

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., February 14, 1890.

BIRTHDAYS.
To let the added years
That come to me,
Roll back into the past so far
That memory
Can only find along the shore
Some perfect shells and nothing more.

I am content
That seaweed, bits of wreck
And pebbles gray,
Drift out of sight into the sea.
For them to stay
Would be to cherish grief and pain
I would not, must not, feel again.

I am content
That none of life
Can ever be
Lived over with self-same thro' and thrill;
No more to me
Will former song, or oak, or joy,
Fill the new measure of my soul.

I am content
To live all of today;
And when I dream
Let fancy revel in the light
That lingers in the past
Beyond the present, and afar,
A steadfast, sweetly-beck'ning star.

I am content—
For age upon the heart
Can never creep
And when, at last, in still night
I seem to sleep,
A birthday comes to me in truth;
The gift it brings—immortal youth.

Exciting Wolf Hunt.
The Field Resembled That of a Disastrous Battle.

Early last spring two little boys of Edward Limpus, of Rosier, Mo., were missed from home one evening, and the whole neighborhood spent the night in searching for them. A full account of the finding of the bones of the children and the evidence of the fact that the children were devoured by wolves was published at the time. When the work of the season was ended the time for the wolf hunt was at hand, and in pursuance to notice which had been sent out 180 men on horseback, with about 200 dogs, assembled at Rosier prepared to spend the week in a grand wolf hunt, which was to be continued until all the wolves had been killed or run out of the country. The circle decided on was about 20 miles in diameter, and the object of the hunters was to drive the wolves from the shelter of the Grand River hills into the open prairie and keep them away from any of the surrounding timber until they were all killed.

In order to accomplish the work of the hunt and not let any of the animals escape, the whole affair was placed in charge of William Stone as general of the forces, and he then divided the 180 men into six squads of 30 men each, under the command of a captain, who acted under the general orders, but who was to use his own judgment whenever any unforeseen circumstances arose. The captains were to take the men under their charge and station them around the hills in such a way that they could be concentrated gradually as the advance was made, coming in from all quarters at once in such a manner that the wolves would have only one direction in which to run.

After arranging the men in their respective squads the rest of the day was spent in getting acquainted with the topography of the country. To this end General Stone began at the extreme southern end of the range of rocks, and the whole day was spent in riding backward and forward over the hills with the whole command until every one was perfectly familiar with all the nooks and crannies in which the wolves were liable to hide during the hunt.

At 6 o'clock on the following day the fox horns were sounded and the mount began. The dogs were all under leash, and none were to be loosed until the last signal was given. The start was made, every man directly for his assigned post, and General Stone going to the cliff just above the holes where the wolves were supposed to be lodged. At ten minutes past 7 the first shot was heard, and then they came rapidly, the last one being only twenty minutes behind the first. The first signal was given, and the cordon began narrowing toward the wolves. The dogs at first ran silently, but soon they began to scent their enemies, and then the woods rang with the music of their yelping. Every hole was investigated and wherever the hounds showed signs of the animals a halt was made to dislodge the wolf. When the hole would not permit forcing the wolf out fire was resorted to, and the smoke soon sent the beast from his retreat. As the circle narrowed a regular exodus of wild animals took place from the undrained, foxes, coons and all sorts of small fry went scurrying through the woods for life, while now and then the big, gray form of a wolf would be seen making a dash for timber.

The line was pushed quickly toward the open country, where the guns of the party could be used to some effect, as in the underbrush it would have been an exceedingly dangerous proceeding to fire while so many men were in close proximity. The first accident befell George Snyder, whose horse fell into a hole, throwing his rider and breaking his arm. He was assisted back to Rosier, where his injury was dressed, and then he pluckily rode to the opening and joined in the hunt on the prairie. Four wolves were shot before the prairie was reached, and the lookouts stationed along the edge of the timber reported that eleven had come out of the woods and were in the high grass off toward the Marias de Cygne River. The hounds were on the trail, and soon a chase began such as was never before seen in that country. When the wolves left the timber they bunched together and ran slowly, as if at a loss what to do. The hounds dashed in, but it soon became evident that they had no easy matter to decide, as many of them were killed in the fight.

