

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 7, 1892.

## THE DAGUERRETYPE.

You her to hold it sidewise  
Per to make the likeness show,  
'Ouz its sort th' dim an' shifty,  
Till you git it right—'bout so;  
An' then the eyes winks at yeh,  
An' the mouth is cherry-ripe.  
Law! it beats your new-style pictures,  
This old digger-type!

Thar's a blish across the dimples  
The burrows in the cheeks;  
Fom out them clumps of ringlets  
Two little small ears peeks;  
The brooch that lines her neck—  
Is what they used to wear;  
A big gold frame thes' sprawled around  
A look o'—some one's hair.

'Twas took 'fore we was married,  
Ther there—your ma an' me,  
An' times I study on it,  
Why I faze me to see  
That fifty years ain't teached her  
A lick 'o' 'Sis' 's the same  
She was when Sadie Scriggins  
Took Boone C. Curd's name.

The hair is mobby whiter  
'An it was in '4,  
But her cheeks is just as pinky,  
An' her smiles is as snaky up nose.  
I reckon—love—er somthin'  
Verminates her face,  
Like the crimson 'er 'er 'er  
Warm up the picture case.

'S I say, these cyarbox'd portraits  
They make me sort th' tired,  
A-ginnin' for 'er 'er 'er  
Like their very lips whirled  
Give me the old digger-type.  
'Wear the nose and 'er sight  
Like a dream that comes by night  
When yer supper's actin' right.  
—Eva Wilder McGlasson in Harper's Weekly.

## "JADIS."

Over the flat fen country there were white mists rising. It was already growing dusk, but it was not going to be very dark this summer night. The weeds had been cut and drifted down stream in thick masses. A thin middle-aged man stood by the lock gates, watching an approaching boat. He was dressed in country clothes, but he had not the air of a countryman; he was pale, and had a look of experience. Save for the regular sound of the sculls everything was quite still, save for the man at the lock gates and the solitary occupant of the boat there was no one in sight. It was a wide, flat, desolate scene.

The boat was rather a heavy tub, and the man who was sculling was tired and out of temper. As a rule, he was thought to be a distinctly brilliant and genial young man; but he wanted to get on to Nuneham, which was five miles beyond the lock, that night, and he had been delayed by the weeds. The gods had given him extraordinarily good looks and many other good things; enough to keep him genial, unless, as on the present occasion, circumstances tried him severely. At the lock he drew into the bank and hailed the middle-aged man who still stood watching him.

"Hi! what are the weeds like above the locks?"  
"Very bad, sir." The answer was given in a serious, respectful voice.

"The young man spoke gently to himself. "Is there any place near here where I could put up for the night?"  
"There is only a public house, sir. I am the landlord of it—my name is Hill. I could give you a bedroom, a little rough perhaps, but—"

"Good—a bed and some supper—capital! That is the only bit of luck I've had to-day." As he was speaking the young man picked up a small knapsack which was lying in the stern of the boat and jumped out. He made the boat fast and joined the landlord on the tow path.

"It is this way. You will let me carry that for you, sir."  
As they walked along the brilliant young man—his name was Philip Vinces—chatted freely. He was taking a holiday up the river and was to have joined a friend at Nuneham that night and then gone on with him the day after. He told the landlord all this and also surmised that Hill was not a native of the fen country.

"No, sir," was the answer, "I was valet to Sir Charles Salmont. You have perhaps heard of him."  
Philip had never heard of him, but said that he had.

"When Sir Charles died he left me a little money and I married a maid who was then in Lady Salmont's service. I bought this house with a little assistance from her ladyship and settled here. I was very young then and I have been here eighteen years."

Philip gathered from further talk as they went along that Mrs. Hill was dead, and that she had left one child, Jeanne, a girl of seventeen, who lived with her father. When they reached the inn, Hill showed Philip a bedroom—a large, comfortable room, and began to make some apology about supper. They very rarely had any one staying in the house, and there was nothing left but—here Philip interrupted:

"You would be doing me a kindness if you would let me have supper with you and your daughter. I hate solitude. I mean, if you—if Miss Hill wouldn't object."

