

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., March 2, 1894.

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

Where the rough road turns, and the valley
Smiles bright with its bloom and bloom,
And the sky will smile, and the stars will
To the love of a mother's breast,
And the nights with their grief and gloom;
And the sky will smile, and the stars will
And we'll lay us down in the light to dream.

We shall lay us down in the bloom and light
With a prayer and a tear for rest,
As tired children who creep at night
To the love of a mother's breast,
And for all the grief of the stormy past,
Rest shall be sweeter at last—at last!

Sweeter because of the weary way
And the lonesome night and long,
While the darkness drifts to the perfect day
With its splendor light and song—
The light that shall bless us and kiss and
fore us,
And sprinkle the roses of heaven above us!
—F. L. Stanton in *Atlanta Constitution*.

A BOTTLE OF ERASIVE FLUID.

A Consuming Desire to get Money and What
Came of it—Temptation and Fall.

"As I look back upon my ministerial career," said a white-haired clergyman at a social gathering recently, "numberless romantic, pathetic, tragic incidents in the lives of those committed to my care come crowding upon me—incidents from which thrilling romances might be woven that would furnish endless themes to the sensational writer. Perhaps as a pioneer clergyman in the far West, my pastoral experience has been richer in dramatic material than that of most members of the cloth, for those who penetrated that region in the early annals of it were possessed of bold, adventurous natures or belonged to that class 'having a history,' who lack the courage to face those acquainted with it, or seek in a change of surroundings a refuge from haunting memories.

"I remember as if it were but yesterday the first time that Horace Wetherell appeared among us. I did not see him enter the church, but suddenly in the midst of my sermon I felt the consciousness of a human presence before me—a single, individual presence as distinct from the masses I addressed—so distinct, indeed, as to exclude the consciousness of any other presence in the building. Involuntarily my eye sought the man who had thus strangely affected me, and with unhesitating intuition I singled him out. Nature, indeed, had made me task an easy one, for his personality was very striking. He was not an old man, not more than 35 at the utmost, but the closely-cut hair about his well formed head was as white as that of a man of 80. His outline was bold and distinct, the lips well chiselled and firmly compressed, and there was in his features that semi-transparency which one sometimes sees in finely-carved statues.

"But it was the eyes of the man that most impressed me, that riveted my own glance as by some strange fascination. I never before encountered a gaze so penetrating, so intense, so full of power. From that day forth, struggle as I would, I found myself preparing my sermons for this man; found myself, when I entered the pulpit, preaching to him, as though he were my only auditor. In his presence, by some subtle influence, I was at my best; when he was absent, my words, though the same, seemed to lose all force and fervor, seemed to fall to the earth as does an arrow that comes short of its aim.

"I sought him out and found him engaged in some employment connected with the mines, toiling early and late, though why I could not divine, for one could never imagine him caring for money for its own sake, and he seemed to have no family ties. When I asked him to visit me at my rooms I observed a sort of embarrassed hesitation in his manner.

"Your rooms," he repeated, nervously, "you are not married?"

"No," I answered.

"Then, after a moment's pause, during which there were evidences in the sensitive face of an eternal struggle, he said quietly, 'I will come.'

"That this man had had some strange experience, some deep heart-sorrow, there was in my mind not a doubt; but he did not offer me his confidence, and I never sought it. I noticed that he wore upon the little finger of his left hand a plain gold ring, like a woman's wedding ring. I observed that he had a nervous habit of turning it around and around with his finger; but that he never removed it. This, with his question in the early part of our acquaintance as to whether I was married, and the subsequent agitation which he betrayed, was the only basis I possessed upon which to found conjectures.

"It was one evening in the autumn when my friend came to see me that I saw from his face that something unusual had befallen him.

