Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 10, 1893.

SUMMER IS OVER. Summer is over; the winds blowing chill.

Wake in my bosom an answering thrill. Bright with the radiant midsummer glow. When did they vanish and where did they go Sad moans the winds in the tops of the trees, Thistle-down floats on the autumnal breeze. Thickets of golden-rod flame on the hill. Loud chirp the crickets, and piercingly shrill. Summer is over—life's summer—for me. Season of hopefulness; romance and glee. Brilliant with phantoms of future delight. Fair as the summer clouds, changefully bright.

Entereth autumn, the harbinger sage, Chilly precursor of wintery age. When the last flower shall fade on the hill When the shrill chirp of the cricket is still. Then the cold snow in its whiteness will fall. Silently folding the earth in its pall.

Only a little! O spirit, be brave! Why must thou shudder at age and the grave Summer is over, but change is not death. Nor is life ended when faileth the breath. Beautiful seasons are yet to unfold; Life is eternal, though forms may grow old.

Look, O my soul, from this autumual plain! After the winter comes springtime again.

RED ROSES. Enistems of Love That Brought Peace. BY JEAN ROBERTSON LAMBIE.

How cold! She felt shivers run over her every time someone opened glove counter some place where there wasn't a constant draft? She knew brave way to do it. she was catching cold. How her head ached and how tired she was! Would face brightened! 6 o'clock never come.

"Gloves did you say?" Then she had to look interested and try glove after glove on a hand white, well-kept and covered with flashing jewels; a and hung his head guiltily. hand not so small as her own, but what a contrast! Her's was rough and red; not even a simple gold band adorned it.

Gone at last, leaving an invisible trail of perfume behind her. Happy

How her face burned! Rather odd: only a few moments ago she was nearly freezing. She leaned her head wearily against the showcase and tried to calm her trembling frame.

"Miss Rose, attend to business," came sharply from the head of the de

Stung to the quick by the man's harsh tones Rose lifted her head, and with eyes in which the tears were very near the surface, and with quivering lips, turned to her customer. Another woman, a society woman. Box after box of delicately hued gloves were brought down at the haughty demand purchase. Rose idly fingered the dainty gloves as she put them back. Surely among those delicate grays, creams and heliotropes something ought to be found to suit even the most fastidious.

It was snowing outside, and one by one the shop windowswere lighting up. Half-past stive! Only one brief halfhour and then-no, not home, but a place to sleep and est. A home brings ideas of peace, love and comfort. Rose had decidedly none of these at the place she sought each night.

Rose looked at the shop opposite. It was a florist's, and a man was just lighting the soft lamps placed among the flowers. Her eyes lingered lovingly on the stately palms, delicate feros, graceful lilies and fragrant jasmines. but when they fell on a great bunch of Jacqueminot roses she could scarcely forbear reaching out her hands for them, regardless of distance and everything else, as a little child would have done.

Jacqueminot roses! Rich red roses! How she loved them! A ray of sunshine on a gloomy day to a person hungry for brightness could not have done more good than that bunch of roses did her. Her languor seemed to depart and she felt thankful that she was able to work, thankful for her youth. thankful for-why, ever so many things.

Day after day it was her delight to watch this shop. Standing in a store was not so bad after all if one had Dacqueminot roses to look at sometimes. She even liked to watch the people who went into the florist's. In the morning many voung men passed through the swinging doors. Rose knew what they went for. Some went ed her head on the mantel. to select flowers for a fair woman's for a boutonniere.

Rose bought a carnation for herself did not dare go into the florist's for a little friend she had. A sweet current of thought goes with a red carnation: it is so fragrant, bright and cheerful. But roses!

Often carriages stopped before the inside and in a moment or so came out with great sheaves of flowers.

Sometimes in the evening shabbily dressed men went in and came out with a modest little parcel done up in tissue paper. Perhaps they had gone without dinner to buy a few flowers for the one they had promised to love and cherish. Rose loved these latter customers best of all and would murmur fervently, "God bless them!" She home; how the pale face brightened, how the lips refused to utter the beautiful thoughts that filled the heart. What delicacy in the gift of a flower.