"If you really wish it, sir, I should be very pleased; so also, I am sure, would Jeanne." Hill was a born valet; he had the manners; if he had lived out of service for a hundred years he would have been a valet still. When Hill left him, Philip looked around the room and congratulated himself. Everything was very neat and clean. The landlord was a capital fellow—a little solemn, perhaps, but still a capital fellow. This was far above the accommodation which he had expected.

Just then a light footfall came up the stairs, and Philip caught a snatch of a French song. The song stopped short just before the footfall passed his door. Philip conjectured that this must be the daughter, and that it had been a French maid that Hill had married—hence the name Jeanne and that snatch of song; also that the daughter had been warned of his arrival, and had gone to put on her prettiest dress. All of these conjectures were quite correct. And yet when Jeanne entered the sit-

ting room, a few minutes afterward, and saw Philip for the first time, she was so startled that she showed it slightly. Philip was also a little surprised, for a different reason, and did not show it at all. He had thought of the possibility that Jeanne might be pretty, and she was a beauty—a brunette, childlike in many ways, but with a woman's eyes. Her voice was good, and her first words showed that she had some education.

It took her about ten minutes to get from decided shyness to complete confidence. Philip was feeling far too good-tempered to let any one be shy with him; he made Hill and his daughter talk, and he talked freely himself. He liked the simplicity of everything about him; he had grown tired of formalities in London. He liked cold beef and salad, for he was very hungry, and—yes, above all, he liked Jeanne. What on earth were that face and that manner doing in a riverside inn? She was perfect; she did not apologize too much, did not get flurried, did not have red hands, spoke correctly, laughed charmingly—in a word, was bewitched. Really he was glad that he had been prevented from going on to Nuneham. Toward the end of supper he discovered that she was wearing a white dress with forget-me-nots in it.

The table was cleared by a native servant, who seemed all red cheeks and new boots. Hill went off to superintend the business of the inn. Philip was left alone with Jeanne. She told him to smoke and he was obedient; he also made her tell him other things.

Yes, she had been to school at Nuneham—rather too good a school for her, she was afraid, but her mother had wished it. Her mother had taught her French and a little music. Music and drawing were the best things, she thought, but she liked some books. She owned that it was lonely at the inn. "I am glad you came," she confessed frankly.

"Jeanne," said Philip, "I heard you humming a line or two of 'Jadis' before supper, didn't I? I wish you would sing it to me." She agreed at once, crossing the room to a little cottage piano—rather a worn out instrument, but still a childlike—of Jeanne's sweet voice and the sadness of the words with their quaint, pensive restraint, did not miss their effect—

For nothing further here I burn  
A joy once lost cannot return.  
My heart asks only to be blessed  
With an everlasting rest.

He thanked her; he had liked that very much. "Why," he asked, "were you startled when you saw me?"  
"Because you are a dream come true. I saw your face in a dream last night—as clearly as I see you now. All this time I have been feeling as if I had known you before."

"Really?" he said. He had not quite believed it. "How many things come true! One says things about the certainty of time or the certainty of death so often that they lose all meaning; then when one grows old or lies dying the platitudes get to have terrible force—they come true."

She was struck by that; she kept her eyes fixed on his and he kept on talking to her. He did not, as the time wore on, always mean quite so much as he said, and she meant much more than she said. That is a common difference between a man and a woman on such occasions. It seemed to her now that for the first time she had seen a man who was not a man, but a man who was a man.

Philip had some chat with her father about her.  
"I expect that she will be engaged very soon, sir," he said; "a young man called Banks—William Banks—is anxious, and has spoken to me, and she likes him."

"Now, I wonder," thought Philip as he went up stairs, "why she never even hinted that to me. My yes, I see!"  
Next morning after breakfast he went away, taking with him a few forget-me-nots, a pleasant memory and just the faintest possible feeling of remorse. They all faded.

Jeanne had seemed so quiet and depressed of late that her father, in order to cheer her up, had invited Mr. William Banks to spend the evening.  
Mr. Banks was a small shopkeeper in Nuneham, and considered to be no mean way by those who knew him. Yet he felt unable to cheer her up. "Supposing we had a bit of a toon, 'Jenny,'" he suggested at last.

