

Democratic Watchman

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JOSEPH'S BONES.

BY H. M. S.

And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him; for he had straitly sworn the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you; and ye shall carry my bones away hence with you.—Ex. xiii, 10; Josh. xxiv, 32.

Alone in solemn grandeur, beneath the eastern skies,
Where the fiery pillar gleamed, the precious basket lies;
For God's own servant, Moses,
Is faithful to his trust,
And in the wild recesses
The patriarchal dust.

And like a mighty sentinel it seemeth ward to keep
O'er the night of Israel, calm in their midnight sleep,
With the stars so mildly beaming
From the deep blue vault above,
And the heavenly fire streaming
O'er the people of God's love.

With reverence it is lifted by that brave life
Beneath the evening gloom,
With holy care they bear it far from Egyptian land,
While in the sunlight gleams,
And in the evening gloom,
That caravan advances
Towards the promised home.

No Pharaoh in his glory, with trumpet, bow and spear,
Could boast such gorgeous escort as Joseph on his bier.
With the anthems loudly ringing
Throughout that land so fair,
And the psalms of Levi flung
Their incense on the air.

With the cloud it moveth onward until the march is o'er,
Whist those that walk beside it are dropping
Scores by score,
On desert plains some sleeping,
Some 'neath the mountain's mist,
Where beasts of prey are keeping
In Mead's vale their tryst.

The weary journey ended, they have laid it in the grave
On the western side of Jordan, where the palms of Shechem wave.
Now, Israel, fulfil your banners,
Your voice in gladness raise,
Shout, shout the loud Hosanna
In great Jehovah's praise.

OLD UNCLE BILL.

Any one who should visit Mr. Norris at his fine place on the Hudson would be sure to notice, after a while, an old man who wandered about the place dressed all summer in a white shirt and linen vest and trousers and a fisherman's hat, and all winter in a woolen dressing gown. He was a meek, tall, bald old man, and people at first took him for a superannuated old servant; but finally, his nice linen, his neat hands, and a certain well bred tone of voice, if by chance, they heard him speak, made them ask:

"Who is that?"

If they inquired of Miss Belle, the eldest unmarried daughter, she would answer:

"An old connection of poor mamma's. I can't see why pa has him here—horrid thing!"

If they asked Mr. Norris' maid, she would reply:

"One of the blessings my late sister-in-law brought with her into the family. A miserable ne'er-do-weel of a relation."

If the question were propounded to pompous Mr. Norris, as he sat in his armchair on his piazza, or drove about his property on one of his handsome vehicles, he would answer:

"Well, that's a sort of a relation of my wife's, a ne'er-do-weel. The black sheep of the flock, you know. Always is one in every family. For her sake—she was a very benevolent woman—we let him stay about. He prefers eating by himself. He's very stupid, very; but she wanted him here, and she had her way, poor soul. I grudge her nothing. Yes, that's poor Bill."

But if it was Miss Phemie of whom the question was asked, she always answered:

"Why that is Uncle Bill. He's a little eccentric, but the dearest old soul. I'm very fond of him, and he of me. Dear old Uncle Bill!"

Certainly Phemie was the old man's only friend in that pompous household. She it was who went up to his little room with his meals and sat with him while he ate them; who saw that he had the newspaper and his pipe; who had fixed that little out of the way place with a pretty carpet, bookshelves, a student's lamp, lots of pretty ornaments in worsted and painted silk; who never received her monthly allowance without buying something for him.

His pretty, snow white shirts were her gift, and she saw that they were "done up" properly. The flannel dressing gown he wore in winter was of her contrivance. In fact, up in that dormer room there were hours that were more home-like than any spent in the great parlors, or the big dining-room, where Miss Belle was only affectionate to "pa" when she wanted him to give her more money to spend; and Miss Norris, the eldest sister of the master of the house, made bitter speeches in the pauses of the needle work in which she was perpetually engaged, sometimes directed at her brother, sometimes at Belle, sometimes at Phemie, but all worded so circum-spectly and clothed in such a guise of piety that no one dared resent them.