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

All at once the store grew very noisy. It was 6 o'clock. At last she was free and could, at least, go where she could rest her aching head and find some degree of quietude. Soon she was hurrying over the icy pavement just as fast as she could go, swaying from side to side in her eagerness to pass more leisurely pedestrians, and shrinking timidly either close to the shop windows or toward the curbstones, so that no one

would notice her. 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.

A child stood on the church steps with a tray of flowers attached to a strap around his neck. The electric light from the theatre opposite tell full on his shabby little figure. He wore no overcoat, but had his ragged little coat buttoned close about his throat. His shoes were much too large for him and were unmated.

Do you suppose he had a pale, sad little face with all this? Not a bit of it. He had a bright, sunny countenance. Ture, it was thin and none too rosy, but it bore a bright, determined look and he was whistling merrily a gay street song. Both hands were deep in his pockets and every few moments he made a hop, skip and jump the door. Why didn't they put the along the broad stone step. He wanted to keep warm and this was such a

"Hello! Miss Rose!" How his

"Good evening, Teddy. Why, you haven't got any mittens on. Don't you like them ?' Teddy looked very much confused

"Wal, yer see, Miss Rose, all de fel lers said I was putting on airs. I don't want to seem sort of stuck up like."

them Teddy?" coaxingly. Teddy slowly drew a pair of bright

them of a few pennies and drew them on his hands. "They make fust rate pocketbooks when a fellar's got any money to put in them. Wal, I've got yer posy. One is fur you and one fur de doctor," lifting a little piece of tissue paper and

disclosing proudly two red carnations. "The purtiest fur you." "Thank you, dear. Here, Teddy."

Take them to Miss Rose, and don't for the life of you tell her where you got both hands deep in his pockets, a them. bright flush rising up in his cheeks,

and hurriedly turned away. Rose passed on with rather an of the lady, only to be pushed aside easy mind. "It does seem dreadful to with severe criticism. At last she was take the flower from the child, but if I gone-gone without making a single pressed him to take the money it would spoil the beauty of the gift and wound the kind feeling with which he offered it. It came from the bottom of his heart, and I cannot but take it. Dear

little boy. 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 burner.

The room was supposed to be heated by steam, but very little, if any, warmth came through the small register 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. Rose would have liked to have filled it with bric a brac and the thousand and one things so dear to feminine hearts, but how could that be done on \$5 a week? Absurd! Pre-

Thowing aside her wraps, she emptied a little water into a glass tumbler and placed the carnation on the man-Then she huddled down in a little tel. heap on the register and sat there for a long time.

Once the landlady tapped on the door and asked her if she did not want her supper. "Thank you, none. am not well to-night," came back the

She felt warm and burning at times then she telt cold. Her head was dizzv and there was a confused murmuring in her ears. At last she arose and staggered to the mantel, took her carnation and, pressing it to her face, rest-

Ah! the perfume of that carnation. breast, others for a single red carnation It seemed to make her think of something she wanted and could not have. All the beautiful, noble and good mearly every evening. To be sure she things seemed denied her. It brought bimselt, "Mean' de doctor's queer kind before her mind no bright thoughts of single carnation, but she patronized a the past. No lovely home memories presented themselves in turn before her mind to recall the loved ones who had gone and to awaken the hope of reunion in the future. No one had ever loved Rose in a protecting, caressflorist's. Richly dressed women went ing way. The girls all liked her, everyone respected her, but sometimes she thought if it was not for Teddy she would not try to keep up any lon-

To-night she felt more lonely and forsaken than she had ever telt before. Was there anything beautiful intended for her? Would she ever have anyone to love her? "No, no," she sobbed, "I will have to live on in a shabby little room like this and go on imagined how the gift was received at 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 the rich leaves rolling back in dark near me now. I feel so queerly to- waves and disclosing the warmer shade Many people stopped before the flor- night. Can it be? Oh, for a bright within; fresh. green leaves and the apparent, when some trifling circum-

-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 him-

"What's that?" and Teddy looked sharply up into his face. "That's jes' what she says herself. She says she really oughtn'ter like flowers at all, but she can't help it, doctor," half apologetically.

