

# Democratic Watchman

Friday Morning, October 10, 1890.

## GRANDMA'S WEDDING DAY.

When we were merry children, eyes of blue and hair of gold,  
We listened to a story by a sweet-faced lady  
Yes, in the twilight of her life, when she was  
old and gray,  
We loved to hear the story of Grandma's  
wedding day.

There was a lack of bridal gifts—no gold and  
silver fine,  
No jewels from across the sea, upon her brow  
to shine;  
A man in homespun clothes stood up and gave  
the bride away.  
For all was sweet simplicity on Grandma's  
wedding day.

There was no surprised minister, no bell above  
them hung,  
They stood upon the forest sward—this couple  
fair and young,  
And when the parson called them one and  
wished them years of bliss,  
The groom received his only gift—a soft and  
holy kiss.

A cabin in the forest stood to welcome home  
the pair,  
And happy birds among the trees made music  
on the air;  
She was the reigning backwoods belle—the  
bride so fair and gay,  
And that is why the birds were glad upon her  
wedding day.

Thus life began for Grandma. In the forest  
dim and old,  
And where she lived a city stands, with settle-  
ment untold;  
She told us how the Indian came the settler  
brave to fight,  
And how she rocked the cradle to the wolf's  
low howl at night.

The cradle was an oaken trough, untrimmed  
with costly lace,  
But in it nestled, now and then, a bright  
cherubic face,  
And Grandma was as happy then as though a  
mansion grand  
Above her head like mine we see throughout  
our lovely land.

I cherish now a lock of hair—'tis not of silver  
gray—  
She clipped it in the sunlight fair though  
years have passed away;  
It is a tress of Grandma's hair, as bright as  
when she stood  
And blushing took her bridal vows within the  
pathless wood.

On yonder hill, this golden morn, she takes  
delicious rest,  
The wrinkled hands, so often kissed, lie crossed  
upon her breast;  
And gently on her fingers, ere we laid her  
form away,  
We placed the simple ring she wore upon her  
wedding day.  
—Good Housekeeping.

## NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

Two men sat in conversation.  
The cooling wind played gently with  
the short brown curls of the younger,  
while his handsome face and eyes were  
lighted by a bright animated expres-  
sion.

"I can scarcely credit such good for-  
tune. Are you sure there is no mis-  
take?" he said.

"Perfectly; here are the documents.  
Prove your identity; prove to our satis-  
faction that you are Ralph Hamilton,  
son of John Paul Hamilton, and you  
are a rich man. Can you prove it?"

"I can, immediately. But this is in-  
deed a welcome change; to spring from  
deep poverty to such wealth in a mo-  
ment, by the death of an unknown rela-  
tive, seems almost incredible. I am  
grateful to you Metcalf, for your pains  
in so soon seeking me; also for your  
interest in my welfare. I have one favor  
only to ask in addition; that you  
remain silent about it. The face of my  
changed circumstances need not be  
made known as yet. I shall not alter  
my style of living for a while, but shall  
fulfill an engagement to become the  
private tutor of two small boys residing  
strange to relate, in the same place  
where lies this new estate. In taking  
the property, you say I am required to  
assume the name of its former owner.  
This I will do, after a few months spent  
in the neighborhood as a poor teacher.  
I have met sad rebuffs during the days  
of my poverty, and I have no idea of  
being made a victim of some fortune-  
hunter, so I will win some good work  
for love's sake, then settle down and  
enjoy myself."

"In a beautiful residence sat two  
ladies, Mrs. Corsair and her daughter  
Zoe, while a third, a niece of the elder,  
Blanche Gilmore, stood with a  
light hat in her hand as though just  
returned from a walk.

