BELLEFONTE, PA.

[Writien expressly for Democratio Watchma WEARING THE CROSS!

A'NOVEL,

BY NELLY MARSHALL

CHAPTER III.

It was a cold bleak day in January. Snow covered the earth, and veiled the shrubs and trees, where thousand pendant icicles glittered in the morning sun, radiant as strung dia monds; and snow lay piled against the doors and window sills, and between the shutter slats at "Cottage Home." There were no evidences of cultureno traces of refinement-no neatness either in garden spot or flower plat at this homestead. Everything told of negfigence and decay; broken ornamental pots and jars, an over turned wheel barrow, and a bucket and empty bar rels were strewed here and there, a few Muscovy ducks and hardy-looking turgry pig gruntingly rooted up the snow about the kitchen door where an untidy negress stood chatting with a presentment of Guy Arnold's homedarling of all the women-the envy of

all the men. "Cottage Home" consisted of three frame rooms with a kitchen attached. And surely the rudeness of structure, and lack of architectural embelishment would have rather reflected credit upon the primeval Ark builder, than delf pitcher with a tin handle; one have enhanced the social respectability chair scated with list, was placed beautiful. ty of any man of the Nineteenth Cen- fore the unclean window, draped with tury. It is with our residences as with our literature; we are judged by them : | er apartment, and in the far corner was tellect; the other, the refinement of this bed lay Gny Arnold. The sun the prevalent public opinion was errone our for Guy Arnold was a man who was before until a late hour, and couses unmistakably enlightened and raffiner But his wife-Bessie Arnold, was gift secure his natural rest. He was awake ed with any faculties rather than these! indebted for the inner and outer lack of tof his vonth-of his passion for Bessie comfort about his home. It may not be | -he remembered her in her snowy, so in the North, but it certainly is an bridal beauty, and his own conscience unmistakable fact that in the South did not spare him its reproaches; he before to-day--" said Bessie succeingtheir wrongs, the husband's never in and wept. Perhaps after all he thought; he conquered it, and said, softly, in heu terfere. They sink into epathetic en it had been his fault that their mardurance. And into this endurance ried life had not been a happy one; Guy Arnold had sunk many a year be-When in the inception of his marriage he had "endeavored sometimes to suggest," he very soon discovered an emand after rebellion and storms the war and peace and happiness cleewhere: and though "Cottage Home" was noun inally his place of residence-"because his wife lived there"-he was general-Mrs. Bessie had resented his frequent posed to move to Louisville where he could visit and be visited without the necessity of "staying all night;" as he was compelled to do in the country, she avowed there was nothing like independence. Her parents had lived at "Cottage Home" and what was good enough for them suited her admirably. Eminently filial, but when it is taken into consideration that her parents were dead, and could not possibly be offended by the desertion of the old homestead, and that to remain did offend Guy, her devotion was also emineatly unwifely. .. But this did not matter at all to Bessie Arnold; she pleased

herself on her taults, as other women

do upon their virtues ; and they were

glaring as ugliness always is in ful-

that it was preferable for the power of the property of the property of the power of the property of the power of the property to fresh disputes. Reconciliations are always useless unless the spirit changes; while the root of the evil still lives, strife never ceases. Family disturnever fails to find a successor at its death.

The inner presentment of Guy's

than the outer. The first room into which a visitor would have been ushered, was small with low, smoky ceilings and rough walls; the floor was covered with oil; cloth, from which the blue roses, and green lillies, and purple pinks had long been worn leaving only faint traces of primitive beauty amid the dingy white and cracked glazing; a few straight straw bottomed chairs, a wooden settee stiff backed enough for any Puritan, and an old fashioned spinnet with spider legs and flimsy blue worsted brain, cover, a pile of books on the tall black keys, stood around in single footed mantel, among which Pilgrim's Progroups; and an uncouth, unfed, hun | gress and Dumas' "Mysteries In Paris," figured conspicuously side by side, a table and a deep mouthed fire-place where one or two green logs simmered "field-hand." Such was the out-ward and smoked, and the room was complete, save for the low-dingy paned, Guy Arnold—the 'gay Lothario"—the narrow window, over which was drawn, a skimp half curtain of red serge.