"I guess not Teddy. I see you have my carnation. Keep the change, my

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

ly smiling.

Teddy took a step nearer his idol and said, in a triumphant little whisper, "I'm goin' ter buy her two Jacks ter-morrer !"

"You must have struck it rich, "No, but I'll get there."

"How?" curiously. "Wal, yer see, yer know some docknow.

"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.

"Fur me 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 boys have rather queer ways of expressing their feelings. It is one of the most delightful studies of human nature just to get into their ways.

"Fur me own good, doctor?" anxiously.

"Yes, my boy."
The doctor turned away. Someinto his pocket again.

"Offer him money for doing a thing like that!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "Who would have expected -AYes; but, Teddy, you must keep such fine feeling, such rare delicacy, pour hands warm. Won't you wear and bravery under that shabby little another panic, and at the mercy of a pose of receiving and handling a definite coat!

Then the doctor went off in a reverie. red mittens from his pocket, emptied "I'll do it," he muttered vehemently. "I don't care if mademoiselle does miss her orchids and bon-bons to-night. What a fool I've been! Smiles and favor are to be bought, are they? I'll be hanged if I buy any more!"

Early the next morning someone lifted Teddy's tray from his shoulders and placed a big box in his hands.
"Here, Teddy, these are Jacques,
Take them to Miss Rose, and don't for

"All of them there Jacks!" Teddy's eyes were wide with astonishment. suppose these will do for the present,

however. If we succeed, Teddy, we'll try it again, eh?" "Um'm-You keep a holt of my

trav. doctor. "That's all right. Hurry up."

Teddy hurried down the side street and soon arrived at the dingy boarding "Miss Rose in, missus?"

"Yes, jes' go upstairs. That's for her, is it?" eyeing the box curiously. "Her room's at the head of the third flight of steps." Teddy hurried up the three flights

and gave a timid knock at the door at the top. No answer. Teddy quietly turned the knob and looked in. Could that be Miss Rose? How

pale she looked! Teddy glanced lovingly at the pale face on the pillow. She was sleeping and Teddy moved very gently, so as not to disturb her. "I don't know whether to wake her or not." Teddy was puzzled.

At last a brilliant idea struck him. Hastily opening the box he drew out fold after fold of tissue paper. He drew back in pleased astonishment. "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 de scribe them. But then he could think of nothing more appropriate.

Lifting carefully the big red beauties from the box he strewed them all over the bed, all about the pillow; even I touching the girl's head, close about her hands, where she could pick them up.

When he had completed his task he stood back lost in admiration of it. 'Won't she be pleased, though? I guess she will cry, or something. I'd better go now. I allez hate to see girls cry. I guess she won't cry tonight. I'll come then, an' ax her how she likes them. Maybe she'll think angels been buzzin' roun'.'

This idea seemed to tickle him immensely and he departed, chuckling to of angels."

A drop of moisture from the roses the laborer, but yesterday. must have fallen on her cheek, or maybe she did dream of angel's wings. Anyhow, Rose opened her eves and-Was this heaven? Jacqueminot roses all about her! She must be dead and reach in the "cellar", "garret" or some of the girls have brought them. between "mattresses". Anywhere to No; as she moved her hand a thorn pricked her. She was sensible, and then this was her room.

"I don't care who brought them." night. I have so many things to be thankful for I can't count them. I'ts unwomanly to give way as I do. Someone must love me or they would not send me Jacqueminot roses, Why, roses mean"-

Rose could say no more. How beauist's just to look in the windows. Rose warm fire, friends who loved me and" long, cool stems supporting them.

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 Effect the Country Suggesting a Remedy Therefore.

(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.)

