

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., Nov. 10, 1893.

SUMMER IS OVER.

Summer is over; the winds blowing chill. Wake in my bosom an answering thrill. Music and fragrance and beauty were here. Warm with the breath of the perfected year. Bright with the radiant midsummer glow.

RED ROSES.

Emblems of Love That Brought Peace. BY JEAN ROBERTSON LAMMIE.

How cold! She felt shivers run over her every time someone opened the door. Why didn't they put the glove counter some place where there wasn't a constant draft?

Gone at last, leaving an invisible trail of perfume behind her. Happy girl. How her face burned! Rather odd; only a few moments ago she was nearly freezing.

It was snowing outside, and one by one the shop windows were lighting up. Half-past-five! Only one brief halloo and then—no, not home, but a place to sleep and eat.

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noticed how often dark children of Italy lingered before the windows. She saw the dark eyes glow when they rested on the roses. They were thinking of sunny Italy, of blue skies, of the sparkling Val d'Arno and fair Florentine roses.

Near the head of the avenue and close to the shabby boarding house in which she stopped was a church. The church stood back from the street, and shut in by two high business houses, one on either side, was tolerably well protected from the keen winter winds and the hurrying flakes of snow.

Do you suppose he had a pale, sad little face with all this? Not a bit of it. He had a bright, sunny countenance. There, it was thin and none too rosy, but it bore a bright, determined look and he was whistling merrily a gay street song.

Teddy slowly drew a pair of bright red mittens from his pocket, emptied them of a few pennies and drew them on his hands. "They make fast rate pocketbooks when a fellow's got any money to put in them. Wal, I've got yer penny."

Rose passed on with rather an uneasy mind. "It does seem dreadful to take the flower from the child, but if I pressed him to take the money it would spoil the beauty of the gift and wound the kind feeling with which he offered it.

At last she was at the only home she had. She hurried up three flights of stairs to the shabby little box of a room she called her home. She lit the gas, which blazed up in a screaming column. There was no tip on the bureau.

The room was supposed to be heated by steam, but very little, if any, warmth came through the small registers in the corner. The room was low ceiled. No curtains hung upon the windows. A dark sort of carpet covered the floor, and with the exception of the bed, a washstand with a small cracked mirror above it and a stiff looking chair, the room contained nothing else.

Once the landlady tapped on the door and asked her if she did not want her supper. "Thank you, none, I am not well to-night," came back the reply. She felt warm and burning at times; then she felt cold. Her head was dizzy and there was a confused murmuring in her ears.

To-night she felt more lonely and forsaken than she had ever felt before. Was there anything beautiful intended for her? Would she ever have any one to love her? "No, no," she sobbed, "I will have to live on in a shabby little room like this and go on the same old tread day after day until—no headstone will be necessary for me. They don't have them in the potter's field. Maybe that potter's field is near me now. I feel so queerly to-night. Can it be? Oh, for a bright warm fire, friends who loved me and"

—as the perfume of the carnation came to her again—"oh, for some red roses?"

"Yes, she likes red roses better'n anything else—them big Jack ones." "Pretty expensive taste for a shop girl," the young man muttered to himself. "What's that?" and Teddy looked sharply up into his face.

"No siren; I'm in business," counting out some pennies into the young man's hand. "She's been sick mos' a week now. Say, doctor, kin yer keep a secret?" "Yes, Teddy, I think I can," slightly smiling.

Teddy took a step nearer his idol and said, in a triumphant little whisper, "I'm goin' ter buy her two Jacks ter-morrow!" "You must have struck it rich, Teddy." "No, but I'll get there." "How?" curiously.

"Wal, yer see, yer know some doctors say it's bes' jes' to eat two meals a day. Why, yer a doctor, you oughter know." "I see." A light broke over the young man's mind. "And so you have been going without your dinner?"

The doctor's hand went deep into his pocket and closed upon something. "You're own good, doctor?" Teddy believed it would have been unmanly for him to acknowledge sacrifice of his own few comforts to a fellow man, and he thought it rather weak and womanish to own up to tender feelings for anyone.

"All of them there Jacks!" Teddy's eyes were wide with astonishment. "Yes, I wish there were more. I suppose these will do for the present, however. If we succeed, Teddy, we'll try it again, eh?" "Um—um—You keep a holt of my tray, doctor."

Teddy hurried down the side street and soon arrived at the dingy boarding house. "Miss Rose in, missus?" "Yes, jes' up upstairs. That's for her, is it?" eying the box curiously. "Her room's at the head of the third flight of steps."

