

The Way of the Rain.

I heard an old farmer talk one day,
Telling his listeners how
In the wide new country, far away
The rainfall follows the plow.
"As fast as they break it up, you see,
And turn the heart to the sun,
As they open the furrows deep and free,
And the tillage is begun.
"The earth grows mellow, and more and more
It holds and sends to the sky
A moisture it never had before,
When its face was hard and dry—
"And so whenever the ploughshares run
The clouds run overhead,
And the soil that works and lets in the sun
With water is always fed."
I wonder if the old farmer knew
The half of his simple word,
Or guessed the message that heaven's true,
Within it was hidden and heard!
It fell on my early chance that day,
But the gladness lingers now,
To think it is always God's dear way
That the rainfall follows the plough.

How She Managed Him.

It was at Leap Year ball in the city of Kimball. The large hotel was crowded to the utmost with all the bell and beaux of the place, and it was noticed that there were a great many strangers present; but they seemed to be of a well-bred class, and although the host had endeavored to be very select in his company, they had received tickets somehow; and as it was a public house he could have nothing to say, unless there was something out of the way upon which to base his opposition to their presence.

It was one of the most novel entertainments that had ever been given in the place. Many of the usual customs were reversed, even as far as dress was concerned, the ladies wearing postilion coats over their dainty trimmed skirts. Beside these coats they wore high standing collars, men's neckties, and as much expanse of white shirt front as was possible; while every girlish head had the hair parted on the side.

Nora were the men behind in their toilets, for nearly ever one blossomed out in a brightly colored sash a fan, and a lovely bouquet of flowers, while their hair was parted in the middle and arranged in innumerable little frizzes, or bangs, upon their foreheads.

The ladies enjoyed themselves famously, escorting the men from their residences, inviting them to dance and taking them to supper.

Among the lookers on were some of the most aristocratic people in the city, who were laughing at the performances of the young people, and joking with the young ladies, who, with their men's rights, were lounging in all parts of the rooms. These married people enjoyed themselves most laughing at the almost invariable mistakes that the girls made in their attempts to do the agreeable to their favorite gentleman.

Georgie Webb was standing looking on, with her sister Jennie and her husband, Albert Ayers; but every moment her pretty head was turned toward the door and any one could have told that she was looking for some one.

Her husband, Willis Webb, was a very wealthy man, and his wife was the most beautiful woman in the city. Under her influence he had given up the almost unquenchable desire for drink which once held him, and had not drunk a drop for over two years. But to-night she feared for him, for she had not seen him for over two hours, and they had arranged to return home at twelve, and it was now nearly two o'clock in the morning.

"Jennie," she whispered, "what do you suppose keeps Willis?"

Jennie looked at the anxious little face of her sister, and knowing just what her thoughts were replied—

"I will ask Albert to go down and tell him that we are waiting for him to return home."

The relieved look in Georgie's eyes told how welcome were the words, and Jennie whispered in her husband's ear, and casting a smiling glance at Georgie, she arose and began pushing his way toward the door, encountering many dashing belles in his progress.

"What dreadful manners, Mr. Ayers," said one of the girls, "to be going about without any escort!"

Albert laughed, but continued his course, and soon was lost among jesting maidens.

Georgie's little golden head was still frequently turned toward the doorway, and at length she saw Albert coming, but as she had feared, alone, and his face wore a compassionate look as he glanced at her.

"Did you find Willis?" she required half fearfully.

"Yes," answered Albert, "but—" and then he paused.

"I know what you told me," she said sadly. "He has been drinking."

"Yes," answered her brother-in-law "and I thought it best not to bring him up here among our friends. If you see you can go home with Jennie and me, and then I will come back for Willis."

"I think that will be the better way," said poor Georgie, wearily. "Come, Jennie, let's go immediately."

Willis Webb had not taken a glass of strong drink for two years, but to night he had been over-persuaded by one of his old companions into taking just one or two drinks; but these had as quickly affected him as more had been wont to do in the olden time. He had realized his condition instantly, and endeavored to hide it as well as he was able, and sat down in a dark corner, thinking his brain would clear in a few minutes, but he was mistaken, for when his brother-in-law found him his mind was so cloudy that he only half understood what was going on around him. Still it dimly seemed to haunt him that his wife wanted to go home early, and at length he arose and staggered into the next room, where a lady, one of the stranger of the party, was standing before the glass, arranging her hair. Her dress was a dark blue, like Georgie's and he walked unweary up to her saying—

"Come on, old woman, lesh go home."
"Very well," quickly answered the lady.

"Wait until I get a carriage."
"Thought we come foot."

"Oh, well, I will take you home in a little better style than I brought you."
"Wait right here until I return."
"Wash you mean? Gush I know nuf to go home with out your bossing me."

"But this, you know, is a Leap Year party, and the ladies wait on the gentlemen."
"Thash so by George, I forgot! Hurrah for Leap Year! Hurry up!"