The odds were too heavy, however, for the wolves, and when the entire pack of hounds made a dash into the woods a break was made and nine wolves came in a bunch directly toward the squad captained by Mr. Licklider. The horses were already greatly excited, and when they saw the wolves a stampede occurred, in which horses Ford and William Gates were thrown directly in front of the savage brutes. Gates received a

broken leg in the fall, and just as Ford attempted to rise he was knocked down by an immense wolf, which he grasped and attempted to kill with his hunting-knife. The wolf caught Ford's shoulder in its jaws, and then followed a most terrific hand-to-hand struggle. A lucky stroke of his knife at last found the heart of the animal, and then Ford fainted with pain. His arm was frightfully torn and mangled. He was sent back to town and the hunt continued. The wolves had by this time got a good start. Two had been shot as they dashed out of the woods, two had been killed by the dogs in the woods, Ford had killed one and four had been killed before they left the shelter of the woods. The other six were making good headway, and an effort was made to head them off and drive them back into the open prairie. This was partly successful, two of the wolves reaching the timber before the head horseman could get in front of them.

The remaining four were now driven back, leaving a bloody trail behind them as they ran, the dogs having torn them and they having reciprocated in kind. The wolves ran only a short distance when they made a stand and the dogs formed a circle around them. One hundred and seventy dogs to four wolves were long odds, and the animals began to realize the fact that the end was near. When General Stone saw that the dogs could not be urged to close in he gave the orders to the best marksmen of the company to kill the wolves, and a fusillade rang out which brought to a close the most exciting occurrence that has been heard of in that country for years.

At 6 o'clock the whole party returned to Rosier, and was ready to count up the day's work. Thirteen wolves had been killed and one escaped at the cost of the hunters of one broken leg, two broken arms, and one badly lacerated shoulder, which was liable to prove the most serious hurt of all; forty or fifty badly bruised and sore men, three dead horses, seven crippled horses, fifteen dead and seven crippled dogs, while at least fifty more had been bitten by the savage brutes in their fight for life.—New York Herald.

Look Under the Counter.

The Story of a Knowing Parrot and Some Light-Weight Bread.

It occurred in war times in Charleston when that city was under martial law. Just then four was a scarce article and several of the bakers succumbed to temptation and made short-weight bread. This came to the ears of the authorities and the Provost Marshal was armed with a pair of scales and sent around to the baker-shops early every morning to weigh the bread as they were taken from the ovens. All short-weight bread found was confiscated and carried away. This summary method of procedure had a good effect, and after a few confiscations the Provost Marshal usually found all things regular.

One morning a certain one of the bakers received the usual call from the Marshal, and his bake was taken from the oven, weighed and found correct to an ounce. But during the night this man had surreptitiously baked a quantity of light-weight bread and stowed it away under the counter. Just as the Marshal and his detail were leaving the shop a pet parrot perched upon the top of a big cake called out: "Look under the counter."

The Marshal did so, discovered the light-weight bread and took it away, after giving the baker a sound lecture. The man was so mad at his parrot that after the soldiers had gone he reached for the treacherous bird, wung his neck and threw him out into the gutter. But Polly was not dead by any means. In a few moments he opened one eye, ruffled up his feathers like a man does when he has had his morning cocktail, and staggered about rather blindly in the gutter until he came upon the carcass of a dead dog. Polly cocked his eye at the defunct canine and then said: "Say, partner, did you say anything about that bread?"—Chicago Herald.

Taking Out a Rusty Screw.

