

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

BE A WOMAN.

Oh I've heard a gentle mother. As the twilight hours began. Pleading with a son, on duty. Urging him to be a man. But unto her blue-eyed daughter. Though with love's words quite as ready. Points she out the other duty. "Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

TALE OF A MASQUERADE.

A masquerade would not be much of an affair if there were not some ludicrous scenes attached to it or connected with it. Last evening, that of the Musical Society was no exception to the general rule, and any number of funny incidents transpired. No person failed to notice a conspicuous costume present, a gentleman dressed as a Spanish cavalier—a very neat and athletic figure. The gentleman, whom we shall call X., paid particular, indeed, most devoted attention to a pink domino enshrouding a sylph-like form acting as her escort at all times, and paying no attention worth noticing to anybody else. In promenade or in resting they were in earnest conversation, and the ladies, who could not fail to notice him, thought he must be a divine little angel to listen so devotedly to all his soft things. Perhaps both of them were just what they had the credit of being. The cavalier was a legal gentleman of our city, and the pink domino was no matter who just now. The gentleman is married and has a small family. He loves his wife, but people do whisper that sometimes he loves other people's just as much. The cavalier proposed some time since to go to the ball, but his wife insisted that her health was not very good, and as there would be something of a crowd present she would not go—to her, masquerades were tedious affairs at best. That X. was delighted with the determination there is no doubt. He did not say so, however, but the day his wife decided not to go he met in company a young and pretty widow, and in the heat of the excitement, asked her to accompany him to the masquerade. The widow was possessed of a bosom full of fun, and she consented to go. X. fitted her out with a costume and a pink domino, and as everybody saw who noticed it very pretty and expensive. Now, concluding to go, she had some respectable neighborhood; perhaps to the dwelling of some well-known citizen. Then the following game is played: The thief, having ordered certain goods, stationed himself in front of or conveniently near the dwelling or store, as the case might be, and stood on the watch for the carrier. In a few moments, seeing him approaching, he quickly ran to the stoop, and on the arrival of the carrier addressed him thus: "This is a pretty time to bring these things. I told your boss to be particular about the hour, as Mr. Roberts (or Mr. Smith, or Mr. Anybody), would be sure to be away if you came later. Now, as he is not in, you must leave the bill and call again, and tell Mr. Booby how it happened." "Oh! it's no matter. Mr. Booby told me to leave 'em and to hand this list of prices to Mr. Roberts, and tell him that he'd be glad to have him for a customer." "All right, then; tell him to be more punctual next time, and as I buy everything for Mr. Roberts, tell him I'll buy all my groceries there if he is punctual." "I will, sir." No sooner had the carrier turned his back than Master Thief took an opposite direction and ran off with his prize. The very next day the foxy rascal had the impudence to call and get groceries. Of course, the groceryman, not expecting anything wrong, but, on the contrary, deeming himself greatly fortunate in the acquisition of so wealthy a customer as Mr. Roberts, filled the orders and—learned a lesson.

"Why, what is the matter with Mr. X.?" asked the widow; "you look astonished. I expected you, and have been waiting for you some time. Your wife told me she would come here." "My wife?" gasped the cavalier. "Yes, your wife. Why, what is the matter with you? Are you up to the mark?" The cavalier scarcely seemed to know whether he was unwell or not. He turned to the domino. She removed her mask, and he saw his wife sitting before him. Still he could say nothing. The wife was too indignant to speak. The widow came to the relief of both. "I tell you what it is, Mr. X. she said, 'you've one of the best women in the world for a wife, and you abuse her worse than any man I ever knew. I just wish I was in her place for about five minutes.'" The cavalier looked as if he wished nothing of the kind. The widow went on: "You insulted me in asking me to go with you. If I had a big brother able to whip you, he should have done it, and if it had not been that a woman cannot do any of those things, I would have done it myself. You deserve it any way—you ugly monster. As I could not do it, I told your wife, and we determined to punish you, and I guess you had a pretty good lesson, and one which will last you some time. I know by the way your wife blushes you have said all sorts of insulting things to her, thinking it was I; but it wasn't, and I guess you have found it all out. You've had your lesson; now go home, and if ever I hear of you neglecting your wife again, or running off after other women, I'll tell the whole story, and have it published in the Advocate, with your name in great big type—O you big monster." Poor X. was suffering terribly. He had never been caught so fairly before. The preparation was pouring down his forehead, and the air of the room seemed terribly confined. He mentally cursed masquerades dominoes, bewitching widows and his own stupidity, and it was a relief when his wife intimated that they had better go home, and the poor cavalier slunk away like a whipped school boy. We trust the lesson will be a lasting one to him.—Wood's Household Advocate.

