

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 9, 1891.

TO A CLOUD.

Under the bending mountain skies
I lay, with half-shut, dreamy eyes.
In the sweetest month of spring—
When a little cloud came, so soft and white,
It seemed but a fleecy streak of light,
Or the flash of an angel's wing.

I had marked the mountain's fitful mood,
Its tall head wrapped in a flame-red hood,
Or its base in a misty shroud;
But through all its cliffs where sunbeams
played,
And in all its shifting light and shade,
There was nothing like the cloud.

So fair, so far, it seemed to float,
With the airy grace of a white-winged boat,
And the deep, blue sky for a sea.
It might have been that an angel crew
Were voyaging the distant blue
With the Pilot of Galilee.

O whimsical spirit of the upper seas,
My fettered thoughts look up to thee,
In thy supernal place,
And long this airy deck to tread.
Thy cloudland charmed course to thread
Through realms of trackless space.

In vain does blind senseless guess
The texture of thy dewy dress
With earthly mechanism?
I view thee through another glass,
And make thy borrowed beauty pass
Through fancy's finer prism.

But, ah! no cloud-compelling Jove
Will hear the prayers I breathe above
To stay thy wayward flight;
And while I strain my yearning eye,
Thy trailing banners through the sky
Are bidding me good-night.

—William Rice Stone, in the *Lippincott*.

HOW A TRAMP ENDED.

The season at the White Mountains was at its height. The great hotel and many cottages scattered in every direction were filled to overflowing with gay and joyous guests. No one location had a larger share of these "birds of passage" than Bethlehem, standing on its lofty hill with the grand old mountain rising all about it. Every hotel, boarding-house and cottage was filled with guests, and every day and evening something was planned and carried out for their entertainment. One day it was a ride or tramp to one of the many points of interesting view in every direction, and in the evening a ball, or hop, or parlor theatricals at one house or the other. Pleasure for the few days, or the few weeks, reigned supreme. One evening two young men were seated on the broad veranda of the Maplewood. The great hotel was filled to repletion, and gay promenaders passed and repassed before them to the sound of the music which came floating out on the evening air. One of the men, the darker of the two, at length broke the silence which had for several minutes existed between them by saying: "I think we shall have a good day for our tramp to-morrow. It doesn't look now as though we should get rain again for some days." "I hope it will not be too hot, Thurlow. It's a long way up to the Black ravine, and for part of the way we shall find no shade at all. I was up there two years ago and found it no easy job." "I guess we are good for it, Hartley. We didn't take a back seat for anybody when we were doing the Alps together. Englishmen pride themselves on their power of endurance, on foot, but for once they had to give in to the Americans." "I remember the party very well. They were loth to give up, but they had to when we left them so far behind." "Quite a little party are going up also, to-morrow. I understand—ladies and gentlemen—some from here and some from Sinclair." "Yes; but they will ride more than half the way and that makes the difference. I thought you would like to go along with them." "But I had no invitation. Did you?" "No." "Isn't that a good reason why we should tramp by ourselves?" "Yes; but Maud Ashley is to be one of the party. I've seen the time when you would have moved Heaven and earth that you might be one of the party." "But I would not have to perform so small a job as that. I should surely have had a pressing invitation to go." "Thurlow?" "Well?" "Why was it that you and Maud broke off with each other? At one time I would have wagered my life that you would have made a match of it." "There was another who had more gold and more influence than I," he said in a bitter tone. "God knows I loved that woman as I never shall another." "Then I would have married her in spite of—?" "Hush! Here she comes!" A small gay coterie passed by where they were sitting. They were laughing and chatting, and Maud Ashley seemed the gayest of the little group. If she saw Chester Thurlow she gave no sign that she did so. No look of recognition came athwart her beautiful face. The next morning gave promise of a beautiful day to follow. Thurlow and Hartley were astir early. It was a long, hard tramp to the head of the Black ravine, and the clamber to the summit of the great cliffs which overhang it. By starting in good time they would have the advantage of the cool of the day. An early breakfast had been ordered the night before, and as soon as it was dispatched, and a goodly lunch bestowed in their knapsacks, they started off before many of the guests had showed themselves out of their rooms. Half of their upward tramp was over, when they came to a spot where a rude path branched off to the right from the rough wagon road that they

