

The Democratic Watchman.

HELLEFONTE, PA.

THE COW BOY.

BY ALICE CART.

Day after day, when the tawny hills,
Were twittering through the boughs,
"Book 'em up!" across the sunset hills,
He would call his mother's cows.

Tricks of Conjurers.

THE RISKY RYAN NARRATIVE.

BY ROBERT HOUDIN.

Robert Houdin used to say that if
the public knew what passes through
the mind of a conjurer when he sees
the barrel of a pistol turned towards
him in the course of a "firearm" trick,

STORIES FROM THE OPERA.

THE MASKED BALL.

Those were gay times in Madrid,
when a north loving queen was reigning
over Spain; her court full of intrigue,
and her people only too glad to imitate
the aristocratic example.

come to Don Julian's bachelor apart-
ments after the ball, and at least se-
cure the revenge of beating the young
secretary at cards.

Don Julian, finding Horace, re-
proached him for intruding with Prin-
cess Grumboff, when he was to soon to
be married—for an excellent match
had already been planned for their ris-
ing young man.

"That marriage will never take
place," said Horace; "but you are
wrong in supposing that I am in love
with Grumboff's wife. I have never so
much as seen her."

"Then why will the marriage never
take place?" asked Julian.

"Because I am infatuated with an-
other. I'll tell you about it. Just one
year ago, to night, at this same ball, a
lady in a black domino dropped her
mask and I beheld the most lovely
face in the world. She was accompa-
nied by a companion who remained
masked. I approached the lady, of
course, and was even more charmed
with her conversation and manners
than with her face. She was young
and innocent, and told me that it was
her first ball—now don't laugh. We
were deeply engaged in talk when her
companion came along hurriedly and
whispered, '12 o'clock, madame.' 'So
soon!' exclaimed the other, and they
left me immediately. I went down
stairs and saw them get into their car-
riage."

"The pumpkin coach with the mice
behind and the rats before?" asked Ju-
lian, laughingly.

"No, a common hackney coach.
And, now laugh again, for they had
forgotten their purses."

"Oh, of course, and you gave them
yours. How much was there in it?"

"I don't know. I only know that,
in a day or two, I received the money
back, but in another purse richly em-
brodered, with pearls, and containing
this paper, 'You are the secretary of
the embassy, which I think I under-
stood you wished to be.' Sure enough,
that very day I received official notice
of my appointment."

"A mere coincidence. And you have
never seen her since?"

"No. My only hope is that she
will re-appear at the ball to night."

Don Julian, whose ideas did not rise
above a street intrigue, continued to
laugh and joke Horace until he left
him, and the young man, melted to
regret that he had told his story, threw
himself upon the lounge in the ante-
room to listen to the music and wait.

He had scarcely done so, before he
noticed a black domino come in, ac-
companied as the year before, and he
recognized his unknown and mysteri-
ous acquaintance with whom he had
fallen so deeply in love. He feigned
sleep in order to satisfy himself, the
sleep was successful, for the "black do-
mino" made an offering of flowers, un-
masked herself a moment, and gave
evidence of silent admiration, which
rewards the young man. But when
his friend Julian passed through the
room, Horace woke up suddenly and
ran to him. The result of a moment's
conversation was that Julian asked
the companion out to dance, and Hor-
ace and the "black domino" were left
alone.

The lady now made no effort to con-
ceal her identity, unmasked, and gave
herself up a moment to Horace's ar-
dent declaration of love. Then she
broke away from him, and told him
that he must forget her, reminding him
that he was already betrothed to Count
St. Lucia's daughter.

"But I will never marry where I can-
not love. I have never even seen this
lady, and I can love no one but you."

"But I am not free to receive your
love."

"Great heavens! Are you mar-
ried?"

"Why shouldn't I be?"

"Then why have we met again?"

"Only that I might say to you 'fare
well forever.'"

At this interesting point, the fussy
old Prince Grumboff came into the
room, and, thinking that he recogniz-
ed his wife under the black domino,
resolved to satisfy himself by asking
her to dance. Horace disputed the
right, but the lady settled the matter
by a ceiling to the old prince's request,
promising to dance next with Horace,
and went out. Don Julian returned
from his dance with the companion at
this moment and overwhelmed Horace
with questions. The young man had
discovered nothing, however, except that
the "black domino" was forced to leave
with her companion at precisely 12
o'clock.

