

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., November 22, 1893.

WORDS OF CHEER.

Ah! weary mother, round whose evening chair
Bright faces cluster, to be washed and kissed
You're most fondly now to hear the prayer
By baby voices in the twilight hushed;
You scarce can rest, you scarcely pace aright,
You simply voice a longing cry for rest.
But, weary mother, cheer thee up, to night
I bring thee greetings, we are truly blest!

Yes, truly blest, that we can work and pray
For those we love, and over hard day's task
Sufficient strength be promised day by day;
No better gift my grateful heart can ask.
How many children creep to beds to night,
By mother hearts anxiously and unexpressed;
Ah! weary mothers, clasp your treasures tight,
Thank God, be happy, know that you are blest.

MOTHER'S CORNER.

Backward and forward the rocker goes,
Wafting the baby to sweet repose;
Close to the cradle the mother croons
Lullaby, rock a bye, nursery tunes.
Dreamily singing the patently trite
Sleep to bring to the baby's eyes.

Minute by minute the evening fits,
Still in the chair she drowses fit,
Soothing and rocking, and washing games,
Lulling to slumber that never comes;
Rocking the baby with its nervous cries,
Will the room with its nervous cries.

Weary with watching the mother sings,
Wooing the God with the leaden wings;
Softer and softer the ditty grows,
Now the little one's eyelids close;
Sinking at last into dreamland deep,
Mother and baby are fast asleep.

THE FIRST BREATH OF THANKSGIVING.

Let winds blow cold, let winds blow high,
Let days be dark and nights be bright,
Who cares? Thanksgiving's drawing nigh,
A time of mirth and cheer!

What though we burn wood by the cord
And weather prophets croak?
Soon on the grating, festal board
The turkey, stuffed, will smoke.

When something to the poor we'll spare—
Who're always with us here,
And we'll forget all grief and care
In sweet Thanksgiving cheer.

A MENAGERIE LOOSE.

I was acting as shipping clerk in the office of the Liverpool and Calcutta Steamship line at Cape Town, and among the helpers in the big warehouse were two or three fellows called "Half-Hots," they being a mixture of white and black, but not mulattoes. The color was more like that of the Chinaman, and their vernacular was a queer mixture of English and Dutch. These fellows were as servile as slaves to one's face, but as revengeful as fiends behind his back. The old clerk had been in fear of them and had put up with their taunts, but I walked around them pretty lively from the first day, and at the end of the first month had plenty of cause to discharge them. I had the power to hire and discharge my own help having at times as many as twenty-five men in the sheds, and so nothing was said about these three going away. They made no protest to me, but a Boer who was acting as my assistant warned me that I had best look out for myself for the next few weeks, as he had overheard them threatening vengeance.

Two days after the discharge of the men an English ship, which had been around to the east coast and up the Bay of Bengal collecting wild animals for the Royal Museum at London, put into Cape Town in distress. She was leaking so badly that she had to go to dry dock, and she had to be lightened of almost everything before she could pass over the gate sill of the only dock at her disposal. The animals were stored in one end of our big warehouse, which was a building 200 feet long by 100 feet wide. There was one big African elephant and two medium sized ones from India, together with two male lions, three tigers, four or five hyenas, several wolves, a couple of bears, half a dozen snakes, a couple of panthers, and a large number of monkeys. All but the elephants were in cages, and these were placed in a row at one end of the building, and the elephants far enough away so that they could not reach the cages or each other. They seemed peacefully inclined, although strangers to each other, and the beasts and serpents had been so shaken up at sea that they were glad to secure rest and sleep.

It was in summer and the weather was very hot. The warehouse was only one story high, built of brick, and many windows in it were doubly guarded to keep out robbers. Stout iron bars ran up and down, and outside of them were heavy wire screens. This enabled us to leave all windows raised day and night and kept the building ventilated. In the centre of the building was a cupola, furnishing further light and ventilation, and at the east end a little room had been partitioned off for my office. This room contained a sleeping bunk and a hammock, and I slept here and took my meals at a hotel. There was no watchman inside the house, but one was stationed on the wharf outside. At midnight of the night of which I am now going to write, there was a full moon, and the interior of the big warehouse was almost as light as day. I had been asleep for an hour and a half when I was suddenly awakened by a trumpet blast from the big elephant. He was chained by one foot to a ring bolt in the floor, and stood broadside to one of the windows and about ten feet away. He trumpeted as if highly angered, and as I dropped out of the hammock I heard him tugging to break his chain. On that side of my office was a large window, and I had no need to open the door to see what was going on. I saw the big fellow tugging and straining, and he made the building shake with his trumpeting. I don't think I had been on my feet half a minute when his chain snapped and he was free, and then it struck me that the situation was an unpleasant one.