had been pursuing. High above them they could see the deep depression in the mountain which went by the name of the Black ravine. A hard, long tramp was before them yet, but they felt as though it would be boys' play, for they were used to this sort of climbing. A sparkling brook came out from under a rock, and here they quenched their thirst and rested for a short time. The sound of wagon wheels and the ring of happy voices down the road told them that the party was approaching. This was a signal for them to go on, for they did not wish to mingle or to be in the way of those that had said plainly enough that their company was not wanted. Thurlow knew that Hugh Tilden would be there, and that if he could help it he would not be five minutes away from the side of Maud. He knew something of him of old and felt that the girl was giving herself to a man with whom she could never be happy. People would have said that this was jealousy on his part, but it was not wholly so. If they were married, in due time, it would be shown that they were not fitted for each other. Upward they clambered, following a rude path which had been cut along side one edge of the ravine. The sun beat down upon them and there was hardly a breath of air. But this they did not mind, and in due time they reached the head of the ravine and rested in the shadow of the great rocks which towered above their heads. These they had yet to surmount and then the end of their tramp would be reached. This, a little later, was accomplished, and they gazed around them upon the wild, half-savage scenery which lay upon every hand. A little later and again the sound of voices and of laughter was wafted upward to their ears. The party reached the head of the ravine and was about to clamber over the cliffs the way they had come. They knew that the ladies had no easy task before them, and that they had some little time to stay before they moved aside, or farther on, if they still wished to avoid them. So they lingered, taking in the view until the forms of the party appeared in sight only a short distance below them. "Come, Hartley, there are some stunted trees out yonder where we can find shade. We will take refuge there until they are gone." "I'll make the move for your sake, Thurlow; but mind, I won't do it again. We have as good a right here as they, and if Miss Maud Ashley doesn't want to meet you she can go in some other direction. If it were my case I should stay here, and if she wanted to out me in the presence of the rest of the party she would be at liberty to do so. You can afford to do it if she can." Thurlow made no answer but started off in the direction he had indicated. He could not bear the thought of being slighted by the woman who in the past had been so dear to him. In the shade made by the gnarled and stunted trees they partook of the lunch they had brought, dividing their time between the wild scenery about them and watching the movements of the party on the brow of the cliff. In this way the time passed until Thurlow, on looking at his watch, observed that it was nearly time for them to be starting homeward. "Will you wait until they are gone?" said Hartley. "I think they are about starting. Their moving about looks like it." Hardly had these words left his lips when a cry of mortal terror fell upon their ears. They sprung to their feet and gazed out toward the party on the cliffs. One of their number was missing. Horror stricken they gazed for an instant into each other's face, and then, with the utmost speed they could command, they flew in the direction of the spot. "What has happened?" they cried to the awe-struck group, each of whom had ventured as near to the edge of the cliff as they dared and were looking down into the fearful abyss below. "Maud Ashley has fallen over!" was the answer from pale lips. Thurlow uttered a cry which came from the inmost recesses of his heart. Then with a powerful effort he mastered himself, and sprang to the path leading down to the edge of the ravine. "She has gone to the bottom," said Hugh Tilden, as he carefully made his way after him. She has fallen upon a shelf in the rocks, and we can hear her crying for help." Thurlow turned for an instant and gave him a look which should have crushed him into the earth, and then sped on his downward way, followed close by Hartley, who almost thrust Tilden from the path as he passed him. In a few moments he was opposite the spot where Maud was clinging to her life to the narrow shelf of rock on which she had fallen and which had saved her from instant death. "Have courage, Maud, I will be with you in a moment. Here, Hartley, lend me your hand until I cross this slippery rock." The latter did as requested and then with a bound Thurlow gained the shelf and grasped Maud by the shoulder. For a moment it seemed that they would both lose their balance and go plunging down to the fearful depths below, but they held their footing and braced themselves up against the rock behind them. "Are you much hurt, Miss Ashley?" he said. "No, thanks to this bed of moss," she answered. "But why Miss Ashley? Why don't you call me Maud, as of old?" "May I have the right to do so?" "Yes, you always had." "Maud, will you be my wife?" "Yes, dearest, if we leave this place alive." "And Hugh Tilden?" "Do not mention his name to me.