"I have been a coward, Mr. Gresham," he burst forth, throwing himself into the chair which I had placed for him opposite my own, "a base, weak coward. I have fled from my past and it has pursued me. Pursued me," he repeated, his voice sinking to a lower key, and trembling with some strong, half-suppressed emotion, "like a Nemesis. I have wanted a thousand times to reveal to you my past history; have longed with an inexpressible longing for the relief which comes from confession, but the same wretched pusillanimity has restrained me. Now it can no longer be concealed. It will be known, it will be discussed," he said, shuddering as one shudders, when a rough touch is laid upon a wound, "by every man, woman and child in the camp, for I saw to-day in the midst of a knot of miners a man thoroughly acquainted with my miserable past. We exchanged no greetings, but I could not be mistaken. I saw the look of recognition in his face.

"I told you a moment ago that I was a coward. Prepare yourself to be still further shocked.

"I am also a thief. Yes," he said, pausing to note the effect of his words upon me, "let us call things by their right names—a common thief, although the term that the law applies to my crime is that of forgery—and a murderer. The murderer—though God knows that I never designed to be—of the woman I had pledged myself to love and cherish; the woman who had committed her happiness to my keeping. Oh!" he said, covering his face with his hands and moaning like a creature in pain, "why was I so weak? Why permit myself to fall into the snare laid for me by an emissary of the devil himself? But, 'let me finish my story; let me have done with it.'"

"He was silent for a few moments, the workings of his face alone betraying the agitation which he felt; then, mastering his emotion by a strong effort he continued more quietly:

"I had scarcely reached man's estate when my marriage with a young girl to whom I had been deeply attached since my boyhood was hastened by the sudden death of her father, leaving her—for he was a foreigner—without relatives, without near friends and absolutely penniless. I, myself, was an orphan, and with the small patrimony bequeathed to me was just beginning life, struggling as a stock broker to gain a foothold in one of our large Eastern cities when this connection was consummated. I had enterprise sufficient for the accomplishment of any undertaking, but the strength of wisdom, the patient endurance of delay, which is one of the prime factors of success, had been absolutely denied me. I was continually restricted by the want of capital—fled hand and foot, so to speak—and was exasperated by the knowledge that many brilliant opportunities for advancement were slipping from me because of the lack of the few thousands which would have enabled me to improve them.

"In addition to these outside harassments a cloud appeared in the horizon of my little home-world, threatening to overshadow it and darken all my future life. My wife's health began to decline. Each evening when I noted the increasing languor of her step, the growing pallor of her cheek, I longed with an unexpressed longing for the means with which to place her amid different surroundings, to put her beyond the reach of caring cares, until the acquisition of that means—though heaven knows that I never cared for money for money's sake—became the goal of my ambition. Beside the "almighty dollar," limitless as it appeared to my distorted vision, in its power of achievements, all other objects became dwarfed. To obtain it I rose early and sat late and ate the bread of carelessness."

"It was on a certain morning when my desire for gain had reached its most feverish height that a man entered my office and presented to me for inspection a bottle of what he called erasive fluid.

"It will remove all discolorations," he said, beginning to check off its merits with the mechanical fluency of his class, "and is particularly efficacious in eradicating ink stains. That entry, for example," he continued, "which you have just made in your ledger can be completely obliterated by a single application of the fluid, and it is equally effectual in removing writing of long standing."

"But of what use would such a preparation be to me?" I asked somewhat peevishly for I was in the state to be impatient of all interruption.

"The use to you," my visitor replied, with strong emphasis upon the pronoun, "is obvious. Suppose, by way of illustration, that entry which you have just made to be a false one.

In other words, suppose you make a mistake; you have only to apply the fluid and the page of your ledger will bear no trace of it, will be as pure and unsoiled as if your pen had never passed over it."

"But I don't make such mistakes," I said, doggedly, turning to my desk with an air of dismissal more decided than polite, "I don't keep my books that way."

"Ah!" replied the imperturbable vendor, "Well," as he buttoned up his coat, preparatory to his departure, "the most careful of us sometimes make errors, and as I will be again in this neighborhood, I will leave a bottle of the fluid with you and let you think it over," and with a bow and a smile, he was gone.