Every body has heard of the far-famed upas tree of Java. The first account of it was given, some thirty years ago, by Poersch, a surgeon in the service of the Dutch East India Company. He states that he saw the tree himself. It was about twenty-seven leagues from Batavia, and was surrounded on all sides by a circle of high hills and mountains. To the distance of ten or twelve miles in every direction, neither tree nor shrub, not even the least planter blade of grass, was to be seen. The soil consisted of the hills was from the part where an old ecclesiastic dwelt. From his house the criminals were sent for the poison of this tree, and into the poison the points of all warlike instruments were dipped. The poison procured from the tree was a gum that issued out between the bark and the tree itself, and was of very high value. Malefactors sentenced to die were the only persons sent to procure this poison, and this was the only chance they had of saving their lives. After their sentence was pronounced, they were asked whether they would die by the hand of the execution, or go to the upas tree and collect a box of poison. If they chose the latter punishment, and return safe, they were provided for by the Emperor. They first visited the house of the old ecclesiastic, who prepared them, by prayers and admonitions, for their future fate. He then put on them long leather caps, with glasses before their eyes. He also provided them with a pair of leather gloves. With these preparations, after having carefully attended to the direction of the wind, they approached the tree so that its exhalations were always blown from them. The convicts were accompanied on their way, by their friends and relations, about two miles. Out of the number who went to this tree, scarcely one in ten ever returned. From fifteen to eighteen miles around this tree not only no human creature could exist, but no animal of any kind had ever been discovered. There were no fish in the water; and when birds flew so near the tree that the effluvia reached them, they dropped dead. This account appeared so remarkable, that when the Earl of Macartney's embassy to China stopped at Batavia, a few years later, Dr. Gillem and others of the embassy made inquiries concerning this wonderful tree. His [Poersch's] relation of a tree so venomous as to be destructive by its exhalations at some miles' distance," says the historian of the embassy, "is compared there to the fictions of Baron Munchausen. Yet, as it was a discredit to the country to be suspected of producing a vegetable of so venomous a quality, a Dutch dissertation has been written in refutation of the story. From this dissertation it appears that information was requested, on the part of the Dutch Government of Batavia, from the Javanese prince in whose territory this dreadful vegetable was asserted to be growing, and that the prince, in his answer, denied any knowledge of such a production." Still it was a common opinion in Batavia that there existed in the country a vegetable poison, which, when rubbed on the daggers of the Javanese, rendered the slightest wound from those weapons incurable; and one of the keepers of the medical garden at Batavia assured Dr. Gillem that a tree distilling a poisonous juice was in that collection; but its qualities were kept secret from most people in the settlement, lest knowledge of them should find its way to the slaves, who might be tempted to make an ill-use of it. From later accounts it appears that Poersch got two stories mixed. In the vicinity of active volcanoes in Java, and in old craters, a gas escapes like that which is formed when a friction match is lighted; and one of these localities was the famous valley of poison. Late travelers, as we learn from professor Bicknere's "Travels in the East Indian Archipelago," saw in this valley a great number of dead animals of various kinds—dogs, cats, tigers, rhinoceroses, squirrels, birds, and even snakes—that had lost their lives in that fatal place. The upas tree, with its poisonous sap, also exists; but instead of a single tree on an open plain, there are many both in Java and Ceylon. They are found, however, in the densest forests and in the most fertile soils. The inner bark of the upas is sometimes made into a course cloth. When this bark has been well steeped, and well soaked in water, and well beaten, it may be worn without danger.

TRIP LIGHTLY. Trip lightly over trouble. Trip lightly over wrong. We only make grief double, By dwelling on its long. Why does your hand so tightly? Why with one hand hold me? Why cling to forms unright? Why not seek joy instead? Trip lightly over sorrow. Though all the day be dark. The sun may shine to-morrow, And give you the lark; Fair hopes have not departed, Though roses may have fled; Then never be down-hearted, But look for joy instead. Trip lightly over sadness, Stand not to rail at doom; We've pearls to string of gladness, On this side of the tomb. While stars are nightly shining, And the heaven is overhead, Encourage not repining, But look for joy instead.