My office was opposite one of the big doors of the warehouse, but ninety feet away. To reach it I must cross the building. My first idea was to go

to help to secure the elephant, but he had scarcely broken loose when pandemonium reigned supreme. The other elephants began to trumpet and to strain at their chains, and every wild beast set up an outcry. The big fellow came straight to my end of the warehouse, swinging his trunk right and left, and within ten feet of my door he began work on fifty sacks of corn ordered up in a row. He picked up the sacks one after another, and flung them about, and he grew more angry with each effort. He wasn't through with the sacks when the smaller elephants broke loose, and then I knew what I must prepare for. The watchman outside had caught the alarm, and he came to the nearest window and shouted to me. I dared not to answer him, as the elephant was now close by, and I was fearful that the sound of my voice would cause him to attack my frail shelter.

Having tossed the last sack high in the air, the big fellow made a rush down the warehouse for the smaller ones, who were trumpeting at each other and preparing for a row. He knocked one of them over with his rush, and then pursued the other as he fled among the piles of freight. We had been pretty well cleaned out by the last ship, but we had considerable machinery, 200 barrels of salt, 300 bags of sugar, 500 barrels of flour, about a thousand American smoked hams, with perhaps fifty boxes, large and small, containing dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, and other stuff. When the small elephant who was knocked down went over, he smashed the lion's cage, and I plainly saw both of them leap over him and spring upon the cage holding the monkeys. Such a growling, and snarling and howling and roaring no one ever heard before, and the rumpus drew the attention of the elephants directly to the cages. Dropping their own differences for a moment, they drove at the cages, and in two minutes the entire collection, except one wolf, killed in his cage, was let loose and flying around the big room. By this time the watchman had aroused a number of people, but they dared not open the door, I stood no show to reach the door and let myself out, and at once decided that my safest plan was to keep quiet. I was in the darkest corner of the building, and unless one of the elephants took it into his head to investigate, I might hope to escape injury. My room was not as high as the ceiling of the warehouse, but only about nine feet, and the top of it was ceiled over. This made a big platform about 9x14, and I knew that some of the animals would seek this shelter if driven to bay. All did fly to my end of the building, and when they had reached their cages, and the very first move made by one of the panthers was to leap upon the platform. The other was seized by one of the tigers right before my door, and the fight lasted until the elephant came to investigate.

Then for about five minutes everything was as quiet as you please. The animals seemed to be sizing each other up and taking in the situation. I could hear the people outside moving about and talking in excited tones, but when they hailed me I dare not reply, for the big elephant stood within four feet of my window, and was growling restlessly for further destruction. The lions stood side by side on the barrels of flour, which were piled up about eight feet high, while the tigers were further down on the other side and well on top of the bags of sugar. One panther was above me, as I have said, while the other had skulked among the machinery. The wolves I could not see, but a big serpent was over by the door, and the monkeys were aloft among the rafters. One of the bears was crowded into a corner, evidently wishing to keep out of the row, while the other I could not see. The hyenas had been skulking among the hams, and what started the row anew was one of them trotting down a wide aisle toward my office to find safer shelter. The patter of his feet aroused the big elephant, and he made a break for the lions, who were waving their tails and defying him to come on. He hit the pile of flour barrels above in the centre, and knocked a lot of them down, but before he had reached them both lions had leaped to his back, and from thence to the floor behind him. This was the signal for a terrible battle, a sort of free-for-all fight. I could see the entire length of an aisle thirty feet wide, and it was in this aisle that the lions, tigers, hyenas, and wolves fell upon each other with such ferocity that my hair stood on end, and the scores of people now at the windows fell back in terror. While the wild beasts were having it out, the two smaller elephants began a row, and the big fellow came swinging up the aisle in which the hams were scattered in search of something to vent his spite on. I drew back from the window, afraid he would see me through the glass. He reached out his trunk and felt all over the glass which was a new substance to him, and he might perhaps have pulled the room down over my head had not the panther above me betrayed his presence by a growl. He had better have kept quiet. The elephant uttered a shrill cry and reached for him, and although the panther bit and tore at the trunk feeling for him, he was seized, held aloft for a moment, and then dashed to the floor with such force as to break every bone in his body.

Every bone in his body. If ever a man was scared out of his boots by an adventure, he was no more alarmed than I was as that elephant went swinging down one aisle and up another, clearing everything before him. He knocked the other two down among the flour barrels, and then pursued the wild beasts as they censed their fight and fled before him. He picked up ham after ham and flung them the length of the building, and a large cogwheel belonging to an engine was flung against my bulkhead with such force as to shatter four of the boards. From the time the second row began to its close was thirty-five minutes, and all this time each beast and animal

was uttering his own peculiar war cry. The row was brought to a close in a peculiar manner. The bears had kept clear of the fight as long as possible, but when finally forced into it both tackled the big elephant as the party responsible for the situation. As they did he rushed full tilt at one of the doors and carried it with him, and took himself up the wharf to the main street with one of the bears fastened to a hind leg. Such of the wild beasts as were not to badly injured at once broke for the door. One of the tigers and both of the panthers were dead in the warehouse. The other tigers escaped through the town, and were killed miles away a day or two subsequently. One of the lions was dead, and the other, instead of bolting up the street as he went out, ran along the wharf and leaped aboard of a coasting schooner a hundred yards away. One of the hatchways was open, and he leaped down, and next day was shot in his hiding place. Such of the hyenas got out alive, and were killed next day while secreted under a barn. Not a wolf was left alive, but the monkeys and serpents had climbed aloft by the supports, and kept themselves out of the row.