Opening into this rude apartment was a smaller room or closet; containing an old fashioned chest of drawers, surrounded by a broken looking glass, a quaint wooden wash-stand, upon which rested a cracked bowl, and a red serge to match the one in the largthe one portrays that cultivation of in a rude antique looking bed; and on physical aristocracy. In this instance | was high in the heavens, but Guy had not risen. He had been out the night quently infringed upon another day to now however, and his brain was busy And it was to her alone that Guy was with memories of the past. He thought wives are the heads of their own house- went back through the lost years to holds. And where they are deficient his dear dead Soiloms and Gomorrahs, idominant, and though his impulse in domestic ability, even to redress and bowed himself down in their ashes was to whirl on his heel and leave her, eyes fixed on the cobwebs which awang | ginning fresh?" in dingy loops and clouds from the bryo Mrs. Cady Stanton in his Eve; ceilings and corners where the spiders were busily weaving-"Yes: it is for fare had gradually ceased, because Guy me to take the initiative. Bessie is vielded his right to control. He had such a stubborn little piece, and what | cheek in answer to the dark glow upon of art. lost his primitive desire to rule in his ever may happen, to try to be patient. | his own face, but she seemed resolved | as throwing aside the clothing he step ness or negligence, and angrily cited ped from the bed. Hastily dressing the customs and homesteads of others ; himself and performing his ablutions, but the more alluring the pictures his he passed into the adjoining apartment, cloquence painted, or the more earnest and going to the hearth, he spread his his exportation for her to "mend her hands out before the fire to thaw them ways" the more scathing was her re from the intense cold of the water he sentment; if he held up any lady's do- | had touched. "Yes, I will," he said mestic ability as a criterion, it was but aloud again, as it strengthening his the sounding of the tocsin of war, and resolution to do something that was Mrs. Arnold's jealous fends, had, in- evidently trksome. "And the mext deed, something deadly in their ven- time it shall not be my tault," Opengeance. So he had finally yielded ing the door to the third apartment, he everything to her, and sought pleasure, 'paused upon the thresh hold, and an emphatic Eeglish "Dama it!" escaped hun involuntarily as he gazed on the scene that confronted him. Gone like the mists of the morning, were all the ly to be found anywhere but there. good resolutions that he had been nur. turing in the cold and silence and solifurloughe at first, but when he pro tude of his humble little bed room; and only a resentment, which circum-

their place in big angry beart. An unmade bed stood in one corne of the apartment, its many colored counterpane dragging half its length upon the floor; in another corner stood a wardrobe, over whose cornice swung innumerable olds and ends which from time to time had been cast there by Bessie's careless hands; in another corner stood a bureau from which all the knobs and most of the vencering had been knocked off; in the fourth and last corner was an' unvarnished, unpainted pine cup-boxid-with doors swinging bjan, and exposing the remains of the morning of repast mingled with thwashed blases and dishes; in dress. She made no 'attempt to secure the confide of the apartment' stood the That is no reason for disliking a pretty

stances seemed to justify, reigned in

ject of his former passion, and to lav- boy of three or four summers playing ish his affection where he hadreved it idty with the times of two forks. His was appreciated; and Bessie, deciding clothes were coiled, as were calso his

Beside the hearth sat Bessie Arnold meking vigorously to and fro while she recounted to "Moll," the tregress, standing opposite to her in open mouthbances are a fearfully fruitful progeny; ed astonishment, all about Guy's flirtaeach is distinctly an existence, but it tions and "how she did him." And surely, with her unkempt hair, and soiled calico dress, with the gathers of the skirt ripped from the waist, and a home was, if anything, less attractive little faded shawl hanging loosely upon her shoulders, a more unlovable, unpleasant picture could not have been presented to a husband's eyeste

As Quy opened the door, Bessie started nervously, flushing to her temples, and Moll commenced eagerly "setting things to rights" as she called it; but the fact that they had been conversing upon a subject quite incompatible with dignity or honesty proved itself in their faces-it was but a flash of mutual intelligence-transitory as lightning, but fastening itself ineffaceably upon Guy's

"Pretty time for a family man to be rising," snarled Bessie as he closed the

door after him. "And God curse the hour I ever be came a family man," said Guy angrily -but the words had scarcely passed his lips before he regretted them, for his eyes rested on the smiling, upturned face of his son, who had abandoned his amusement and bounded to his side.