He has no claim upon me. I am yours, and yours alone, if you will take me." "Thank God, my darling! Now let us make our escape from this spot as soon as possible. If we are careful we can do it without harm to either." Hartley and Tilden were looking on. They could not hear what passed between the two, but the former was satisfied that all had been made right at last. "Take the wraps the ladies have and your coats and tie them together, making as stout a rope as you can, and then throw one end to me," called out Thurlow. This was soon done. The end was fastened about Maud, and Thurlow steadied her out as far as possible. Then, with a spring, she caught the outstretched hand of Hartley and was safe. A minute more and Thurlow stood by her side, and then a shout of joy went up from the throats of all at their deliverance. There was joy in Bethlehem that night. The Maplewood was thronged until it seemed that all the town was there. Joy was in the hearts of all but one—Hugh Tilden. The day's tramp had an ending for him that he in no way relished. **Sick-Room Suggestions.** Never stand or sit at the head of the bed, or where the patient will be obliged to turn both his eyes to see you; place yourself where he can look into your face. I have seen people enter a sick-room and take their stand out of sight, under the mistaken impression that they would not attract attention; but invalids are peculiarly sensitive to an unseen presence, and they will turn their head, or even try to raise themselves, on the pillow in the effort to ascertain who has come into the room. Keep a small table spread with a white cloth, upon which to lay glasses, spoons and bottles; this should be, if possible, in an adjoining room, or if that is not feasible, as far as can be from the bed. Always use the same utensils, washing them as soon as possible after using, for if they are carried away, in nine cases out of ten the article that you need will not be on hand when required; and waiting at such times is almost tortuous. It is well to have a napkin, or soft towel, always at hand. Ask your physician to write out his directions; do not depend upon your memory. You will find it a great assistance to keep a daily record, both for your own use and for the information of the doctor. The following is merely a suggestion: 1 p. m., quinine; 2 p. m. beef tea. If the patient is sleeping quietly when the hour for medicine, or nourishment arrives, except in very extreme cases, it is better not to waken him, as few remedies are so valuable as sleep. This, however, is a point for your physician to decide. Follow implicitly the physicians' directions. **A Petrified Horse Found.** There was recently taken from a small creek near Stringtown, I. T., a genuine curiosity in the shape of a petrified horse, which had, beyond doubt, been lying in the bed of the stream for many years. The creek, which is known as Mason's Ford, has been dwindling away for some time, owing to the failure of the springs by which it is fed, and is now but a shallow rivulet, and a number of Indian relics, human bones, etc., have been taken from its bed. The horse was nearly covered by a deposit of sand and loose limestone, and was discovered only by chance, some boys wading in the creek catching sight of a portion of one leg. Examining this it was found to have turned entirely into stone, which led to the whole being dug out and carried to shore. The horse, a large, white one, seems to be the work of a cunning sculptor, so completely has the petrification been, even the hairs of the mane and tail being converted into stone. In the neck and piercing one of the largest veins is an arrow, in all probability the cause of its death, and which probably struck it as it stood on the banks of the creek, into which it rolled in its death agony. Its sides still show the marks of a saddle and its flanks are cut by spurs and with desperation, but no brand or other mark gives a clue to its rider. In removing it from the stream one hoof was unfortunately broken off, but with this exception it is perfect. It is now on exhibition in Stringtown, but is shortly to be presented to the Smithsonian Institute, though several agents for dime museums have endeavored to secure it for their enterprises. **Why Russia Holds aloof.** VIENNA, September 30.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Political Correspondence of this city telegraphs that the reason for Russia's declaration to co-operate with the rest of the powers, in calling China to an account for the recent outrages upon foreigners is that Russia does not desire to strengthen England's influence in Asia, and also because the Russian government is of the opinion that the disturbed condition of China will assist in extending Russian commerce in the direction of the projected Siberian railroads. **OMELETTE WITH BREAD CRUMBS.** Take eight eggs and one teaspoon of bread crumbs soaked in milk. Beat the eggs the same way as for the plain omelette. Put the bread crumbs into a bowl and pour all the milk on them that they will take up. Stir them with the yolks of the eggs and a little salt; then add the whites and proceed as for plain omelette. —The proprietors of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a remedy for catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff; it is easily applied to the nostrils. It gives relief at once. —A man whose soul is harrowed is not necessarily a cultured individual.

