

Bellefonte, Pa., April 20, 1894.

ACQUITTED.

M. V. Thomas. Ah! Dost thou think that I could love thee now? When I have learned how frail and false thou art...

A MEAN TRICK.

He had often tried to propose to her, but she was such a very flippancy young person that she found it herculean to reduce her to a sufficiently serious frame of mind...

However, he was denied the satisfaction of even well grounded suspicion. She had such a baffling sort of a manner. Never had he been able to surprise her into an admission of anything...

Many times had he almost taken advantage of a momentary silence on her part. Times without number had he nearly clasped her in his arms as she piquetted past him...

"Do you know, Minna, what Ikey was telling me last night?" "How could I know without you told me?" returned Minna, with spirit...

"He was asking me if I was going to marry you." "And what did you tell him?" "Told him I didn't know."

"That was right," said Minna, swirling the dishcloth around. "And he—she said I was a durned fool if I didn't."

Minna went off into peals of laughter. Then she sobbed up. "Didn't you?" "So you would be—it you got the chance, was the prompt reply, but I can't get the chance," she dejectedly.

"What right had you to tell him you couldn't get the chance?" "Cause you ain't ever give it to me."

"No, an' I never will," returned Minna, with emphasis. "Jes what! thought," said Bob dismally. "Guess I'd better go."

"Guess ye had," remarked his hostess hospitably. As she spoke she wiped out the dishpan and hung it up on a nail behind the sink. "If I was you I'd learn a few things before I come courtin'."

"But you're a big sight clever'n me," answered Bob, meekly. "That's so," said Minna laconically as Bob passed dejected out of the kitchen door.

the honeysuckle for the few and bought back his oozing courage. "They wuz talking about you last night down at the pump," he remarked, with assumed cheerfulness.

"Talking about me?" said Minna angrily. "How dared they?" "Oh lord! I gasped Bob to himself. "If she gets mad before I begin!"

"Well?" sharply, "what wuz they sayin'?" "They wuz saying how as you'd never marry any one—you wuz that uncertain-like and flighty-like."

"Who said that?" said Minna, turning wrathful eyes upon him. "I don't exactly remember," faltered Bob. "Most likely yourself," disdainfully.

Bob could not truthfully disown the remark, as he had made it frequently, in confidence, to his near companions in the village. So, after this unexpected home thrust, he remained uncomfortably silent.

Minna pursued her advantage. "Nice doing them, fur a man!" she went on contemptuously. "Talking about girls when they can't talk back for themselves!"

If the reported conversation had not been wholly imaginary, Bob would have been stricken with remorse. As it was however, although inwardly trembling, he saw an opening and took it.

"But I spoke back for you, Minna, I did." "Oh you did, did you?" was the discouraging comment. "Since it wuz you said the worst, seems to me it wuz all you could do."

"They said a lot more'n I did," Bob continued, with scintillating courage. "They said as how I needn't be hangin' around here, fur ye'd allus scorn me till the judgment and not marry me at all."

"There wuz some truth in their remarks," remarked Minna snubbingly. "But there's wusser nor that," he said with well forced gloominess. "I said as how I knowed you would marry me."

"Who made you so wise?" interrupted Minna sarcastically. "An' a man bet me you wouldn't, an'—an' I bet him you would."

"Beasts!" ejaculated the much incensed Minna. "An' I bet a fearful lot, Minna. Gosh!—I'm scared to think of it. If I got to give him the money the farm all have to go sure."

Minna looked frightened. "How much?" she asked faintly. "Wonder how much she'll stand?" Bob asked himself perplexedly. Then he glanced at her tentatively.

"I'm most afeared to tell you. It's—it's—gosh! Minna—it's \$100." "Oh, my!" ejaculated Minna. "You never did."

"A hundred dollars!" repeated Bob chokingly, and overcome by the feelings he had aroused he buried his head in his hands. From this safe retreat he continued disjointed remarks broken by emotion.

The Commonweal and Its Leaders.

A Comprehensive Account of Coxe's Great Propaganda. Strange Mixture of Spiritualism and Politics. Coxe has been upon his march to Washington for more than three weeks.

He left Massillon with a gang of tramp hobos, and cranks, less than one hundred in number, on Easter Sunday, and in spite of snow storms, bad weather and insufficient commissariat he has kept his forces together and even augmented them.

Until the eleventh of April the mob wuz continued its march through this State, relying upon the farmers for food and lodging. At that date the Army of the Common Weal passed into Maryland at a point near Somersfield, Pa., and proceeded to Williamsport, Md., by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

For the past two months "General" Coxe and his able and enthusiastic assistant Carl Browne have boasted that they would lead an army of 100,000 of the unemployed from Massillon to Washington, and that over in the capital they would assemble in force and demand that Congress pass a bill authorizing the issue of Treasury notes in the sum of \$500,000,000, to be expended in building good roads, and of another bill giving the right to municipalities to send a non-interest-bearing bond to the Secretary of the Treasury and receive Treasury Notes in exchange.