"That was Saturday, and the next day the thought of the fluid pursued me with a persistence of which I could not rid myself. Would it really do what its agent said it would? If so, to what multifarious uses might it not be applied? Then followed suggestions as to the nature of the varied purposes which it might serve, suggestions which came in ever-increasing numbers as the day advanced, which crowded about me as I lay in feverish wakefulness upon my bed like a swarm of worrying insects which I could not drive away. The first thing that I did when I opened my desk next morning was to remove the cork from the bottle, which still lay where its owner had left it, and test its power. I tried it first upon a line of writing fresh from my pen, and next on that upon which the ink had thoroughly dried. In both cases the dark tracery disappeared from view as it by magic, and the written page before me was transformed into one as white and unsoiled as though it had just come from the manufacturer's hand. I think it was on Tuesday that the agent returned to inquire as to my decision in regard to the fluid.

"I believe I will take one bottle," I said, trying to assume an air of indifference, though something seemed to clutch at my throat as I spoke and

choke back the words. "Yes?" he said, with an interrogatory accent, pocketing the price of the mixture and turning to go. Then, pausing with his hand upon the knob and looking back at me, he said: "I thought you would decide to take a bottle."

"That look, can I ever forget it! Can I ever remember it without a shudder of horror. It was the look of triumph which a fiend might cast on one but just ensnared in the devil's net.

"It is useless to describe the conflicts which ensued, the scene of which concealed from mortal eye, lay deep within my inner consciousness; useless to trace the gradations in thought and feeling by which I was led to the commission of deeds which I shudder to remember; deeds from the very thought of which I would have recoiled in horror a month before their perpetration. By means of the erasive fluid I effaced the figures upon the securities which passed through my hands, changing their value from a lower to a higher denomination; but the speculations which the increase of capital enabled me to launch into, and by means of which I had hoped to make good the amounts which I had fraudulently possessed myself did not result as I had so fondly hoped. Failure followed failure in rapid succession. Everything that I touched turned to dross, and ruin and exposure stared me in the face.

"In my despair I confided my situation to my wife, and, consoled by her, resolved to give myself up into the hands of the law. Half maddened with remorse and grief the calm fortitude with which she heard my confession amazed me. I believe now that that fortitude was born of despair. Before taking leave of her I carried her back to the little village where her girlhood had been passed and confided her to the care of acquaintances, she engaging, as a compensation for this care, to perform for them certain household duties. To the last her courage never forsook her, and her memory of her calmly smiling face as she stood looking at me in the doorway went with me through all the dreary years of my imprisonment—remains with me still.

"I believe in you, Horace," she said as again and again I returned for a last goodbye. "I believe that you will yet retrieve your past," and in token of it she slipped the wedding ring from her finger and placed it upon my own.

"For five years I looked out upon the world from the barred windows of a penitentiary.

"It was on a morning in May when, bleached and haggard from long confinement, I was released; was returned to life, as it were, from my entombment in a prison grave.

"I scarcely heeded anything in my eager haste, or noted the flying landscape as I looked from the car window. What I saw standing out upon the background of these shifting scenes was the face of the woman I had said goodbye to five years before. The thought that filled my mind, excluding every other thought, was that I should see her, see her on that very day; hear her speak to me; clasp my arms about her; feel her cheek pressed close to mine. The hope that had sustained me throughout the years of our separation seemed, now that it was drawing near to its fulfillment, to endow me with new vigor and give speed to my steps when my destination reached. I set out afoot in the direction of the home to which I had consigned her. The house before which I finally halted, with its closed shutters, had a strangely quiet look.

"Had the family gone elsewhere to live?" I asked myself, and thus questioning I ascended the steps and tried the knocker. The sound brought a negro woman from the rear of the establishment, who, standing at the corner of the house shading her eyes with her hand from the afternoon sun—for it was afternoon now—stood looking at me."

"Do the Grahams no longer occupy the house?" I asked her. "Have they moved away?"

"Oh, no," she said "they will be back in a little while. They have only gone to the village to attend the funeral of a Mrs. Wetherell, who had been in the employment of the family and who died here a few days ago."