Of the two small elephants, one had a leg broken and the other had been severely injured internally that he died before morning. The big one, together with the two bears, kept right on through the town and beyond, where they separated. The bears were shot by the men who were in pursuit, while the elephant was captured and brought back, so generally knocked out that he was three months getting over it.

It was six months after the adventure before we learned what brought it about. Then we ascertained that one of the discharged "Half-Hots" took this way to be revenged on me and the company. Standing at the window opposite the big elephant, he had used a hollow reed to blow little darts at him, and one of these had struck the monkey in the right eye and made him furious. The warehouse was so tight to behold the next morning. Over 500 barrels of flour had been smashed, the sugar was scattered from end to end, dry goods and groceries littered the floor, and the corn could never be separated from the sugar. The hams were about the only things saved, and these had been tossed to every point of the compass. The all around damage was estimated at \$100,000 and the man responsible for it died before he could be brought to trial.—New York Sun.

Hope for the Hairless Millions.

Indiana Science Too Much for the Devastating Bacillus Crinochorax Humanus.

Bald-headed men, who have had to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in the shape of the gibes of those who sit behind them at the opera and catch the glory of the ballet reflect from their shining nobles, will be pleased to learn that an Indiana chemist has paved the way for their deliverance. This is not an advertisement, and the individual who speaks of chestnuts or who matters "Kats," without further inclining his ear to wisdom and his heart to understanding, may have occasion to regret his hasty judgment.

It seems some German scientist, finding his forehead reaching further back than was strictly demanded by the laws of beauty, began to investigate the subject closely, and found that the damage was caused by a microbe, which, for the sake of brevity and to distinguish it from other parasites, he called the Bacillus Crinochorax Humanus. This microbe were told, is shaped like the point of a needle and has a power of rotary motion like a steam drill, which it uses to bore into the scalp of the victim, loosening the fastenings of his thatch, and finally unroofing him as completely as the Kansas cyclone unroofed the humble habitation of the hardy settler.

A good place to grow violets or pansies may be constructed at the south side of a dwelling. Dig a pit 2 feet deep along the house. Into this put a stout frame to receive common hot-bed sassa, the sash to lean against the building. Tear down the wall that separates the frame from the cellar under the house, and put a row of windows in its place. The idea of this is, that the natural heat in the cellar shall keep your frame at a steady temperature. At the same time you may work over your flowers, no matter what the outside weather may be and when no air can be given from the outside, it may be done indirectly inside. When the outside sash is open the inside may be shut. Thus the sun will warm up the cellar, and perhaps store a little heat for the night.

Binging Up a Child.

James P. Root Tells How His Mother Led Him.

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"When I was a boy," he continued, "I had a most ravenous appetite, like all other healthy boys. My dear mother was great on training and etiquette, and she had me at the afternoon teas. Now, they were a little light for me then, and she knew it, so just before the tea she would quietly lead me back to the pantry and fill me up with milk pudding until I couldn't wink. Then I would participate in the afternoon tea. Of course, loaded as I was, I could find no room for anything else, and when the tea and cake came a hand I said: 'No, thank you.' The ladies present would regard me with amazement, and say: 'What a well behaved boy!' They didn't know that I had been stuffed beforehand. It was a great scheme of my mother's. And, say, I don't mind telling you, I've had it in politics. They stuff me with pudding and I had no relish for the things when they were passed around."—St. Louis Republic.

Few Women Dress Well.

Well-dressed women wear appropriate clothing. Well-dressed people are few; the overdressed are more numerous.

Some women robe themselves in such marvelous gowns that they overshadow their natural charms. Dress should supplement or bring out a woman's good points, not cast them into the shade.

A few carefully-selected, well-made, appropriate garments are more satisfactory than a great number of incongruous and more pretentious but inappropriate clothes.

Women of refinement never wear startling or conspicuous clothes.

Above all, a woman should be neat, keep buttons on and rents sewed up.

I passed a woman on Fifth avenue last week, says the New York Press, whose expensive gown had no less than five or six ragged bits of flounce and fringing dragging after her in the mud. Her sea-shell coat was ripped in the back, her three-carat diamond earrings hung from a pair of dirty ears, and one glove was minus a button. This woman is worth millions, but she is seldom well dressed.

