

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., November 8, 1889.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Pretty Kathleen, there she goes,
Tripping through the meadow,
With her eyes of bonny blue
Beaming half in shadow.

She is loved the country round
For her truth and sweetness;
Even in her simple gown,
Pink of girlish neatness.

Cherry lips and cheeks of rose,
Hath this rural charmer;
Elders of a loving brood,
Daughter of a farmer.

Glad and happy at her book,
She excels in learning;
Yet she often takes her turn
At the weekly churning.

When she, on a Sunday morn,
Hears the church-bells ringing,
She must hasten on her way,
For she leads the singing.

As she nears the simple church,
Tremble voices reach her
From a flock of little ones—
Kathleen is their teacher.

After service, home she goes,
Modest sweet, and smiling;
Speaking many kindly words,
Tender and beguiling.

She must break full many hearts;
This, we know, would pain her;
For, of all who ask her hand,
Only one can gain her.

"TAKEN IN."

Peter Buskirk was very fond of money; not so fond that he quite starved himself to keep it, or hid it up a chimney, or refused himself fire, or lights, or a pillow, but yet so very fond of it as to be on the verge of miserhood without quite having fallen over. Beggars reaped no harvest from his purse or kitchen, and match makers could make no impression on his bachelor heart. Peter Buskirk saw through the latter as well as the former, and buttoned up his pockets as hastily in the presence of bewitching crinolines as in that of a seedy gentleman with a folded document in his breast-pocket. The men wanted to rob him, the women to marry him. The last was the worse. Not that Peter hated the women; on the contrary even at fifty he was remarkably susceptible; a bright eye put him in a flutter. But the fact was, women as wives or daughters, were expensive. They were proverbially extravagant. Should he marry one, she would spend his money while he lived, and squander it after he was dead. And, with this awful terror before him, Peter steered clear of the shoals of matrimony.

There was one inconvenience in this bachelorhood, however. This was the housekeeping; for it involved a servant—some one to make the beds, wash dishes, cook and iron. In short, the servant of all work was always the bane of Peter's life—eating and drinking in a manner which kept the master of the house in a continual ferment; wasting butter and fuel, and each change in the kitchen incurrence being followed by the disappearance of towels and napkins and such small ware. There was no rest for poor Mr. Buskirk. He tried Betty and Dinah and May and Ann, and despair flew to a certain Mrs. Brown, the giver of tea parties innumerable, for advice.

"Servants are such plagues," she said.

"Eat you out of house and home," said Peter.

"Not to be relied on for honesty," said Mrs. Brown.

"Thieves, ma'am, thieves!" said Peter.

"Ah," said Mrs. Brown, "a gentleman has no time to watch them. Now I should advise marrying, Mr. Buskirk."

"Marrying!"

"Yes, sir; a wife can manage such things so much better. Besides, if you choose a smart, capable woman, she will keep an eye on the servant. It would be much more economical to marry."

"Economical!" yelled Peter; "my good lady! Eco—I—O, goodness! Feathers and flowers, laces and silk and rings—and ice cream and things—economical! How many yards do you take for a dress, ma'am?"

"Well, sir, twelve or fifteen—sometimes, when it's silk, you know, eighteen."

"Eighteen yards at five shillings or so a yard, and not one dress, but twenty. My good lady, it would be enough to ruin a man."

Mrs. Brown reflected.

"But if you could find an economical woman, Mr. Buskirk."

"Ah! If I could find a mermaid."

"One who never wasted a penny?"

"She does not exist, ma'am."

"Who lives on next to nothing. The fact is, Mr. Buskirk, I have such a lady in my eye. She's a widow—quite a young one—Mrs. Barlow, and I'll have her at Peach House next week."

Peter granted sarcastically.

"Economy in hoops and bonnets," he said to himself. "They want to marry me and spend my money."

And he went home wroth.