Lifting carefully the big red beauties from the box he strewn them all over the bed, all about the pillow; even touching the girl's head, close about her hands, where she could pick them up. "They're jes', jes'!"—Teddy could not think of a fit adjective to describe them and finally said, "Jes' out of sight," fully conscious that this was by no means extravagant enough to describe them.

"I don't care who brought them," she sobbed. "How wicked I was that night. I have so many things to be thankful for I can't count them. It's awomanly to give way as I do. Some one must love me or they would not send me Jacqueminot roses. Why, roses mean!"

Rose had her Jacqueminot roses at last and she buried her face among them in contentment.

The Cause of Public Financial Trouble.

A Letter From Mr. W. G. Comerford on the Financial Evils that Affect the Country and Suggesting a Remedy Therefor. The following correspondence fully explains itself, the reply of Mr. Comerford is given by the WATCHMAN, neither to endorse or condone the sentiment and suggestions, but for the reason that Mr. C. is personally known to a large number of its readers, who we feel will be interested in reading his views on the situation.—Ed. WATCHMAN.

Mr. W. G. Comerford, Loretto, Pa. Sir: The undersigned, as well as your many friends, throughout the State would be pleased to have you express your views on the cause and remedy for the present business unrest and financial trouble; the policy of the State in regard to taxation and sound banking system.

I have only to repeat what I have often given utterance to in Cambria County and many portions of this State. That the Republican party, representing an aggressive plutocracy and dominated by the beneficiaries of class legislation after thirty years of imperial power, have left labor hapless, the vast horde of people powerless in the paralysis attending every department of industry, and a prey to the vagary of every upstart pharisee.

That the State guarantee the absolute safety of deposits. That the banks pay the State a small per centage on the amount of their charter; say one half, or one per centum. That the State create a currency fund which will be held sacred to meet the demands of the people, (the banks locally) when any stringency in the money market may occur, or scarcity of currency prevail.

I am not dealing with these exceptions, but with the vicious system. A system that very properly requires two good and sufficient endorers on the note of a borrower, as well as his signature before a loan is forthcoming.

At least this summary is about all the available wealth the unfortunate creditor or depositor finds; when the tiger is done toying with the funds deposited by the laborer, but yesterday.

Consequently, no matter what the kind and volume of money coined and issued, it will soon be swallowed up and absorbed by the people and again hidden away. So little of the money of the people is on deposit in our banks, that a scarcity of currency, or money, is soon apparent, when some trifling circumstance causes a few to withdraw their

savings, many others follow and then a panic is imminent. Business is thus unsettled for a greater or less length of time, until the banks can realize the currency, the money, on their securities when we again begin the upward and onward march of trade and until another disturbance of deposits begets another panic. Thus we live a life of panic following panic.

The Farming World, of Augusta, Maine, says: "The present scarcity of money is without doubt largely due to fear. A great many people are hoarding small sums of money through fear of failure of banks."

We make no claim to any special financial knowledge or ability, but fully believe that if the great mass of the people would put the dollar they have at work; the present scarcity of currency would be relieved in thirty days, and money would be easy, whatever Congress might do on the silver question."

What does all this "fear", doubt, want of confidence, which possesses and agitates the mind and governs the actions of the people argue.

Reform? Let the people of all parties unite on a legislature pledged to the task of formulating a law to eliminate the burglar and thief from our banking system.

I do not speak for the revival of state banks, it is the province of the United States to coin money. That is one of the delegated powers that Pennsylvania surrendered.

That double the amount, called for in the charter, in United States bonds, the bonds of the State, or real estate, be pledged to the State as security for the deposits.

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The State to create bank inspectors to visit all banks frequently; who will examine and report the amount of deposits. Inspection that will be equal to the task of informing the people positively the actual amount on deposit, and not like much of the present national bank examination. A great big roaring farce. So agreeable to the bankers have been some examiners that sufficient time is given one bank to loan its cash reserve to a troubled concern, that may be just a little short, you know.

The State to make it a penal offence for bank president or cashier or both, to be discovered by the examiner, to have received one deposit more than the charter calls for. Should the bank find their charter inadequate, then apply to the court and secure a charter sufficient to meet their wants.

Such a law operative in this sovereignty of Pennsylvania, and other states of the Union, would cause men of sound financial standing, of solid wealth, to engage in the banking business.