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

At Acheson, Kan., potatoes sell for 16 cents per bushel.

A steel bridge across the English Channel is proposed.

An electric engineer says 200 miles per hour will be made by electric trains.

A pair of candleabra once owned by Lafayette bought \$450 at a New York auction sale two days ago.

It is proposed in New York to set up nickel-in-the-slot machines to receive World's Fair contributions.

Last month 351 applicants were refused admission to the public schools of Jersey City for want of room.

Ed Lansing of Troy, recently killed a buck that weighed over 320 pounds. This was the largest deer shot in the Adirondacks this season.

The jury in a breach-of-promise case at Champaign, Ill., awarded 1-cent damages, and "advised the plaintiff to beware of the book agents."

A Bridgeton, Mo., man believes in the honesty of postal clerks. He got a letter the other day, one end of which was burst open, disclosing a \$10 bill.

A machine that cuts matchsticks makes 10,000,000 a day. They are arranged over a vat, and have the heads put on at the rate of 8,000,000 per day by one man.

Something was thought to be wrong with a hydrant in an Indiana public house. An investigation showed that a 4-d-n snake four feet long was in the water pipe.

Boss that for seven years made a home of an unused chimney near Knightville, Mo., was recently routed, the building being torn down, and more than a tub of honey found.

An intelligent canine that spends much of its time around a railroad crossing in Boston takes a position near the safety gates when a train approaches and refuses to allow persons to pass until danger is over.

West Main street, Gainesville, Ga., in the vicinity of J. S. Twiney's store, is known to some by the startling name of "Dead Man's Row." In the past 17 years four men have been killed in almost the same spot.

W. A. Rice exhibited 20 onions at the Arroyo Grande, Cal., fair that weighed 100 pounds. Mr. Young showed a 44-pound carrot, while Mr. Berceles took the "cake" with a beet five feet long that scaled 154 pounds.

At Seymour, Ind., James Gallion, aged 19 years, engaged with other boys in a pessimism-eating contest Sunday afternoon. He won, but early Monday morning he died in convulsions, the result of congestion of his stomach.

A New Castle, Del., woman implored the State Women's Christian Temperance Union to advance \$95 for the purpose of starting a conscience-stricken saloonkeeper in the soap business. The money was not contributed.

A gambler was buried in Montana a week or two ago, and next morning an anchor formed of playing cards was found on his grave. Somebody seems to have thought the most appropriate way to deck his grave was to decker deck it.

Africa requires 2,000,000 blankets to supply the native population alone. Besides this there is a demand for woolen clothing for the ever-increasing white population. This has to be imported, although the Cape wool is of the best quality in the world.

John Garnett, a British sailor, died in the Seattle hospital last week. He told his attendants that there was a cache on Apple island lying between Vancouver Island and the mainland that contained \$10,000 in gold dust that came from Fraser river.

An animal supposed to be a bear prowling around Tauton, Mass. A night or two ago it raided a dairyman's farm, upset his milk cans and had a fight with his dog. He fired a shot at the intruder, but didn't shoot straight, and the brute made off unharmed.

A sturgeon 14 feet long was caught in the Sacramento river, near Chico, last week. Instead of killing the fisherman it tended a rope to the body and turned it loose in the river to get fat. They feed it on the entrails of salmon, and the captive likes the treatment.

Experiments are now being made in Italy upon this year's vintage in the electrification of wine. Fifty different sorts of wine have already been experimented upon, and the results have been satisfactory. The wine is clarified, acquires a "bloom," and is said to stand equally well transport by land or long journeys by sea.

A London firm has a contract with the French Government, under which they annually supply France with thousands of tons of dried fruits. The French Government requires this large supply of dried fruit to make the wine which they supply to the French army.

At Leighton Buzzard, England, the other day, a chapel was burned down in which it had previously been arranged to celebrate a wedding. The destruction of the sacred edifice had no effect in postponing the ceremony, and the man and woman were made one amid the smoking ruins.

A correspondent of a New York paper writes that there are probably 10,000 head of deer in Maine. This statement was shown to Hon. H. O. Stanley, game commissioner, in Portland. He shook his head. "Too small, too small," he said, "there are nearer 20,000; they are everywhere."

In Naples there exists a race of cats which live in churches. They are kept and fed by the authorities on purpose to eat mice which infest the old buildings there. The animals may often be seen walking about among the congregation, or sitting gravely before the altar during the time of mass.

A Saco, Me., blacksmith is the latest convert to the belief that early rising is not always in practice what it is in theory. He got up dark and early, the other morning, and had his fire blazing by 4 o'clock. The next thing he knew the Saco fire department had the hose turned on his blaze and the neighbors were screaming "fire" at the top of their voices.