"I'll fix it," said the gay Don
Julian. "The companion will be here
in a moment." He then stepped on a
chair and moved the hands of the clock
forward to a minute of twelve. The
companion came into the room just as
it struck the hour, looked about for the
"black domino," called for her every-
where in fright, and, finally despairing
of finding her, rushed from the house.

Don Julian, then, laughingly, changed
the clock back to the right hour. Go-
ing back to the ball room, he met the
old Prince Grumboff, fuming with rage
and begging Julian to lend him his
carriage. He was now certain that the
"black domino" was no other than the
wife whom he had left at home on a
sick bed. He had seen the unknown
lady's handkerchief, in the corner of
which was embroidered the Oliviere's
royal escutcheon. The fact, indeed,
seemed to be plain. Julian could not
refuse to let him have the carriage,
but promised Horace that the servants
should tip the old fellow over and give
the young man time to send the wife
home.

When the "black domino" came in-
to the room, Horace rushed to her.

"Fly, madame, I entreat you. All
is known—and you are lost. Your
husband is furious, and he has gone
home to detect you."

"Fly? At a quarter past 11? I
think not. My husband, you are
dreaming."

"No. Prince Grumboff is raging, I
tell you, and has just left."

"Prince Grumboff, my husband!"
exclaimed the pretty "black domino,"

as she burst out into a rich, clear laugh.
"Och, no. I cannot married. You can
have my company for three quarters of
an hour longer."

The mystery was only renewed at
this, and Horace's infatuation increas-
ed in proportion. He found it impos-
sible, however, to penetrate the lady's
secret; he could only receive the prom-
ise that she would see him once more,
but when or where, she refused to re-
veal. The time stole on only too
quickly, and, as the hour of 12 was
struck by the clock, the "black do-
mino" began anxiously to look every-
where for her companion. Horace was
then forced to confess the trick which
had been played by his friend.

"You have ruined me, sir," cried the
lady, and, without another word, she
broke away from him and rushed out
of the house.

II. THE MIDNIGHT SUPPER.

Don Julian's bachelor apartments
were all that a gay gallant of the time
could have desired. They were guard-
ed by Jacinth, who had already ad-
vanced in years and receded in beauty,
but not so much so that she did not
partake of the spirit of the age and
maintain her own little intrigue with
Gil Perez, the old porter of the neigh-
boring convent of St. Rosa. Jacinth
had prepared a sumptuous supper for
Don Julian and his friends to enjoy on
the return from the ball, and she ex-
pected her Gil that night to share the
remnants of it, and continue their an-
tiqued love revels after the young gal-
lants had departed. While she was
pondering where she should store Gil
away until after supper, the door open-
ed quickly and a lady in a black do-
mino rushed in.

The newcomer hastened to explain
that she had been to the queen's ball,
that she had lost her party and car-
riage, and that the streets were so full
of rude people she had rushed into the
first house where she saw a light. She
pleaded for shelter and protection, but
soon saw that Jacinth was one of the
kind that would sell what she would
not give. Some pieces of gold and one
of the lady's diamond rings secured a
promise of temporary protection, but
when she heard that they were bache-
lor apartments where a supper was to
be given that night, she was almost in-
clined to try the street again. Foot-
steps decided her, however, and she
rushed into Dame Jacinth's room,
where she was told she would find
other garments belonging to Jacinth's
niece, Inesilla, and that she could pass
herself off for this young woman, who
had been expected.

The "black domino" who had just
taken refuge in the dame's room, when
Gil Perez, who had keys to this house
as well as his convent, came in and
was about to unlock Jacinth's door,
there to remain until the supper was
finished. Old Jacinth caught him
just in time and pushed him into a lit-
tle room opposite.

Julian and his friends now came in,
singing and carousing, and prepared to
make a night of it. Horace was among
the number, but was more reserved and
quiet—a mood from which the banter-
ing of his friends could not rescue him.
Jacinth now brought her niece Inesilla
in to help wait upon the supper. Her
appearance created a decided com-
motion among the most of the compa-
ny because of her beauty, but in Hor-
ace's mind on account of the wonder-
ful resemblance which he found to the
unknown lady in the black domino.
He would have sworn that it was the
same person, had he not conceived it
would be impossible.

