

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., January 31, 1890.

HAPPIER DAYS.

I said to the little children, You are living your happiest days, And their bright eyes opened wider in innocent amazement.

I said to the man and woman, You are living your happiest days, As they laughingly watched together Their baby's cunning ways.

I said to the aged couple, You are living your happiest days; Your children do not know the reason.

MY HUSBAND'S "WIFE."

Myself? Oh, no. Although I married him some six months ago, I have never, save one day, imagined that title belonged to me.

Cyrus Howe came to Erie a year ago to conduct a great law suit, being both talented and handsome, he not only won his case, but his way into the best society.

No one knew aught of his private history, but his success satisfied the masculine portion of the community, so the women had no cause for complaint.

His attentions were marked from the first, and ere I had known him six months I had married him.

I had no father to counsel me, and was too headstrong to heed mother's entreaty to wait until I knew more of the man, ere I linked my life with his.

When we reached home, I found it one of the handsomest residences in the city, and beautifully furnished.

A sweet faced, white-haired little old lady met us in the hall, and was introduced as "mother." She kissed me affectionately and bade me welcome.

When I had seen her chamber before but in dusky half light. Now it was brilliantly illuminated, and the first thing that attracted my attention was the portrait of a beautiful woman, hanging on the wall at the foot of the bed.

I stood and scanned it curiously, its cold, proud, stately beauty chilling me most unaccountably.

What was the matter? Your hands are like ice.

I do not know how long I stood there, filled with horrified amazement.

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side side of the hall, and a cheerful "come in" answered my knock. She looked surprised when she saw who her visitor was, but bade me a smiling welcome.

"Why did he not tell me he had been married?"

"I wish I could devise some way to break him of it."

"I declare, Cyrus, how you started me. Harry never did such a mean thing as that. I quite trembled."

"Who is Harry?" he demanded.

"I asked, showing you his picture?" I asked, picking up my album which had been unpacked.

"No," he thundered. "Never speak his name in my hearing again."

Turning, he abruptly left the room, and I did not see him again until breakfast.

"I little knew how strong his habit had become, however."

"I heard his name," she said.

"You know how my wife did. Her way is good enough for you?"

"I declared, Esma, I could almost pity him," declared the dear, soft hearted little mother.

"So could I," I answered, "but not just yet."

"You can console yourself with thoughts of your wife during my absence," and I darted away.

when he came and flung himself wearily down upon a low seat at my side.

"You know I do," I answered, passing my other arm about his neck.

"Then, dear, let me make solemn compact to let the dead rest in their graves. I was to blame in hiding my former marriage from you.

"I had many a lapse, but the word 'Harry' is sufficient to prevent a speedy recurrence of the fault."

"I have not heard the offensive phrase 'my wife' for several weeks now, and I think I may soon safely assume the title as my own."

"But what will he say when he finds out as he must sooner or later, that 'Harry' is a myth."

How Grady Got a Start.

Amos J. Cummings in New York Sun.

It was in the winter of 1886 that Mr. Grady told me his early newspaper experiences.

"I must say, Esma, my wife never did such a silly thing as this, in all her life."

"I dare say not," I answered cheerfully, as I waltzed across the room to the dressing table, and began removing my jewels.

"I watched him furtively in the glass, and came near suffocating in trying not to laugh at the expression his face took on at the words. I hummed a merry tune and never glanced his way, so when he suddenly gasped my arm, I uttered a well counterfeited cry of alarm."

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sketcher should be written on their paper. Five minutes are allowed for the sketching, the time being kept by the player who has not selected a "position."

All the illustrated papers are then sent round the table, so that each may see the other's pictures, but no one criticises them all. Lastly, they are handed to the "guesser," the player who has taken no part except keeping the time, who ranges them on the table.

The game of "Names" is played in a similar manner to that of "Positions," the players being all seated round a table, and being provided with paper and pencils.

The time—five minutes—must always be kept by one of the party. One commences by calling out, "Girls, names commencing with A," then each player writes down all the girls' names that she can recollect beginning with A during the five minutes allowed.

Over to his rooms at the Astor house, the young journalist. He turned on his literary faucet, and in less than three hours the article was completed.

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Eagles Fish for Trout.

A curious story comes from Clearfield county, Penn. Mosquito Creek flows through a wooded part of that county, and the stream is as full of trout as the dense forest is alive with various kinds of birds.

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What Produces Death.

Most People Die from Disappointment, Accident or Excessive Toil.

Some one says that few men die of age. Almost all persons die of disappointment, personal, mental or bodily toll or accident. The passions kill men, sometimes even suddenly.

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Barnum's Bill Stickers in England

They Surprise The Englishmen by the Rapidity of Their Work.

Opposite to this house is a board fence thirteen feet high by over one hundred feet long, and in a few minutes I was to see a feat in bill posting such as seems hardly credible, now that I sit calmly down to write of it.

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