They were discussing the appearance  
of a new tutor who had undertaken for  
a time, on trial, the education of the  
two sons of the family. Charley, one  
of these boys, had just appeared and  
was saying:

"I like him—so handsome and pleas-  
ant—not much like cross old Stevens."  
Looking from the window, Charley  
whispered:

"Now, girls, here he comes. Tell  
me if what I say is not true."  
"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed both young  
ladies, as they surveyed the fine figure  
and handsome face approaching; and  
when the young man smiled pleasantly  
upon Charley, Blanche thought she  
had never seen so handsome a man  
while Zoe whispered:

"If the young heir of the Belmont  
property prove one-half as handsome I  
will be content."

A splendid estate, with a residence  
of almost royal magnificence, lay with-  
in the sight of their pretty home, and  
had just, through the death of old Mrs.  
Belmont, a childless widow, passed  
into the hands of a young relative, ex-  
pected soon to visit the premises.

Zoe Corsair and her prudent mother  
had decided to appropriate both owner  
and estate as soon as possible after his  
arrival.

The new tutor, Mr. Hamilton, soon  
became a great favorite with his pupils.  
Living as he did in the family, he  
soon became well acquainted with all,  
while he evidently admired the beautiful  
Zoe, who treated him with cool po-  
liteness.

Of Blanche he saw little.  
She was the poor relation, depending  
upon her uncle for support, therefore  
compelled to bear every imposition and  
caprice her worldly, selfish aunt and  
cousin saw fit to inflict.

Only one little enjoyment was hers,  
and that was a solitary afternoon walk  
that she insisted upon taking for the

benefit of her health, and as soon as  
she could put aside her needle for the  
purpose, her feet fairly flew to a solita-  
ry spot, a deep ravine wildly romantic  
and secluded, not far from her uncle's  
residence.

Thither she went one beautiful after-  
noon about the first of October, tripping  
along down the small winding  
path that led to the depths below.  
But suddenly she paused, a groan  
and faint call for help arrested her  
steps.

Hastening to the spot where she  
judged the sufferer to be, she saw a  
man lying at the foot of the ravine,  
motionless and now quite still.

In a few moments she was beside  
him and, on lifting his head from the  
ground, she found Mr. Hamilton, the  
tutor, unconscious.

Running to the stream of water, she  
dipped his forehead, and bathed  
his face with her handkerchief, and  
at last he opened his eyes, and gazed  
long and vacantly upon her.

Then collecting his thoughts, he hea-  
ded where he was, and what had hap-  
pened.

"You are in the ravine, Mr. Hamil-  
ton, and are seriously hurt, I fear. Did  
you fall from above, or why do I find  
you thus in a swoon?"

"Ah, yes I remember. I did fall. I  
leaned over to pluck a flower, and lost  
my balance. But I feel better again,  
thanks to you for your care, and I will  
see if I cannot rise."

He did get to his feet with the ready  
assistance of Blanche, but found, from  
the pain occasioned by the effort, that  
his arm was broken, and one ankle  
seemed to be sprained.

"Lean on me Mr. Hamilton. I  
think I can get you up the path, if it is  
steep to the road, and from thence, af-  
ter a rest, home."

Slowly, yet surely, leaning on the  
young girl for that support he was so  
accustomed to give to others, he crept  
along often stopping to rest, until at  
last the level road was gained, and  
from there his own room, to which a  
physician was soon summoned, and  
his limb set and bruises attended to.

Lying thus helpless upon his bed,  
the door partly open, to allow a circula-  
tion of air, the young man lay half  
dozing, when he accidentally heard the  
following conversation, not, of course,  
intended for his ears:

"A pretty piece of work this," said  
Mrs. Corsair, who was an intensely  
selfish woman. "Who is to play  
nurse now I would like to know?"

"And to a miserable tutor," inter-  
rupted the equally selfish Zoe.

"I should be very happy to take  
charge of the poor young man, alone  
among strangers and sick," said  
Blanche, "and if aunt is willing, I will  
devote my time to him."

"And neglect the sewing. There is  
my wrapper not finished yet."

"Do not fear, aunt," returned the  
same sweet voice; "I will finish that  
also. I can take my sewing to his  
room and attend to both; if not able  
to sew when he is awake, I will do it  
at night when he sleeps."