Carrolltown, Pa. Oct. 25th 1893

Mr. W. G. Comerford, Loretto, Pa. Sin: 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

sound banking system. What you have to say would be read with interest by your fellow citizens.

Very Respectfully G. H. SLOAN, M. D. MATHEW MILLER. J. V. MANCHER. W. F. SLOAN. JOS. FARABAUGH

P. J. DIETRICK. LORETTO, Pa., Messrs G. H. Sloan, tors say it's bee' jee' to eat two meals a day. Why, yer a doctor, you oughter and others.—Gentlemen: Replying to your esteemed favor, of recent date requesting me to write my views as to business unrest and financial troubles

> I have only to repeat what I have County and many portions of this State.

That the Republican party, representing an aggressive plutocracy and dominated by the benificaries of class legislation after thirty years of imperial hord of people powerless in the paralevery upstartpharisee-So overwhelmple of my native State, as well as this rude storm in financial concerns. This amount of deposits. power formulated and secured the circulating medium of pet banks and dubbed them national. The sequence was to effect a more generous inflow of deposits of the cash, currency and wealth of the people of labor, to banking concerns with a high sounding name, but where the sacred savings of the people could be readily and finally manipulated squandered and stolen. There is no security for the earned increment of labor. In reality making the boasted national bank a fake bank, a veritable "Yes, I wish there were more. I den. Into the clutches of its tiger paws the unwary depositor could be lured to bring in and part with his wealth ; by reason of the security given the circulating medium of the plutocratic bondholder.

This robber banking system, so called, will continue to be the cause of periodic panies, hard pinching and contracting times, so long as a foolish, patient, toil ing and indifferent people submit to this 'blessed' species of "protection". I do not wishto be understood that the nation al orprivate banks do not contain honest and public spirited men. Many of them are examples of probity in their communities.

I am not dealing; with these exceptions, but with the vicious system.

A system that very properly requires two good and sufficient endorsers on the note of a borrower, as well as his signiture before a loan is forthcoming.

But when the laborer comes along and deposits his earnings, that is his cash, or currency, or his money on the counter of this same banking system, it is raked in, in the most matter of fact way, and the security given is, only and simply, the nod and smile of the cashier, and jotting down a few figures in a little leather-backed bank book.

This state of affairs forces many people of wealth to become curbstone brokers, seeking investments for their money to escape the competative exactions of paying four or five per centum for deposits, as they would be compelled, if they engaged in competion with the far to the rear and their occupation gentry who go into the banking business on wind mainly, and a show of substance by including a pen, a bottle cash, currency or wealth, (called by of ink a few blotting pads and an old safe as their assets.

At least this summary is about all the available wealth the unfortunate creditor depositor finds; when the tiger is don e toying with the funds deposited, by

This state of affairs forces the money of the people; the hoard of labor into escape the dangers of a rotten banking system; that gives no security for deposits of the people When times are people see the light of banks.

Consequently, no matter what the kind and volumne 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 stance 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 Somerset House, England. time, until the banks can realize the currency, the money, on their securities when we again begin the upward and quisitely absurd to teach a girl that beauty is of no value, dress of no use!

Beauty is of value. Her whole proser 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 boarding small sums of money through fear of failure of banks.

We make no claim to any special financial knowledge or ability, but sleeve capes and revers are so large that policy of the State in regard to taxation and fully believe that if the great mass of they have the effect of a short wrap; and the people would put the dollar they as these heavy additions are very prohave at work; the present scarcity of tective. The circular skirt is cut currency would be relieved in thirty enough to escape the ground all around days, and money would be easy, what- without being lifted. ever 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 unite on a legislature pledged to the London theater one evening, and she task of formulating a law to eliminate is now unable to walk without a stick. the cause and remedy for; the present the burglar and thief from our banking system.