"What a comfort you are, Uncle Bill," Phemie would say, as she poured out the old man's coffee.

"And what a comfort you are, Phemie," old Uncle Bill would say. "I was a rich uncle, just home from India, like those in plays and novels, you couldn't make more of me."

"I shouldn't make so much, uncle," Phemie would answer, "for you'd be a victim of liver complaint, and that would make you ill natured, and you'd scold me and say naughty words. They all do, you know. Now you haven't any money or stocks to worry about, like poor pa; and you're not irritable, and I like to be with you. You're like mamma, too. You have her eyes."

"You are sister Susan's image," the old man would say. "Do you remember the day that you came to the hospital with her?"

"Yes," said Phemie. "I was just 12 years old and mamma was crying over the telegram. 'My only brother, Phemie,' she said, 'so sick that he may die, and so poor that he's in a hospital. Then we came and I saw you in bed, and after a while we brought you home and ma nursed you well again.'"

"And died herself, just as I got about," said Uncle Bill. "And your father and the rest did not like a shabby old man around the house. Well, I was lucky to get a home, I suppose, and luckier still to find such disinterested love as yours. You're like Susan. She was the dearest girl that ever lived. Yes, you're like Susan."

But they did not always talk thus. They were very busy often, over books; over Phemie's embroidery, for which he designed patterns; teaching her the dog a thousand tricks; feeding the blind kitten Phemie saved from drowning; canking a little well, from which Phemie and the old man would wander off to the river side, where he would fish, seldom catching anything, and she would read or knit.

None of the family knew of these instances. Belle, older than Phemie by six years, preferred that she should consider herself a child until Miss Norris was married. And Aunt Marcia detested her for her resemblance to the sister-in-law who "had never been congenial."

No one in the house knew, but some one of the household did, and shared at times in them.

Sometimes, when the old man's rod dangled over the water, a younger angler would take his place near him—a handsome young fellow with black hair and the brightest eyes in the world; and then the hours went by like hours in a dream, and Phemie felt happy as she had felt when a child by her mother's side. And Uncle Bill laughed and told fisherman's stories. As for the young man, silent or talkative, he was always charming. So thought Phemie. She was 17; she had never had a lover. She was well read in romantic lore. What happened was only to be expected. In a little while two lovers sat beside old Uncle Bill on the banks of the pretty stream, and walked together as far as the little gate in the hedge that nobody else used and did not hide from the old man that they parted with a kiss.

Fred Howard was not a fashionable man, only the son of a poor widow who had made a bookkeeper of her boy. What holidays he had he spent at home. This was his midsummer vacation; he was bright, and good, and handsome, but Mr. Norris surely would have had other views for his youngest daughter.

And so, one day, as the two, having met accidentally on the road, were talking together, with an expression on either face that made an old country lady who drove past remark to her husband: "Hiram, take my word for it, them 'beaus' Mr. Norris marched up behind the pair, and appeared like a very florid ghost between them, with an air:

"I was not aware, Mr. Howard, that you had ever been introduced to my daughter!"

The young man blushed, but answered: "But I have, sir—by my friend, her uncle."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Norris, lowering his tone a little. "Then you know my brother, Mr. Whipple Norris, in the city? He is a relative I am proud of—worth half a million if he is worth a cent."

"I often heard of Mr. Whipple Norris," replied the young man frankly, "but I owe my introduction to Miss Phemie Norris to her Uncle William—ah—ah!" The young man suddenly remembered that he did not know Uncle Bill's last name.

"Her Uncle William!" repeated Mr. Norris. "Euphemism, does your Howard allude to your poor mother's unfortunate brother Bill?"

Phemie bowed her head.

"Young Howard!" repeated Mr. Norris. "That person has no authority to introduce my daughter. Consider yourself a stranger to her henceforth."

Phemie looked at Fred. Fred looked at Phemie.

"It is too late, sir," the latter said. "I love your daughter, and have won her heart. She has promised to be my wife."

