morning, at the breakfast
table, a witty son of Erin, of the better
class. Conversation turned on the doc-
tor's favorite subject as follows: "Per-
haps you think I would be unable to
convince you of the deleterious effect
of tea and coffee?" "I don't know,"
said Erin; "but I'd like to be there
when you do it."

"Well," said the
doctor, "if I convince you that they
are injurious to your health, will you
abstain from their use?" "Sure and I
will, sir." "How often do you use
coffee and tea?" asked the doctor. "Morn-
ing and night, sir."

"Well, do you
ever experience a slight dizziness of
the brain on going to bed?" "Indeed
I do."

"And a sharp pain through
the temples, in and about the eyes in
the morning?" "Troth, I do sir."

"Well," said the doctor, with an air
of assurance and confidence, in his man-
ner, "that is the tea and coffee." "Is
it indeed! Faith, and I always thought
it was the whisky I drank!"

—The following story of Signor
Blitz is told by the *Springfield Republi-
can* as having happened in a train at
Palmer, some years ago: "As the cars
stopped an apple boy rushed in, and
Blitz, after patronizing him, cut open
an apple and took a silver half dollar
out of it, greatly to the boy's astonish-
ment. 'It that is the kind of fruit you
sell, I'll take another,' said Blitz, which
he did, and lo! there was another half
dollar inside it. Blitz assuming great
excitement, then asked the boy what
he would take for the whole basket of
apples, saying it would be a grand spec-
ulation. But the lad refused to sell
even at five cents a piece, and, on leav-
ing the station, Blitz saw him seated
by the wall, cutting open his unsold ap-
ples in a vain search for silver half
dollars."

—At one of his lectures, George
Francis Train shouted, "Now, then,
anybody can ask me questions!" And
a crazy Nancy got up and said, "Mr.
Twin, I would like to know what
makes a pot leg always burn in two in
the middle?" The great American
traveler was nonplussed. He was not
familiar with the phenomenon.

EARTHQUAKES.—An interesting com-
munication, has recently appeared in
the *Boston Journal*, giving the dates
of the earthquakes that have occurred
within the last two years. The writer
says that of great and terribly de-
structive earthquakes only one each
year have been registered as happen-
ing from 1800 to 1865. In 1867 and
1868, no less than eleven earthquakes,
involving the loss of one hundred
thousand human beings, are reported.

In 1869 and 1870, twenty-five serious
earthquakes occurred, but were not at-
tended with as destructive effects as
those of the previous two years. These
facts it is argued, show that the earth
has been passing through a period of
terrestrial phenomena more remarkable
than any which has been witnessed by
the present generation, and that it is by
no means certain that the end of the
earthquake term has been reached.

The writer states that in the absence
of any well established theory of the
internal structure of the earth, there is
increasing evidence for regarding it
generally as a fiery globe, the interior
of which is a fiery molten mass. This
latter theory, it is argued, is the only
one that fairly accounts for all the varied
phenomena of earthquakes as felt on the
earth's surface. The opinion is also ad-
vanced that the great shock of 1867 and
1868 were caused by the breaking off
of immense masses of solid earth from
the outer crust, which falling into the
boiling lava below, agitated it into ge-
nial trouble and rolling waves that
heaved the outer crust with great
tosses and throes.

A STREET OF PITY.—The *New
Orleans Triangler* relates the follow-
ing:

Sympathy is a distress and a desire
to alleviate misfortune is a character-
istic of one of our city magistrates. It
is very seldom that he appeals to him
in vain, and his hand is as open as a
day to melting charity. Not long since
he was called on by a deaf mute, and so
perfectly did the poor boy excite his
compassion that he bestowed money
upon him liberally, dressed him up in
an elegant suit of clothes, and took
him to his residence. Finally, the
mute went away, and the tender heart-
ed magistrate bade him good bye with
a tear in his eye. And very kindly did
he speak of him afterward, and wished
the youth every success in life. Time
went on and he heard nothing more of
his protegee until one morning, in pass-
ing by the lock up, the angry denuncia-
tions of a prisoner excited his atten-
tion. The bitterest anathema, the di-
rect curses rang out with the fluency
of a country lawyer's rhetoric. Sur-
prised at such an incessant flow of blas-
phemy, the good judge took a peep at
the prisoner.