It was but a few moments before the lady returned, and Willis Webb was hurried into a carriage, and sank in a heap upon the soft cushions. Five minutes later his fair companion was in possession of his pocket-book and costly jewelry. Poor Webb's indulgence was costing him heavily. Then she signalled the driver to stop, and the half-unconscious man was assisted to alight, and the carriage drove away.

But it was not a woman who stood beside him now, but a light and slender man, who ran lightly over the pavement, leaving him to the tender mercies of any passer by.

Georgie waited with her sister until Albert should return with her husband, but when he came he said that Willis was nowhere to be found; no one had seen him, and Mr. Ayers thought he must have gone home alone.

Georgie then started for home, with her brother-in-law by her side, and when they had walked about half of the distance they came upon the sleeping man lying right in their path.

"Oh, Albert, I believe that is he!" said Georgie, through her tears.

Albert bent over the recumbent man, and then replied—

"You are right, Georgie."
He shook Webb roughly until he got him upon his feet.

"Now Georgie, if you will take one arm I will take the other, and so we will get him home."

When morning came Webb was himself again, and it was with a blush of shame that he met his little wife at the breakfast table. He told her the whole story of his meeting an old friend he had not seen for years; of his slight indulgence; how after that his memory became indistinct.

"But, Georgie, I swear that I will never touch it again."
Georgie kissed her repentant husband upon the forehead.

After while he asked her—
"You took care of my pocket-book, of course, Georgie?"

"No Willis, I have not seen your money."
"Then, as I live, it is stolen!"

And stolen it was. Search not only proved that fact but revealed another; his magnificent watch and diamond ring were also gone.

Willis Webb was a wealthy man, and was bitterly ashamed of his excess; but this was more than he could bear tamely.

He had some indistinct remembrance of being brought home in a cap, and he went down town and put the whole matter in the hands of a skilled detective. While in his office he learned that he was only one of a dozen bold robbers which had been committed the evening before, and every means was being taken to trace those polite stranger guests.

He touched no more drink, although his indulgence had awakened all his bold desire for it.

This episode had aroused all his wife's olden fear, and she watched him as a cat watches a mouse.

A month or two glided by, and then there came an invitation for Willis Webb to attend a wine supper, to be given by this same old acquaintance, who had taken rooms at the hotel.

"Oh, Willis, I don't want you to go!" cried his wife.

"Why not?" he asked. You need not fear that I will drink anything."
"Oh but I don't want you to go! Let's go to Jennie's to-night."

"But I have sent an acceptance, and Evans would be angry if I went any where else."

"Well then, let's stay at home to gether."
"But I really wish to go myself," said Willis, the color rising in his face.

"Oh, Willis," she cried out with tears in her eyes, "I never can let you go in the world. I should not have a minute's peace all the evening."
"Georgie, don't be a fool! Don't you suppose I know enough to take care of myself? and I promise you that I will not drink."

"But that is just what they are getting together to do," said she blushing, "and it's best not to put oneself in the way of temptation."

Willis knew this to be good and solid reasoning, but he felt a trifle galled at the careful watch his wife kept over him, and was determined not to be "led around" by any woman; so he resolved to go at any risk. And then he laughed at his wife's fears, and went off to business, thinking that he would go if only for a few minutes, and return before Georgie had begun to look for him.

The first man he met was one of the invited guests, and a worldly fellow of somewhat convivial habits of life.

"Going down to Evans' to-night Webb?"

"Yes, I think so; I suppose that you will be there?"

"Of course; the old lady cuts up a little rough about it, but I let her know I am my own master. Just as if there were any harm in a little fun!"

This conversation strengthened Webb's resolution to go also, for he felt an awful fear lest the fellows thought his wife had a little too much to say. And yet he knew that he owed his good name to her, and the fortune which was now his would have been squandered but for her influence. Then the affair of the Leap Year ball came before his vision, and he felt a twinge; and then he settled the matter by thinking that he would go for a little while only.

When he returned home he found Georgie gotten up in a most ravishing style, and with a half dozen pretenses to keep him at home. She said nothing upon the subject, but she had some old songs and duets upon the piano, which she wanted him to practice with her.

"You know we used to sing so much together before we were married, dear," she said, "and we are getting fearfully out of practice."

Willis smiled furtively, and they practiced together for an hour or more, and then he made a move for the dressing-room.

"Oh, don't go off, Willis! I've got some yarn to wind, and I want you to hold the skeins; and then if you are going down the street, I want to go with you."

"Now, Georgie," said he, laughing, "why not be honest and say you don't want me to go to Evans' and done with it?"

"Well, I don't," she cried, laughing in turn. "And you won't go, either, will you, darling?"

"Of course I shall go! I have promised, and you would not have me break my promise, would you?" he replied.

"Yes, I would if it were such a promise as that," she said kissing him.

"Well, I shall not," returned he, taking out his shaving utensils.

Then Mrs. Georgie snatched away his brush and tossed it out of the open window, and laughed so mischievously that he could not be offended.