A Fearful Arraignment.

From the Democratic State Platform. We arraign and condemn the Republican Legislature for having refused to enforce the Constitution by appropriate legislation; for having failed to pass honest and equitable apportionment bills, as required by the Constitution; for having ignored the demands of labor for relief by law; for having denied the righteous popular demand for such laws as would distribute the burdens of public taxation equally upon all classes of property, and for having refused to reform long-existing abuses in the mercantile appraisal laws, as recommended by the Democratic Executive in 1885. We arraign and condemn the Republican Auditor-General for having permitted John Bardsley, the Republican Treasurer of Philadelphia city and county, to embezzle \$500,000 of State tax collected by him, which he was permitted to retain for a long period after the same was due and payable. We arraign and condemn the Republican Auditor-General for having permitted John Bardsley, the Republican Treasurer of Philadelphia city and county, to embezzle more than \$360,000 of State license moneys collected by him, which he was permitted to retain for a long period after the same was due and payable. We arraign and condemn the Republican Auditor-General for having conspired with John Bardsley, the Republican Treasurer of Philadelphia city and county, to appoint and retain corrupt Mercantile Appraisers, who abused their offices for their own private pecuniary advantage, robbed the State of its just revenues, and imposed the Commonwealth hundreds of thousands of dollars of needless costs, and we demand the dismissal of the Mercantile Appraisers of Philadelphia. We arraign and condemn the Republican Auditor-General for having conspired with John Bardsley, the Republican Treasurer of Philadelphia city and county, to speculate in public advertising and for having received from the publishers of the same bribes to influence their official conduct in placing such advertisements. We arraign and condemn the Republican State Treasurer for wilfully and knowingly permitting Bardsley to retain in his possession over \$1,000,000 taxes collected for and owing to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, by reason of which dereliction a large portion of the money has been lost to the people. We arraign and condemn the Republican State Treasurer for having conspired with John Bardsley, the Republican Treasurer of Philadelphia, to secure to him the payment of \$425,000 of the public school fund, long in advance of the usual time, and when Bardsley was already known to the State Treasurer to be a defaulter for over \$500,000, which sum thus inappropriately paid to Bardsley was by him embezzled, to the loss of Philadelphia city and the shame and scandal of the State. We arraign and condemn the Republican State Treasurer and the Republican Auditor-General for having conspired to pay to John Bardsley, the Republican Treasurer of Philadelphia city and county, on December 30, 1890, \$150,000 out of the State Treasury, ostensibly on account of Philadelphia county's share of the personal property tax; but actually before that tax had been paid into the State Treasury, and when John Bardsley was already a defaulter and embezzler to the amount of \$622,013.11. **Woman's Rights.** An Interesting Experiment About to Be Tried in New Zealand. Although New Zealand lies within the extreme southwestern boundary of the Western Hemisphere its relations are almost purely Oriental, and such are its associations in the minds of the reading public. Hence, it is somewhat of an astonisher to Occidental minds to learn that Sir George Gray, the new Premier of New Zealand, proposes that a new legislative chamber shall be formed, which shall be the principal of two legislative bodies, and most interesting of all, shall be composed entirely of women. By this plan women would not only be given their "rights," but would be placed where some of them, perhaps, imagine they belong, in authority over the men. There is one other Oriental country where this rule is practiced in a modified form—the Kingdom of Corea, in which women not only choose and divorce their husbands, but practice a form of polygamy common nowhere else in the world, every woman being entitled to four or five husbands, while few of the men are fortunate in undisputed possession of an entire wife. The General Government, however, is left to the men, the women being satisfied to rule with iron hand each in the small community which she is the head. Woman's rights the world over will watch the New Zealand experiment with anxious eyes. —Miss Fisher, of North Carolina, the lady who once wrote many novels under the name of "Christian Reid," is now Mrs. Tiernan and publishes no more. She is the daughter of the Colonel Fisher who gave his name to Fort Fisher. —After all, the best way to know the real merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is to try it yourself. Be sure to get Hood's.

Better Roads.