Whether they will reach Washington or not, the felicitous tenacity of life exhibited by the army through the most disagreeable circumstances and the apparently serious offers of assistance in the form of money, provisions and recruits that have been received by "General" Coxe, make the expedition one of the most interesting events of modern times.

WHO COXE IS. Three men stand in strong belief as the leaders and organizers of the movement. These are Jacob Sechler Coxe, Carl Browne and Honore J. Jaxon. Coxe is a business man, owning and working a stone quarry, and possessing a fine racing stable headed by Acolyte for which he paid \$40,000. His stable is valued at \$200,000. He has made his money himself and is a hard-headed, self-willed man who seems desirous of making political capital out of his present enterprises so that he can head the Populist ticket in his State at the next election.

Since his connection with the Army of the Common Weal, a quaint mixture of charlatanism, sacrilege and spiritualism has been mixed up with his propaganda. He claims now to be a Theosophist, and on March 22 he announced that he had discovered traces in his spirit of the reincarnated soul of Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," whose memory is so dear to the Democracy of today.

He also calls himself the "Cerebrum of Christ," though the significance of the term is not quite clear. The mixing of charlatanism with the original plan seems to have emanated from Carl Browne. Clad in buckskin clothes and a cowboy hat Mr. Browne brought from the Pefferian plains of Kansas and California an alleged natural sophy which he proceeded to pour into the receptive intellect of the ambitious Coxe. Browne does not pretend to be well read in the literature of the subject. He modestly assumes that the part of the soul of Christ has been reincarnated in his being, and that by the same process another part of that same soul has been reincarnated in Mr. Coxe. Incidentally, Mr. Browne claims his body to be the habit of the soul of the ancient philosopher, Calisthenes, a venerable gentleman associated with dumbbells, who used to accompany Alexander the Great on his world-conquering excursions.

"I first organized within me the reincarnated part of Calisthenes in 1877," says he. "Realization of the incarnation of Christ came to me in the dead of night while in a cabin in my mountain home in California in December, 1890. I was sitting at the bedside of my invalid wife. Her illness was such as to draw forth the innermost affections of the human heart. The Calisthenes part of me was strongly antagonistic to divine ideas and up to that time I had been in violent opposition to Christianity, all the Christ part in me being subject to the control of other parts. Somehow, while my poor helpmate lay there thoughts came into my head as thoughts of the soul of Christ, and I was able to take possession of me, and all the infidelity of Calisthenes was repressed. I believed from that moment I was converted, as was my wife's wish, to absorb her soul, and when the spark of her life went out on Christmas Day, 1892, all that was good in her went into me, and there was a great amount. It gave me strength to go forth and do work for humanity, and be that addition I was able to realize that a part of the reincarnated soul of Christ was in me, and I was competent, when I met Brother Coxe, to recognize the part of Christ in him."

The foregoing will explain why the figure of Christ is used upon the banner which heads the procession. "Christ was simply a great reformer," says Mr. Coxe. "He went about, like Browne here, doing all the good he could and as he preached against those who live upon interest and profit, they controlled the masses, as they do now, and so encompassed his death upon the cross."

THE THIRD LEADER. The third member of the outfit is an Indian, Honore J. Jaxon, who seems to be more of a sympathizing ally than an active leader. His picturesque attire and enthusiastic indorsement of the program have procured for him a position of prominence almost equal to that held by Coxe and Browne.

Such are the leaders. The main body of the army is variously described. Some say that they are cranks. This is vigorously denied by others who say they are hobos and tramps. Coxe says they are respectable citizens, but that is doubtful. The following humorous description of the departure of the army from Massillon is from a Western paper:

THE ORDER OF THE MARCH. Carl Browne on a white cart horse. "Windy" Oliver, waving his bugle and trying to sing. Jesse Coxe, dressed in a blue army coat and gray army trousers, wearing an army cap with the initials C. A. upon it. He rode one of Coxe's \$10,000 blooded horses. "Cyclone" Kirkland, astrologer to the expedition, on a bay mule of the vintage of '65. "The banner of Christ," carried by a tramp in a ragged coat and a plush hat. Various "banners" carried with easy familiarity with various bums. One farm wagon, containing what was alleged to be a band and General Jacob Sechler Coxe himself and the "londest colored man in the world," riding in a buggy drawn by a bay team. Mrs. Coxe, her sister, Miss Jones, and Jesse Coxe Jr., riding in a buggy. Browne's Panopama of Horrors. Louis Schmitts, "The Great Unknown," clothed in dignity and a yachting cap, mounted on one of Coxe's blooded horses. Seventy long looking hobos, being the rank and file of Coxe's great army of the Commonweal. Platoon of 43 newspaper correspondents. A following of 2000 grinning people mounted in buggies and on foot. As a side show Honore J. Jaxon, of Chicago, Professional North American Indian. THE SERIOUS SIDE. The army has been the butt of almost every paragraph in the United States, but the serious offers of recruits and the active preparations of the militia at Washington for their reception puts a graver aspect on the affair.