She was quite docile. She played one thing after another. Suddenly she began "Jadis."  
"I don't understand French myself," Mr. Banks remarked, "but the words of a song don't matter." She had never thought much about the words herself before. But now—

since no more his love I see  
Nothing further pleases me.  
Her voice faltered a little, but she sang on to the end of the verse—  
"My heart asks only to be blessed  
With an everlasting rest."  
Yes, the song had "come true." Just there she gave way and began to cry a little.

A week afterward Mr. Banks announced that his attentions to Miss Hill were at an end.—*Speaker.*

**Andrew Jackson's Prophetic Words.**  
From Jackson's Farewell Address.  
The corporations and wealthy individuals who are engaged in large manufacturing establishments desire a high tariff to increase their gains. Designing politicians will support it to conciliate their favor and to obtain the means of profuse expenditure for the purpose of purchasing influence in other quarters.

\* \* \* Do not allow yourselves, my fellow-citizens, to be misled on this subject. The Federal Government cannot collect a surplus for such purposes without violating the principles of the Constitution and assuming powers which have not been granted. It is, more-over, a system of injustice, and if persisted in, will inevitably lead to corruption and must end in ruin.

—Grasshoppers contain formic acid worth sixty cents an ounce.

## Who Invented Kissing.

The word "kiss" is Anglo-Saxon, and may indeed, be taken as an instance of how pleasant Anglo-Saxon can be. The philologist assures us that it is allied to the Gothic "kustans," a proof or test, and to the Latin "gustus," a taste; which suggests the old saying that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating" o' t.

The same Gothic kustus come from the verb kustan, to choose, from which one would imagine that among the Goths kissing went by favor.

According to Prof. Skeat, writing with all the authority and scholarship of an expert, a kiss is "a gust a taste, a something choice. Rowena, the beautiful daughter of the Saxon Hengist, is credited with having introduced kissing into these fortunate islands; but it seems as if that, had the natives been so utterly unenlightened, the Romans could scarcely have failed to anticipate her.

The Romans had really a delightful word for a kiss—oculum, which came from os, the mouth, and meant a little mouth, a sweet mouth." "Give me a sweet little mouth" would be the phrase used by a mother for a kiss.

Our English word occurs pretty nearly in its present form in Anglo-Saxon, Dutch, Icelandic, Danish Swedish and German. And this is worthy of note, because natural as kissing may seem to be, it is a practice unknown to the Australians, to the Maoris of New Zealand, the Papuans of New Guinea, the people of Tabatabai, the negroes of Central and Southern Africa, Botocudos of Brazil, the savages of Terra del Fuego, the Laplanders and the Eskimo. Most of these benighted mortals have not got beyond the low stage of rubbing the noses.

Kissing points to an ancient discredited belief in a visible union of spirits a belief common to all the Aryan peoples that the breath of a man was his soul, his spirit. "Spiri," is breath, and "ghost" is a "ghost" which possibly accounts for the cold air that is said to accompany apparitions.

If, then, the breath was a divine thing—the soul and spirit of man—is not easy to understand how naturally kissing came to be a veritable communion, a commingling of soul with soul?  
—Boston Globe.

## A Solid Silver Statue.

Ada Rehan to Be the Model for a Valuable Figure at the Fair.

CHICAGO—A statue in solid silver, eight feet in height, costing \$50,000 and standing upon \$250,000 worth of gold compressed into a pedestal, will be one of the exhibits at the World's Fair, from Montana. The pedestal will represent the largest lump of gold ever seen in the world. It will be a statue of heroic proportions, bent cast wholly in precious metals, except, perhaps, one of Cleopatra, the existence of which was never authenticated by the most expert silversmith in the country.

Miss Ada Rehan has consented to be the model for Mr. Park's statue. He will go to New York next week for the necessary study. Miss Rehan is considered to be one of the most perfect types of American womanhood, her artistic and her domestic value for a model, which is to be viewed by so many thousands. The figure will represent Justice standing on the globe with advanced foot resting on the continent of North America. In her left hand she holds balances equally poised one side of which is filled with gold and the other with silver coin. In her right hand she holds the sword with arm extended. The figure designates ideal womanhood.