The *Engineering Magazine* takes up the subject of road-making in the United States to point out how much bad roads have cost this country. It insists that the United States has the poorest roads of any civilized country, and that it does not understand road-building in least, the American idea of improving a country road being to shovel more dirt on it. The roads in England, France, and Germany are constructed quite differently. England's roads seventy years ago were like ours, but it recognized how much they cost it and went to work to construct better ones, and it did not, like us, stop this work as soon as it began the construction of railroads; on the contrary, it has recognized that public highways are just as necessary as railroads. It was in 1820 that attention was called to the bad condition of the English roads, and Parliament then passed the General Highways Act, under which New England has since been working, until now its roads are the equal of any in Europe—and even those in Ireland are far ahead of ours. As for France, it has always recognized the importance and necessity of good roads, and has to day 130,000 miles of macadamized highways, and spends \$18,000,000 a year on them. Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy and Belgium all have adopted the same system and have excellent roads. The principals which control the policy of Governmental control of these roads are that the public road, like the public Post Office and the Court House, is public property established by law for the use of all the people, and that the true resources of the country are brought out by the construction and maintenance of good roads under an intelligent head. We once built good roads in this country—most of them constructed by lottery money—but unfortunately gave up this work when the railroad era came upon us, apparently believing that the railroads would suffice to do all our transportation. Latterly we have awakened to the fact that this is a mistake, and now we are shouting for better roads. In Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New Hampshire the improvement of our roads has been urged in the Legislatures by the Governors in New York and Massachusetts it has also been brought before the Legislatures, and in Georgia, Louisiana, and other States there has been a vigorous plea in agitation for better roads. We are doing to day just what England did in 1820, when it recognized the bad condition of its highways and took steps to improve them. The American mistake is to believe that the railroads take the place of good roads. This is far from the truth. The cost of transportation is in no wise reduced, and the effect of the railroad is to completely destroy the agricultural value of property any distance from it by making the cost of transportation so high over the road as to render farming unprofitable. The unanimous experience of all the European nations is that the maintenance of the common roads in the very best condition is necessary, and their experience ought certainly to satisfy us on this point. It is calculated that the lower cost of transportation and the improved value of farm property would pay for the roads in a few years, and that if one tenth of the money expended on railroads had been put on public highways, the agricultural classes of the country would be far better off to-day, the interior towns and villages would not be suffering and there would be no reports of decayed and deserted farms, such as come to us every day from all portions of the country. However, now that the agitation has begun, now that we recognize our delinquency in this matter, we are on the right path to success. We are seventy years behind England, however, in this matter, but we have the benefit of its experience and of the many improvements made in road building in the last half century. But the needed improvements should be pressed as vigorously as possible. —New Orleans Times-Democrat. **Forests Adamed.** Terrible Fires in the Northwest, and Several Cities in Danger. PINE CITY, Minn., Sept. 30.—Terrible fires are raging in northwestern Minnesota, much timber land having been destroyed. The loss to farmers will be high. Two school houses were destroyed Tuesday, the pupils barely escaping with their lives. The teachers bravely led their little bands to places of safety. The loss will amount to \$700 an hour at the rate the flames are now raging, and it is useless to attempt to extinguish them. The fire is approaching Pine City, and 500 men are fighting them. Heavy timber fires are raging on the Red Lake reservation near Milaca and Esterbrooks. A Great Northern crew has been sent out on a special train to fight the flames. The country is sparsely settled and the farmers are completely at the mercy of the flames. Matters have been made worse by a cyclone storm near Alexandria, northwest of the town, gigantic trees were broken like twigs and hurled into the lake and roads. Farmers through North Dakota have suspended the threshing operations and all are busy forming fire-breaks to protect their property. The railroads are also taking every precaution to prevent the spreading of fires. Furrows are ploughed along the border of the right of the way, and between these furrows and the track the grass is all burned. A special from West Superior, Wis., says that the city is shrouded in smoke from destructive forest fires, south and east. The village of Constock, Barren county, is nearly destroyed. A special from Bradley, S. D., says that the whole of the business portion of the city is in ashes. Nine stores, one church, one hotel and one residence burned. Loss forty thousand. Word from Vilas says that town and the surrounding country were greatly damaged by prairie fires Tuesday afternoon. It was only by hard work that the town was saved from total destruction. The fire was driven by the wind blowing forty miles an hour and everything in its course was wiped out. No estimate of the damage can be had, but it is especially heavy to grain and farm property.