I do not speak for the revival of state banks, it is the province of the often given utterance to in Cambria United States to coin money. That is one of the delegated powers that Penn- three-quarters in length, about from 40

sylvania surrendered. I am convinced that the wisdom and integrity of the whole people in Congress assembled will, in this end, vouchpower, have left labor hapless, the vast safe us a stable, honest and efficient currency. However that may be the ysis attending every department of in- sovereignty of this State should make a dustry, and a prey to the vagary of good banking system. One that will require all persons desirous of engaging made with yoke and tune of jos passer thing slipped out of his fingers down ing and crushing has been the sway, in this banking business, to secure a edged with jet falling over the jet yoke. and masterdom of this vampire class, in charter: say, from the courts of the "protecting" themselves, that the peo- county in which the privilege is asked for, under the wisest conditions. That

> That double the amount, called for in the charter, in United States bonds, the bodice, jacket, and that latest revibonds of the State, or real estate, be val, the double skirt. It is generally pledged to the State as security for the

safety of deposits. That the banks pay or silk threads, which in cross safety of deposits. the State a small per centage on the amount of their charter; say one half, or one per centum. That the State occur, or scarcity of currency prevail and disease. Let the State create bank inspectors to visit all banks frequently; who will posits. 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 ally the ordinary brush is quite enough charter calls for. Should the bank find their charter inadequate, then apply to the court and secure a charter sufficient to meet their wants.

The punishment for transcending the limit of a bank charter to be twenty five years penal service for both bank president and cashier, witholding from the governor, pardoning board, or President the power to pardon this

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 gone. The people would breath easier; as their precious earnings, their what name you will) cruciblized 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 the "stocking", or out of sight and depositor, which alone is the province of reach in the "cellar", "garret" or the State to give, the "run" on a bank who'd be an oyster? Then, for sooth, who'd be an oyster? would be impossible.

Secured by the State the vast wealth of the people, the whole output of the mint, the immense amount of cash, or she sobbed. "How wicked I was that the best not one half the money of the currency, be it gold, silver or paper, which in all times, present and past, has been hid in the "stocking" or buried out of sight and reach. Certainly not available for the purpose for which it was created, but would be, under the conditions I propose, a smiling, known and inviting quantity as deposits in our honest banking era.

> The vast herd of people, the phalanx (Continued on Page Six)

For and About Women.

Miss Frances E. Willard is resting at

Never teach false modesty. How expects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becom-ing bonnet. If she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their proper value.

Many of the handsomest traveling costumes for the winter are made of rough surfaced woolens combined with velvet, and trimmed with fur in narrow bands and edgings. The cape-collars, so dispense with any outside garment,

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

In street jackets there is great variety in trimmings and collars, but the coat is usually tight-fitting and often loosefrooted, with tight back with flaring skirts, not slit open in the back, but gored or laid in pleats, and is usually of 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 gauntlet or "Musketeer" cuff,

A few tan coats are seen with brown satin sleeves. Another tan kersey is made with yoke and cuffs of jet passe-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 woolen costumes is mohair braid, Skirts are scored with it, row upon row, and all the outlines of the of the ordinary twilled variety or cotele -i. e., woven in ribbed effects. A new variety of twilled braid is interwo-That the State guarantee the absolute | ven with faint or rich dark-colored woll or silk threads, which in crossing each

To give one single reason for the premature falling out of the hair would creates a currency fund which will be impossible, as there are innumerable held sacred to meet the demands of the causes of decay in its growth, among people, (the banks locally) when any which may be mentioned excessive tion and irregularity, great worry, grief

Heavy headwear is certain to keen the scalp diseased, and the head cannot examine and report the amount of deper ventilation. Women makes 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 ten-

sion 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 generto 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 ablu-

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 fronts. 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 oftenest 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, buckies, 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, of the sea are robbed of the houses they live in to adorn a woman's gown. And yet she clamors for her rights.

At last the skirt has assumed a reasonable length. We no longer solve the question of New York streets by sweeping them with our gowns. They escape the ground even in the back, and young women sometimes have them still shorter. For walking and for traveling this is a great relief. They have also decreased in fullness, the diameter not now exceeding two-thirds of the length. Of these there are two types: The long lived bell skirt and the gored skirt, which has more fullness at the lower edge and is slightly fluted.