"How much, ah, how much, as I have since reflected, do human beings bear in silence! The words that this woman had spoken, little dreaming of their import to me, had given the death blow to every hope that I had cherished of earthly happiness; yet I said not a word, uttered not one cry of anguish. But the man who entered that enclosure was a young man with an erect carriage, a buoyant step; he who now passed from it was old and feeble, and tottered as he walked. How in my stunned, dazed condition I found my way to the village church, standing like a sentinel among the graves of those who had once worshipped within its walls will ever continue a mystery to me; but I reached it at last. As I passed through its broad gateway—left open for a purpose which I shuddered to conjecture—the closing strains of a funeral hymn were borne upon my ears, and guided by the sound, I passed to the rear of the building.

"What I saw there remains in my mind like a picture which time and after event have never dimmed. In the distance the sun, sinking like a golden ball behind the horizon, cast a glorified effulgence about the figure of an aged clergyman, standing opposite me upon a slight elevation formed by the newly excavated soil, an open book in his hand, his white garments and scarcely less snow locks stirred by the evening breeze. Before him, ranged in a semi-circle about what I knew to be an open grave, was a little group of mourners. Something in my appearance must have told him who I was, for at my approach he motioned with his hand, and those about him fell back, making a passageway for me.

"Down this way scarce knowing what I did, I passed with trembling feet to its last resting place."

"What followed I will not, cannot dwell upon. Together we might have braved the world and lived down my past. As I was, I fled from it. I fled from it, but it has pursued me—aye, pursued me like an avenging spirit. Shall I endeavor to escape from it again or shall I remain where I am and confront it—live it down?"

"Remain where you are," I said, going towards him and taking his hand in mine. Then kneeling beside him and putting my arms about him in the tenderness of my passion I reminded him of the magic fluid which erases from our lives the dark tracery of sin, which, in a single instant, obliterates from the "Book of Remembrance" God's great ledger, every entry recorded against our names. "Yes," I said, repeating his words for the second time, "remain where you are; begin life anew." And he did. He has lived it down.—*Gilberta S. Whittle*.

The First Irish Potatoes.

It Was Sir Walter Raleigh Who First Took "Praties" to Ireland.

Sir Walter Raleigh, says the *Youth's Companion*, was an unprincipled adventurer, and failed as an administrator and colonizer, but he had most commendable taste for planting and gardening; and in these branches of effort his influence remains potent. Three hundred years have passed since he lived in Ireland, in the county of Cork, on the vast estate which had been bestowed upon him; but the yellow wallflowers which he brought to Ireland from the Azores still flourish and bloom in the very spot where he planted them.

Near by, at Youghal, near Cork, on the shores of the Blackwater estuary, stands the Affanecherry which he planted. Some cedars which he brought to Cork are still growing at a place called Tivoli. Four yew trees, whose branches have grown and interlaced into a sort of summer house, are pointed out as having sheltered Raleigh when he first smoked tobacco in his garden at Youghal. Raleigh tried to make tobacco grow in Great Britain, but the climate was not found suitable to it. He succeeded however, by introducing the habit of smoking it, in making it grow in plenty of other places.

More important to the world than the spot where Raleigh sat and smoked his Indian weed is another spot in his garden at Myrtle Grove, in the same Youghal. This spot is still bounded by the town wall of the thirteenth century. It was here that Raleigh first planted a curious tuber brought from America, which thrived vastly better than his tobacco plants did.

This tuber, Raleigh insisted, was good to eat, though a common report for a long time pronounced it poisonous. Some roots from his vines he gave to other landowners in Murster. They cultivated them and spread them abroad from year to year. This plant was the Irish potato. Before many generations it became the staple food of the Irish people—almost the only food of a great many of them. It was the "Irish potato" which came back to America and became the ground work so to speak, of the American farmer's and workingman's daily breakfast and dinner. Sir Walter's curious experiment in acclimatization became an economic step on the very first consequence; and the spot at Youghal, which was its scene, deserves marking with a monument much more than do the blood of men which has been shed in battle.

A Wonderful Pier.

Where the American Line Passengers Will Land in New York.