The hinge of the woodhouse door was broken, and Farmer John, who never liked to see things going to pieces, went to work to replace the broken hinge with a new one. The old screws, however, had rusted, and although a man of muscle, not one of them could Farmer John budge, until Willie came out to see what was going on. Now Willie is a great reader. His father often thinks he spends too much time over his books. Let us try the Russian way. Willie, after going to the house he heated the kitchen poker red hot, and pressed it to the head of the screw for a few minutes, when the screw was easily taken out with a screw driver. So much for "book learning." So much more for the bright boy.

A prize of \$100,000 is a good thing to get; and the man who wins it by superior skill, or by any unexpected turn of fortune's wheel, is to be congratulated. But he who escapes from the clutches of that dread monster, Consumption, and wins back health and happiness, is far more fortunate. The chances of winning \$100,000 are small, but every consumptive may be absolutely sure of recovery, if he takes Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in time. For all scrofulous disease (consumption is one of them), it is an unfailing remedy. It is guaranteed to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money refunded.

Mrs. Hayes Was Prepared.

A pathetic story of the late Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, and one that is said to be vouched for by the ex-president, is printed in the January number of the Ladies' Home Magazine of Philadelphia. It is as follows: Some of her nearest relatives had died of paralysis and she had a premonition that she, too, would pass away with the same disorder. She had a long talk with her husband on the subject about three years ago. He endeavored to chase away her fears with light and kindly words. Early last autumn, just about the time of the anniversary of her brother's death, who passed away in paralysis, she spoke

of her premonitions again. Her fears now amounted to an absolute conviction and an event certain to take place. None of the endeavors of her husband to turn her thoughts to a more cheerful subject could avail. She quietly insisted on arranging with him her business and other affairs. She put her house in perfect order.

"And now," she finally said, "if I be stricken with paralysis, as I believe I shall be, I will not, as you know, be able to speak. But perhaps I still may be able to hear. You may ask me then whether I am at ease and free from pain. For the answer yes to these questions I shall press your hand. If I cannot truthfully reply in the affirmative, my hand will not clasp yours."

Three days after this what she feared would happen came to pass. She was suddenly stricken down with paralysis. Her organs of speech were benumbed. She could not utter a word. Then all she had said came sadly back to the memory of her devoted husband. Looking down into her shining eyes, he took her hand in his and asked the question which days before she had suggested. "Wife, dear, are you at ease; is your mind serene and clear, and are you free from pain?" Slowly the poor white fingers closed upon his, giving his hand a gentle, reassuring pressure. The next day the brave and loving wife was dead.

WOMAN'S SMILES AND WOMAN'S TEARS.—The smile, the other to soften the heart of mankind. An old bachelor once said women were either "all smiles or all tears;" but this cannot be true, for what would there be "twixt a tear and a smile?" Women have enough to bear to make them "all tears," and enough to hope to make them "all smiles." "Female weakness," "cock headache," and the numerous diseases peculiar to their sex, there is necessity for contemplation, and for "tears," but when they consider that there is a sure remedy in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for all such "female complaints," there is reason for "smiles."

The appointment of Richard Guenther, of Wisconsin, to the Consul Generalship at the City of Mexico, recalls an incident that probably had something to do with the disappointment of Captain L. L. Bridges, the Union Labor candidate for the Attorney Generalship of Missouri, his election in 1888, who was an applicant for the position. The Secretary of State, writes the correspondent of the New York Sun, regarded the chances of Mr. Bridges so favorably that he told a Missouri friend of the applicant early last summer: "If Captain Bridges does not take the first train for Missouri his commission will not be long coming. One day nearly a month ago he was told that it had been sent to the Executive Mansion, and that he might expect it almost any day. He hovered around the Executive Mansion for some time. Finally his patience gave out. He called on the President with the St. Louis World's Fair delegation. Gov. Standen, introducing the party, had occasion to remark at one stage of the proceedings:

"The Congressmen, Mr. President, know something of the mutability of human affairs."

"Yes," said Captain Bridges, in the background, "and some of the rest of us know something about it, too."

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