"Good morning, papa!" said the boy in his musical treble voice.

"Good morning, Gabriel-" said Guy catching the child in his arms and kissing him repeatedly, remembering while he did so, the instability of his resolutions when they failed him at first

"Are you mad, Papa?" again queried Gabriel-"Not a bit of it, my man!" said Guy in a voice he vainly strove to render cheerful.

"Ask mammait I am."

"I know nothing about your humore," said Bessie, sulkily.

Guy set Gabriel on the floor and go ing to hik wife said, in a half laughing, half-embarrassed way :-

"But, I want you to know something of them, Mistress Bess-at least about my good humors, and I have resolved you shall see no others."

"O, yes, Isnave heard you promise ^l ly. But Guy's good resolutions were of a fitter speech :

"This time, Bessie, I intend that my perhaps, it he had been more patient, | promises shall be good for something. fore the opening of my story. He had Besste would have endeavored to do Do you think, wife, there is no such married Bessie when they were both better. And with the bitterness and thing as unknitting the fruit, and foldvery young, and he had been made to pain of these self reproaches came the ing up the flower, and commencing at repent at leisure for his rashness, noble resolutions to live a truer, higher | the root again? Is there no such thing life,-"Yes"-he meditated, with his as sealing away blotted pages, and be He stood waiting for her reply-but

she vouchsafed not a single word.

"Kiss me, Bess-" he said, bending down to her. A flush leaped to her "Let me alone, Guy Arnold."

'Not until we seal way our past with the kins of peace, Bessie," he replied, lifting her face gently in his hands.

"Kisses and curses don't go well together," she answered, struggling to free herself.

Guy's hands fell away without tempt ing her to further resistance.

Taking a chair he drew Gabriel to his knee, and commenced caressing him, to hide the embarrassment which his wife's repulse rendered it impossible for him not to feel!

And again commenced the childish anestioning,

"Papa, did you have a nice time last night?"

"Yes, my boy, charming," said Guy, furtively glancing at Bessie over Gabriel's shoulder.

"Did they dance, papa?"

"All night, chatterbox." "Was Miss Sallie Hubbard there? "That she, was, Gabe, and looking pretty as a picture !"

"I don't like Miss Sallie Hubbard-

said Gabriel, making a wry face. "Why not, son?"

"Because she has so many teeth and when she laughs she opens her mouth wide like the wolf that cat up little Red Riding Mood, and scrinches her eyes up tight; this way-" said Gabriel, contorting his pretty features into a gratesqueness that infinitely amused

his father. "Why, my boy, you are unjusta lover in her husband; and no it came breakflast table from which the untildy lady, because and opens her mouth about that Guy's hears changed; and egg-stained cloth flad from been the untild flady, because the learned almost to loathe the very object. By this table stood a heautiful soon as he found voice to reply.

"But that sin't all the reason why don's like her," said Gabriel, nodding his boad and lacking very wise.

- frat in

"Indeed? what the reason have you?" paked Gny.
"Why do you dialike her?"

"O, because," said Gabriel glascing timidly at his thother whose eyes were glowering and smouldering, as she looked at him.

"Tell me, darling." Guy drew the the child closer, as if to reassure him.

"Mamma will whip,ms, if I tell-" said Gabriel, a frightened expression

shadowing his pretty face. "No, she will not-" said Guysmiling in answer to the child's upward appealing glance. "Out with it!" Bessie suddenly exclaimed, and at the sound of her voice the boy visibly trembled.

"I don't like her, because she told me, one day, when mamina died, she

was going to be my new mama." "What did you tell her?"

"What did you tell her?" Guy and Bessie both spoke at once, but ah! their intonations were so different.

Guy's was trembling with illy suppressed merriment. Bessie's replete with angry vehemence.