"However, economy forbade him to refuse an invitation to dinner; and when a week after Mrs. Brown sent 'her compliments,' etc., Mr. Buskirk donned his Sunday suit and went over to the Peach House at five precisely. The parlor was full of ladies, ladies in silks and muslins, with crinolines and flounces. Most of them Mr. Buskirk knew well, and he looked around in vain for a stranger, Mrs. Brown's note said:

"Mrs. Barlow will be with us."

But which was the economical widow? Probably the lady in green silk near the piano. He could not remember her face.

Suddenly Mr. Buskirk's doubts were set to rest. Mrs. Brown ejaculated:

"Dear me! Where is Cousin Betsey?"

Mr. Buskirk, you must be introduced to Mrs. Barlow, and at these words something small and flat emerged from between two portly dames and stood before him. It was a very short

and slender little woman, with a remarkably pretty face. She wore no hoops, and her dress cleared her ankles. The sleeves were close, and the skirt had perhaps three breadths in it. The dress itself was of very plain merino, and she wore neither brooch nor bow—only a white linen collar. Peter looked approval. Several of the ladies exchanged glances, a faint giggle was heard; and, if by a common consent, the two were left tete-a-tete in a corner.

"Pleasant day," said Peter, to commence the conversation. "Pleasant day, but cold."

"Ah, yes, but I dislike cold weather," said the lady.

"Don't agree with you, ma'am."

"O, that's not it. I am never ill; but cold is so expensive. Lights early and coal dear," proceeded the lady.

"Money slips through one's fingers; and I never waste things."

"My case exactly," said Buskirk.

"It's astonishing how things cost. Now there is butter—say a pound a fortnight."

"O, I never eat butter; it costs too much," said the lady.

"Ah! sugar and tea and coffee."

"If you indulge in such luxuries, what can you expect?" said Mrs. Barlow.

"They are artificial wants, altogether, so they are," said Mr. Buskirk.

"But then, habit is second nature."

"Extravagant habits ruin many," said Mrs. Barlow. "Oh, I shudder when I look at those flounces. Such a waste of material."

"I've often thought," said Peter.

"And you don't wear them?"

"I!" said Mrs. Barlow. "I have my senses, sir. I've no wish to die in a work-house. I've had this dress ten years."

"Indeed!" said Peter. "And I suppose some ladies buy one every month."

"Every ten days," said Mrs. Barlow.

"O, I blush for my sex, Mr. Buskirk, I do, indeed."

Peter was charmed. He began to think Mrs. Brown right. The cost of such a wife would be a mere trifle, and what an eye she would have to the expense of a household.

Ere the evening was over he had decided it would be cheaper to marry than to remain single, were Mrs. Barlow his helpmate.

"She'd not be saving herself, but she would check me in my little extravagances," said he. She would be invaluable to me. She wears one dress ten years. The fates must have sent her to this earth for my special benefit."

So after due consideration, Peter resolved to court the economical widow, and that lady being conveniently domiciled at Mrs. Brown's he found every opportunity.

It was a very inexpensive courtship. He gave her no presents. She expected none. He took her nowhere save to church, where neither of them ever saw the plate, and both were happy.

And at last he proposed. She blushed, and begged time to consider. At last she said: "I'm afraid to say yes, Mr. Buskirk. I love you but you are so terribly extravagant. You drink tea and coffee, and eat butter, and really I should fear coming to want, I should indeed."

"? Why, I am the most economical soul living," said Peter.

"Extravagant people always think that," said the lady. "No, I am afraid to say yes, unless indeed you were to make your property over to me, so that I could be sure you would not run yourself. Of course that is impossible, and it would be such a care that really, I could scarcely desire it even from a gentleman I so much respect."

"Yes, sir," he exclaimed. "He hears his father's footsteps. He takes to the farm."

"I don't believe in people working themselves to death. Hope there'll come a time when I lie in bed as long as I want to. This thing of snatching a fellow out of bed at such an hour is all wrong. The hogs and the dogs are all asleep, but I've got to poke round here and feed the stock. Wish I were a man—"

"A dog, I don't care much which."

The years pass on. The trees in the orchard have grown old. It is early morning on the farm. A man gets out of bed and looks at the clock.

