

# Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 21, 1890.

## THE THREE LEAVES.

On the green hills of Ireland the shamrock still grows,  
And the faith which it emblem in Erin still glows,  
As changeless that faith and its courage in hue,  
As the beautiful trefoil fresh kissed by the dew,  
Fresh kissed when the morning is young on the hills  
And the sweet-throated thrush its matin lay trills.

Oh, beautiful shamrock, thy story is old!  
But thy children, no matter how often 'tis told,  
Will listen more proudly and hold thee more dear,  
For their hearts to their country are fastened by bands,  
As strong as the steel links which fetter her hands.

No matter how gloomy the present may be,  
The brightness of sunlight is shining in thee,  
Through the faith and the courage thy tyrants despise,  
Thy three leaves still look unrebuked at the skies;  
And even on the turf, in weal or in woe,  
The shamrock of Ireland forever shall grow.

## THE MATE'S STORY.

A night or so ago, after toiling at the pen until something past the hour of midnight, during a moment in which I had paused to rest from my incessant writing, my eye caught a glimpse of a huge bundle of half forgotten MSS. and old printed papers.

Listlessly picking the bundle up and carefully blowing off the dense incrustation of dust, the accumulation of many years, I inadvertently opened an old paper, black with age, which contained the following curious tale.

As I have good and sufficient reasons for supposing the story to relate to one, in particular, of my ancestors, many of whom, in the old whaling times, plowed both the northern and southern seas, as captains, I carefully made a verbatim copy of it and will again beneath it to a wondering world.

About two years ago I left the service. I was tired of it, and as I wanted some more exciting work, and as that was only to be found at sea, I shipped aboard a whaler as first officer. We were unlucky—somehow I bring no luck anywhere, but storm and wind—and being born in March my whole life has been lived in March, and we were nearly empty.

We were cruising up here to the north, on and off, and thinking of making home, as the weather had changed, and the ice formed precious quick in these latitudes when it once begins. The captain naturally wanted to hang on to the last for the chance of an other haul.

One bright afternoon, just after eight bells, I made up the log, as part of the first officer's duty, and carried it to the captain's cabin.

I knocked at the door, and as no body answered, walked in.

I thought it odd the captain hadn't answered me, for there he was, sitting at his desk, with his back to me, writing.

Seeing he was employed, I told him I had brought the log—a record of a ship's doings, vessels spoken, knots made, etc., during each twenty-four hours—laid it on the table behind him, and as he made no reply, walked out.

I went on deck, and the first person I met was the captain.

I was puzzled, for I could not make out how he could get there before me.

"How did you get up here?" I said; "I just left you writing in your cabin."

"I have not been in my cabin for the last half hour," the captain answered; but I thought he was chaffing, and didn't like it.

"There was some one writing at your desk just now," I said; "if it wasn't you, you had better go and see who it was. The log is made up. I have left it in your cabin, sir," and with that I walked rather sulkily away.

I had no idea of being chaffed by the captain, to whom I had taken a dislike.

"Mr. Stowell," said the captain, who saw I was nettled, "you must certainly have been mistaken; my desk is locked. But come, we'll go down and see about it."

I followed the captain into the cabin. The log was on the table, the desk was closed and the cabin was empty.

The captain cried the desk—it was locked.

"You see, Mr. Stowell," he said, laughing, "you must have been mistaken; the desk is locked."

I was positive. "Somebody may have picked the lock," I said.

The mystery remained another mystery of the seas.

That evening I sat drinking my grog with the captain in the cabin during the second officer's watch. We were neither of us inclined to be talkative. We smoked in silence, and each of us was buried in our own thoughts.

I tried to think of home, of my brothers in the navy, and my sisters and parents ashore, and the pleasure it would be to see old England again; but still my thoughts always wandered back to that mysterious writing.

I tried to read, but I caught myself furtively peeping at the desk, expecting to see the figure sitting there.

The captain had not spoken for some time, and was rapidly succeeding with considerable success in enveloping himself in an impenetrable cloud of smoke. At last he suddenly looked up and said: "Suppose we alter her course to north-west, Mr. Stowell?"

"I don't know what it was; I cannot hope to make you understand the weird feeling to my mind that followed his words; it was a sudden sense of relief from a horrible nightmare. I was ashamed of the childish pleasure I felt, but I could not help answering eagerly, 'Certainly; shall I give the order?'"

I waited no longer, but hurried on deck and altered the course of the vessel.

It was a clear, frosty night, and as I looked in the binnacle at the compass before going below I felt strangely pleased, and caught myself chuckling and rubbing my hands briskly together as what I cannot say—I didn't know them—but a great weight had been taken off my mind.

I went down to the cabin and found the captain pacing up and down the small space.

He stopped as I came in, and, looking up, said abruptly: "It can do no harm, Mr. Stowell."