Irresponsible persons and the present banker leech would then be relegated far to the rear and their occupation gone. The people would breathe easier; as their precious earnings, their cash, currency or wealth, (called by what name you will) crucibized and resolved into, what it is at this stage in the progress of money, the sacred, potent commercial factor called deposits, secured by the State to its owner.

By the operation of such a law panics would never occur, presuming all the States would enact such banking regulations. With absolute security to the depositor, which alone is the province of the State to give, the "run" on a bank would be impossible.

For and About Women.

Miss Frances E. Willard is resting at Somerset House, England. Never teach false modesty. How exquisitely absurd to teach a girl that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value. Her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet. If she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out.

Many of the handsomest traveling costumes for the winter are made of rough surfaced woolsens combined with velvet, and trimmed with fur in narrow bands and edgings. The cape-collars, sleeve capes and revers are so large that they have the effect of a short wrap; and so dispense with any outside garment, as these heavy additions are very protective. The circular skirt is cut short enough to escape the ground all around without being lifted.

Mink collarettes are to be worn as much as usual this winter.

That clever English novelist, Mrs. Alexander, has been lame for two years from a curious cause. She suffered serious hurt to the knee, owing to her cramped position in the dress circle of a London theatre one evening, and she is now unable to walk without a stick.

In street jackets there is great variety in trimmings and collars, but the coat is usually tight fitting and often loose-frosted, with tight back with flaring skirts, not slit open in the back, but gored or laid in pleats, and is usually of three-quarters in length, about from 40 to 52 inches long.

The sleeves are lower on the shoulder, but are broad and drooping and tight at the wrist, frequently finished with a ganlet, or "Musketeeer" cuff.

A few tan coats are seen with brown satin sleeves. Another tan jersey is made with yoke and cuffs of jet passementerie and three velvet cape-collars edged with jet falling over the jet yoke. The style of the coat is given by the kind of collar and the flare of the skirts. Some of the less trimmed cloth coats are the most stylish.

One of the most approved garnitures for simple woolsen costumes is mohair braid. Skirts are scooped with it, row upon row, and all the outlines of the bodice, jacket, and that latest revival, the double skirt. It is generally of the ordinary twisted variety or cotlee —i. e., woven in ribbed effects. A new variety of twisted braids is interwoven with faint or rich dark-colored wool or silk threads, which in crossing each other form a diamond check.

To give one single reason for the premature falling out of the hair would be impossible, as there are innumerable causes of decay in its growth, among which may be mentioned excessive brain work, a life of excitement, dissipation and irregularity, great worry, grief and disease.

Heavy headwear is certain to keep the scalp diseased, and the head cannot be thoroughly healthy unless it has proper ventilation. Women make a great mistake in braiding their hair tightly or in coiling it in hard, stiff knots, that draws every hair from its very roots. Coiffure can look just as neat and well arranged when not drawn uncomfortably tight as when there is too great a tension upon it.

The daily brushing is of the greatest benefit to the hair, and the brush should be used vigorously both night and morning, and in such cases the comb is hardly needed. If, however, a comb is used it should be one with large teeth, as fine ones pull out the hair and irritate the scalp. Metallic brushes, if not too harsh, are very invigorating, but generally the ordinary brush is quite enough to keep the hair in good condition, provided it is used without stint.

Though many advise the washing of the hair very frequently, authorities on the subject of scalp diseases say that too much washing has a tendency to make the hair fall out. Once or twice a month is quite enough for these ablutions.

Both the umbrella-skirted coats and the princess models in plain style extend down to about the middle of the skirt of the wearer. They are made as a rule with wide lapels and flaring collars, and in both double-breasted and open vested forms. Some of the coats have folds set on below the waist line in the back, joining the centre pieces in a seam that is covered with trimming. Others have a full shirred width of the coat fabric; others again are slit in the style of a gentleman's box coat.

Buckles are very much in favor this season. We see them oftener on hats. A pretty gray hat turned up in front has a long curving steel buckle placed horizontally with tabs run through it.

Few dresses are seen without metallic adornments of some kind. It appears as passementerie, jet fringe, buckles, or pendants and is highly ornamental.

Buttons are another trimming which seem to ebb and flow in popularity. Every few years we have a button craze, and we are beginning to show symptoms of it this season. Then, forsooth, who'd be an oyster? For even the fish of the sea are robbed of the houses they live in to adorn a woman's gown. And yet she clamors for her rights.