The young girl was scarcely allowed
to do much waiting upon the table, so
attentive were all the gentlemen to her,
each one vying with the others by say-
ing gallant things to her. At last, as
the only way of escaping these atten-
tions, which were becoming altogether
too marked, she agreed to sing them a
song. This, however, was the most
unfortunate thing she could have done,
for no sooner had they heard her sweet
voice thrilling the peasant *ronde* of
"Ines the Gay," than all crowded
about her, demanding a kiss. They
were evidently of the opinion that the
peasant dress afforded an excuse for
any overtures they might make. At
this, the false Inesilla became really
frightened. She struggled as long as
she could, then flying to Horace's arms,
she exclaimed:

"For God's sake, protect me, sir!"

Horace undertook to do this in such
earnestness that the others desisted,
and withdrew to the card room—all
but Horace, who remained behind to
satisfy himself in regard to Inesilla's
real character. But now that she had
nothing more to fear, she relaxed into
the condition of the peasant girl, and
would not admit that Horace had ever
seen her before. It was only when
Prince Grumboff was announced that
she acknowledged.

"Yes, yes," she said, hurriedly, "I
am the same; but he must not see me.
Oh, save me, sir, save me. I can go
in this room, sir, if you will swear to
let no one in."

"I swear it, upon my life," was Hor-
ace's answer, and the lady having
stepped into Jacinth's room, he turn-
ed the key upon her. Satisfied that
she was safe for the present, and know-
ing that his absence from the card-
room would be noticed, he went away
from the supper room.

Gil Perez, the old convent porter,
tiring of his close quarters in the lit-
tle room opposite, now came out, and
resolved to go into Jacinth's room, for
which he had a key among his great
assortment, there to await his *fete-a-
fete* and supper. He had no sooner
turned the key than a female figure in
a black domino and mask opened the
door, and Gil, thinking it a ghostly ap-
pearance, fell trembling upon his
knees.

"Gil Perez," said the apparition, in a
grave voice, "thou art a thief and spy,
betraying the trust put in thee. Del-
iver up to me the keys of which thou
hast, or the gates of Heaven shall be
closed against thee."

Gil was too much frightened to re-
fuse. The lady in black took the keys,
motioned the porter to go into Jacinth's
room, and then glided out of the
house unseen, as soon as she had
watched Jacinth enter the same room,
and turned the key upon both of them.

She had been gone but a few min-
utes, when Horace came back into the
room, which was now dark, Jacinth
having taken the precaution of putting
out the lights here, so that she might
entertain Gil undiscovered, in her own
room. Horace approached the door
cautiously, took out his key, and un-
locked it.

"Now, fair lady, we are alone?" he
exclaimed, as he seized old Jacinth by
the hand, thinking it was the pret-
ty woman of the black domino and
the peasant's dress.

Just at that moment Julian and his
friends came in, the former carrying a
light, and discovered Horace, to
his own dismay, no less than to
the amusement of the others, in the
act of paying very delicate attention to
old Jacinth.

"You chased a pheasant and caught
an owl," exclaimed the friends, con-
vulsed with laughter, which Horace
could escape only by running away.

III. THE CONVENT.

The next day was to be a gala day
at the convent of St. Rosa, whose por-
ter had come to grief in so humiliating
a manner the night before. It was the
occasion of the final profession and or-
dination of the new abbess, who was
cousin to the queen. The royal family
and the entire court had assembled in
the convent chapel to be present at
the ceremony, and it was decidedly
the great event of the year.

Yet Sister Brigitta, who was the
room mate of Sister Angela, the queen's
cousin and abbess-to-be, was at this
late hour lamenting her companion's
absence, and had to explain to the
crab old Sister Ursula, who had an
ambition to become abbess herself,
that the lady was suffering with a sick
headache, which had kept them both
up all night. Ursula was complaining
that the keys of the convent had been
lost, and the porter, Gil Perez, swore
that he had been attacked, knocked
down in the street and robbed of every-
thing he had.