"Why," he exclaimed, "am I mistak-
en? Are you not a mute?" he asked,
recognizing his protegee of a few weeks
before.

"I used to be, but I ain't now."

"Why, how did you get cured?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, people
troubled me so much with pity that I
gave up the business!"

The judge, since then, is rather in-
credulous in case of very great afflict-
ion.

THE BIRTH OF "EVANGELINE."—Mr.
Field in the *March Atlantic* tells this
anecdote of Hawthorne.

He dined one day with Longfellow,
and brought with him a friend from
Salem. After dinner the friend said:

"I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne
to write a story, based upon a
legend of Acadie, and still current
there, the legend of a girl who, in the
dispersion of the Acadians, was separ-
ated from her lover, and passed her
life in waiting and seeking for him,
and only found him dying in a hospital
when both were old."

Longfellow
wondered that this legend did not
strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and
said to him: "If you have really
made up your mind not for a story,
will you give it to me for a poem?"

To this Hawthorne assented, and
moreover promised not to treat the
subject in prose till Longfellow had
seen what he could do with it in verse.
And so he gave "Evangeline" in hexa-
meters—a poem that will hold its
place in literature while true affection
lasts. Hawthorne rejoiced in this
great success of Longfellow, and loved
to count up the editions, both foreign
and American, of this world-renowned
poem.

A ludicrous incident lately oc-
curred on a Mississippi steamer, which
we relate as a warning to those who at-
tempt to change the personal adorna-
ments which nature has given them.
A man who was journeying to Texas
with his wife thought he would enjoy
the luxury of a shing pompadour. While
this was going on he concluded to sur-
prise his wife, and his request hair
eyebrows, and whiskers were changed
from a fiery red to raven blackness.
He hastened to his stateroom, but was
met at the door by his spouse, outrag-
ed by the intrusion of a stranger, as she
supposed, and admittance refused. He
called himself her husband; she said
he was an impostor. He attempted to
explain. It was useless. A crowd
gathered around, and the laugh became
general. At last, in his perplexity, the
boomer exclaimed, "Sallie, look at my
feet!"

One glance at the pedal appendages
assured her.

"Yes, John," she said, "I know
them feet. They can come in, but
keep that head out of sight."

—A newspaper back East tells of
a subscriber who stopped a paper, and
in less than a week was kicked by a
mule so severely, that his life is de-
spaired of. Moral—If you keep a
mule always maintain friendly terms
with his relations.

—That colored lawyer in London
is said to resemble "a Toad of charcoal
after a snow storm," when he puts his
white wig on.

An Elopement—Remorse of Conscience.

About four years ago James Town-
send, of Pochahontas county, West
Virginia, eloped with his brother
Ezekiel's wife. The disconsolate
Ezekiel started in pursuit of the fugi-
tive, but, after an unsuccessful hunt of
a week or two, he returned home to
lament, in the solitude of his widowed
house the inconstancy of fickle woman.

The loving couple crossed over into
Ohio, all the way on foot, where they
remained for awhile, seeking that con-
jugal bliss always dreamed of but never
possessed by truant lovers. They pulled
up stakes crossed the father of wa-
ters and still pushed on, and pitched
their tents in the neighborhood of
Omaha.

But, after awhile, James became
tired of the felicities of married life.
The idea of having to support a wife
—and she another man's wife, too—
was too much for him. Remorse of
conscience preyed upon his mind. He
found, too late, that he had destroyed
the happiness of a brother's household
only to bring additional care and grief
to himself. Willing to make what
amends he could, he resolved to re-
turn with his stolen wife and restore
her to the bosom of her legitimate
and his injured brother. So back he came,
bringing his fair charge along.

