Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 20, 1894.

"The Solid Way to Boom a Town."

A western contemporary calls attention to the city of Cleveland and the city of Washington as exceptionally fortunate in that they have been beautified and enriched by "municipal attention to planting shade trees and strips of lawn on the borders of the streets. This, we are assured, "is the solid way to boom a town. By public spirit and intelligence in beautifying their streets Cleveland and Washington have added many millions to their tax valuation and thousands to their population." It appears that under authority granted by the Ohio Legislature, Euclid avenue in Cleveland, a magnificent thoroughfare, is to extend into the suburbs. "It will be 100 feet wide, with car tracks in the centre. The tracks will be separated from the drive-ways on each side by broad grass plots planted with trees. Then come the carriage roads twenty feet wide, with hitching-posts at convenient intervals. Between each carriage road and the side walk a bicycle path three feet wide will be provided." How far "into the bowels of the land the improvement is to be carried we are not advised, but from the fact that the cost is to be heavy we infer that the distance is considerable.

The suggestion that the "solid way to boom a town" is to beautify it, to make it attractive, is justified by the experience of Washington. This city has never attempted to boom itself in the usual acceptance of the word. Although real estate operations of great magnitude have been frequently recurring features of local business, the purchases have, in most instances, have been made as investments, and have been extremely profitable. Since the rise in real estate values began, immediately after the subsidence of the panic of 1873, many prophets have predicted disaster to investors. Year after year the pessimists have billed the crash as "certain to come off this time." But, instead of the bottom dropping out the prices of city lots have been steadily climbing. When the "hard times" with which the country is now afflicted began, the prophets of evil really thought their hour of vindication was at hand. But it was not. Holders of Washington real estate were not alarmed, there was no pushing of lots onto the market, and, although sales have been less numerous in the past twelve months than for some time previous, prices have remained firm. This proves that captalists have confidence in the future of the Capital City.

But it is not alone in its hundreds of miles of shaded streets, its innumerable parks and reservations, its fascinating display of the results of landscape gardening, and its flower-decked squares, circles, and diamonds, that this city has been intelligently commended to those who desire to live amid pleasant surroundings. No other city of no greater population than this has, in the last twenty-five years, expended so much money as Washington has in the erection of school buildings and the maintenance of a superb system of free public instruction. New churches, too, by the score and various educational establishments of the collegiate and university grades have supplemented the work of municipal authorities. Adding to all these attractions the Capitol and the Departments, the historical associations of the city and suburbs, and the incomparable beauty of its surroundings, and it is not difficult to explain the steady growth and firm financial health of Washington and the District of Columbia. Population grows and wealth increases here because such growth and increase are the inevitable rules of solid, enduring facts.

Churchill's Collapse.

Lord Randolph in Chicago Undergoing a Cure for the Morphine Habit.

Lord Randolph Churchill, ex-Chancelor of the Exchequer of England, is at No 551 Washington avenue, Chicago, taking the Burton cure for the morphine habit. With him is Lady Churchill and they are accompanied by a man servant and a maid. They reached Chicago Sunday afternoon.

The secret of Lord Randolph's trouble whatever it is, was pretty well guarded until he went on his famous trip to Africa. It was given out that his love of adventure had gotten the mastery of him, and that at the same time he was ambitious for journalistic distinction. The letters which he sent home to the *London Graphic* revealed the failing of his intellect.

In accordance with the rules of the House, Lord Randolph will be confined to his room for about three weeks.

This breakdown was not the result of liquor. It was after the excitement of the last great contest between Conservatives and Radicals that Lord Randolph, wound up to such a pitch of nervous excitement that sleep becoming a stranger to him, began to use morphine.

A Diamond Ring on a Statue.

It Hangs in Public, but no Thief Dare Touch It.

A ring, studded with diamonds and pearls, hangs suspended to a silken cord around the neck of a statue in one of the most frequented parks of Madrid. It is safer there than in the strongest room of the Bank of England. Thousands of people passed every day, and admire its beauty, but the greatest theif in Spain hesitates even to touch it. It is believed to deal out death to whom it belongs.

The ring was specially made for the late Alfonso XII, who gave it to his cousin Mercedes on the day of their betrothal. Upon her death it passed into the possession of the King's grandmother, Queen Christina. Three months afterward she died. The King passed on the deadly band of gold to his sister, who died a month after she received it, The King then placed the jewel in his own casket of precious relics, and lived less than a year after he had done it.