Sister Brigitta was considerably re-
lieved when Sister Ursula had gone
out, to have Sister Angela steal in.
Curiously enough, the latter wore, in
stead of the sister's garb, a black do-
mino which is already familiar to the
reader, and she had a weird and a
devilish look, as though she had passed
through a night of adventures. She
hastily explained to Brigitta the dan-
ger she had escaped in house and street,
how she gained the keys from Gil
Perez, and finally made her way into
the convent without being discovered.
She then hurried to her room to put
on her abbess clothes, while Brigitta
explained to her that Sister Ursula had
been moving heaven and earth at court
to get the appointment of abbess for
herself, and how she feared that the
escape of the night before would be
discovered and so give it to her.

"She can have it and welcome," said
Sister Angela, in a tone of voice which
indicated that she would be only too
glad to get rid of it.

In the meantime, a gentleman had
requested an audience with the lady
abbess, and was ushered into the con-
vent parlor to wait her coming. A
gelssoon entered, clothed in her abbess
robes and with her cowd so drawn
over him face that her features could not
be distinguished. The chapel was al-
ready filled with an audience made up
of the greatest people in the realm, wait-
ing somewhat impatiently for the cer-
emony which they came to witness.

Still the future abbess continued to
hear what the gentleman had to say.
Remember, mother, he said, rever-
entially, as he approached her, scarce-
ly lifting his eyes to her, "my name is
Horace Messerena. I have been be-
trothed to a young lady who is now a
novice in this convent."

"I have heard of the circumstance,"
was the quiet reply.

"But I have never seen her, and I
cannot go to the altar with her, because
I love another woman. She has only
heard of me, and she will not suffer by
my decision. I come to you holy
mother, to tell her that I love an-
other."

What more he would have said was
interrupted by Sister Ursula, who
called to Sister Angela that the people
were getting impatient waiting for her.
At the same time, a messenger from
the queen came in and handed Sister
Angela a letter. She tore it open hur-
riedly, lifted her veil, read, "Your uncle,
Duke Olivares, has left you his mag-
nificent fortune and estates—your
vocation is not irrevocable," and then she
rushed out.

"Worst of all!" cried Horace, who
had seen her face at that moment.
"First, the black domino, then the peas-
ant girl, and now she turns up to be
an abbess. It is clear that I am the
victim of some delusion. Shall I de-
stroy myself or shall I wait?"

Count Horace wisely concluded to
adopt the latter course. Old Prince
Grumboff and Don Julian now came
in, the former swearing at the occur-
rence which had deprived his wife of
her uncle's fortune, now given to the
woman that was to be abbess, and Ju-
lian yawning and complaining that he
had been roused up so early to witness
a stupid ceremony.

"Why, she's not to be made an ab-
bess of, at all," continued old Grum-
boff, petulantly, "but to be married out
right."

At this, Sister Angela, clothed in
pure white and looking more like a
bride than an abbess, came in, followed
by all the nuns and the court.

"Before yielding up my powers," she
said, "I grant full pardon to Gil Perez
for his misfortune last night. I now
turn over the sign and seal of my office
to Sister Ursula who is to be your ab-
bess. For ye, ye, the queen decrees
that I am to marry, and if I mistake

not, the gentleman whom I am to wed
is now near me."

At this a light broke in upon Hor-
ace's confused brain, and, finding that
the hand was given him which he
sprang out to seize, he discovered that
the lady to whom he had been be-
trothed, was no other than she whom
she had been pursuing so devotedly.
The only person in the whole compa-
ny who were not abundantly rejoiced
at the turn of affairs were old Prince
Grumboff, who had lost the wife's for-
tune which he had expected, and the
nuns, who seat up a chorus of sighs
when they heard that the sour old
Sister Ursula was henceforth to rule
over them.

Wit and Wisdom.