Mr. Norris stared at him, lifted his eyebrows; stared again through his double eyeglass, and spoke sternly:

"I have one daughter who is a credit to me. Lord McTab paid great attention to her last winter. He has written to ask my consent to their nuptials, which I shall give, and he will return in the fall to be married to her. An English nobleman would hardly like a brother-in-law who makes, perhaps, twenty dollars a week. My eldest daughter, Mrs. Timpkins Trotter, has married a gentleman who is esteemed the wealthiest man in Mineville. My son is with my brother in New York—a man I am proud of. Now I shall never make a fuss about Phemie. I only tell you this: If she marries you I disown her. You can take her if she chooses. I shall never give her a penny. She may have her clothes and trinkets and go. If she obeys me she shall be married or single, well provided for. She is plain and unprepossessing; but I know a young clergyman who will attain eminence who only needs my permission to propose. She might do very well with a proper portion for him. She has a thick waist, a large mouth and ordinary features," continued Mr. Norris, turning his eyeglass on his daughter, "but a clergyman should not look for beauty."

"She is the prettiest girl I know, and if I may earn her bread and butter I can do it," said Fred Howard. "You give her to me, sir?"

"No," replied Mr. Norris. "She may give herself to you if she chooses to be a beggar."

Then he walked away.

As Phemie and Fred stood looking at each other old Uncle Bill's head arose above the shrubbery.

"I give my permission," he said,

with more than usual dignity; and I am her mother's brother. I think you will make her happy, young Fred Howard."

The maiden aunt and the sister, who was to be the bride of an Englishman, led Phemie a sad life of it for a while; but one morning she walked out of her home in the simple church going costume, and was married in the little chapel of St. John. Old Uncle Bill, in his old fashioned broadcloth suit, went with them, and gave the bride away. Mrs. Howard was there, and a school friend of Phemie's and a fellow clerk of Fred's. None of the Norris family. And after the wedding they were to go upon a little trip. Phemie's trunks had been sent to Fred's mother's little house. The bride was not as happy as she might have been under other circumstances, but at home no one had ever loved or considered her since her mother's death; and Fred loved her, and she loved him. Her only trouble was that she must leave old Uncle Bill. "That's hard," the old man said, "very hard, Phemie." And then Fred held out his hand.

"Uncle Bill," he said, "we shall live in a very plain way, but if you will live with us we will do our best to make you happy and shall be happy ourselves."

"Will you be so, boy?" cried Uncle Bill. "A poor old man like me—eh! really?"

"Really!" cried Phemie, dancing with joy.

"Really and truly, heaven knows!" And Fred grasped his hand and shook it. "You brought us together, Uncle Bill," he said.

"It's lucky," answered Uncle Bill, "for Brother-in-law Norris has turned me out of his house for aiding and abetting you—told me that I might be too poor for it. I did, but I just said: 'Very well, I'll go.'"

"I'll get your things and take them to mother's," said Fred. "You'll be company for her while we're gone; after that, one home for all of us."

Then the old man looked at them with a smile; looked at Mrs. Howard with another, and laughed his sweet, good natured laugh.

"You're two good, honest, generous children," he said. "And you're Fred's mother, ma'am. But I've an explanation to make. Five years ago my sister Susan heard that I was sick and at a hospital and took me to her house. She nursed me back to health, and was very good to me. Then, sweet angel she died. She thought that being in a hospital meant poverty. I was paying fifty dollars a week there. I have a fortune that even Mr. Norris would respect, but seeing what he was, I took a fancy that I'd find out what his children were. I have. I've lived about the place as old Uncle Bill, a poor relation. I wasn't wanted, even at table. I was despised by all but Phemie. She, dear little soul, has been a daughter to me. I told Sister Susan the truth on her death bed, and promised to do my best by this sweet girl; and my money has been growing under good care for five years. Why, had I been the beggar they thought me, I'd have gone to an almshouse rather than eat Norris' bread all these years. As it was, I enjoyed the joke. To think how he would have respected me if he had known the truth. How he scorned me for being poor, when I was a wealthy man; but let all that pass; we are happy together and what need we care?"