**Cost of the Homestead Riots.**  
The Sixteenth Regiment Will Probably Soon Be Home.

Adjutant General Greenland will leave for Pittsburg to-morrow morning, and before his return it is expected that the Sixteenth Regiment will be relieved of military duty. The Adjutant General apprehends no further trouble at the Homestead. The Homestead affair will entail an expense on the State approximating \$400,000. Warrants have already been drawn for the payment of \$282,899.93 for the payment of officers and men, commissary stores, quartermaster bills, horse hire and other incidentals. The Fifteenth Regiment, withdrawn from Homestead a few days ago, is entitled to eleven days' pay, and the Sixteenth has not been paid since the 9th instant.

The bill of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company against the State for transportation expenses is \$52,000 and other railroad expenses will probably reach \$15,000. The aggregate cost of the Homestead outbreak will exceed \$600,000. The State will be required to pay a portion of the long service required of a portion of the State militia.

**Japanese Parties.**  
Coming to the fore are Japanese parties, and little affairs which decorations and gowns are closely copied from those of Japan, and refreshments are served by well-gotten-up Japs who pass around English dainties in Japanese guise. The hostess receives her guests in a gorgeous costume which would do credit to the swiftest Japanese modiste, and standing beneath a huge Japanese umbrella. The rooms are adorned with fantastic fans, umbrellas, lanterns, crepe paper hangings and curious plants, all of which show at a glance that they are treasures of Japan.

The table is set with Japanese dishes and paper napkins bearing mystical lettering, while tea and sandwiches, sweet biscuits, waters, fruit, conserves and tinted ices in the form of odd-looking blooms are served in quaint little receptacles.

Before leaving every guest is presented with something unique in the way of a souvenir, the originality of this depending upon the ingenuity of the hostess.

"My husband is the dearest and most considerate man in the world."  
"How does he show it?"  
"He knows I hate tobacco-smoke in the house, and so he goes to the club every night after supper and smokes there."

## The Voyage of Columbus.

On August 2, 1492, everything was ready, and the crew were notified to embark, to await the uncertain moment when a favorable wind should permit the little fleet to set sail. Nothing so benefited that solemn hour as a votive procession from the caravels to the monastery, to which the eyes of the mariners turned as to a spiritual beacon, brighter than any that flared along the headlands. This pious duty performed, the crew returned on board the caravels, where they patiently awaited the order to sail, while Columbus retired to the monastery, eagerly to watch for a favoring wind.

Columbus kept all sail on his caravels during the night of August 2. The old salts of the crew looked for a favoring wind at starting, and Columbus' eager watchfulness was not to pass unrewarded. From the height on which La Rabida stood, he scanned sea and sky with steadfast gaze, like one of those seabirds, presagers of changes of wind and weather, clinging to the scarred and storm-beaten cliff. About 3 in the morning, while the stars yet twinkled in the skies, a heavy shuddering breeze sprang up, bringing new life to the discoverer's veins and quickening the throbbing of his heart. The pines murmured as though hymning the dawn and the waters rippled as though heaving with the breath of love and hope. Columbus awakened Padre Juan, and he in turn the child Diego, and the three repaired to the chapel in quest of heavenly aid and religious solace for the approaching pangs of separation and for the fateful voyage. As in the boundless ether shine the stars, so the hurricane flutters the little church, lighting with their rays alike the courses of the ocean and the pathways of the souls.

The monk put on the priestly vestments and celebrated the holy sacrament of the high altar before the taper-lighted Virgin.

The hour had come, and Columbus resolutely descended to the shore, plucking himself away from the embraces that held him to the land like some deep-rooted oak, for the sail-wings were ready to bear him to the realm of sea and sky. He soon reached the wharf, and as the dawn broke in the East the flagship majestically ran inshore to take the new Argonaut on board.

The fluttering sails, the hurried maneuvers of the crew, the boat-swain's whistle, and the cries of the sailors as the ships got under way announced a speedy departure, and attracted the early risen villagers to the scene in their natural desire to witness the hour, and to bid farewell to departing friends and loved ones. When Columbus sprang from the skiff on board the caravel, and the anchors weighed, a shudder ran alike through the departing sailors and the leave-takers on the strand. Where they were going they knew not, but as their westward course lay toward the unknown, seeking mysteries perchance impenetrable and inaccessible to the human mind and unconquerable by human will.