"I told her I loved my own mamma best-and I did not want her to die-answered Gabriel, in a whimpering voice, thoroughly alarmed at the storm he had raised about his own head.

Bessie's face, cleared away from its clouds of disdain and temper, smiled on her child.

"Come to mother, Gabe," she said, in a satisfied tone, and Guy released the boy from his warm caress that he might obey Bessie's behest.

"Yes, go to mother, son," he said, for Papa can't hold you any longer now. He must go away."

"Marse Guy, don' ver want no breckfus?" said Moll thrusting her wooly, unkerchiefed head in at the door.

(Continued in our next.)

Ladies Legs.--Strange Fancy of English Ladies-They have their Legs Modelled in Plaster.

In a recent letter from London to the San Francisco Chronicle, Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie writes as

We trust that our fair American sisters will not be shocked by our un-hesitating use of the word "leg," which they are accustomed to designate as "limb," or "lower limb." "Id England and all over Europe that little aubterfuge would be pronounced indelicate and affected; and it certainly is the latter, if not the former. But to our

White, symmetrical feminine legs are said to be disappearing from Amer-They are so much in the ascendant in England that ladies of rank have invented a new method of naking known their fair proportions. We read in the March number of the Galaxy that, in a work just published two American medical men put forth the gross slander that "a handsome leg is a rarity---we had almost said an impossibility --among American women!" We do not believe that ungallant libel. though American ladies certainly are not in the habit of publishing their charms by having casts taken of their shapely legs, as an ornament for draw ing-room tables, or to be sold for the benefit of the vendor of casts, or to be circulated among friends as a delicate token of friendship and valuable work

What we are about to relate appears own household. At first he vowed and I will-yes, I will' -he said aloud to test his good resolutions pitilessly, hold ourselves responsible for its exact truth. Upon the drawing-room table of a lady of rank in London-a lady of high position and irreproachable character - may be seen beneath a glass case. a lovely, dimpled little foot, delicate ankle and round calf upon the knee joint; it is the cast of the leg of Lady

___, the hostess.
In Soho square there is a small, rather humble looking shop, in which you can purchase, for five shillings, a cast of one of the most exquisite of lage; the original (in the flesh) belongs to Lady—de G—and R, who went to this office thou income, and had her perfect teg moulded, and afterwards generously gave the shopman the privilege of selling copies of the cast, which he does daily, for it was quickly discovered to whom the beauteous leg belonged.

town in the provinces, came to London, more supprised, she followed him, and and had two casta taken of her leg— he conducted her to the side of a pood one nude, and one with a next little where she preceived a duck with its shoe, stocking and garter. Strange to say (though no artist will oal it strange) the leg with the stocking and garter produced an effect much further removed from modesty than the leg quite unclad. Brucciani, the cast ven der in Convent Garden, deives a brick trade in casting ladies' legs, and has any quantity of models of all descrip-tions taken from life, and chiefly from noble life, for sale.

How this leg-mania originated we lrave not heard, but there is certainly some explanation for this sudden passion among the aristocratic fair to have their lega recognized; perhaps it is only because "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

-A man came home drunk one night and comited in a basket of goelings, which his wife half placed before the fire, upon seeing which he exclaimed. "My God wife, when did I awallow these things!"

The Fitz-John Porter Date

General Fitz-John the recent speech of gardichic application for a rehearing upon diwice into my change by haddressed the density with require that it be into errors Med Chundler had fallen into in endeavoring to 10 füetice to history. The main points of his rehly history. The main points of his reply are that President Lincoln, before hi death, promised to reopen the case on the production of new evidence; that he

expressed a high opinion of his (Porcharge, that he disobeyed orders in not marching troops, August 29th, 1862, until two hours later than orders, he says he shall prove that he put off the generals starting by the advice of the generals of his division, in consideration for the fatigue of his men, and to avoid the delay that would have occurred in consequence of the roads in advance being blocked up with wagons. On this point Porter says in conclusion, "I shall prove this charge of Pope's not only false, but frivolous, and only suggested as a make weight to the far more serious accusations arising from

the transactions of the next day General Porter claims that McDow ell's testimony against him in the trial should not been taken, as McDowell admitted a want of memory on vital points, and had this want supplied by a member of the court, who though acting judicially in Porter's case, left the bench to testify against him.