There was great excitement at the Norris mansion when the news reached its inhabitants, and Mr. Norris sent a formal forgiveness to his daughter.

She was a good girl and felt glad that this was so, but she only began to know what real happiness was in the home where she and those who truly loved her lived contentedly together for many long and pleasant years.

Catching a Wild Turkey.

The wild turkey is a famous runner, and relies more upon his legs than upon his wings when pursued. When the birds are found upon the open prairie, therefore, the chase, for a man on horseback, becomes really exciting. Colonel Dodge says that in Texas, many years ago, he used occasionally to kill them with a stick from horseback. A flock being discovered on a prairie two or three miles across, a detour was made, and the horseman, coming up from the wood, rushed with a yell at the birds, frightening them so badly that some would fly to the open prairie.

The first flight was from four hundred to six hundred yards, depending on the weight and fatness of the bird. At the end of his first flight he would probably be two or three hundred yards ahead of the horseman, but this distance was soon lessened after he alighted.

On the near approach of his pursuer he would essay another flight, this time scarcely one hundred or two hundred yards. A third flight generally finished all wing business, and his further efforts at escape were confined to running and dodging. A stick four feet long and as large as one's finger was carried by the hunter, and as the turkey turned to avoid the horse, a smart blow on the head finished its life and the race. In this way I one day killed two turkeys, and a brother officer three, from one flock.

Some days after, another officer from the same post went out riding with his wife. Coming upon a flock of turkeys in a favorable position, he proposed that they should catch one.

After an exciting chase, a fine large bird was done so that he could scarcely move, and confined himself solely to avoiding the feet of the horses.

The officer had no stick to kill with, and in his excitement, thinking he could easily catch a bird so exhausted, he sprang from his horse, and took after the turkey on foot. He ran his best, but the bird ran fast enough to avoid his clutch, and finally, when utterly blown and exhausted he gave up the chase, he turned to see his horse discharging in the distance, and his wife on her horse in full pursuit of the runaway.

He had to walk about eight miles to the post, and for some months it was not quite safe to say "turkey" to him.

Rich Without Money.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart and good limbs and pretty good headpiece is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses and land. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition, who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

The hardest thing to get on with in this life is a man's own self. A cross selfish fellow, a desponding and complaining fellow, a timid and care-burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. They do not limp, but their thoughts some times do.—Clay Manufacturer's Engineer.

The Starving Caravan.

Stanley Describes a Terrible March Through the African Forest.

Ah, it was a sad sight, unutterably sad, to see so many men struggling blindly through that endless forest, following one white man, who was bound whither none knew, whom most believed did not know himself! They were in a veritable hell of hunger already! What nameless horrors awaited them further on, none could conjecture. But what matter, death to every man soon or late! Therefore we pushed on and on, broke through the bush, trampled down the plants, wound along the crest of spurs zigzagging from northeast to northwest, and ascending to a bowl like valley by a clear stream, lunched on our corn and berries.

During our midday halt, one Umari having seen some magnificent and ripe fennel at the top of a tree sixty feet high, essayed to climb it; but on gaining that height, a branch of his strength yielded, and he tumbled headlong upon the head of two other men who were waiting to seize the fruit. Strange to say, none of them were very seriously injured. Umari was a little lame in the hip, and one of those upon whom he fell complained of a pain in the chest.

At 3.30, after a terrible struggle through a suffocating wilderness of arums, anoma, and bush, we came to a dark amphitheatrical glen, and at the bottom found a camp just deserted by the natives, and in such hot haste that they thought it best to burden themselves with their treasures. Surely some divinity provided for us always in the most distressful hours! Two bushels of Indian corn and a bushel of beans awaited us in this camp.