Early in September they left the Canaries behind and plunged into the abyss of ocean. It was growing urgent that Columbus should do this, for in the eyes of his companions the most ordinary phenomena became celestial warnings. In the clear, half-Andalusian, half-tropical nights of the Canaries rose the deep-furrowed violet cone of the volcano of Tenerife, crimson eruption, like the new sun springing into birth, shooting its iris tinted flames through clouds of smoky ashes, with torrents of stony fragments like falling meteors or glowing like an incandescent milky way—all this filled them with dread, for they deemed the starting point of some vast Cyclops, imprisoned there by the Divine hand at the uttermost portals of the known earth, to bar the pathway to the unknown world. Columbus showed them the error of their superstition, and how the familiar shores of Etruria, Italy, Sicily and Greece. But although their dread was speedily tranquilized by his marvelous eloquence, an unforeseen and tormented occurrence threatened to revive their fears and to wreck the plan through uncontrollable panic. A length a favoring easterly breeze sprang up, and the ships sped arrow-like on their course. The land soon sank from view, and the explorers found themselves alone with sea and sky.

As the astute Genoese well divined the dread which the ever-increasing distance was certain to arouse, he kept two log-books, one for himself and the other for the crew. In the former he recorded the actual run, in the latter a lesser distance, by which device he diminished the fears and restrained the impatience of his susceptible shipmates. By doing this an unforeseen complication arose. Their sure guide, the compass, that ever had pointed fixedly to the north, began to waver. Although this phenomenon had been known for two centuries—though many say it had never been observed until then—the crew gave themselves up for lost, and imagined that for them even the one fixed point was shifting, as though God had cast them off. Columbus recognized the necessity of explaining this phenomenon as he had explained the sweet biscuits, waters, fruit, conserves and tinted ices in the form of odd-looking blooms are served in quaint little receptacles.

Before leaving every guest is presented with something unique in the way of a souvenir, the originality of this depending upon the ingenuity of the hostess.

"My husband is the dearest and most considerate man in the world."  
"How does he show it?"  
"He knows I hate tobacco-smoke in the house, and so he goes to the club every night after supper and smokes there."

At a recent reception one pretty little lass wore a costume which was striking on account of its simplicity. A cherry strewed satin-like fabric was fashioned into a long, loose-flowing robe, falling from the shoulders to the ground in graceful lines. To one side it was looped up over a turquoise blue underskirt, with a bunch of ripe red cherries, and upon her curly locks the girl wore a quaint little blue velvet Priscilla cap, which was so dainty and chic that many of her friends avowed their intentions of having one just like it. Who knows but that Priscilla caps may become an important addition to the evening gowning?

## The World of Women.

The black moirs are great favorites, and in dark colors, cordelines, ottomans and watered silks will be very popular.

Old-fashioned shoulder handkerchiefs of very thin silk or crepe de chine are worn with the ends crossed and tucked into the belt on either side.

Those who have recently come from the shops of the leading French modistes in Paris declare that during the coming season buttons will be much used as a garniture.

Four big Dresden buttons appear on both sides of the stylish Bolero jacket, which to be in perfect accord with the dictates of fashion, must be worn by a slender figure.

Velours miroir (mirror) is thinner than the usual silk velvet and reflects like a mirror lights and shades, and is much liked for sleeve puffs and belts on silk and woolen dresses.

Extremely becoming to slender necked women are the frills and flatings of velvet which, when worn with pale cloth costumes, complete a distinctly modish tout ensemble.

The heaviest cloths and the roughest fabrics in the market are made into deep triple capes, ungainly enough to look at, but which, when donned by a well-looking woman will present the noblest appearance.

Upon the color card for autumn are to be found frilly tones and dead leaf shades. Mahogany is to be an especial favorite, and in blues one may find everything from a rich Russian blue to the commonplace navy.