"If this breeze continues," I answered, "we can hold on for thirty hours or so, but then I should think—"

"But then we shall find ice. How's the wind?"

"Steadily, north by east, sir."

We sat down and finished our grog, which tasted better from my having been out in the bitter air on deck.

I had the morning watch—the first mate's—to keep next day.

I was too restless to sleep after it, so I kept on deck the whole of the day.

Even that did not satisfy me. I was continually running up the ratlines into the maintop with my glass, but every time I came down with disappointment. No ship or wreck was in sight; for that was what I had brought myself to believe would be the ultimate outcome of the strange direction, "Steer N. W."

The captain was as unquiet as myself.

The captain plainly expected something to happen; but as to what it was to be made so open conjecture.

The second officer, Mr. Stornberger, I believe, firmly believed as both crazy; indeed, I often wondered myself at the state I was in.

Evening came, and nothing had turned up.

The night was bright, and the captain was determined to lay on under easy sail till morning.

Morning came, and with the first gray light I was on deck.

It was bitterly cold.

take to them as a last precarious resort, when the welcome arrival of the Edna—our ship—put an end to their fears.

Another detachment was soon brought off, and the captain with the remainder of his crew, was to follow immediately.

I went down to my cabin and tried to think over the singular fate that had made us the preservers of this ship's crew.

I could not divest myself of the idea that some occult or supernatural agency was connected with that piece of paper in the captain's desk, and I trembled at the thought of what might have been the consequence if I had neglected the warning.

The boat coming alongside interrupted my reverie.

In a few seconds I was on deck. I found the captain talking to a fine, old, sailor-like looking man, whom he introduced to me as Cap. Squiers.

Capt. Squiers shook hands with me, and we continued talking for some time. I could not take my eyes off his face; I had a conviction that I had seen him somewhere—where, I could not tell.

Every now and then I seemed to catch at some clue, which vanished as soon as touched.

At last he turned around to speak to some of his men.

I could not be mistaken—there was the same long, white hair, the same brown coat. He was the man I had seen writing in the captain's cabin!

The evening I and the captain told the strange story of the written paper to Capt. Squiers, who gravely and in silence listened to our conjectures.

He was too devoutly thankful for his escape out of such an imminent and terrible peril to question the means by which it had been brought about.

At the captain's request he wrote, "Steer N. W."

We compared it with the original writing.

There could be no doubt of it. It was in the same odd, cramped hand.

A New Feature at Church Fairs.

The church fair—that peculiarly American institution—has often afforded newspaper humorists an opportunity for the manufacture of poor jokes of an endless variety.

The solitary oyster in a gallon of soup, and the one strawberry in a quarter section of cake baked by a graduate of a normal school cooking class, have each in turn furnished a subject for comic jest; but it has been reserved for the town of Millbury, Ohio, to add a new feature to the entertainments of the church fair which may result in the marrying of domestic happiness and in the airing of a scandal in the divorce courts.

In an evil hour the trustees of the Millbury church decided to offer a beer crown to the woman in town who should receive the largest number of votes at so much a vote.

Among the contestants was a married woman; and two of her most ardent and enthusiastic supporters were a school teacher and a physician, neither of them her husband, and the teacher himself a married man.

Both of these men threw their whole souls into the contest—and their 10 cent votes into the ballot box.

Millbury was at that time, in common with more pretentious places, suffering from the gripe; and the doctor was, therefore, unusually busy. But his patients bore a notice that he was strangely absent—namely, when visiting them, and on several occasions when his prescriptions were taken to the drug store the druggist was puzzled to find sandwiches in among other ingredients.

The votes for Mrs. S., to be taken every hour. The school children also noticed a change in their teacher, their examples in arithmetic each having ten cents as a common denominator.

New York's Plutocrats.

Origin of the Fortunes of the Astors, the Vanderbilts and the Lorillards.

John Jacob Astor had his store in Vesey street, in the building in which Dr. Halleck lived. Fitz Greene Halleck, the doctor's son, was one of Astor's clerks. Old Astor got his start in life by hiring out to a furrier to beat furs—keeping the moths out of them—at a dollar a day.

He was economical and saving, and presently began to buy cat furs and muskrat furs, and when he had accumulated a lot of them he took them to England and sold them at a large profit.

Then he established his own business here and extended his connections westward and northward until he became the largest dealer in the country.

Commodore Vanderbilt was at this time running a "perry-sauce" (peri-agua—a small ferry boat carrying two masts and a lee board) between Quarantine Station and the city, and was becoming very popular with boatmen and others who were thrown in his way.

Fulton & Livingston owned an exclusive charter to run steamboats between New York and Albany, and the monopoly was paying immensely. Two old Jerseymen then started an opposition line, but as they could not run direct between New York and Albany they got around the difficult by going from New York to Jersey City, and making that the starting point for Albany.