"What time is it, John?" his wife asks.

"Only 3 o'clock. It does seem as if day will never come, and that bottom field of corn has been literally run away with by the grass. Heigho, it does seem that we can't get time to do anything."

He goes back to bed and vainly attempts to sleep. Rheumatic pains are sending dispatches up and down his legs. An hour passes. A cock crows and birds begin to twitter in the locust trees. "Well, it's time we were stirring, Jim, oh! Jim."

"Yes, sir," comes a drowsy answer.

"Come, get up now and feed your horses."

Ten minutes pass. No Jim.

"Confound that boy, he's as lazy as a dog, Jim, Jim!"

"Hush! out of there now or I'll come after you."

Ten minutes pass. "I'll go in there and take a strap to that lazy rascal."

He starts; Jim comes out. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, wanting to lie in bed this time of day. When I was a boy you couldn't have kept me in bed at Peter house."

Jim starts toward the stable, muttering as he goes: "Hope the time will come when I can sleep as long as I want to. Wish I was a man, or a dog, I don't care much which."

Ah, Lord, how we do forget. The lesson we learn is that everything comes too late. In youth we smell the ripe fruit, and we long to eat it; at last it falls within our grasp, and lo! our teeth are bad and our taste gone.

Bulls are dangerous animals, and a majority of the injuries received occur from placing too much confidence in gentle bulls, which suddenly and unexpectedly attack the attendant. A bull usually proves obedient when young, but it is seldom that a fully matured bull is safe. No bull should be kept on a farm that has not been "ringed" in the nose, and should be made to work if training is possible.

A little girl in Plainfield was very thoughtful on the way from morning service on a recent Sunday. The last hymn had been, "Even me, even me." Finally she asked her mother, who was holding her by the hand, "Mamma did Adam write that hymn?"

"Why, no, my child," said her mamma; "why do you ask?" "Because it says 'Even me.'"

A woman was making up a carpet in the front parlor; another was arranging curtains.

He rushed up stairs.

There sat another woman also at work.

Again he gasped the question, "Who are you?"

"Mrs. Buskirk's regular seamstress, please, sir," said the woman.

"And where is Mrs. Buskirk?"

"Here love," said a voice.

And there entered from the adjoining room, a lady dressed in silk, and in expensive crinoline, with bracelets, brooch, ear rings and a little cap worth a fortune.

"The furniture is ordered, and the painters are here, and I've engaged all the servants, Mr. Buskirk," said the lady; "and cook wants to know whether you like beef rare or well done. In such things you shall have your choice always. There was no time to make a pudding to-day, so we must have ices. Strawberries, too, are only two shillings a basket."

"Mrs. Buskirk, have you gone crazy," cried Peter, "or am I dreaming?"

"I'm wide awake, at all events," cried the lady. "I've starved long enough, and worn that brown merino until I hate it. I always was fond of dress."

"Fond of dress!" repeated Peter; "and love good things?"

"Love good things," repeated the spouse, "and now I'm married, I mean to have them."

"But if I had—known—I—I—"

began Peter.

"Wouldn't have married me, I suppose," said the lady. "Well, my cousin, Mrs. Brown, told me that, you know."

Peter looked at her. The truth was plain at last. He tried to speak, but could not. He stared at his lady for five minutes by the clock, and then rushed out of the house muttering, "Taken in! taken in!"

It is said that Peter Buskirk never recovered from the shock. Against his will he lived luxuriously ever after, and his wife astonished the neighborhood by her magnificent attire and grand parties. But nevertheless Peter himself expired in less than a year; and the last words on his lips were said to be "Taken in! taken in!"

Two Phases.

Arkansas Traveler.

On a farm. Early in the morning, just as the birds have begun to twitter in the locust trees, a lusty voice shouts:

"John, oh, John!"

A sleepy boy turns over in bed.

"Ho, John!"

"Get up now, and feed your horses. Daylight long ago."

How delightfully somnolent the morning air is—the very bloom of sweet drowsiness.