LIFE.

M. V. THOMAS.

An hour of pleasure, a day of pain
We search for earth s paradise, all in vain.

A week of labor, a day of rest,
Cursed, the many; the few are blest.

A year of ambition, an hour of content,
A mingling of sadness with each triumph sent.

A day of life's struggle, a moment of peace
Thus we do fill up life's uncertain lease.

A season of sorrow, a day of joy
Nothing is perfect, unmixed with alloy.

A day of anguish, a moment of bliss
Thus, do we pass through the "desert of this."

An hour of gladness, a day of woe
Thus to the valley of death do we go.

A murmur of hatred, a whisper of love,
A tempest of passion through these do we move.

A hundred hearts false for one that is true.
To help us on, heavenward, the long journey through.

A legion of furies, an angel of light
Who bringeth the morning through all the dark night.

A moment of hope, a day of despair.
An hour of ease, a year of care.

After the storm comes earth's flower laden breath;
After life's tempest, the stillness of death.

Read This Aloud.

If You Can, the Next Time You Are Out Havind a Good Time.

Read the following aloud, repeating the shortest ones quickly half a dozen times in succession.

Six thick thistle sticks.
Flesh of freshly fried fish flying.
A glowing gleam growing green.
The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.
You snuff shop snuft, I snuff box snuff.
A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit box.
The bleak breeze blighted the bright bloom blossoms.
Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly, six sickly silk makers.
Swam swam over the sea; swim, swan swim; swam—swam back again; well swum swan.
It's a shame, Sam: these are the same Sam, 'Tis all a sham, Sam, and a sham it is to sham so, Sam.
Susan shines shoes and socks; socks and shoes shine Susan, She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.
Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round; a round roll Robert Rowley rolled round. Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?
Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorp ogle an owl and oyster? If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster, where are the owl and oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?
Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs, Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs fob. "That is" says Nobbs, "the worse for Hobbs' jobs," and Snobbs sobs.
Sammy Shoesmith saw a shrieking songster. Did Sammy Shoesmith see a shrieking songster, where's the shrieking songster, where's the shrieking songster Sammy Shoesmith saw?
I went into the garden to gather some blades and there I saw two pretty babes. "An, babes is that you, babes braiding blades, babes? If you braid any blades, at all babes, braid broad blades, babes, or braid no blades at all, babes.

Moral Suasion.

Old gentleman. "Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?"

Little Boy. "Never. We have moral suasion at our school."

"What's that?"

"Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners and locked out and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all."

Withering Sarcasm.

"What do you make a week?" asked the curious visitor.

"Seven dollars," answered the ossified man.

"On the dead now?"

"That's right. Seven bones."

"You're workin' too cheap. You can git more than that on the Indianapolis ball team."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Anticipation vs. Experience.

Old Gentleman. "Do you think, sir, that you are able to support my daughter without continually hovering on the verge of bankruptcy?"

Suitor. "Oh, yes, sir; I am sure I can."

Old Gentleman. "Well, that's more than I can do. Take her and be happy."

Good Reason.

Marie, who never knew her lessons, was speaking of one of her little schoolmates, who always stood at the head of her classes. "I should like to be the father of such a little girl," said Marie's papa, wishing to point a moral, "No, you wouldn't, papa," said Marie. "Why not?" asked papa. "Because her father has been dead two years," said Marie.

——The thousands who have eaten and relished the popular "ham sandwich" have not stopped to think that the name "sandwich" had an origin aristocratic in its way. Mr. Alonzo P. Margraff says, in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*: "The Earl of Sandwich, a prominent English nobleman of the last century, was a notorious gambler, having such a passion for this sport that he would not leave the gaming table, even for his meals, but satisfied his hunger with slices of bread and meat, which he carried with him in a little basket whenever he started from home to visit the gaming halls. This practice finally became so well known that lunches prepared in that way were called 'sandwiches.'"

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The Golden Fleece.

It Is the Most Coveted of all the Surviving Orders of Chivalry.