"Very well, do as you please; but  
remember, that wrapper must be fin-  
ished."

"Come, mother, don't bother about  
him any longer. The carriage waits to  
take us to the concert. Come on."

So saying, the unfeeling Zoe swept  
down stairs, followed by her mother,  
while a soft voice murmured by the in-  
valid's side:

"You are not sleeping I see. What  
shall I do for your relief?"

"I feel quite comfortable, thank you,  
except a headache, caused by the sud-  
den jar."

"Let me bathe it then."

"How soft her fingers were; how gen-  
tle her touch, and what a depth of wo-  
manly pity beamed from those large  
brown eyes.

Did he dream it, or when lay upon  
that hard ground, had not these same  
eyes shed tears over him, and those red  
lips murmured pitying words in his  
ear?

But we will not linger to tell the fan-  
cies that were soon lost in deep refresh-  
ing sleep, nor of the rapid improvement  
of the invalid.

About two weeks after the accident,  
Blanche wondered once more to her  
favorite resort, and seating herself at  
the foot of the descent, was soon lost  
in deep reverie.

"This is a charming spot, Miss  
Blanche," said a well-known voice be-  
hind her, "and I see is a favorite of  
yours. Now that I know to avoid its  
dangers, I am also charmed with its  
deep repose and picturesque beauty."

"I am glad you like it," was the  
reply of the young lady, as she blushed  
slightly, when he seated himself by her  
side. "For years it has been my daily  
walk in suitable weather. But yours  
is the only face I have ever seen when  
here, and I cannot but wonder how  
you discovered the spot."

"One of my little pupils told me of  
it, and that day when I fell was my  
first visit. Thankful am I that you  
were in the habit of coming here, else  
I might have died alone and unmixed."  
"Alas, I grant, but not unmixed, for  
your pupils love you; and surely  
we all would have sought you, but we  
might not have thought of finding you  
here."

"I would like to tell you dear Miss  
Blanche, how strongly attached I have  
become to my tender nurse, and how  
much I long for her to return my de-  
voted affection. Dearest, can you love  
a person occupying so humble a posi-  
tion as tutor to your uncle's children?  
If you can, and if you will leave me  
present my deep love, and consent to be-  
come my wife, it will be the delight of  
my life to strive to make you happy."

"I do love you Mr. Hamilton, and  
have from our first meeting. To be  
your wife will gratify my proudest de-  
sire, but remember, while you are, as  
you say, only a tutor, I am of all things  
most pitiful, a poor relation, living  
upon the cold charities of my un-  
cle's family.

"Yet well earning a handsome living  
and far better lot, by her usefulness  
and amiability. No longer a poor re-  
lation, dearest, but my loved and hon-  
ored future wife."

Then, as he drew her toward him,  
and their lips met both felt that they  
had chosen wisely and well.

No opposition was offered when Mr.  
Hamilton asked the hand of Blanche  
Gilmore from her uncle, all thinking  
that their poor relative did well, even  
in marrying a tutor.

Mr. Hamilton wished to be married  
during the Christmas holidays; so early  
in December the plain wardrobe Mr.  
Corsair thought prudent to give his  
niece was duly prepared, and rapid pre-  
parations were being made for a strictly  
private wedding.

Mr. Hamilton being obliged to super-  
intend some arrangements previous to  
his marriage, resigned his position  
in Mr. Corsair's family, much to the  
surprise of all, and left for a few weeks,  
to return the day before the wedding.

In the meantime the news came that  
the Belmont owner was soon to take  
possession of his property.

One of the oddities was that on the  
evening of his return, a large party of  
friends and the select neighbors, were  
to assemble to bid him welcome.

This party, as it happened, was to  
take place the evening before the mar-  
riage of Blanche.

Cards of invitation had been left at  
Mr. Corsair's, and, much to the sur-  
prise and chagrin of Miss Zoe, Blanche  
was also named to the party.