An Heiress in Disguise. The St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette of a recent date relates the following somewhat romantic story: Some time last fall a young lady came to St. Joseph from the East to spend the winter with a relative. Unassuming, handsome, graceful and intelligent, she created a most favorable impression with those who enjoyed the pleasure of her acquaintance and formed an agreeable addition to the social circle in which she moved. She was remarkably refined and quiet in her manners, and studiously sought to avoid all ostentatious display in her apparel, but at the same time exhibited in her dress the most exquisite taste and in her manners the most elegant refinement. Shortly after the lady's arrival she was called upon by a young gentleman (a resident of this county), who had formed her acquaintance in the East, and soon thereafter his visits became frequent and his attentions marked and devoted. It was noticed, as the friendship of the two ripened into intimacy, that the lady began to institute, in a very cautious manner, inquiries for the purpose of ascertaining whether the gentleman had the least idea of her history and condition, and particularly of her financial affairs. These inquiries were prosecuted for some time, and seem to have resulted satisfactorily. At least, after a courtship of some months, she committed her happiness and fortunes to the care of the gentleman alluded to, and the celebration of the nuptials were duly recorded in the early part of the present spring. The happy couple immediately started for the East and are now residing at the former home of the bride. And now comes the sequel. The quiet and unassuming young lady was in reality the possessor of immense wealth and the undoubted heiress of an estate worth over \$4,000,000—a fact wholly unknown at the time even to the gentleman who had a right her hand and heart. She had taken this method to test the sincerity of her admirer, and finding his heart true, had committed unhesitatingly a golden treasure and a pure, warm heart to his keeping, without even permitting the most gallant youths of St. Joseph to catch the faintest idea of the glittering prize apparently within their reach.