Snap Shots for Women.

Do not introduce proverbs and can't phrases. No woman is really beautiful until she is old. Most women are ambitious; they want to be men. Sweethearts and wives are entirely different women. The newest combination is old rose and dim blue. The newest millinery flower is the yellow primrose. The newest shade in straw is bee-dee-wing green. Women are apt to criticize women with undue severity. The newest color is golden yellow shading into mauve. A woman is seldom prosaic until she is some man's mother-in-law. To keep your own secret is wisdom; to expect others to keep it is folly. The newest sleeve is wide and full at the top, but not so high as formerly. A flirtation is a smile to-day, a cry to-morrow and a blush every day thereafter. The newest umbrella handle is in beach wood, with pierced monogram in gold. It is not too long, for it cannot expect to be lifted also. It clears the ground. The newest hat is the flat picture-shape of black horsehair trimmed with yellow flowers. To remove grease stains from children's clothing, wash it out, while fresh, with alcohol. Cautiously avoid relating in one house any follies or faults you may hear or see another. On meeting a friend in any public place do not boisterously salute or proclaim her name aloud. The newest bonnet is a small jet coronet with a tiny bunch of flowers in front and a large one behind. Always bow when meeting acquaintances in the street. To courtesy is not gracefully consistent with locomotion. It is in general bad taste for ladies to kiss each other in the presence of gentlemen with whom they are but slightly acquainted. The underdress adjusts itself to the situation with a care which indicates that the arrangement is expected to be more than temporary. The most noticeable change the autumn dress will impress upon you is its more respectful attitude toward the under-skirt. For some time past the under-skirt has not counted. The sweeping back breadth must frequently be lifted; it must always be lifted when a woman is out of doors. This means that the underdress must be handsome enough to show. It is made usually of the same material as the outer dress and sometimes it is adorned with a velvet strip cut in Vandykes, or again it carries a lace flounce or a series of narrow ruffles. It has not been recognized in polite society, but is recognized now—and trimmed. This recognition has a meaning; it means that the train has attached itself to the street dress to stay. The newest way to arrange a lace flounce is to fasten it twice across the front of the skirt, first half way down and then near the edge, turning over the top in a hem and running in a ribbon. —New York Fashion Bazar. It is not good taste for a lady to say "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," to a gentleman, or frequently to introduce the word "sir" at the end of her sentence, unless she desires to be exceedingly reserved toward the one with whom she is conversing. Abjure punning and exercising even the most refined railery. The latter requires both observation and talent, and most people mistake satire for railery. The one may be the offspring of a vicious, the former must be of an enlightened and benevolent mind. It is not contrary to good breeding to laugh in company, and even to laugh heartily when there is anything amusing going on; this is nothing more than being sociable. To remain prim and precise on such occasions is sheer affectation. Avoid, however, what is called the "horse-laugh." After we are informed of the health of the persons we are visiting it is proper to inquire of them in relation to that of their families; and in case of absence of near relations, if they have heard from them lately, and if the news is favorable. They on their part usually ask the same of us. It is proper to vary the phraseology of questions concerning another's health as much as possible, and to abstain from (them toward a superior or a person with whom you are but little acquainted, as such inquires presuppose some degree of intimacy. Custom forbids a lady to make these inquiries unless he is very ill or aged. Rather be silent than talk nonsense unless you have that agreeable art, possessed by some women, of inventing little nothings with an air of grace and interest. This most enviable art, is, indeed, very desirable in a hostess, as it often fills up disagreeable pauses, and serves as a prelude for the introduction of more intellectual matter. M. DeCandolle, a French investigator, has come to the conclusion from his researches that women have a larger proportion of brown eyes than men. He also finds that where both parents have eyes of a like color the chances are eighty-eight to twelve that their children, when they arrive at the age of 10 (when the color of the eyes is fixed), will have eyes of the same color. When the parents have eyes of different colors the chances are fifty-five to forty-five in favor of brown as against blue or gray eyes in the children.