

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 12, 1894.

MINDING THE BABY. You betcher life dis ain't no cinch 't hustler here all day.

STANTON HARCOURT'S ROMANCE. "Have you never been in love?" said the child, gravely.

"Oh, but you must have been!" continued the child, earnestly. "Everybody falls in love several times before they marry, mamma says."

"Well, not exactly. You see, he wants me to marry him in two years, but we are not exactly engaged."

"I was engaged to you," he said. "I should ask you to keep your hair down as long as possible."

"Then I won't be engaged to you," replied the girl naively. "Besides, I don't even know your name."

"And now you ought to tell me your name," he said. "My name is Rosine—Roselind Alice Jane Devine—and we live at Weybridge."

"No; I am just down for the day, staying with that lady, the one with the very yellow hair."

"I see. I suppose you are in love with her? Not? Well, I am glad! Would you mind taking care of this for me while I go after that man?"

Shortly after that Stanton Harcourt went to Norway for about six weeks, and enjoyed all the pleasures of roughing it, including horrible food.

"Who is the beauty of the year?" he said to a friend at Lady Glenlyndon's ball.

"Introduce me," he said; and so in time, Sir Stanton Harcourt was introduced to Lady Rose Verden.

"Do you have forgotten me altogether?" Or is it that I am so much changed? I should have known you anywhere.

"I remember now," replied Stanton Harcourt in amazement. "But—but I ought to have recognized you, of course; but I am sure I have an excellent reason for not doing so."

"Papa had not succeeded to the title then," replied the beauty. "In fact we were very far away from it, and very poor; but as I dare say you know our cousin and his two sons and grandson were all drowned together, poor things when their yacht went down in a great storm off the north of Ireland and then my father was the next heir through his mother."

"I see; and Shortland clipped the name, and told me merely that you were Lady Rose Verden."

"A capital match, of course," continued the unconscious friend. "And, entre nous, I am told that it is a very good thing for Lord Salterton, who might have had some difficulty in meeting his creditors if his son-in-law had not proved obliging."

It was a year before Stanton Harcourt met the Countess Chirafou-Charafau, and he was spell-bound at the sight of her.

"At the end of a month he came to the conclusion that she did love him. Certainly, she had encouraged him to think so. She had introduced him to her parents, and asked him to call."

"The Count loves her," thought Stanton Harcourt. "He is all very well as a dancing partner, but his eternal brag and sentiment are getting wearisome to her."

"I walked home in a state of such ecstasy that he was almost oblivious of his surroundings. The result was that at the corner of Hertford street he was knocked down by a furiousansom, stunned, and so severely injured that he was taken up for dead."

"Lady Rose's wedding!" almost screamed Stanton Harcourt. "Which Lady Rose do you mean?"

"Why, the daughter, of course—the beauty. She married that Austrian fellow, Count Karl Chirafou-Charafau. Of course, you've been ill so long, poor chap! Don't you remember a tall, dark man with a mustache, who was always very much in attendance?"

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Later in the evening he heard the Countess' voice and his own name. "Poor Sir Stanton," she was saying, "I was quite shocked to see him. Of course, I have always known that he was old enough to be my father, or child. But now his illness has aged him so terribly that I hardly knew him, and his beard is quite white!"

Driven Mad by a Skull. Eugene Humphrey, a Young Artist, saw His Hideous Grin on Every Face—Could Paint Nothing Else—He Became Suddenly Insane in His Studio at Vienna—Now He's in a Lunatic Asylum.

During the past month one of the most promising of the young artists in New York was taken to the Middletown asylum for the insane and locked up as an incurable and violent lunatic.

Eugene Humphrey is the son of Dr. James H. Humphrey, who for years had a large practice in Brooklyn.

Eugene was seized with a frenzy to work. When twilight came he would impatiently wait for another day.

Eugene was elated. It seemed to him that with the completion of his effort he would become famous as an artist.

Eugene obtained an order from a young widow whose wealth and social position guaranteed a liberal remuneration.

"What! You have taken to painting mummies, eh?" exclaimed the eccentric old man. "Tell me, do you visit graveyards?" and with a laugh he slapped his pupil on the shoulder.

"The skull. I studied that. Now I see it. I see it everywhere. In the countenance of the child, the girl, the woman. Yes, the skull is the beginning and the end." Then he sobbed aloud.

Knowledge Spreading. Illiteracy in the United States on the Wane Among Native-Born.

Illiteracy in the United States is principally confined to the foreign-born and colored citizens.

From the statistics of illiteracy in 1890 it appears that of the total population 10 years of age and over in 1890 12 per cent, or one-eight, were illiterate.

After a time Eugene was permitted to employ a model—a beautiful girl of 16. As he observed her face, with its curves and dimples, Eugene found it difficult to believe that beneath this beauty lay the inevitable model.

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For and About Women. Redfern's latest bit of tailor-made primness. It consists of a loose seam-backed coat, in smoking jacket form, with a plain skirt to match.

Mrs. Klock, of Denver, is making a big fight to be elected to the Legislature of Colorado. She has no fears as to the result.

The stiff, high collars, particularly when worn by short-necked women, are being accused of producing nervous headaches. They press at the back directly upon the sensitive base of the brain and compress, often to the point of injury, the veins and arteries of the neck, frequently causing a congestion that ends in headache.

Whatever kind of costume you are making, says the New York Recorder, put ravers on it and you'll be in fashion.

Take for instance, an accordion-plaited corsage of soft canary-colored satin or it will be fitted an outer waist of black satin or velvet, attached at and slashed from belt to shoulder into inch and a half stripes which are jet-edged.

One careful mother teaches her children never to fold their arms across their chests. She says it must of necessity tend to contract what should, on the contrary, have every thing done to broaden it.

Plain skirts, with just a band of checked black trimming, edged on both sides with a narrow line of fur or fancy mohair braid, will be accompanied by charming bouffants of velvet matching the bias fold and ornamented down the front with a single broad Norfolk plait with three jeweled studs, or more simply fancy buttons, in gilt or silver set shirtwise and at equal distance from neck to waist.

A cape en suite will be as necessary a portion of a day gown this year as a coat "to match" has been for a good many seasons past.

Several new models for autumn costumes show round waists, bias cut, with deep yoke, shirred back and front. At the waist line the material is laid in tiny plaits over a close-fitting, bonded lining.

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