It would have cost \$3,000 to do the work which has been undertaken gratuitously by Mrs. Dora Wheeler Smith upon the ceiling and frieze of the Woman's building at the World's Fair. The entire design will be original.

Among the new things for wedding decorations is noticed a pair of white satin slippers trimmed with silver and filled with choice flowers. These shoes are placed upon a drawing room table. A gift ordered for a golden wedding is a pair of Louis Quinze slippers of yellow satin, filled with orchids.

Louis Quinze coats of very graceful shape are imported from Paris for autumn wear and also for the early winter. They outline the figure without fitting too closely, and fall open from the throat on a deep vest of embroidered cloth or rich brocade. They are about thirty-two inches long.

By wearing pure wool next to the flesh the necessary warmth is given with fewer clothes. Physicians and women have become aroused to the importance of light weight clothes, and manufacturers have aided them in every manner in putting upon the market a variety of well-fitting underwear of all kinds.

Ropes of jet mark many of the imported robes, which appear in very heavy dark cloth. These jet ropes are carried down the sides of the skirt and garnish the bodice very effectively, standing in wires loops upon the shoulders, encircling the stiff, flaring collar and running crosswise upon the sleeves.

Scotch plaid sarah blouse is the correct thing at present, and will be for the approaching demi-season. The blouses are usually carefully fitted, made on the bias of the plaid, and the latest touch is a cravat of flock silk or satin, like the old time neck scarf of our grandfathers, wound twice around the high collar band, and tied in a knot with two "ears" in front.

From across the water there comes a capote for the theatre which is a marvelous blending of colors. Pale blue velvet, covering the low crown, is overlaid with silver net showered with emerald drops. At the side two long loops of emerald velvet rest flatly against the crown, while a thick cluster of peacock feathers cut very short and covered with a web of silver threads, nestles amid the folds of the blue velvet.

New waist coats of Scotch plaid sarah or shot taffeta are made to be worn with open coats that have skirts and also with the shorter jackets reaching only to the waist-line, similar in shape to the Eaton and Russian models. The gray waist-coats have a loose blouse front of the silk, with a turned over collar and broad ends to tie in a large cravat bow. The back is merely of silesia. The short jackets are made variously of black or blue serge, Harris tweed, Bedford cord, velvet and Venetian cloth.

Lemon crepe is the foundation of a very beautiful dinner dress, which blonde or brunette may wear with equal grace. The skirt is plain, this serving to make more striking the bodice. Heavy jet suspenders cross the shoulders, and jet is used so plentifully upon the lower part of the flowing sleeves that the pale yellow background is invisible. A lemon tinted belt ribbon is studded at intervals with large jet buttons, and the ribbon bows which punctuate the front of the corsage are also sprinkled with jet.

Pointed shoes (of course every shoe is pointed nowadays), as every body knows, must be a size or two longer than the foot within, and the majority of women go about with the toe crushed in, and therefore wrinkled in a fashion that will make any shoe ugly. How much better it would be if they would only take the pains to stuff the toe with cotton, and keep the leather up smooth and firm; it is all a mistake to suppose that the wrinkled appearance is desirable, because revealing that the foot is so much shorter than the length of the shoe.

At a recent reception one pretty little lass wore a costume which was striking on account of its simplicity. A cherry strewed satin-like fabric was fashioned into a long, loose-flowing robe, falling from the shoulders to the ground in graceful lines. To one side it was looped up over a turquoise blue underskirt, with a bunch of ripe red cherries, and upon her curly locks the girl wore a quaint little blue velvet Priscilla cap, which was so dainty and chic that many of her friends avowed their intentions of having one just like it. Who knows but that Priscilla caps may become an important addition to the evening gowning?

Omaha Wife—"What under the sun are you doing?"  
Huband—"Trying to tie this string around my finger."  
"Why, I did not ask you to do any errand."  
"No. This string is to remind me that I have nothing to remember to-day."

—Have you a book called 'Pansy Poems'?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Give me all you have."  
"Certainly sir. You must have a great admiration for the book."  
"No, I haven't. It was written by my son, and I'm protecting the family name."

A MAN'S OPINION.—Too many women have an idea that they must laugh at everything a man says.—*Atchison Globe.*