The *Caucasian* gets off the following,
upon the marriage of an old friend and
associate:

Leaf by leaf the roses fall. Yelby
yelp, young cherubs bawl. One by one
folks cross the river, one by one are
ferred o'er, and the white-robed angel
boatman bears them to the blissful
shore. The trappings and another
victim caught. The ministerialariat
writhing and dancing on the airy noth-
ingness of honeymoon delights. (One by one, our honest companions
are passing away to that bourne
whence no voyager returns, save
through a Chicago divorce court, or
the expense of a first class funeral. At
present rates, the jeremiades of the last
doge's blossoms of summer will ere
long be ours: "All our blooming as-
sociates are faded and gone" to happi-
ness of the cannibalistic type. A few
years since a noble band of handsome
and high aspiring friends stood around
us—fresh, bright, verdant young plants.
The matrimonial simoon swept over
the plain—and where are they now?
Smitten, blasted, cut down like the
grass of the field, which to day is, and
tomorrow is made into hay to feed a
donkey, or line a goose's nest! Faded,
withered, dry enough for pesticks,
Alas! alas! what has got into the
youth of the land? Caught by a giggle,
see how they wriggle. In vain do we
expostulate and warn them. The tinkle
of a guitar, or the rippling 'teechee' of
merriment, comes floating on the air,
and the admonitory roar of friendly
Niagara, would be unheard. Heedless, needlessly, scornful sur-
rection, onward they're rushing, sur-
ging and pushing down to destruction,
or to matrimony, which amounts to
the same. The young, the brave, the
gay, the gray, the ugly, the pretty, the
silly, the witty, brilliant, the stupid, all
yield to Cupid—all seem resistlessly
bound to travel the broad gudgeon-
path that leads to beatific moonshine,
white kids, orange blossoms, altars
and benevolent parsons, vine-clad cot-
tages, grocer bills, wash days and bis-
cuit, slops, coffee, seedy hair, patched
elbows, faded calicoes, drudgery, squalls
and variegated unpleasantness! Poor
wretches! Heaven help them.

A Student's Joke.

Ebenzer Sweet, of Brunswick, is a
prepossession dealer. He has been a
"great man" in Brunswick for the last
half century, and probably furnishes
Bowdoin students tougher meat and
harder sweating than they ever ex-
perienced in after life. Ebenzer is con-
siderable of a wag, but a story is told
in Brunswick which shows that at
least on one occasion he was outwitted.

A student called into his market one
morning and seeing a large tub full
of eggs on the floor, eyed it very wisely
for some moments, and thus accosted
Sweet:

"I will wager you twenty-five cents
that I can jump into that tub and not
break an egg."

"You can't do it," replied Sweet.
"I stake twenty-five cents I can't."

Well, here's twenty-five," continued
sweat, "put up your money."

The money was accordingly solemnly
put into the hands of a third party,
and the student prepared for the diffi-
cult encounter. In a moment he made
a leap, and the next moment he fell
crash into the tub of eggs, and he
rested his feet on the bottom, breaking
nearly all the eggs in the tub.

"There," exclaimed Sweet, in a fury
of delight, "you've lost. I knew you
couldn't do it," not thinking in his de-
light at winning, of anything but that.

"Well, repud the student, as he
could be used and went out the mar-
ket, there's your twenty-five cents."

It was a long time before Ebenzer
recovered from the effect of that joke.

FARMER'S CREEB.

We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.
We believe the soil loves to eat, as
well as the owner, and ought there-
fore to be well manured.

We believe in going to the bottom of
things, and therefore in deep ploughing,
and enough of it. All the better if it
be a subsoil plow.

We believe in large crops which
leave land better than they found it,
making both the farm and farmer rich
at once.

We believe every farm should have
a good farmer.

We believe the good fertilizer of any
soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise,
and intelligence—without these, lime,
gypsum and guano will be of little use.

We believe in good fences, farm-
houses and orchards, and children
enough to gather the fruit.

We believe in a clean kitchen, a
neat wife in it, a clean cupboard, a
clean dairy, and a clean conscience.

The strangest case of absence of
mind was that of a monkey out in Pa-
ducah, which used to sit out on the fence
in a reverie, and try to pick its teeth
with the end of its tail!

A hard question—A Philadelphia
paper propounds the arithmetical conun-
drum: "How many persons are there
who have utterly misconceived their
aims in life?"

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—A "green grocer" is described as
one who trusts.

—An unprotected female—The god-
ness of liberty.

—Extremes meet—Grant at the tomb
of Washington.

—A good stand for a regiment to
take—a stand of colors.

—Some fat men do not seek greatness,
it is thrust upon them.

—When is a fowl's neck like a bell?
When it is wrung for dinner.

—When is your eyes not eyes? When
the wind makes them water.