My poor donkey from Zanzibar showed symptoms of surrender. Arums and anoma every day since June 28th, were no fit food for a dainty Zanzibar ass, therefore to end his misery I shot him. The meat was as carefully shared as though it were the finest venison, for a wild and famished mob threatened to defy discipline. When the meat was served a free fight took place over the skin, the bones were taken up and crushed, the hoofs were boiled for hours, there was nothing left of my faithful animal but the spilled blood and hair; a pack of hyenas could not have made a more thorough disposal of it.—Henry M. Stanley, in Scribner.

A Great Festival.

It is a curious illustration of the sensitiveness of certain portions of the human kingdom that the Chinese always expect the hatching of the silk worms to come immediately upon the first thunder of the spring. Every year at that season there is a great parade and ceremonial, which shows how large a portion of the national wealth the silk cultivation has come to be considered by an act of worship to Loui Tsen, the wife and queen of the Emperor Hoang Ti, in the remote of old, the person who first bred silk-worms for the sake of their cocoons. Now the Empress of China goes every year at the time of this early thunder to the mulberry fields, and there she and all her retinue of pomp and pride offer sacrifice to Loui. The sacrifice made, she proceeds with the women of her court, and with a crowd of the peasant women engaged in silk culture, to cook over a fire, with her own hands, some mulberry leaves, and to lay them in a basket with some of the young cocoons. To complete the business she then winds a cocoon herself, all in the way of teaching the women that it is work that even an empress cannot afford to despise. And the festival ends by a presentation of gifts or prizes to those women whose names are given by the authorities intrusted with their inspection as the most faithful in attention to the silk-worm.—Bazar.

A Chance to Redeem Pennsylvania.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser (Ind. Dem.)

The Democrats of Pennsylvania have shown great contrasts in politics here. The Scranton Convention has nominated a ticket composed of the men of the highest character, and has placed them upon a platform of principles which is clear, straightforward and unequivocal; and has done it without the intervention of any boss or anything more than such management as is necessary to command the best results.

It would be difficult to present a political contrast more strongly than that between the action of Republican Convention last week in nominating a candidate slated two years before, and that of the Democrats this week in choosing as a candidate a man who six weeks ago had not been thought of for the place. This was done in spite of the fact that Mr. Pattison did not enter the field until nearly half the delegates to the Convention had been chosen without reference to him, and really with the idea that Mr. Wallace was about the only candidate who would present himself for nomination. But the conditions changed so quick-

A Parrot that Doesn't Like Chestnuts.

A friend tells this story about a parrot and vouches for its truth. It must have been a wonderful bird that, but belonged to one of these fellows who are always in hard luck. One day he found himself reduced to hard pan in the way of finances and left his greenhued exile from Africa's coral strand at his uncle's. Every day after that when he passed the shop the parrot would cry out in beseeching tones: "Pete, Pete, when are you going to take me out?"

Another peculiarity of his was that whenever any one said "hullo" to him he would reply:

"Hullo, but for God's sake don't ask me if I want any crackers."—Providence Telegram.

The Corporal's Promise.

Corporal Tanner related this in his lecture: One day as he lay tossing feverishly about in the army hospital a lady of uncertain age entered the ward with a basket and a bundle. Old soldiers will understand with what avidity the wounded men eyed that basket, and, as she stopped at the bedside of Tanner, his mouth watered in anticipation of a delicious treat. "Young man," said the woman solemnly, "are you ready for the great change awaiting you?" He hoped he was. "Well, young man," continued she in that same sepulchral tone, "take this; and when you get well, if you ever do, it may do you good." And she took from the bundle a track, and laid it tenderly on the bed. "Thank you, madam, thank you," said Tanner, with sudden vigor, as he noticed the title, "On the Evil of Dancing," and calling back the old maid, he wore a solemn oath never to dance as long as he lived. The Corporal had just had both legs amputated.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Desecration of the Sabbath.