"John, if you don't get right out this minute I'll come in there after you."

John knows what this declaration means, but how harsh and rasping is the thought of breaking the golden doze! He puts one leg into his trousers, and with the sliken strand of a dream still in his mind, he sinks back upon the pillow.

"I am coming!" he exclaims. He hears his father's footsteps. He takes to the farm."

"I don't believe in people working themselves to death. Hope there'll come a time when I lie in bed as long as I want to. This thing of snatching a fellow out of bed at such an hour is all wrong. The hogs and the dogs are all asleep, but I've got to poke round here and feed the stock. Wish I were a man—"

"A dog, I don't care much which."

The years pass on. The trees in the orchard have grown old. It is early morning on the farm. A man gets out of bed and looks at the clock.

"What time is it, John?" his wife asks.

"Only 3 o'clock. It does seem as if day will never come, and that bottom field of corn has been literally run away with by the grass. Heigho, it does seem that we can't get time to do anything."

He goes back to bed and vainly attempts to sleep. Rheumatic pains are sending dispatches up and down his legs. An hour passes. A cock crows and birds begin to twitter in the locust trees. "Well, it's time we were stirring, Jim, oh! Jim."

"Yes, sir," comes a drowsy answer.

"Come, get up now and feed your horses."

Ten minutes pass. No Jim.

"Confound that boy, he's as lazy as a dog, Jim, Jim!"

"Hush! out of there now or I'll come after you."

Ten minutes pass. "I'll go in there and take a strap to that lazy rascal."

He starts; Jim comes out. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, wanting to lie in bed this time of day. When I was a boy you couldn't have kept me in bed at Peter house."

Jim starts toward the stable, muttering as he goes: "Hope the time will come when I can sleep as long as I want to. Wish I was a man, or a dog, I don't care much which."

Ah, Lord, how we do forget. The lesson we learn is that everything comes too late. In youth we smell the ripe fruit, and we long to eat it; at last it falls within our grasp, and lo! our teeth are bad and our taste gone.

Bulls are dangerous animals, and a majority of the injuries received occur from placing too much confidence in gentle bulls, which suddenly and unexpectedly attack the attendant. A bull usually proves obedient when young, but it is seldom that a fully matured bull is safe. No bull should be kept on a farm that has not been "ringed" in the nose, and should be made to work if training is possible.

A little girl in Plainfield was very thoughtful on the way from morning service on a recent Sunday. The last hymn had been, "Even me, even me." Finally she asked her mother, who was holding her by the hand, "Mamma did Adam write that hymn?"

"Why, no, my child," said her mamma; "why do you ask?" "Because it says 'Even me.'"

Must "Season" Awhile.

An old Henry county farmer, who is a Democrat, caught on to the North-west the other day, and backing him in to the corner of the drug store, said:

"One of my Republican neighbors had a dream the other night."

"Yes; well—"

"He dreamed he died, and on the other shore came a fork in the road. A sentinel in uniform stood there and challenged his politics. 'I am a Republican and voted for Protection last fall,' answered my neighbor. 'Turn to the left,' said the sentinel, 'it's but a little way; you'll see the smoke room soon.'"

"I see. What next happened?"

"Well, my neighbor saw a fierce-looking devil roasting a sleek canning-looking chap, and asked who he was. 'That,' said the demon, 'as he piled on a fresh scuttle of coal and brimstone, 'that is a protective tariff shouter.' A little further on another devil with his sleeves up and sweat pouring down his temples, was tucking up the brands around a big fat fellow whose head was running merrily down into the embers."

"And who is the fat victim?" inquired my neighbor in his dream.

"That," replied the devil, 'as he leaned his spade against a pile of coal and mopped his brow—'that is a protection monopolist.' Further on still, in a corner very hot, my neighbor saw a man hung up with a piece of binder twine."

"Indeed! that was singular."

"Yes, it struck my neighbor so, and he inquired of the devil what it meant."