—An unfortunate listener begs for
some one to invent a noiseless hand or-
gan.

—"Order slate" is the injudicious ad-
vice suspended before certain coal offi-
ces.

—His forehead extended to the gable
end of his neck, means he was bald-
headed.

—A street organist has his round of
daily labor. No doubt it is often very
grinding.

—Young women should set good ex-
amples, for the young men are always
following them.

—A poetical American describes lad-
ies' lips as the "glowing gateways of
pork and potatoes."

—Sheets—A man named Sheet, in
Fountain county, Ind., has just enough
to make a quilt—24.

—A man with a scolding wife says he
has less fear of the jaws of death than
of the jaws of life.

—Innocence is like an umbrella—
when once we have lost it, we may nev-
er hope to see it back again.

—Consistency—Asking a blessing be-
fore meat, and abusing the victuals
through the entire meal.

—All the biographies of the great and
the good show that not one of them had
a fashionable mother.

—A dispatch lost from a carrier pig,
con in flight, is not necessarily a dead
letter, but only a drop letter.

—A Celestial agent offers to fill
wholesale orders for Chinese labor at
\$7,000 a hundred, C. O. D.

—How would you speak of a man
who was an excessive bore? Would
you not call him a hyperborean?

—What is the most wonderful animal
in the farm-yard? A pig, because he
is killed and then cured!

—Detectives are supposed to be lynx-
eyed, but a night-watchman gets along
very well with a bull's-eye.

—Thomas Jefferson never made a
speech, having, as he termed it, no fac-
ulty of thinking when on his legs.

—Mrs. A. C. Bowles, of Cambridge,
is lecturing on "Meddling Women."
This is a comprehensive subject.

—Why are country girls cheeks like
French calico? Because they are war-
ranted to wash and retain their color.

—A misanthrope said, "Don't believe
half what the people tell you." "Very
well," said another, "but which half?"

—A recent writer on women, says,
her true place is at the fireside. Rath-
er an uncomfortable place in the sum-
mer.

Jonah was the first person who got
whipped for disobedience, but he was
not the last, as any schoolboy can tell
you.

The inhabitants of Alaska, don't
think much of ornamenting their walls,
but they're very proud of their sealing.

It may not be generally known
that editors get one important item of
subsistence at a low price—they get
bored for nothing.

An Iowa Boniface sues a party for
\$10, for burning a hole in his hall and
dancing therein? A queer place to
dance.

One advantage of incineration of
the dead, would be the saving of fune-
ral expenses and laying up the earnings of
the family.

The chap who took the thread of
life to sew the rent of a house has gone
and invented a patent point for cross-
eyed needles.

An author, ridiculing the idea of
ghosts, asks how a dead man can get
into a locked room. Probably with a
skeleton key.

If a man throws a huge stone at his
wife's head, would he escape punishment
on the plea that only meant to rock her
to sleep.

There is a lad of our acquaintance
who regards hunger and the chattering
rod as about the same thing, both
make the boy holler.

A lady writing about Mormonism
wants to know if half a husband, such
as can be obtained in these days, is not
better than a whole one.

A young man in Ohio recently
opened a clothing store, and was sent to
jail for it. Cause—the clothing store
belonged to another man.

Grant is a cunning dog," says a
Washington correspondent. "Yes! But
he made a first-class failure in the bark
business at Galena."

A western paper has an article on
"the care of idiots." A cotemporary
says that paper is always dragging fam-
ily affairs before the public.

A Janesville, Wis., schoolman
makes his pupils obedient by kissing
them. The boys are reported so bad as
to require frequent correction.

The difference between the spring
proprietors and the barkeepers at Sara-
toga, is, that the first bottle their waters
and the last water their bottles.

A Stratford man has buried his
fourth wife, and is looking about for
the fifth. That he should marry again
seems to be a four-gone conclusion.

A blunt but honest preacher recent-
ly declared that some people cannot see
the difference between sending the gos-
pel trumpet and blowing their own horn.

A young man who was caught
straining his sweetstair to his bosom
the other night, justified himself on the
ground, that he has a right to strain his
own honey!

A Mississippian, in bragging about
his wife, wound up with the declaration,
"Wh'y she'd make a regular high-pres-
sure steamer, she's such a talent for
blowing up!"