The details of the movements of Mc-Dowell's and Porter's corps, under the joint order from Pope, as well as the corroborative testimony of federal and rebel generals, obtained since Porter's are very full, and, Porter claims overwhelmingly in his favor and against Pope, and he challenges his accusers to meet him before a military tribunal with the full evidence he now holds. He says they dare not meet the truth.

Porter says the final and most important order from Pope, at 4 20 p. m. was not delivered to him till two hours later, then too late to execute it. He adduces elaborate proof to sustain this assertion, and goes on to show that his action was not only the best, but, according to rebel testimony, saved Pope from total capture or rout. After stating the reasons why the

evidence now in his power could not have been produced on the trial, he con-

cluded by saying:
Sustained, as I am, by hosts of triends whose hands I have never grasped, but whose hearts and words and pens are active in my behalf; sustained by the old and true and tried friends, who have not turned upon me in adversity, but best sustained by my ever-present and never failing faith that a just and generous people will not permit my wrongs to go unredressed, I shall go on to the end, obtaining my justification which the government owes to me, or leaving it, if God wills it, a legacy for my children to demand and obtain

It has transpired that among the en dorsements General Porter has in his behalt, isa letter from General George H. Thomas agreeing that the case should be reopened, and that if done, Porter could in his judgment, be vindi cated.

-One of the Little Corporal's cor respondents vouches for the truth of

At one of our neighbor's houses was a very bright little girl. It chanced the rain. once that they had a guest, a finister, an esteemed friend. Little Anna watched him closely, and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate.
"What are you drawing, Anna?"

asked the clergyman. "I'se makin your pictur," answered

So the gentleman sat very still and she worked away earnestly for a while, Then she stopped, compared her work with the original, and shook her little

'I don't like it murch." she said "Taint a great deal like you. I guese I'll put a fail to it and call it a Fancy his feelings. What a likeness it must have been !

-AN INTELLIBERT DRAKE .- The following is related by an eminent naturalist. "A young lasty sitting in a room ratist. "A young lady sitting in a room adjoining a poultry yard, where chick ens, ducks and geese were disporting themselves, a drake came in, approached the lady, seized the bostom of her, dress, with his beak, and pulled it vigorously. Feeling startled, she repulsed him with hier hand. The bird still persisted. Somewhat astonished shopaid some attention to this unnocountable pantomine, and discovered that the drake wished to drag her out of doors. She got up, and he One day, the wife off a Mayor of va lout" hurckly before her. "More 'and where the preceived a duck with its head caught in the opening of a sluice She hastened to release the poor crea turwand restore it, to the drake, who by loud quackings and beating of his wings, testified his joy at the deliverane of his companion.

A WEALTHY LOCAL EDITOR .- We are glad to know that there is one wealthy local editor in the world. Aircording to his own figures the local editor of the Hannibal Courier is the wealthiest newspaper man in the west He sums up his worldly possessitions in this wise: Mrs. Local (par value) \$1,000,000; one five year, old local \$500,000; one seven weeks, old local; \$250,000; cash on hand, 43 cents; due of secounts, \$1; sundries; 12 cents; total, \$1,750,000,55; yearly!income of iocai. bich the <u>enemics</u>

There is a gentleman in Paris whose only occupation consists in securing a copy of the bills of fare of all moted dinters." He has a collection of these at Ladies, now edays, west so innob tending over forty years, with the offin false hair with their own that it is diffine of the dishes and wine expressed ficult to tell which is which a suppressed by some of the guests. Allante of Paragraphs.

HARMLESS pugilism-striking atti-

ALL the rage—a woman in high tem-

THE product of pale brandy is often a red nose. od nose.

Is the "Emerald Ring" a Fenian cir-

cle ?-Punchinello.

A social glass to which ladies are addicted.—The mirror. THE petroleum men are great bores,

but they mean well. Ir you want to become a real estate agent marry a rich wife.