"Jesso! Well—"

"The devil who stood there told my neighbor that the hoodoo hung up with binder twine was a Republican farmer who voted for Trusts and Protection last fall. He was too green to burn yet, and it was concluded that the best thing to do would be to hang him up and let him season awhile!"—*Napoleon Northwest.*

Put it in the Law.

There is one other thing that ought to be made a penal offense, with a minimum fine of at least \$200, with imprisonment of not less than six months. It is that of doubting the statements of a man who has been a fishing. Fish have been caught ever since Noah's ark were invented. The fish were made to be caught. They rather expect it. It is no trick at all to catch fish. And yet as Jones returns from his vacation he is stopped and asked:

"Been away?"

"Yes."

"To North?"

"Yes."

"Went fishing, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"Catch anything?"

"Certainly."

"H'm! Caught some four pounders, I presume?"

"Yes; I caught one which weighed seven pounds."

"H'm! Good-by!"

Jones not only caught one weighing seven pounds, but a number which weighed five and six pounds apiece, but he dared not speak of it. Even with what he did say he felt that the other man believe him to be a liar. As he walked on he felt belittled and degraded and he made up his mind to tell a bold lie on the next occasion and declare that he did not even see a fish while he was gone. Something should be done in this matter, and it cannot be done too soon. A man should be protected in telling the truth as well as in life and limb.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ceylon's Cinnamon Gardens.

According to the London Standard, the famous Cinnamon Gardens of Ceylon are doomed. Some of them, as those about Colombo, are already being cleared, with the intention of planting coconuts upon the site. We sympathize with the young men and maidens traveling eastward, who will miss a little diversion enjoyed by their fathers. The cinnamon gardens of Point de Galle were not scenes of revelry, nor particularly interesting in themselves. But they made a pretext for little excursions, while the ship was coaling, or unloading, or waiting for some maritime event, and a good for an hour's drive through the loveliest country upon earth. A visit to Arabi Pacha and his brothers in exile is a very imperfect substitute for the time honored expedition. It appears that cinnamon does not pay and we can quite believe it when we read in the *Ceylon Advertiser* that the price has fallen from \$5 a pound to \$2, and occasionally of late to less. This disaster is caused, it seems, by the export of "chips," which used to be worked up in the making of cinnamon oil. A combination was formed some years ago, what we call a syndicate or trust nowadays, to restrict the exportation of "chips," so that it failed. A syndicate, which, as is hoped, will be more successful. The syndicate, at least, will have the good wishes of every old traveler.

The Moon and Vegetation.

New York Telegram.

The influence of the moon upon vegetation is a very feeble compared with that of the sun, but is established. Professor Lindler says that possibly the screens which are drawn over hot-houses at night to prevent loss of heat by radiation, may produce some injury by cutting off rays of the moon, which nature intended to fall upon plants as much as the rays of the sun. Again, M. Duchaux, a French scientist a few years ago experimented on the sprouting and germination of seeds in moonlight instead of sunlight. He subjected the seedlings of lentils, vetches, etc., to its influence. When the seeds had sprouted he put them in a dark place and kept them there for a time, so that the stalks grew tender and of a yellowish white. Afterward on three nights, when there was clear moonlight, he exposed them for six hours each night. He found that the stalks at once turned toward and followed the moonlight just as many plants turn toward and follow the progress of the sun through the heavens. In hot countries it is well known that vegetation is largely dependent upon the moon. West Indian planters affirm that the growth of the sugar-cane is twice as great during moonlight nights as when there is no moon, an assertion which has been repeatedly proved.

Watered Milk.

