

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., Sep. 29, 1893.

SLEEPING AND WAKING.

My wife had left her home to seek The glow I worshipped in her cheek...

All hallowed by her tears and prayers, He stayed with me; I lessened cares; If he, the nestling, slept, I knew...

And when upon my breast she lay, And sobbed her precious bloom away, And grief and grief, while on the bed...

OLD AB.

The Miners Helped Him for His Wife's Sake.

"Of all the onery, wuthless, trifling fellers ever I knowed since I was borned, I'm blamed if old Ab Jones ain't the wust. I've knowed some miserly shiftless cusses in these here diggin's, but I never run across anybody that could hold a candle to old Ab, an' for down right triffin'ness I'd be willin' to back him again creation."

"The miners up in Cool Run Gulch has just finished supper and were lounging on the grass enjoying a smoke, when old Sandy Scott gave expression to this opinion."

"Why, Sandy, what's struck ye so sudden?" Riley Creason asked. "Reckon a feller don't have to be struck so awful sudden to know that old Ab Jones ain't no 'count," Sandy replied, rather sharply.

"Reckon not, Sandy. I 'low if a feller is half-witted he kin size up old Ab to a 'U' on fust sight. Guess that ain't a man in camp but what's figured him out as purty blamed triffin'."

"Happened?" old Sandy cried. "Hain't somethin' happened? Hain't nothin' when a feller works hard in the mine all day to have to come home an' cook supper just because old Ab is offkeylarkin' round down there at the post, hev'in' a good time? Hain't that nothin', fellers?"

"Why, yas, it is, of course," Riley admitted; "but mebbe Ab has business to keep him down there."

"Business? Reckon it ain't likely as such cattle as him 'ud have any business anywhere, less'n it wuz with the marshal. This makes three times in the last month that we've come down from the mine to find old Ab gone an' no supper cooked, an' I'm blamed tired of it. If a feller pretends to cook I want him to do it, an' if he can't do it, an' do it reglar, yer let 'im quit."

"There was a chorus of assent. Just then the object of comment drew near. Doffing his old hat he said: 'Boys, I'm sorry I didn't get back sooner, but I got a letter from—' 'Oh, give us a rest on that,' Mart cried. 'We've heard sich tales afore.' 'But this is a fact, Mart,' Ab went on, 'an' I want a leetle money fer—' 'Git out, old chap. Yer not goin' to git no money, an' yer needn't think it. Why, blame it, yer don't pay yer feed, much less earn money.' 'I'm sorry I wasn't here to git supper,' Ab protested, 'but I got a letter from home an' it says my wife is sick an' needs money, an' I stayed down there tryin' to raise ten dollars to send to her. An' I thought—' 'Wal, yer thought wrong,' Mart exclaimed, 'if yer calculated to work us with that story. Git out an' clean up them supper things.' Ab saw that it was useless to argue further, and at once withdrew.

"Look here, boys," says Jack Bone, "ain't it jest possible that there may be some truth in what Ab says?" "Reckon it ain't likely," Mart replied. "Don't s'pose the old scamp's got a wife in the first place, an' he's jest a-tryin' to work us for a few dollars to spend. My notion is we'd best give 'im ten hours to leave the camp in, an' if he don't go stretch 'im. He's a tarnal nuisance here, with his continually playin' off sick an' wantin' money fer one thing an' eruther, an' the sooner we git rid of 'im the better, an' I'm fer nottyin' 'im to git."

This proposition being unanimously agreed to, old Sandy Scott and two others were selected to go down and give Ab Jones notice to "skip." The evening was warm, and the door of old Ab's cabin stood open, so that the men as they approached had a complete view of the interior of the little room. Old Ab was there, and with his hands crossed behind him and his head bowed, paced the floor in a restless manner, stopping ever and anon to gaze at some small object which he held in his hand.

"What'll ye do?" Ab asked, listlessly. "Why, blame it, feller! we'll stretch ye, o' coase."

For almost a minute old Ab stood staring vacantly at the men, then, without a word, resumed his walk, while the committee went back to the camp.

This affair took place in '54, at a little mining camp up in Cool Run gulch over beyond the Sierra Nevada range. There were not more than a half dozen men in the camp, and it was at least fifteen miles from the nearest post. For six months the miners had worked on a lead, and, at last, after much labor and many discouragements, had succeeded in locating a good pay streak.

"It'll be perfectly safe whar it is, an' fer my part I'd ruther take it out in broad daylight, so's we'll be shore not to lose none of the stuff."

The others agreed to this after a little demurring, and so the pocket with its rich contents was left unmolested, and the miners went up to the camp feeling happy.

The next morning they were aspir at an early hour, and before the sun had peeped over the line of mountains that lay away off to the east they bolted a hurried breakfast and started for the mine, never once thinking of old Ab and the events of the previous evening.