They encountered all sorts of difficulties, however, the monopolists going so far as to willfully run their boats down and otherwise crippling them, and they were threatened with bankruptcy.

One of the proprietors was at New-Dorp one day, when he asked old Mr. Guion if he knew of a man competent to take hold of their line and make a success of it.

"Yes," said Guion, "I know such a man. His name is Cornelius Vanderbilt. He'll take your boats to the mouth of hell if you want him to."

"That's just the man I want," was the response, and in a little while the bargain was concluded and Cornelius Vanderbilt took charge of the line.

The "steady" possible means to prevent the line from doing business in New York, and at last put a Sheriff on board with instructions to arrest Vanderbilt if he should attempt to move the steamer from the wharf.

Vanderbilt got all ready to go and then stood by with an ax, and when the wheels had begun to revolve and there was good strain on the hawser he stepped up with an ax and cut the hawser and steamed away to Albany with the Sheriff on board.

A continuation of the vigorous policy finally broke up the Fulton & Livingston monopoly and established the opposition line on a profitable basis.

Vanderbilt's daughters were a wild kind of girls. They were perfectly at home every where on Staten Island and were very popular. I used to see them in a grocery store over there sitting on the counter swinging their feet and talking to the young fellows who were chaffing them.

The Lorillards had a snuff and tobacco business, and they made a good deal of money out of it. There were three brothers of them—Jacob and Peter and George. Jacob had a butcher shop up near the Bowery Theater.

Peter that was the Dutch of it; it came to be Pierre after it had been transplanted into French soil a few months; Peter and George were the snuff and tobacco dealers.

At the time of the revolution nothing would do but old Lorillard must have a carriage and a coat-of-arms. "Who'd thought it—snuff bought it!" This made the people laugh, and so he changed it after a while, putting on in place: "Quid rides," which means: "At what do you laugh?" His tobacco store was in Chatham street.—N. Y. Times.

The Liar's Reward.

Pittsburg is enjoying a boom in real estate just now, and the competition for choice lots runs high.

Mr. Bilgus owned a lot on the corner of Fifth avenue and Madison a week or two ago, but he does not own it now.

This is how he happened to part with it: Two men walked into his office one afternoon and one of them said: "Mr. Bilgus, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"I understand you want to sell that lot on the corner of Fifth and Madison. What will you take for it?"

Starting Out Right.

A young girl who occupies a minor position in the clerical department of a large railroad company, declared one day, in a passionate tone, "I'd give anything in the world if I were out of the X, Y and Z offices!"

"Why," asked her friend, knowing that the position was fully as good as she could expect to hold.

"Because I've started out wrong and I can't get right."

"I thought when I began that I could be on friendly, sociable terms with the men in the office, and have nice, easy times with them as we worked together day by day. But, oh, it hasn't turned out as I thought it would, at all! They treat me in a familiar, slap-you-on-the-back kind of way that humiliates me constantly."

"When I come in the morning they say, 'Jennie, what have you got that thing round your neck for?' or they ask if I didn't forget some of my hairpins. And when I try to resent it, they only laugh at me. I am fairly degraded in my own eyes, and I can't help it because I've started out wrong."

There is a lesson here for the vast army of girls and young women who are privileged under our liberal requirements, to go out into the world and earn their own livings.

It is hard for a girl who has lived a free and unconstrained life at home, entertaining her male friends, usually in her mother's presence, and always with her sanction, to realize that the same unstudied atmosphere should not prevail in a public office.

She does not take into account that she has not the accustomed background of home and parents to countenance her innocent gavity. The proverbial inch is given, and the ell taken, and, often when it is too late, she finds that the charm circle of womanly sanctity, which is every girl's birthright, is trodden down and obliterated.

Her name is banded from one pair of masculine lips to another, her actions openly commented on, the details of her dress discussed. She finds herself treated as a sort of anomalous creature, not a man, and not commanding the respect and deference due a woman. It is monstrous and humiliating, and once allowed, is nearly irremediable.

Girls, earn your independence, if you must, or will; go as wage-earner into the office or the shop, but carry with you that sweet and womanly reserve which is at once your charm and your safeguard. Be sure that you "start out right."

Hardening the Brain.

While we were waiting at the depot in a small town in Arkansas, a colored woman came up and asked if any one of the white men was a doctor.

One of them proved to be, and she rolled her cheek upon his hands in a fussy way and asked if he wouldn't "jist stop ober to de cabin an' see what ailed her ole man."

He found that he had time, and said he would go, and two or three of us went along to see what we could see.

As we drew near the cabin the woman halted us and said: "Iz de doctah he's had, an' I'ze willin' to allow dat I might her made some mistakes. When he was fust taken I gin him turpentine seed. Was dat right, doctah?"