All Sprits of Paragraphs. —A "ground swell"—A Lord of the Acres. —"Hunting parties"—Mothers with daughters to marry. —Warfare is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on. —To dispel darkness from about you—make light of your troubles. —A truth for the times—Ritualists ought to be a Romanists by Rites. —Something for vaulters to remember—that one good turn deserves another. —Outside shows may be purchased, but real happiness is of home manufacture. —A round of pleasure sometimes renders it difficult to make things square. —Little minds rejoice over the errors of men of genius, as the owl rejoices at an eclipse. —The only reason why a person does not conquer an evil habit, he does not will to do so. —A stuffed cat, placed upon a strawberry bed, will it is said, frighten away the birds which destroy the fruit. —Happiness consists of being perfectly satisfied with what we have got and with what we haven't got. —No doubt many of our readers have often seen the time when they could fully agree with Hans Breitman in saying: "Oh, rot in all this earthly bliss! Oh, rot in all this earthly bliss! Oh, rot in all this earthly bliss! Oh, rot in all this earthly bliss!" —Col Chaffin, a Virginia dwarf, 42 years old, twenty-five inches high, and weighing twenty-five pounds, is accompanied in his exhibition by his brother, who is six feet four inches high. —Any business is more respectable than what is termed loafing. A young man had better sell soft soap by the pailful than to hang around public places, murdering time and his own reputation. —Council Bluffs objects strongly to being spoken of by the papers east of it as in "the Far West." The Nonpariel says that is only the point at which travelers gather for the purpose of starting West. —A man in Newburyport, Mass., has ten acres of land in onions. The ten acres give eighty miles of onion, and in planting, hoeing, weeding and gathering require over a thousand miles travel. —In New York, the other day, Judge Dowling discharged two men, captured with carpet bags full of burglars' tools, on the ground that it was no offense, legally, to carry such implements in the day time. —The dead body of a old negro was found near New Orleans, the other day hanging by one foot to the crotch of a mulberry tree. The old man had climbed after fruit, slipped and stuck there head downward until he died. —Each cup I drain brings hither Some essence of bliss gone by. Bright it was—too bright to wither, Warm hearts—too warm to cool. Till, as the dream comes o'er me Of those long vanished years, Alas! the wine before me Seems turning all to tears. —Within a mile of Elko, on the road to White Pine, is a large natural swimming bath, where visitors can choose their temperature, from tepid to boiling. The depth is said to be very great, and some say that at 200 feet no bottom has been found. —There is a conductor on the Fitchburg railroad in Massachusetts which always carries in his mouth or about his person a blossom, fresh and perfumed. The spirits told him that was the only condition by which he could expect to meet his wife in heaven. —A soap and stationery vendor in Philadelphia rings the door bell, and sends up his card to the lady of the house, waits in the parlor till she appears, when he greets her warmly, like an old acquaintance, passes the compliments of the season, and asks her to buy a cake of soap or a box of stationery. —"How much money have you?" said a rich old cornucopion to a gay young fellow courting his pretty daughter. "Oh! I haven't much of anything now, but I have a rich prospect ahead." "The wedding occurred, and the old chap learned from his son-in-law that the rich prospect was the prospect of marrying his daughter. —There's a little mischief making Effen, who is ever high, Thawing every undertaking, And his name is By-and-by. —What we ought to do this minute, "Will be better done," he'll cry. "If to-morrow we begin it, "Put it off," says By-and-by. —Those who heed his treacherous words With his faithless guidance rue; What we always put off doing, Clearly we shall never do. —We shall reach what we endeavor. If on Now we do rely, But unto the realm of Never Leads the pilot By-and-by. —A gentleman traveling in Southern Pennsylvania reports a good story which he heard about a worthy mechanic who aspired to Legislative honors. In his printed appeal to the voters, he said with more significance than he intended, "that if they declined to elect him he should remain at home, a cooper and an honest man." —"Close up, ladies, if you please," said a horse car conductor to six families who had spread themselves over the extent of the seats. "We shall do nothing of the kind," exclaimed one of the indignant fair. "Clothes up, indeed, and in a street car, too; you must be ashamed of yourself young man." The conductor subsided. —"Bridget, Bridget! why don't you bring up the lemonade?" said Mrs. S. on the Fourth of July, from the top of the kitchen stairs. "Why, marm," said Bridget, wiping the sweat from her red face with her checkered apron, "she put her head round the staircase partition, 'why, marm, you see the ice it put in the lemonade is so hard that it hasn't melted yet, though it's stirring over the fire I've been for the last fifteen minutes or more.'"

Finding A Baby. My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a house within sight when we moved there, my wife and I, and now we haven't many neighbors, though those who have are good ones. One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods, before I came back, and above all, a doll for our youngest, Dolly. She had never a store doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy her a good one." Nobody but a parent could understand how full my mind was of that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped in paper and tucked it under my arm while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. Then late as it was I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about her toy. I was on a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile away from town, while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I knew of. I could have felt my way, though, I remembered it is so well, and it was almost that when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, five miles, or may be six from home yet, too. I rode as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened; I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing; all was as dark as pitch. I got down and felt about the grass—called again, and was answered. Then I began to wonder I am not timid, but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me. I'm not superstitious—not very. But how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night and at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men, showed itself in me then, and I was half inclined to run away, but once more I heard that cry, and I said: "If any man's child is hereabouts Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die." I searched again. At last I thought me of a hollow under the hill, and groping that way, sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mamma. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom. I had slept more than an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake, but when I got into the door yard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dread fear for five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw my room full of neighbors, and my wife amidst them weeping. When she saw me she hid her face. "Oh, don't tell him!" she cried; "it will kill him!" "What is it, neighbors?" I asked. "And our said 'Nothing now I hope—what's that in your arms?'" "A poor lost child," said I, "I found it in the road. Take it, will you? I feel faint." I lifted up the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child—my little Dolly. It was my darling, and none other, that I had picked up on the ditched road. My little child had wondered out to meet "daddy" and the doll, while her mother was at work, and when they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked heaven on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp. A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm his wife, who was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised with his composure and serenity that she cried out: "My dear are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?" He rose from his chair, lashed to the deck, supporting himself by a pillar of the bed-place drew his sword and pointing it to the breast of his wife, exclaimed: "Are you afraid of that sword?" "She instantly answered, 'No.'" "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "I know that it is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me." "Then," said he, "remember, I know in whom I believe, and that he holds the winds in his fist and the water in the hollow of his hands."