Old Sandy was the first to enter the mine, and he had no sooner reached the bottom than he cried: "Boys, it's gone!" "Gone?" they repeated. "Yes; gone. Ever' blamed bit o' the stuff's gone slicker'n grease."

The other hurried down, and for a little while they all stood about gazing blankly at the empty pocket.

"Wal, ding my buttons!" Baldy Perkins exclaimed, "if that don't naterly terrify stump my taters."

"It's eruff to stump anybody's taters," said Sandy. "But whar in the name o' Sam Hill kin the stuff a' gone to?"

"Wal, fellers," old Mart began, "it didn't walk away, did it?" "Reckon not."

"An' it didn't fly away, nuther?" "Guess it didn't."

"Then it stan's to reason that somebody took it away, don't it?" "Course somebody took it away. But who? Theys what I want to know."

A feller has to rest a leetle, but I'll be 'har d'reckly." "Humph!" old Sandy murmured, "that's a queer sort o' talk. Reckon your outer yer head, ain't ye?"

"I'm comin as last as I kin, Liza," old Ab went on, "but walkin's slow, an' I'm not feelin well. The boys wouldn't give me no money, er I'd a come on the stage. I ain't much 'count to em, an' I only do the cookin' at the camp, an' they think my grub is pay nuff fer that."

"What's he gettin through in, Sandy?" some one asked. "Blamed if I know. Here's a letter from somebody. Rile, you got bout all the larin that is in camp, s'pose Rile took the letter and glanced down the page."

"Fellers," he said, "Ab wuz right. This is a letter from home, an' his wife is sick. It urges him to come home at once, as she is likely to die, an' begs for a sight of him once more afore she goes."

There followed a short silence, during which the men looked inquiringly at each other.

"Wal," old Sandy asked, "what's to be done?" "Blamed if I know," said Mart. "Reckon we orten a' been so hard on Ab."

"Guess we wuz a leetle grain too fast, Mart, an' I 'low he never stole the ore, or he'd been gone with it. We ort to a give im some money last night. Does that letter say Ab's woman is in need of money, Rile?"

"It says she is sufferin fer means," "Wal, means is money, I 'low. Is her address thar?" "Yas. She's over at Frisco."

"Takes a week to git over thar, don't it?" "Most a week, I judge."

"An' that letter says Ab's woman is 'bout to die, an' wants means an' wants Ab?" "Yas; that's what it says."

"Wal," said that 't'welve dollars o' means fer old Ab's woman." "An' so hev I," cried Mart. "Me, too," said Jack.

Rile and Baldy put down ten dollars each. "Fellers," Sandy said, "I'll go down to the post an' send this on, an' fetch that 'doc' up to see Ab. I 'low he must be purty blamed sick."

It was late when Sandy returned with the doctor, and they found Ab much better. Two or three days later he was able to take the stage for Frisco, and the miners "chipped in" to pay his fare. They also bought him a new suit and gave him a little pocket change.

Good Evidence. Mrs. Brickbrae—Somebody must have given Mrs. Needoor a vase lately. Mr. Brickbrae—Why so? Mrs. Brickbrae—She is beginning to say "vawz."—Puck.

Tourists. Three Harvest Excursions. Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to all of the best farming sections of the West and Northwest, will be run on August 25, September 12 and October 10, 1893.

Cheap Excursions to the West. An exceptionally favorable opportunity for visiting the richest and most productive sections of the west and northwest will be afforded by the series of low rate harvest excursions which have been arranged by the North-Western Line.

Luxurious Traveling. The climax of comfortable and luxurious traveling is apparently reached by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, Ease and comfort go with the traveler making a trip from Chicago to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha or Sioux City over this road.

IN TEAS we have Oologs, Gun-Powder, Imperial, Young Hyson, Japan English Breakfast, and our Fine Blend Tea is something that will please any one who appreciates a cup of Royal Tea.

IN SPICES we have Oologs, Gun-Powder, Imperial, Young Hyson, Japan English Breakfast, and our Fine Blend Tea is something that will please any one who appreciates a cup of Royal Tea.

IN COFFEES AND CHOCOLATE, Mocha—genuine, Java—Old Government, Rio—Finest Brazilian. All excellent quality and always fresh roasted.

IN COOKING EXTRACTS we keep a line of Joseph Burnett & Co's, (Boston) goods, they are the finest we can find, also a line of Knight's extracts.

BEANS, California Limas, New York Marrow and Pea Beans, dried Green Peas.

DOMESTIC CANNED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES, TOMATOES, Cottage, Home and Worthington Brands—CORN Persian and Mountain Brands, —CORN Granules, Lima Beans and Succotash, Dew Drop brand, GREEN PEAS, Early Junes, Scottish chief and Cecilia brands.