20 dollars each, which shall be a full legal tender for all debts, public or private, to the face value of said bond, and deliver to said State, Territory, county, township, municipality, or incorporated town or village, 99 per cent. of said notes, and retain 1 per cent. for expenses of engraving and printing the same."

As soon as the Army of the Commonweal reaches Washington they will demand the passage of this bill.

A Cure for Anarchy. Occasionally a doctor of the social ills is by chance brought to take his own medicine. As a rule doctors do not like their own medicine; but the latest example of that sort presented in Paris shows that while this particular physician does not like his own medicine any better than others it has wrought a wonderful cure.

The physician in question is M. Tailhade, a Socialist poet of Paris, who has cherished a warm poetic fervor for the dynamiters. When one of his zealous brethren blew up the Cafe Foyot the other day M Tailhade happened to be taking refreshment there at the time, and received the most heroic dose of the medicine intended to cure the body politic and wipe out the infamous bourgeoisie. Besides several severe wounds M. Tailhade had large areas of anatomy sewed with small atoms of broken glass, and, on the whole, the Anarchist poet is the most eminent example of the Anarchist hoist with his own petard that could be presented short of the case of those enthusiastic and misguided dynamiters who, in the attempt to blow up others, have scattered themselves over several blocks of the neighborhood.

The value of the dynamite dose in this case is demonstrated by the fact that it has cured M. Tailhade of anarchy. The intervals which he can spare between howling with pain and begging the surgeons to relieve his system of its surplus of broken glass are spent in renouncing anarchy, denouncing the dynamiters and protesting his horror of all their works. Since this comparatively mild dose has wrought a complete cure in the Socialist poet, we are at liberty to conclude that the dynamiters who left not enough of themselves to afford material for a funeral are also cured as well as killed.

So we see that dynamite, although useless as a destroyer of the social system, is very effective as a reformer of the Anarchists. If it kills them in the treatment we have the satisfaction of knowing that in that case the permanency of the cure is certainly assured.

The Century War Book. A Beautiful Historical Book Being Issued by "The Philadelphia Inquirer."—Something About This Superb Publication, Written by the Men Who Fought the Battles and Illustrated by War Time Pictures. Widespread interest has been excited among war veterans and all classes of citizens by the magnificent record of the Civil War which is now being distributed by the Philadelphia Inquirer. This is the "Century War Book," a work which has attained the reputation of being the most accurate, complete and artistically beautiful history of the war ever published.

When originally issued several years ago it sold at from \$22 to \$25, but The Inquirer is offering it to its readers in weekly parts at a merely nominal cost each week. The text of the work is made up of contributions written by all the great participants in the war on both sides, including Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Longstreet, Johnston, Hill, Howard, Beauregard, Buell, Kirby Smith, Law, McManon, Fitz, John Porter, Burnside, Rosecrans, Sickles, Cox, Lew Wallace, Imboden, Pope, Horace Porter, Early, Pleasonton, Fry and many other leaders.

The main feature, however, is embraced in the portraits, illustrations and maps, over 900 in number, all executed in the highest artistic style, and many of them made from rare war-time originals. The descriptions of all the great battles are written by the leading Generals who fought them, and fully illustrated, very often by sketches made at the time. The paper and print are superb and fully in keeping with the usual work of the Century Company, which publishes the work.

This superb history is published in twenty parts, and The Philadelphia Inquirer has just begun the distribution, it being the intention to give out one part each week until the series is completed. To obtain this valuable work all that is necessary is to cut out a coupon from The Inquirer and send it together with ten cents to The Inquirer Coupon Department, 1109 Market street, Philadelphia.

The best tobacco bags are made not of leather or rubber, but of the pouch of a pelican. The monstrous membrane which fills out the lower bill of the pelican is soft and very thin, of very fine texture, easily tanned, and when dressed makes a beautiful article of leather, possessing the quality of being as impervious to water as india rubber. Tobacco kept in it will never become dry, but preserve its sweetness and aroma even longer than when preserved in tin foil.

The Rural New Yorker reports that crimson clover, sown August 23 in New Jersey, lived through the winter in good condition, though the thermometer was at one time 6 degrees below zero. This hardness of crimson clover will adapt it to many localities where it had been supposed impossible to grow it. If it will endure a cold of 6 degrees below zero it ought to be safe to grow almost anywhere in Pennsylvania, southern New England and western New York.