"Just as if we wanted to introduce  
our poor relations," she said scornfully,  
"I wonder that tutor was not included."

Blanche however, decided not to go,  
but uncle insisted upon her accepting,  
"as it would look so strange to refuse."

The evening came and Zoe certainly  
looked her best.

She gazed with a proud triumph, up  
her cousin, who, in simple white,  
with a few natural buds in her rich  
curls, waited—by her side in the draw-  
ing room of the Belmont mansion.

A young Dr. Zemel, the village  
physician, was their escort.

The rooms were thronged, but singu-  
lar to remark the young owner had  
not, as yet, made his appearance.

The guests were received by his most  
intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf;  
and the latter, as soon as Blanche had  
been introduced, managed to draw her  
on one side, and in another moment  
Zoe wondered, as she saw them leave  
the room together.

About an hour later, after all the  
guests had assembled, Mr. Metcalf  
said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Bel-  
mont, the wealthy owner of this mag-  
nificent estate, has just arrived, and in  
a few minutes will be pleased to meet  
you and introduce to all assembled the  
beautiful young lady who, to-morrow  
morning will become his bride."

Scarcely had he finished speaking  
when the young man entered the room,  
with Blanche hanging upon his arm,  
her face radiant with happiness.

"Our late tutor the wealthy Mr. Bel-  
mont, the owner of this magnificent es-  
tate," cried Mrs. Corsair.

"Impossible!" cried Zoe, sinking into  
a chair.

"It is quite true, madam," said the  
man, "pretended to be poor to es-  
cape the wiles of any woman who  
might seek to win me for my wealth,  
and that I might win who loved me  
for myself alone, and I have succeeded."

## Shoes of Centuries.

History Shows that Each Winds Up  
With Periods of Calamities.

History teaches that the closing years  
of each of the by-gone centuries have  
been rendered memorable by a more  
than usual amount of sorrows, troubles  
and ills to which mankind is heir. As  
armed lest the century should pass away  
without the human race receiving its  
full quota of suffering, the powers of na-  
ture appear to have crowded into its  
concluding years all the unspent blood  
of pestilence, famine, war and catastro-  
phe's of every kind. Nor does the  
final decade of the nineteenth century  
seem destined to prove any exception to  
the rule. It has opened in a manner  
that cannot be regarded as other than  
ominous. Cholera has once deserted  
the oriental headquarters and invaded  
Europe from several points, bearing  
death and desolation in its train. Fam-  
ine is again casting its blighting shadow  
over the sorely stricken inhabitants  
of the Emerald Isle. In Italy the mis-  
ery is so appalling that starvation is de-  
populating entire districts, and from  
every quarter of the globe comes tales  
of ruined crops, destroyed herds and de-  
vastated homes. While no one country or  
district can be said to have escaped, it  
appears as if the forces of nature had  
concentrated their principal efforts for  
evil upon the central portion of Europe.  
Germany, Switzerland, a part of France  
and in particular Austria, are at present  
the particular sufferers. The phylloxera  
has for the first time on record se-  
cured a foothold in the vineyards of the  
Champagne and of the Rhine, and  
thereby completely destroyed the pro-  
ductive industries; and while in one  
portion of Austria the drought is so in-  
tense that the cattle and horses are dy-  
ing by the thousand for want of fodder,  
the remainder of the empire, as well as  
Southern Germany and Switzerland, is  
suffering from terrible inundations. So  
appalling have the latter become that  
special departments of the government  
has been organized in all haste at Vien-  
na for the purpose of dealing with the  
danger. The principal rivers have  
burst their banks, in a number of places  
flooding the surrounding districts, ar-  
resting railroad communication and  
ruining the crops. The Lake of Con-  
stance has risen to the highest level  
known for more than one hundred  
years, and many of the other inland seas  
have followed suit, rendering a suspen-  
sion of navigation imperative. And  
what in the eyes of the superstitious is  
worse than all the Carlsbruecke at  
Prague, which for five hundred years  
has withstood the onslaughts of the  
Moldau, has just crumbled away into  
the river, carrying with it the famous  
and venerated statue of St. John of Nepo-  
mak, the patron saint of the Bohemian  
city. Without attaching undue im-  
portance to the fears and terrors of the  
Bohemians, who regard as the worst of  
omens the disappearance of the statue of  
St. John—a statue which was visited  
every year by thousands of pious pil-  
grims—it must be admitted that many  
Europeans have every reason to view  
the approach of the coming winter with  
fear and apprehension.