On the Hudson river, at the foot of Fulton street New York, is situated the new pier of the American line, which is one of the finest in America. It is situated in the immediate vicinity of the ferry terminal of all the railway lines which connect Jersey City and Hoboken. It can also be easily reached by the elevated roads and the cable cars. The new pier is 720 feet long, the piers in use by other lines are about 600 feet long. The width of the American line pier is 125 feet; that of the other piers 70 feet. The pier was specially built to order by the city, and the annual rental is \$50,000, the lease running for 10 years. On this superb pier the American Line company has erected a huge superstructure at an expense of \$300,000.

Some of the features of this great shed are new. The building is divided into two stories. From the decks of the steamships the passengers will walk off on an almost horizontal gangway to the second floor, which resembles a large railway waiting room. To anyone who has ever crossed the Atlantic or visited a pier either before sailing or on completion of a voyage, the advantage of landing the passengers away from the almost inextricable tangle of cabs, wagons and freight will be apparent.

A commodious passenger elevator at the shore end of the pier will add greatly to the comfort of passengers. Special elevators are arranged for baggage. Comfortable waiting rooms are provided as well as telegraph, cable, and telephone service. The pier is lighted throughout with arc and incandescent lamps. This new pier, in which the comfort of the passenger is carefully considered, will probably be the forerunner of many such piers, and will be in keeping with the five ocean racers which are now being built at the Cramps, shipyard in Philadelphia for this line.—*Scientific American*.

Tree-Climbing Fish.

The Indian Perch and Its Remarkable Performance.

The climbing perch of India is said, according to good authority, to ramble about the banks of streams and to climb trees growing near the tidewater rivers it inhabits. It goes on these expeditions to secure food—a certain shell-fish of which it is very fond. Its spines, which can be folded and unfolded at pleasure, serve as claws and, with side fins and tail, it is enabled to work its way along awkwardly and slowly. The animal finds that it cannot be a landlubber for any great length of time, because its gills become dry. On the first indication of danger from this or other cause it hastens back to its native element.

Negro Education in the South.

TUSEGEE, Ala.—After the educational convention of about 150 officers and teachers of the colored schools of the south remained for a meeting to compare notes as to their work and methods. Dr. Hubbard received close attention as he told of the McHarris medical college at Nashville, Tenn. It has sent out 284 doctors, 25 pharmacists and 20 dentists, all of whom have regular work and are doing well. The physicians' report incomes as high as \$300 a year. The average is from \$800 to \$1,200. The younger schools in the country and small villages made excellent reports. The reports from Mt. Meigs, Calhoun, Georgiana and Marlow, in Baldwin county, were especially interesting because of their location where the colored people are in such large majority and for their industrial features.

For and About Women.

Mrs. William L. Wilson, wife of the well-known Congressman, is very quiet in her tastes and is a close student of political economy.

The smart skirt is of conservative fullness and outline, fitting the front and sides trimly, and flaring in graceful fullness just back of the hips. It is a combination of the circle front and sides with three godet plaits in the back. To give the rounded appearance to the plaits and keep them from crushing and creasing, they are interlined with a split sheet of wadding tacked to the lining; and they are held securely in place by being tacked to 1½ inch wide ribbons placed across them on the inside. In some of the newer models a modification of the old time skirt extender is used, a fine steel spring in a casing, which is tacked to the inner edges of the plaits, and the ends are connected by ribbons and tied so as to give contour to the back.

The basques that are now seen so many bodices are in box plaits, and are a step toward Elizabethan fashions. They are lined with some stiff materials, and stand out over the hips like the large fluted collars stand out round the neck. These basques are only worn with evening dresses as yet. Bodices provided with these hip trills are called "Marie Stuart" in France. They are made either low or high in the neck, and have enormous sleeves, forming several puffs from shoulders to wrists, and have epaulettes round the shoulders resembling a little bolsters. They are often made of a material different from the skirt.

The return to the double skirt is a blessing in disguise when the making-over process is to be considered, but to cut up a new dress in this fashion is a sin and a shame that all women are certain to cry out against. The incalculable cravat has likewise given a hint to the girl who has yards of sash ribbon picked away, waiting for that time when sashes will be once more in fashion. A little gathered lace, a few rows of insertion, the best part of the sash ribbon employed to the best advantage, and there you have the latest fancy for almost nothing.