We had better be a little careful in our eulogies of Christian America, because the facts don't allow us to go far in that direction. For example, in St. Louis on a recent Sunday, 40,000 people are said to have witnessed a cowboy exhibition, 20,000 were out to see the boys in knee breeches and colored hose bat the balls, while another 20,000, more considerate than the rest, spent the day in the beer gardens. The total church attendance on the same day aggregated but 10,000. Careful estimates from other cities make no better showing, and some even worse. It is evident that something must be done to popularize church services or ministers and meeting houses will be things of the past. This is a very serious picture for thoughtful minds to contemplate. If Sabbath desecration is allowable for one purpose, it is allowable for all purposes. If it is incompatible with the enlightened Christian sentiment of the age to play base ball, frequent beer gardens or attend cowboy exhibitions on the Sabbath, it certainly cannot be wrong to engage in manual labor on that day, and when we recognize that principle the Sabbath is gone, and with it will go almost everything of value.

Death in the Desert.

The Horrible Experience of a Party of Invading Chinese.

It has just come to light that a party of Chinese, who attempted to smuggle themselves into the United States from Lower California, got lost on the desert and had a terrible experience, one of the party dying of thirst and exposure. They found the frontier so closely guarded that they stole a march toward the eastward and got into the desert. Here they got lost and wandered aimlessly around for several days, suffering unutterable agonies.

One of the Mongolians was a youth of some fourteen years. He gave out under the terrible suffering and became crazy. In his ravings he imagined the blistering sands were limpid water and eagerly filled his parched mouth with the burning particles. This only added to his horrors, and pretty soon he lay down to die, his companions being in too pitiful a condition to render him any assistance. Here they heaped a pile of sand upon him and left him to rot to sleep his last long slumber, while they, with swollen throat, aching limbs and heavy hearts continued their aimless wanderings—lost in a trackless desert. It is asserted that they at last reached the railroad and soon reached Los Angeles—minus every thing they had attempted to bring into the country except the clothes on their backs. They had thrown away the bundles containing the many things the Chinese hold dear, including a large quantity of opium, all of which merited their track upon the waste of sands.

As the almost-eyed ones have a system of spreading information among themselves, it is quite likely this terrible experience will serve to prevent any more of them attempting to invade the United States via the desert route.—San Diego (Cal.) Union.

Pattison's Chance of Election.

Last Saturday Hon. Wm. L. Scott was interviewed in New York on the subject of Ex-Governor Pattison's nomination. To the question, "Can he be elected?" he replied:

"What a question to ask me; Of course we think he can be elected. He has a fair chance. He has a fair chance to win again. But let me first say to you that a nomination such as Pattison has received is no small endorsement. Pennsylvania has more Democratic voters than any State in the Union except New York. We have more than Ohio. The normal Republican majority when every vote is out, is not over 35,000 to 40,000, and that is what Pattison will have to overcome, because there will be a full vote this year. If the Republican revolt does not amount to that many votes, then there are fewer independent and honest Republicans than we count on. The Democrats of Pennsylvania, numbering 400,000 to 450,000 have stood by their colors under exceptional circumstances. We have fought year after year on the hotbed of Republican villainy in this country—a forlorn hope. We have had neither patronage nor favor. The great manufacturers, the big corporations, the railroads and the Standard Oil Company have all been against us, and have allowed the fat to be fried out of them to carry on the war against us. It is because the task has seemed hopeless that Democrats have failed to come out to the poll and allowed Republicans to register 80,000 and 9,000 majority. We shall get out our full vote this year, because we have a good fighting chance. An endorsement by the Democrats of Pennsylvania means something more, you can see, than a nomination in a rotten borough like Nevada, Colorado or Idaho, with a handful of votes, declared into a State."

"Is Pattison's nomination a Cleveland victory?"

"It is not anybody's victory but the people's. We are not looking after 1892 until we get it. The decent Republicans are in open revolt in Pennsylvania, and have promised their support to Pattison. They gave it to him once before and we elected him, and now we naturally hope to repeat the operation."

"What's that on your collar, Jack? Been calling?" "Ya-as. You see, my girl hasn't got onto this new smokeless powder yet."