## She Did Not Relish Her Grapes.

Many years ago there returned from  
a tour abroad a young lady of Boston  
society, who, by dint of a course of  
study in a Parisian boarding school of  
high degree, and of more or less resi-  
dence among the British aristocracy, was  
known as the English aristocrat. She was  
not only a thoroughly polished and accomplished young  
person, but one who had become dis-  
tinguished in Boston society, and  
related an odd story of an experience at  
the Russian court while her father was  
visiting St. Petersburg. She had had  
the most remarkable attentions showered  
upon her at the Russian capital. She was  
modest enough to attribute these  
honors to the fact that she was  
from the country whence the Russian  
and that Americans were at that time  
quite a curiosity at the court of the  
Czar. But her friends, quite rejecting  
this explanation, credited the prefer-  
ence that was accorded her to her beau-  
tiful, vivacity and accomplishments.  
Whatever it may have been due to, it is  
certain that a state dinner given by one  
of the Imperial grand dukes, the Ameri-  
can young lady was jumped quite over  
the heads of all the noble dowagers and  
miscellaneous duchesses and countesses  
of the court, and given a seat of honor  
at the grand duke's left hand. As she  
sat at dinner, the devoted of all de-  
vours, and as the end of the feast was  
near, a plate of grapes was brought.  
They did not appear to be anything re-  
markable, but the American girl to  
whom grapes were certainly no novelty,  
did them the honor of helping herself  
to a good big bunch. Then the plate  
went to the Grand Duke, who helped  
himself to—four grapes! And then the  
fruit was passed to a princess of high  
degree, who took three grapes. One or  
two helped themselves to two, and the  
mass of the company at the table had  
to be content with one grape apiece!

Of course the American girl had  
realized by this time that grapes were a  
prodigious rarity in St. Petersburg, and  
were produced at such a fabulous  
cost that even a princess contented itself  
with two or three. But in spite of her  
cost, she declared that she had  
never eaten a bunch of grapes which  
she enjoyed less than she did this one.

## Delight of Swimming.

Swimming is an athletic exercise  
that has not received sufficient atten-  
tion from those interested in physical  
culture for women. It is not only a  
delightful amusement, but said to be  
far more valuable in expanding the  
chest and developing the muscles than  
almost any gymnastic exercise that is  
known. Comparatively few women,  
even among those who at the seaside  
enjoy a daily bath in the surf, are ex-  
pert swimmers. They are entirely at  
the mercy of circumstances in case of  
sudden danger. The expert swimmer  
learns to be courageous and energetic  
in the water, and her skill may be the  
means of saving her own life or other  
lives. Swimming is usually taught in  
a large swimming bath, such as are  
connected with some gymnasiums.

## The Aged Poet, Laureate.

Alfred Tennyson smokes a big clay  
pipe and never uses the same pipe but  
once. He dislikes notoriety and is said  
to have burned all his letters, so that  
his future biographer will have a hard  
time of it, writing his life. He says he  
does not propose when he dies to be  
"tripped up like a pig." To strangers  
he is surly, even rude, but with con-  
genial spirits the native sunshine of his  
nature shines out. He does not believe  
in poetic inspiration, but believes that  
all good poetry is the result of long, pa-  
tient and persistent work. He has  
a single verse. Neither the blame nor  
the praise of the public effect him, but  
he does his work his own way regard-  
less of the critics. There are thousands  
of level-headed poetry lovers who be-  
lieve that when he dies the greatest  
poet of the world will pass away.