"Never mind," said he. "I can get shaved at the barber's."

And then the little wife threw her arms about his neck and kissed and coaxed him furiously for ten minutes.

His resolution was beginning to waver when his eyes fell upon a powder that lay upon the dressing-table; it was a sleeping potion his wife took when she had neuralgia, and into his mind there instantly came an ignoble plot.

"Well," said he, as if yielding, "if you will go down and get each of us a glass of that lemonade I saw in the pitcher to-night, I will think of it before I go."

Away ran the happy Georgie, thinking now she was sure of victory, and soon returned with the pitcher and two glasses.

"I made this on purpose for you, Willis."

"Thank you dearie. Now run away and fetch my dressing-gown and slippers."

And while she was gone the unprincipled fellow dropped the opiate into his wife's glass.

"Now for a merry evening!" lifting his glass; and the two together drained the daintily spiced lemonade.

"But it shall be at Evans'," said the graceless scamp, darting into the dressing closet, as if to avoid his wife.

"It shall, eh?" said his wife, thinking him in jest; and she closed the door behind him and bolted it firmly.

"Oh, Georgie," said he, remembering the narcotic was quick in its effect, "let me out quick, and I solemnly promise that I will remain at home with you."

But he was too late; the little golden

head sank down slowly until it rested upon the soft plush carpet, and never stirred from its dreamless sleep until the morning sun shone into the open window.

Willis shouted and called, but the servants were too far off to hear him, and he had no resource but to stay in the close little dressing room until his wife should awaken. Sleep was impossible, and he did some of the soundest thinking of his life during those long, chill night hours. The thought of his little wife lying outside the door was agony to him. But at last he heard her stir and then she quickly unbolted the door, saying—

"Why, Willis, have you been in there all night, and have I been asleep on the floor?"

"Yes, dear," he confessed humbly. "I gave you that sleeping powder, thinking I would go for a little while to Evans' party; but you shut me in here, and then went to sleep."

"What a shame!" said Georgie.

"What a blessing!" said her husband. "And I will here give you a solemn promise never to take another drink, or ever attend another wine supper again."

"What's the matter with you people?" said Jennie, putting her head in at the chamber door. "Bridget told me you hadn't come down yet."

"Nothing—only we are a little lazy," said Willis, quickly.

"Then you haven't heard the news? They've found out the thieves at last, and that Evans at the hotel is the leader of the gang."

Georgie looked at her husband, and Jennie went on—

"They have found your watch and ring, too. They were in Evans' trunk."

"Of all things! His party must have been a failure."

"Yes, the officers came in when they were at table. Albert was there, and he said he never was so ashamed in his life."

And Willis Webb, after that, had great respect for his little wife's wishes, and kept his promise religiously.

Conundrum Gulch.

During the terrible storm of Monday, March 10, a monster snow slide destroyed and buried under twenty feet of snow the cabin in which Joseph and Sam Steel, George Morris, S. F. Throne and J. T. Tate were living. The site of the cabin is six miles above Highland, Colorado, up Conundrum Gulch. The bodies of the five unfortunate miners were taken out the following day, after much hard work, as the snow was packed so solid that it had to be cut out in blocks with an axe. One of the men was found with his pipe in his mouth and his pocket knife clasped in his hand, and the others in positions showing conclusively that they were all instantly killed. Throne had a dog that he prized very highly, that always made his quarters under the bunk where the men slept, and of course every body supposed the dog was killed. On April 14, Mr. Bevere and Charles Johnson, of Aspen, were tunneling in the slide looking for a trunk containing valuable papers, when they heard the dog whine, and finally dug him out from under the bunk alive and well, but this after his thirty-two days' imprisonment with nothing to eat but snow.

The Hollidaysburg Standard is our authority for saying that "one day last week the young ladies from the seminary went to Roaring Run hollow to gather trailing arbutus and one of their number in some manner lost a gold watch. When the loss was discovered some young men went out to the place where the young ladies had been and found it. It is supposed that it was pulled out of her watch pocket by the branch of a tree."

Mrs. Ada Reed of Rivermore, Westmoreland county, received the highest number of votes for the office of Justice of the Peace in that borough. Some of Mrs. Reed's friends wanted her to prosecute for libel, but she has shown her good sense and her fitness for the position by filing with prothonotary at Greensburg her acceptance of the office and lifting her commission. She is the first woman who has ever held office in Westmoreland county, and is probably the only female "Squire" in the country.—*Indiana Democrat*

The Allentown Iron Works were sold Friday for \$50,000 and bought in for bondholders, who will reorganize the company and put the works in operation again.

The Franklin Repository thinks that it speaks well for the prosperity of Franklin county that there was not a sheriff's sale at the recent term of Court there.

The season after the Holidays is generally dull with the Tailors. We are offering extra inducements in *low prices*. We have given large orders, and the new goods are now coming in. Leave your order now. MONTGOMERY & Co., Tailors.

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