Mrs. Sophia B. Raenlich is the business manager of the Engineering and Mining Journal of New York. She has just been elected a life fellow of the British Imperial Institute. There are only twenty other members and she is the only woman member in the United States.

If I were going to advise one who would buy several wool goods, I should say let one be of serge, one of cloth and the other of black satin. Black satin is not wool but it falls into the category, and it will cover a multitude of wool duties and extend its usefulness a good deal farther than wool—even to the making of an afternoon evening or traveling dress.—Cloth may be trimmed with fur, lace, jet, velvet, but never with moiré silk. Never trim anything with moiré. It is not a good trimming material. In small pieces, as facings, it is hard and cold and frightfully trying to the complexion.

The shop windows filled with airy organdies and muslins look like a hot house with the delicate blossoms sheltered from the rough weather outside by thick panes of clear glass. Unseasonable as it seems, to display in January and February the goods which will be worn in July is the universal custom. Tiny and large dots appear on these dainty and not high-priced fabrics, in every device, and the hair-line weave of the ground makes the thin material look all the more sheer and exquisite. There are white grounds with dots of navy French blue, heliotrope, lavender and pink. There are rings and duplex rings and dotted stripes and clusters of dots on grounds of white or any of the delicate shades, also many fanciful designs in forget-me-not colors of blue, lavender and pink on white grounds, also floral designs, with what are called shuttle designs, between the flowers. All these patterns sell for the reasonable price of 30 or 35 cents.

Sashes or narrow ribbon are to be much worn during this summer. A dress of white organdie, with pale blue flowerets scattered over it, has a sash of blue satin ribbon, about two inches wide, which goes once around the waist and ties in the back in an old-fashioned bow, with small loops and long ends.

Mrs. Mattie H. Sniffin, of St. Paul, has just a New York life insurance company for \$236,000. She worked for the company two or three years on commission. This shows how valuable a woman's services sometimes are.

A jaunty conceit is an Eton jacket formed of black satin ribbon and white insertion with epaulettes and jabot of white lace. This, when worn over the plainest black frock, produces an expensive effect that is easily accomplished.

A separate bodice of Persian-looking stuff with big black satin sleeves and turquoise blue, or magenta velvet collar to alternate with the strictly tailor-made one for street wear, furnishes another change that is delightful. Gold or silver trimming can be happily employed, and so long as a woman has a black frock as the basis of her wardrobe, she need never despair of looking well dressed on all occasions.

A BLACK AND WHITE SPRING.—From a winter of black and whites we have indeed come to a black and white spring. Since women have discovered that there is no combination so sharp, startling, theatrical and effective, they are restoring it to the favor from which at one time it fell because of over-popularity and promiscuous use. A black and white striped silk in the spring cut will be quite modish; and chic theater bodices and fall tea gowns display the same theme in almost endless variety. Pure black, too, is extremely modish, even for young girls in whose merry hearts entered never yet the thought of mourning.

Recognized the Apple.

It Could Grow Upon Only One Tree and He Knew Where It Was.

A man of about 60 years of age went into a store on Main street Wednesday afternoon and stood by the stove warming himself and listening to the conversation of the men present. Happening to glance at a barrel of apples by the counter, he took up one and bit it. He stopped, looked at the apple, and then stopped reflectively. After taking another taste of the apple he broke out:

"Say, I'd almost be willing to bet a dollar that I can tell where this apple grew. There is only one tree on earth that has the flavor that apple has, and it grew back where I was married and set up for myself. Say, now, didn't that apple grow in Bowdoinham? I know full well it did." The clerk told him that a man from that town brought them in, and the stranger said: "I have not been down there for 10 years, yet, 15, but I remember this bitter-sweet apple tree, and the apples taste as they did 20 years ago."—*Lewiston Journal*.

Fifty companies manufacture electric lamps.

By using a microphone, you can hear a fly walk.