MRS. SMITH & HUSBAND is the style of a Terre Haute firm.

A GIRL that lost her last beau may as well hang up her fiddle. Punen thinks that a mill-race comes

under the head of aquatic sports. No dust affects the eye like gold dust,

and no glasses like brandy glasses. Will cannot a family of girls be pho-

tographed? Because there's no son. A confran breakfast and an India rubber overcoat will keep a man dry all

To keep out of debt-acquire the rep-utation of a rascal, and no one will trust

"A KISS," said a French lady "costs less and gratifles more than snything

else in existence. In pocket-picking, as in almost everything class, a man never succeeds till he

gets his hand in. SHE that marries a man because he a good match, must not be surprised if

he turned out a lucifer. A CINCINNATIAN pawned his watch and then shot himself. Having parted

with time he sought eternity. A LADY who was a strict observer of etiquette, being unable to attend church one Sunday, sent her card.

Boys are like railroad cars-oftentimes they can be kept on the right track only by a proper use of switches.

A SCHOOLMASTER in Ireland advertises that he will keep a Sunday school twice a week-Tuesdays and Saturdays. An Indiana farmer was rolled out so

slipped into the other world instantly NEW Bedford brags of a pointer that came to a dead stand the other day before a door-plate inscribed "A Par-

tridge." CARL SCHURZ is said to be the most talented man in Congress in his particular line. His particular line is bock beer

Some one says that the boarding house keepers must be very feligious people, as they keep Lent all the year round. Some one with plenty of spare time has discovered that Garibalds uses calas!" 500 times in 100 pages of his

novel. "Gon made us men" was imacribed upon a wagon filled with women at the Fifteenth Amendment jubilee in Louis-

-The weather for a portion of the week has been a little raw and cold.

BEN BUILER says he is a statesman of the future. We conclude so He has not been one in the past, is not one of the present, so he must be in the future, if at all

-Some farmers have their grindstones exposed to the hot sun in sum mer, causing them to harden, besides injuring the wooden frames. THE very climax of superfluous be-

of holding an umbrella over a duck in

LAND is so cheap in Arkansas that you have to look sharp or they will smuggle an extra forty acres or so into

A COLORED orator, at the Indianapoha celebration, of the Fifteenth Amendment, spoke of the "white element in our midst lu

"THE Fire Place" is the name of a drinking saloon in Chicago. Any one can get warm by it for ten cents, or redhot for a quarter. THE Connecticut Radicals boasted that

now well tanned, and knocked "higher a burned boot ' THE gentleman so often spoken of in

novels who riveted people with his gaze, has obtained employment in a boiler manufactory. . Tur Philadelphia papers find fault with Revels because he is not a "finished" orator. He will be before he delivers many more lectures.

A CINCINSATI horswrap over a boy last week, but fortunately no bones were broken except fill kull. He died just the same thoughout a new a Ancimprudent ofellow ways pushow

me all the directs a woman has worn in the course of her life, and I will write her biography from them?

Triar old lidy, 100 years old who knits all the stockings for the sleighbor-

hood, and brings in all the family wood, has turned up in New Hampshire.

A you'd lady being liked by a rich old backelor, "If that source!!" who would you rather be "!!raplied, sweetly, and modestly, "Yours truly,"

Suco Fry is dying outsand, taker flies are coming in. It is a pity that the song should go out of tune just at the time it would be most appropriate.

A! CINCIPRATE Mileide; "not' content with one death, swallowed a hatte of whisky, cut his threat, and then shot himself to death with great composure.

A Roomerse paper says "business is looking up." We saw a great busile on the street yeardray," "Then they have en't gone out of fashion in Bochseter-4'WHY der yen toall me Birdie, my dear?" inquired a wife of her susband. "Because," was the answer, "you are always associated if my mind with a

on Ohio, it in and, thirt illellid, A.SALRILAKSI listsyathooting at a cat

the, shingt day, sont a pullet in among at the shingt day, sont a pullet in among a man's wive in a house near by using up two or which "but heathled the tat.

A room man being ill, on being asked by agentiement whether he had taken any remedy; replace, and intaken any remedy, the language physic."