It is said that President Cleveland will go to the Katahdin Iron Works, in Maine, this spring or summer for a few days' fishing.

Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

For and About Women.

Miss Parker daughter of ex-Sheriff Parker, is proving an efficient deputy sheriff in Chester county. She is one of the very few women in the country serving in that capacity. Sheriff Ingram says she is an official jewel.

It is a pity that girls who are disposed to be witty at the expense of others do not know how unattractive they make themselves, and how often they offend against good taste. A smart girl sometimes says unkind and untrue things about her comrades, and thinks it all right when those to whom she says them laugh at them. Don't be deceived girls. Two or three sharp and uncharitable speeches may warn your best conquests off the premises of your heart, though that heart may be kind and true and loyal, and put upon its mettle, would disown the acrid utterances of that thoughtless little tongue of yours. Cutting speeches do not pay in the end. They cause a laugh, perhaps, but leave a bitter memory. And they are not always true. Don't be funny at the expense of truth, of charity, of good breeding.

Umbrellas are more needle-like and thin than ever. Changeable tafteta is most popular as covering, red, dark blue, brown and tan being good colors. The casings of these umbrellas come in plain shades of red, blue and brown, and they make a neat and pretty effect when carried by a tailor made girl.

Satin ribbon, three inches wide, folded to the width of the ordinary collar and fastened at the side in a square bow, is a change from the shirred velvet collar, that has received the approval of Madam la Mode.

There is a great fancy for silken skirts under drapery of wool. By drapery is meant the proper term covering over-skirts, paniers and all skirt ornamentation involving folds of material. Thus a drapery of deep green serge was cut in vandykes reaching from almost the edge of the skirt to the knees. From under these points a skirt of rainbow silk escaped. It was set in deep organ pipe folds all around, one fold coming from under each point at the beginning of the vandykes, with mathematical precision about the knee line. The rainbow effect was carried out in perpendicular shading, and the general tone was emerald green, the emerald color occurring with regularity on the round of each fold. In the under curves of the folds a rose color shone and a shadowing of purple and deep red accomplished the transition of the shades. The bodice of this charming gown was of the deep green serge, with folded collar of the rainbow silk gathered into a magnificent cut steel.

It is said that the practice of the wife's assuming the husband's name at marriage originated from a Roman custom, and became common after the Roman occupation. Thus Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey and Octavia of Cicero, and later times married women in most European countries sign their names in the same manner but omitted the "of."

Again this view may be mentioned that during the sixteenth, and even the beginning of the seventeenth century, the usage seems doubtful, since we see Catherine Parr so signing herself after she had been twice married, and we also hear of Lady Jane Grey (not Dudley) and Arabella Stewart (not Seymour). Some persons think that the custom originated from the scriptural teaching that husband and wife are one. It was decided in the case of Bon vs. Smith, in the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name and legally receives that of her husband.

Black moire is now a favorite stuff for the stylish 1890 coats. Its stiffness suits the style to a dot and its nature makes it always appropriate for dressy occasions. A fair woman or a red blonde could wear the same material in dark green most effectively. The coat is always perfectly close-fitting, with a waistband of black satin ribbon richly embroidered in jet, and finished with two long scarfs of satin, which show long jet fringe at the bottom. The revers are edged with long leather trimming and turn back over a little vest of black moire. The sleeves are very large at the top and the wrists are finished with gauntlet cuffs. This is one of the handsomest coats shown this season.

Emily A. Bruce, M. D., declares that more women die annually in England because of faulty dress than from all contagious diseases combined.

Pique has been in fashion, gone out and returned again this spring, to be welcomed most joyously by the mothers of small girls and boys.

Pique kilt skirts the boys are wearing with jaunty little jackets trimmed with embroidered frills. And the little pique coats of the girls are the newest things out for the warm summer days to come.

The pique coat is short, reaching just below the waist-line. It fastens with beautiful big mother of pearl buttons and has a deep embroidered collar which falls over the shoulders. Wide, flaring cuffs of embroidery finish the full coat sleeve. A pretty idea is to have the little coat cut in square tabs around the bottom.

With the pique coat may be worn a flat sun hat of insertion and shirred lawn which ties with strings under the chin. These hats are a pleasant change from the sun-bonnet and may be bought for 85 cents.

The serge outing costume has apparently given way to the duck and pique frocks made in tailor fashion. A delightful white figure had a pleated skirt and a full jacket, with great revers spreading from the line of the bust. Giant pearl buttons were the only trimming. This jacket was supposed to be slipped on over a black blouse, pale yellow having been chosen by the blonde who was to wear it.