## A Ball of Fire.

A fire ball, blue and white, fell in  
Brooklyn, Conn., during a recent thun-  
der storm. One account says it seemed  
to come straight down from the sky, and  
hit the carriage in which Mr. and Mrs.  
Sperry and children were driving. All  
were hurled out of the vehicle. Mr.  
Sperry was badly burned and his wife  
and two children were paralyzed.  
Neither carriage nor horse was much  
injured.

## Mattie's Heroic Measure.

How an Invaluable Servant Entertain-  
ed Guests Until the Bread Came.

A lady from Kansas, who was visit-  
ing a family on Walnut street, West  
Philadelphia, a week or more ago, told a  
Philadelphia Press reporter a wonder-  
fully clever story of a woman's wit.  
When my husband was a candidate  
for the State senate we lived on a farm  
two miles from our nearest neighbor and  
four miles from town. One day just as  
we were sitting down to dinner a wagon  
drove up containing four of my hus-  
band's political friends. They were in-  
fluential and expected to dine with us.  
To my horror the Irish maid who  
lives with us informed me as we had  
all assembled that there was just  
bread enough for our own dinner, and  
there was no flour in the house for  
biscuits. Here was a terrible and un-  
usual quandary. Four able bodied  
men and enough for only two of them.  
Only a woman with her husband's in-  
terests at stake can appreciate my feel-  
ings. I called my oldest son out of the  
room, put him on a horse, with a bag  
over his arm, and told him to ride on a  
gallop to Mrs. B—'s, our nearest  
neighbor, and borrow all the bread she  
had, explaining my predicament. As  
Rob rode away my servant, Mattie,  
said: "Sure, ma'am, the bread will all  
be gone in time before the lad reaches  
B—'s. But just live it to me," she  
added, with a grin. "Don't worry your  
sweet sowl about it; we'll have it in  
time."

I went back to the dining room, and  
my heart dropped as I saw that only  
four or five slices of bread were left  
on the plate, though there was an abun-  
dance of meat and vegetables. Sudden-  
ly Mattie's head was stuck in the door,  
and in a voice of consternation, with  
tear written on her face, she fairly  
yelled: "Plaze, mum, the stable's on  
fire."

In an instant the dining room was  
deserted, our guests sprang to their feet,  
and headed by my husband, rushed  
from the room. Sure enough, there  
were volumes of bluish smoke pouring  
out the stable door, and through the  
cracks in the boards. There was a  
frantic rush for water buckets and the  
well and a long chase out to the barn.  
But somehow Mattie was there first  
with a bucket of water, and had the  
fire nearly extinguished by the time  
the others arrived. It took fifteen min-  
utes to get order restored, and by that  
time Bob had arrived with the bread.  
Mattie had started the fire in an old  
vinegar barrel with some straw. It  
was a risky piece of business, though,  
until the sharp witted girl told me that  
she had dampened the straw so that it  
would make a heavy smoke, and after-  
ward had covered the barrel with pieces  
of loose boards thoroughly dampened.

## Be On Your Guard.

The present condition of the cam-  
paign is such as to assure a Demo-  
cratic victory at the polls in Novem-  
ber. This is a fact that is patent to  
the leaders of both parties and where-  
ever the masses of the people have be-  
come acquainted with the true situa-  
tion of affairs the same opinion is also  
beginning to prevail. Knowing this to  
be the case the managers of the Repub-  
lican campaign in the State are leav-  
ing no stone unturned to deceive the peo-  
ple and create the impression that  
causes of great dissatisfaction exist in  
the Democratic ranks which are slowly  
but surely working the defeat of the  
ticket.