"I guess so."

"Laier on I changed to a poultice of wild onions. Was dat right?"

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Talmage always gets pay in advance for his lectures.

—Maine expects to make \$4,500,000 on the sale of ice this year.

—There are now nearly 50,000 members of the Farmers' alliance in Kansas.

—A minister of Sedalia, Mo., preached a sermon recently against gum-chewing.

—A fashionable hotel has been opened at the foot of the Great Pyramid, in Egypt.

—The new Cornell register shows a total of 1,306 students, of whom 157 are women.

—Henry Cunningham, of Clark county, Ill., has just sold a hog that weighs 995 pounds.

—It is stated that the advertisements in the Century Magazine amount to \$18,000 a month.

—Education in Russia is at a low ebb. Only twelve per cent of the population can read and write.

—In Denmark most of the girls are trained in agriculture, which is there an important industry.

—The Prince of Wales has become a very regular attendant at the sessions of the English Parliament.

—The English government proposes to make seven hours the legal day for clerks in the departments.

—President Harrison prefers fine claret to the best brand of champagne. He also likes a sup of Irish whiskey now and then.

—A giantess is being exhibited in Osaka, Japan, who is fully eight feet in height. She is said to be only sixteen years old.

—J. W. Keith, of Holliston, Mass., has just had removed from the calf of his leg a pin which he swallowed sixty-five years ago.

—There are now on the rolls the names of 10,567 pensioners on account of the war of 1812, which ended seventy-five years ago.

—Two hundred women of Colby, Kas. have demanded of the council that the paint be removed from the windows of billiard halls.

—Justice Lamar, of the Supreme Court, will deliver an address at the commencement of the Boston University law school, June 4.

—Father Jerome, of the Benedictine Order, has compiled a prayer book for the Sioux. It will be printed in the Sioux language.

—A surgical operation has been performed on that delight of the cartoonist, Ben Butler's drooping eyelid, and it droops no longer.

—Mr. Gladstone has had six private secretaries, each of whom now holds a political post. Their salaries aggregate \$50,000 annually.

—The mildness of the winter season in England is supposed to be in some way account for the unusual northerly migration of anchovies.

—General Ciardini, who, with Garibaldi, conquered Naples for the kingdom of Italy, is suffering from an incurable disease at Leghorn.

—There is a lady living on the east side of the river, says an Augusta, Me. paper, "who is in her seventies and is cutting a new set of teeth."

—A statistician calculates that the total tonnage of the world, steam and sail, is, in round numbers, 21,000,000 tons, of which 50 per cent is British.

—The last surviving signer of the Texan Declaration of Independence, Colonel S. W. Blount, died at his home in St. Augustine, Tex., a few days ago.

—Miss Regina Rothschild starts from Port Townsend, Washington, to encircle the globe in sixty-one days. The citizens subscribed \$3,000 for her expenses.

—A number of maids in St. Louis have appealed to the mayor to interfere in their behalf to prevent the widows from capturing all the marriageable men.

—Natural gas is now used in 104 steel works in this country, but the supply shows signs of failing, and companies are thinking of returning to the old fuel.

—Cut-glass is becoming the fashion for toilet articles instead of silver. One reason is that the silver requires constant polishing, while the glass is easily kept in order.

—Burial reform in England contemplates the prohibition of leaden and other solidly-constructed coffins. It is proposed to use wickerwork or papier mache receptacles.

—Mrs. Cordillo, of Pomona, Cal., is a great-grandmother at the age of fifty. She married when fifteen years old; her daughter when seventeen and her granddaughter at the age of sixteen.

—One of the keepers in Bushey Park, England, lately discovered two fine bucks lying dead in a ditch with their horns locked together. Both animals had received severe lody wounds.

—A one-legged negro in Egbert county, Ga., has produced the first bale of cotton every season in that county for several years. He is prosperous, and is accumulating a handsome independence.

—R. O. Pate, a citizen of Hawkinsville, Ga., is the proud owner of a United States currency note dated September 26, 1778. It is a thirty-dollar bill, and was issued by the Congress at Philadelphia.

—Not a Friday passes but what some ship sails from some port for some other port. Yet thousands of intelligent people prefer to believe that no sailor goes to sea on Friday. Why, Columbus sailed on Friday.

—By the use of the phonograph it is now possible for a man to sing at his own funeral. Captain Frank Cunningham, of Richmond, Va., who has sung at 395 funerals, means to have his voice heard in melody at his own obsequies.

—The Chanute (Kas.) Blade tells of a farmer living near that town who sold a butcher a beef for two cents a pound, agreeing to take a quarter for family use. In settling up the butcher charged the farmer regular rates and the consequence was that the farmer owed the butcher \$2.

—An English doctor reports over thirty cases of headache and facial neuralgia cured by snuffing powdered salt up the nose.