A few weeks ago the widowed
Ezekiel, having cooked and eaten his
breakfast alone, washing the dishes,
lifted up his eyes and looking toward
the door beheld the former partner of
his joys, his long lost wife. Either
supposing it to be an apparition, or
unwilling to have his affections blasted
again, he fled through the other door,
leaving the inconstant wife to try life
without a partner for a spell. He has
not been heard of since. —Greenbrier,
(W. Va.) Independent.

A 'Muscular Christian.'

This story is told by the *Boston
Traveler*.

Some few years ago a gentleman
who was employed as Superintendent
in a really charitable institution in
New York, went into one of the market-
places of that city and selected a quarter
of beef for 'home consumption.'

"Shall I send it home for you?" asked
the market man.

"No, I thank you, I will carry it my-
self."

The market man regarded him with
an incredulous look, and remarked—
'What, you carry a whole quarter of
beef?'

"Yes, sir, was the quiet response.

The market man again regarded
his customer with attention, and no
doubt made up his mind that he was
overrating his strength. Then he
said—

"Well, sir, if you will undertake to
carry this quarter of meat home your-
self I will give it to you for nothing."

"Are you serious?"

"I am serious," replied the market-
man.

"Then," returned the customer, "if
this is the case, just help me to get it
on my back, and we'll see if I can't
carry it."

This was done, and without let down
or rest, the gentleman carried it to the
institution with which he was connect-
ed, the market man accompanying
him, lost in amazement at the unex-
pected development of strength and en-
durance.

On another occasion the same mus-
cular Christian, having purchased twen-
ty five pairs of shoes for the institution
under his care, began gathering them
together in order to carry them off.

"Are you," said the merchant, "go-
ing to carry these home yourself?"

"Certainly, I am," was the reply,
"and if necessary would carry twenty
five pairs more."

The merchant looked thoughtful for
a moment, and then turning to his
clerk (he knew the occupation of his
customer) said—

"John, you may put up twenty five
pairs more of those shoes for Mr. T.—
And John, do not make any charge
for them."

Of course the customer who had car-
ried the quarter of beef did not fear to
shoulder fifty pairs of shoes.

This strong man—strong in faith as
in works—is the Rev. R. G. Toles, now
and for some years back the efficient
superintendent of the Home for the
Little Wanderers in this city.

The *American Newspaper Reporter*
gets a very sensible comment on an
advertisement, as follows:

Judicious advertising always pays.
If you have a good thing, advertise
it. If you have a bad one, don't.

If you don't mean to mind your own
business, it will not pay to advertise.

Never run down your opponent's
goods in public. Let him do his own
advertising.

It is as true of advertising as of any
thing else in the world—if it is worth
doing at all, it is worth doing well.

You can't eat enough in one week
to last a whole year, and you can't
advertise on that plan either.

A large advertisement once, and then
discontinued, creates the impression
that the man had fizzled.

Indiscriminate advertising is like fish-
ing where there's no fish. You need
to let the lines fall in the right place.

If you can arouse curiosity by an ad-
vertisement, it is a great point gained.
The fair sex don't hold all the curiosi-
ty in the world.

People who advertise only once in
three months forget that most folks
can't remember any thing longer than
about seven days.

Sir Boyle Roche once said, in refer-
ence to persons, all relations to each
other, but who happened to have no
descendants, that "it seemed to be he-
reditary in the family to have no chil-
dren."

—An Irish editor congratulates
himself that "half the lies told about
him ain't true."

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A leading article—A blind man's
dog.

To protect the chest—Put a lock on
it.

A water spout—A temperance ora-
tion.

A game every house plays—A game
of draw.

An eclipse of the sun—Cut off with-
out a penny.