The milkman who waters his goods generally does so under the impression that the water poured in incorporates itself with the milk and cannot be detected except upon chemical analysis. This shows gross ignorance. The milk will hold only its own fluid; all foreign fluid will be precipitated if the mixture is any simple and a couple of days. Any housewife may spot a dishonest milkman with very little trouble. Let her take a long slender bottle, cleanse it thoroughly and let it dry out. If, then, it is filled with milk and allowed to stand in a cool—not cold—place for forty-eight hours, all the foreign fluid will be precipitated—that is, it will settle to the bottom of the bottle. The soured milk will then fill the middle of the bottle and the fatty substance will be floating on top. Sometimes the top will be a layer of cream, then will come a layer of albumen. Another artificial device is to make the milk look rich; then will come the soured milk and at the bottom will be the foreign water. The whole scheme of deception can be read by a glance at the bottle after one has had a single lesson in the rudiments of milk inspection. This sort of work is not scientifically satisfactory, but it will always develop the fundamental fact—whether or not the milk is normal.

Sheep in Small Flocks.

A member of the Oxford, O., Farmer's club, in some remarks on sheep growing, said: Sheep are profitable and healthy when kept in small flocks. They are good scavengers, and with the exception of ticks and grubs not liable to diseases. For grubs this farmer's preventive is a very simple and very effective one. It consists of a log with two-inch holes bored into it. Salt is placed therein and the edges of the augur holes are kept smeared with tar. This keeps tar on the sheep's nose and protects against the insect pest, which produces grubs in the head. His protection against ticks is the "dog" and against scab and foot-rot the exercise of care in buying new stock. He says: "Be careful how you buy stockers at the stockyards."

Why His Paper Was "Stopped."

I happened to be in the office of the *Mer- cantile Review and Live Stock Journal* on Wednesday last in time to hear one of the best reasons ever given for stopping a newspaper. A German boy entered, removed his hat, and asked:

"Is Mr. Vesper in?"

"He is," replied Charles H. Webster, looking up from a mass of tissue live stock reports which he was winnowing.

"Vell, Mr. Bitters don't want to take dot paper no more. He vas dedt last night already."

"The name of the late Mr. Bitter, a cattle dealer, was duly caused from the delivery sheet.—*Buffalo Truth.*

It was getting very late. The angry parent was frequently on the point of entering the parlor to tell the young man to go. It suddenly occurred to him that a hint was sometimes as good as a kick. So he quietly descended the stairs, stepped on the veranda, and started a racket at the door.

"What are you doing, father?" inquired the daughter from the parlor.

"Bringing in the morning's milk was the reply."

Exit young man.

EUGENIE AND THE MONKEY.—Believers in the Darwinian theory of the descent of man should be cheered by a little story told by a French paper about the visit of the Empress Eugenie to Egypt in 1869 to open the Suez canal. The Empress brought back with her a certain monkey which she had received as a present; and Jacko subsequently delighted the court by administering a severe bite to M. Emile Olivier, who was never a popular personage. That monkey evidently meant to give M. Olivier a hint to withdraw from the Tuileries, and if the "Cœur léger" had only taken it he would not have become prime minister, the war of the following year might have been averted and the history of France changed. The monkey was wiser than his mistress.

MACARONI.—Macaroni is a peculiar product of Italy, formerly made only in Italy and still popularly regarded as a distinguishing diet of the natives of that country. The name is now applied only to the larger pipes, and the smaller ones are known as vermicelli, though there is no real difference between the two except the size of the tubes. The wheat is ground with the use of heat and moisture into a sort of meal or paste called semola, from which the bran is excluded. This meal is made into a dough with water, and is forced through gauges from which it emerges as macaroni or vermicelle, the process resembling that of lead pipe drawing. Special varieties of wheat, those containing the largest proportion of gluten, are demanded for the successful manufacture of macaroni.

EXTREME PARTY.—White gentlemen—Uncle Joe, you never work on Sunday, do you?

Uncle Joe—No, sah. Yu doan kete sich a 'ligious nigger as me wukkin' a Sunday. I is keefol 'bout dat P'lowa wuk on no day dat tech Sunday."

Don wuk on Sat'day nor Monday, nut'er; an' sometimes I keep Sunday a whole week. You got to rustle round if you want ter find a nigger wid mo' 'f'ion den I's got.—*Harper's Weekly.*

TO COLOR FROSTING.—Pink—A little red jelly or preserve juice, cranberry sirup, or cochineal, stirred