They are assiduously endeavoring to  
make it appear that the Democracy of  
Philadelphia are in a bad shape and  
that a large majority for the Republi-  
can ticket will be the sure outcome.  
The purpose of this is manifest for it  
is understood by these schemers that  
the Democracy in the country remem-  
bering the bitter experiences of the  
past are ready to become discouraged  
at the first ill reports that come from  
this Republican stronghold.

Let the people be warned in time,  
these reports are simply the fabrications  
of the Republican leaders. Disaffection  
among the Democratic party does not  
exist, on the contrary the Democratic  
party and the Democratic organization  
in that city have not been in better  
shape for many years. True there ex-  
ists some local factional disturbances  
but the results of these will not be of a  
serious character and will not extend any  
further than through the districts where  
they exist. On the other hand the Re-  
publicans are in sore straits. They see  
the lists of Republicans who will not  
support their candidate for Governor  
but who on the contrary will cast their  
votes for Governor Pattison, daily in-  
creasing; they see the prominent and  
influential men of their party either in-  
different or in open opposition to the  
methods of Quay; they know that a  
large Republican vote will be cast for  
Governor Pattison in the city of Phila-  
delphia, and they know of a certainty  
that anything like a fair percentage  
of the Democratic vote in the State shall  
be brought to the polls in November,  
that Governor Pattison will be elected  
by a handsome majority.

Their plan therefore is to discourage  
the Democracy of the State by dissemi-  
nating these stories in connection with  
the condition of political affairs in Phila-  
delphia. No Intelligent Democrat  
should be misled by any such reports,  
from whatever sources they emanate,  
but, understanding the situation as it  
really exists, should make every effort  
in his power to encourage his Demo-  
cratic neighbor to go the polls and vote  
and to inspire him with the belief that  
he and his fellow Democrats do their  
duty, that this State will surely be re-  
deemed from the grasp of Quayism.

## The Revolt is General.

Ex-Senator J. W. Lee, of Franklin,  
says that the Republican dissatisfaction  
extends over the entire State. "It is  
not one class or one section of the State  
that is dissatisfied with Delamater," he  
says to a Pittsburg interviewer, "but  
farmer, oil men, miners, lumbermen  
and business men generally are in re-  
volt."

Reports received in this city from  
Butler county indicate that the Republi-  
can dissatisfaction is so great that the Re-  
publican majority of 1270 for Harrison  
will be turned into a Democratic ma-  
jority of 200 for Pattison.

## The First Cornpopper Laughed at.

In the winter of 1837 Mr. Francis P.  
Knowlton, of Hopkinton, N. H., pur-  
chased of Mr. Amos Kelley a sheet of  
wire netting from his manufactory on  
the main road, and constructed the first  
cornpopper ever made. The various  
parts were cut the required shape and  
then sewed together with wire. Mr.  
Knowlton then made some for Judge  
Harvey and Judge Chase, which they  
sent to various parts of the United  
States as curiosities. Thinking that  
he could see a field of usefulness for the  
newly conceived article, Mr. Knowlton  
made several and took them to Concord  
to a hardware store, hoping to intro-  
duce before the public a useful utensil  
and to receive a reasonable remunera-  
tion.

His production was scorned and ridicu-  
led by the proprietors, and they re-  
fused to have anything to do with it.  
Unwilling to be thwarted in what looked  
to him to be a reasonable and sensibly  
projected job, he proposed leaving them  
to be sold on commission, and was told  
that he could leave one or two if he  
would pay storage on them. From ne-  
cessity he took them back to Hopkin-  
ton. The first one he made was laid  
away for a curiosity. It has since been  
given to the Antiquarian society, and  
now finds a home in that valuable col-  
lection. Soon after Mr. Knowlton's de-  
cease Mr. Amos Kelley began press-  
ing them into the required shape, and  
by slow degrees they found favor be-  
fore the public. To-day no New Eng-  
land homestead is without one. No  
patent has ever been applied for so far  
as is known.—Concord (N. H.) People  
and Patriot.