Of all the orders of mediaeval chivalry which have survived the shock of successive revolutions on the continent of Europe since the great cataclysm of 1789, that of the Golden Fleece is perhaps the most distinguished and the most highly coveted by personages of royal birth or of illustrious patrician lineage. Students of the history of the art or science of heraldry will learn with interest and pleasure that the order of the Toison d'Or of Spain having been conferred on the Duke of York, his royal highness was on Tuesday invested, at Marlborough house, with the insignia of the order by the Prince of Wales, himself a knight of the order, acting in the name of the queen regent and on behalf of the young king of Spain. The secretary of the Spanish embassy, as chancellor of the order, read the royal commission creating the duke a knight, and the august ceremony was also attended by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha and the Duc d'Aumale, as knights of the order, and by the Spanish embassador and the Earl of Kimberley, her majesty's secretary of state for foreign affairs.

The Duke of York only received the badge of the order, in the shape of the figure of a sheep in embossed gold, suspended from a heavy chain of gold, but at a chapter of the order or at great court functions at Madrid he would be entitled to wear the full robes consisting of a long mantle of crimson velvet, cut in the fashion of a sacerdotal cape, richly embroidered at the borders with emblematic devices of stars, half moons and fleeces in gold and lined with white satin, over a doublet and hose of crimson damask. The full robes also comprise a "chaperon," or hood, with a long flowing streamer of black satin; but this headgear has in modern times been generally dispensed with.

Originally the robes of the order, which was founded in 1429 by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, were of crimson cloth, lined with white lamb's wool; and this circumstance has somewhat strengthened the theory that the golden fleece was instituted by Philip the Good in grateful recognition of the immense treasures which the Duke of Burgundy had acquired from the wool of the flocks bred on his vast estates in Flanders. Be it as it may, the woollen costume was changed in 1473 at a chapter held at Valenciennes for the more costly materials of velvet, taffeta, damask and gold embroidery.

A Noteworthy Publication.

The Souvenir Book of the Twenty-Eighth Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

A feature of the approaching National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Pittsburg, Pa., September 10th to 15th next, will be the souvenir book. It is now in press and is being issued under the direction of the Committee on Printing. It will contain 160 pages, 9x12 inches, in magazine form, printed on enameled paper. The covers will be illustrative of the various branches of the G. A. R., in red, white and blue, and of the city of Pittsburg, in black, yellow and white. The book will be artistically arranged and profusely illustrated. It will contain the official program during Encampment week, a roster of all the posts and headquarters of all organizations, re-unions, camp-fires, route of parade and official orders. A number of pictures covering the war time in Pittsburg and the early days of the city will be produced, along with pretty bits of scenery in the parks of Pittsburg and Allegheny, views of some of the principal streets, with the public buildings and handsome residences. In addition there will be a history of the two cities and of the G. A. R. and auxiliary organizations.

The edition of the book will number 100,000 copies, the paper alone weighing 120,000 pounds and requiring five freight cars to transport it. As a means of controlling the circulation of the book it is to be sold at 10 cents per copy, and though it will not be out for more than a month yet, yet, W. W. Colville, secretary of the Printing Committee, has already filed a number of orders.

"GENTLE AS THE SUMMER BREEZE."—"I'd rather take a thrashing any time than a dose of pills," groaned a patient to whom the doctor has prescribed physics. "I'd as lief be sick with what ails me now, as to be sick with the pills."

"I don't think you have taken any of the pills I prescribe, or you wouldn't dread the prescription so," laughed the doctor. "I never use the old, inside twisters you have in mind. I use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They always make me think of a part of an old hymn—

'.....mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze.'

The best thing of the kind ever invented. No danger of their making you sick. You'll hardly know you've taken them. I wouldn't use any other in my practice."

——A down town man who owns a hornless goat calls it "Oleomargarine" because it is no butter.

——Not many business houses in these United States can boast of fifty years' standing. The business of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell. Mass., whose incomparable Sarsaparilla is known and used everywhere, has passed its half-centennial and was never so vigorous as at present.

——"What's the matter that there is no dinner ready?" asked the labor leader.

"The cook quit," replied the wife leaning back in her chair and fanning gently.

"Why didn't you get it ready yourself? You know how well enough."

"Me? I'm out on a sympathetic strike with the cook.

——The number of marriages performed throughout the world each day is estimated at 3,000.

——Judge (sternly)—Your face is familiar. Have you been in this court before?

Prisoner—No, sir: but I'm a bartender at the Farandon hotel.—*Life.*

——The new parlor maid—"Miss Alice says she's not at home, sir."

He—"Oh—er—really! Then tell her I didn't call."

——Mrs. Flightie—I do so pity Mrs Bookworm.

Mrs. Jingle—Why?

Mrs. Flightie—Her life seems so empty, she does nothing but study and write.