CALIFORNIA CANNED FRUITS, Yellow Crawford, Lemon Cling, and White Heath Peaches, White Cherria and Apricots.

IMPORTED VEGETABLES AND FRUITS, French Peas and Mushrooms, Preserved Cherries, Strawberries, Brandy Cherries and Crosse Blackwell's Jams all in glass.

MISCELLANEOUS, Pure Maple Syrup, Honey strained and in combs, Plum Pudding, Armour's Corned Beef, Potted Tongue and Ham, Condensed milk, Dunham's Shred Cocoa nut.

IN CONFECTIONARY, we have Fine Mixtures, Cream Chocolates, Roast Almonds, Cream Dates, Ros and Vanilla, Jordan Almonds, French Glace Fruits, Fine Chocolate Caramels, Chocolate Marsh Mallowes, Cocoa Nut bonbons, Chocolate Madridros, Lozenges, Clear Toys, and a large assortment of fine goods in this line all carefully selected.

FRANCO AMERICAN SOUPS, French Bouillon, Consomme, Oe Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, and Terrapin.

SECHLER & CO. SECHLER & CO. GROCERS—BUSH HOUSE BLOCK.

—HEAD QUARTERS FOR— FINE GROCERIES, TEAS, SPICES AND FRUITS

IN TEAS we have Oologs, Gun-Powder, Imperial, Young Hyson, Japan English Breakfast, and our Fine Blend Tea is something that will please any one who appreciates a cup of Royal Tea.

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FRANCO AMERICAN SOUPS, French Bouillon, Consomme, Oe Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, and Terrapin.

OLIVE OIL, S. Rea & Co's 1/2 Pint, Pints and Quarts. The finest analysts in the World pronounce it pure.

PICKLES IN GLASS, Crasse & Blackwell's Chow Chow, Gherkins, Mixed, White Onions, Cauliflower, Fennell, and Walnuts.

CEREAL GOODS, Oat Meal, Rolled Oat, Cracked Wheat, Pearl Barley, Breakfast and Dinner Hominy, Macaroni and Vermacelli.

RAILWAY GUIDE. PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. Dec. 18th, 1892.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 6.55 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 8.52 a. m., at Altoona, 7.40 a. m., at Pittsburg, 12.10 p. m.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 6.55 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 8.52 a. m., at Altoona, 7.40 a. m., at Pittsburg, 12.10 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10.37 a. m., at Renovo, 9 p. m., at Harrisburg, 3.30 p. m., at Philadelphia, 6.50 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10.37 a. m., at Renovo, 9 p. m., at Harrisburg, 3.30 p. m., at Philadelphia, 6.50 p. m.

VIA LEWISBURG—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 6.20 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 8.00 a. m., Harrisburg, 11.40 a. m., Philadelphia, 3.15 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 2.15 p. m., at Philadelphia, 10.55 p. m.

VIA LEWISBURG—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 6.20 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 8.00 a. m., Harrisburg, 11.40 a. m., Philadelphia, 3.15 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 2.15 p. m., at Philadelphia, 10.55 p. m.

TYRONE & CLEARFIELD. NORTHWARD. SOUTHWARD. Dec. 19, 1892.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH. Time Table in effect on and after August 14, 1893.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. Schedule in effect December 18th, 1892.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. Upper End. EASTWARD.

OLIVE OIL, S. Rea & Co's 1/2 Pint, Pints and Quarts. The finest analysts in the World pronounce it pure.

PICKLES IN GLASS, Crasse & Blackwell's Chow Chow, Gherkins, Mixed, White Onions, Cauliflower, Fennell, and Walnuts.

CEREAL GOODS, Oat Meal, Rolled Oat, Cracked Wheat, Pearl Barley, Breakfast and Dinner Hominy, Macaroni and Vermacelli.

MEATS, Fine Sugar Cured Hams, Breakfast Bacon and Dried Beef, White Rose Lard.

GREEN FRUITS, Florida Oranges, Messina Lemons, White America Grapes, Catawba Grapes, and Jersey Cranberries.

"Wal, whatever it is," remarked Mart Barker, "I 'low it ain't nothin' to us, and we can't stay here all night. Less give him the notice an' git back."

"The men came to the door and old Mart said: 'Ab, we've sorter made up our minds that we don't want to have you in this here camp no more, an' we want you to git. We give you ten hours to clear out, an' if you ain't gone then, why, yer know what we'll do 'uth ye.'"

"There is a curiosity at Bradford, Connecticut in the person of a man who can see like an owl. In the day time his vision is poor, but in the night he has no difficulty in distinguishing objects."

OLD MUSIC BOXES CAREFULLY REPAIRED AND IMPROVED and at low prices. New Cylinders with any kind of tunes made to order.

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