## The Minister's Mistake.

I heard a story the other day about a  
mistake made by a prominent divine  
whose name is as well known in Brook-  
lyn as that of Dr. Talmage. The rever-  
end gentleman had occasion to spend  
a few days in a suburban town on the  
line of the Long Island road. He went  
to the depot to take the train for this  
city, and there met a member of his  
congregation, a lady well known in so-  
cial circles here. The lady had a val-  
ise and a small package which rested  
on the floor of the waiting room. Be-  
sides them were several small crocks of  
preserves. As the train came in the  
gallant divine took the valise and pack-  
age and preserves and placed them in a  
seat he had found for the lady, and then  
occupied the seat in front. At one of  
the stations an accident came in and dis-  
played a despatch notifying him that  
the preserves had been stolen and that  
the thief was on board the train. The re-  
verend gentleman was naturally con-  
fused. He explained that he thought  
they belonged to the lady, while she in  
turn thought they belonged to him.  
There was considerable laughing on  
board the train when the facts became  
known. The reverend gentleman paid  
the expressage back on the preserves  
which he had unintentionally stolen.

## A Word in Time.

Parents are frequently impatient with  
children because they do not under-  
stand matters, or quickly comprehend  
some hint or sign given at a special mo-  
ment. A lady once complained of her  
little girl, who happened to be especial-  
ly stupid at the wrong moment. An  
old gentleman rebuked her, saying:  
"If you had learned as much in every  
two years of your life as she has, you  
would be a wise woman by this time."  
This remark set her to thinking, and  
she never complained afterward because  
her child was not able to comprehend  
as quickly as she did. The child was  
probably as smart as its mother was at  
that age, and nothing more could be re-  
quired. It was a word fitly spoken and  
it bore good fruit.

## She Has Wucher Still Alive.

She Has Abstained From Food for One  
Hundred and Eighty Days.

ALLEN TOWN, Sept., 29.—Mrs. Adam  
Wucher, of White Hall, passed the 180th  
day of her fast yesterday. The Press  
correspondent found her about the same  
as a week ago, with the exception of  
hemorrhages of the eye. Rev. Mr. Han-  
gen, of Copley, was present and held  
devotional exercises. The woman con-  
versed audibly enough so be understood,  
and being very fond of music, wished to  
have the programme of exercises which  
had been held in the church read to her,  
and some of the verses were sung. She  
said the grace of God held her up, and  
through that grace she endured her suf-  
ferings.

## Books, Magazines, etc.

Professor G. H. Darwin, of Cambridge,  
England, one of the great Darwin's very able  
sons, will print in the forthcoming (October)  
Century what is said to be one of the most im-  
portant scientific papers that has appeared of  
late years. The subject is "Meteorites and  
the History of Stellar Systems," and in this  
essay Prof. Darwin attempts, in an original  
and novel manner, to reconcile the nebular  
hypothesis and the meteoric theory. Though  
dealing with a subject both abstruse and high-  
ly speculative, Professor Darwin expresses  
himself with great simplicity and clearness.  
Accompanying the article is a new and re-  
markable celestial photograph which seems to  
show in actual formation a great system, like  
our own solar system, all exactly according  
to the program of the nebular hypothesis,  
and in the same manner Joseph Jefferson will  
close his autobiography with what he himself  
is said to consider the most important instal-  
ment of all,—probably because he ventures to  
state here, more fully than before, his reflec-  
tions on the art of acting. He touches on the  
question as to whether an actor should "feel"  
his part; describes a fault of French acting;  
discusses imitations; how to keep fresh in  
playing a part; how to learn to act; how to  
conduct rehearsals; and how far realism  
may be allowed on the stage.

## —Hood's Serrapilla is a purely vegetable preparation, being free from injurious ingredients. It is peculiar in its curative power.

—The experiment of tanning  
leather with palmetto roots has been  
successfully tried at Apalachicola, Fla.  
The leather was as soft and pliable as  
the finest calf skin.