

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 21, 1894.

## THE JUDGES' PASS.

I think about the nearest thing to heaven there could be to be a Judge an' ride at one's own leisure. He has passes in his pocket an' wears the best of clothes. An' the porters are polite to him no matter who else goes. They say the "tence if he hasn't got the "tin." An' when they see him comin', they say "right."

"Walk right."

And when he gets aboard the train to go off anywhere, he says, "You'll see them hustlin' round and see he gets the softes' chair. An' plumb to put his feet an' a pillar for his head."

An' when he wants a sleeper, gets the softes' featherbed. For a Judge is mighty handy to stan' in with, don't you see? That's why he gets a ticket that says,

"You ride free,"

But when he gets to heaven—will his pass avail him there? Will it get him through the portals and buy a good chair? When St. Peter takes that postboard an', scans it over and over. Will he say: "I'm glad to see ye, Judge," an' open up the door?

Oh, no, he says, "the bell boy, with a

An' say: "Gabriel, take this gentleman an'

show him down."

## IN THE HOSPITAL.

"What a marvelous over pillows you possess. Thank you; how kind you are! I wonder if you are as honest."

"As much so as women generally."

"Ma fo! have I offended? I beg pardon. Camp life has made me rude. I wonder what brought you to such a place?"

"Another wonder which I can better satisfy. Selfishness brought me here. I came to relieve my own suffering."

"In doing good to others worse off. That is a peculiar selfishness; but have you suffered really?"

"So much so that I must not speak of it. Why were you speculating on my honesty?"

"Because I wish to ask a plain question and receive a straightforward answer."

"Avant!"

"I feel pretty sure of you—more so than of three men who potter over me with 'Well, my boy, we must turn you out before long.' Turn me out; yes, indeed, they will. What I wish to ask is, how much longer you think I'll last?"

He was not much more than a boy, and looking into his fine clear eyes, I hated for once to tell the truth. But day by day I had watched him with the motherly tenderness fate had denied my spending over children of my own; and each day I had seen the silver cord slipping, slipping—slowly, barely perceptible, yet very surely loosening. After he spoke and lay there closely watching for my answers, scanning eagerly my face, which was too well tutored to express even pity when I chose it should not, I was silent for a while.

"Won't you tell me?" he pleaded.

"I want to see you strive more hopefully for health."

A faint smile curled his lip.

"Like all the rest," he whispered to himself.

"I think not," was the reply, while for a moment a prayer from my heart went up for the youth and manhood ebbing, but as one drop from the nation's heart, one drop of the great red artery, carrying away in the stealthy flow the pride and glory of our homes.

"How much longer, then?" he repeated, "do you think I'll last?"

"God only knows, my dear young friend; but many days unless there is reaction."

He closed his eyes and became a little paler, but I did not fear any harm. I knew I had done rightly. He was one to bear truth.

"Thank you," he said at last, and grasped my hand.

"But you must care more to live; you must not be so passive," I told him.

"No; if you knew all you would not think so."

"You told me you had not; have you not sisters, some one whose presence would cheer you."

"No," he replied, but the gathering frown of pain and annoyance warned me to change the topic. I rearranged the trifles near him and was about leaving him, hoping that sleep would refresh him, but he begged me to stay. So I took up a book and began softly reading, but that also had not the desired effect.

"There is one person I wish to see before I die," he renewed. "I am not sure she would come," he muttered, "yet I wish, I long, I must see her. Will you write, or will you go—that would be better—or her? Tell her, Florence Withers, that I, Dick Temple am dying, and she must come. bid me good-by, or my ghost." He buried his face in his pillow, and I, with a heart aching for his loneliness, promised to do his bidding.

That is why I am waiting the return of the liveried man, who has ushered me in this sumptuous room and carried my card and note to the lady I have never heard of nor seen before.

The house does not differ from the many of wealth and fashion I have been in; the same elegance and luxury and repose reign in all. There is no more to be guessed at than from the glistening garb a woman wears at her bridal; no more, no less. The taste of the upholsterer and the modiste is about all we get at from either. Lace and damask, ornament and bronze

tulle, orange blossoms and a veil.

I was rather startled by the footman's return and message in the midst of this reverie, but was too conscious of the necessary calmness and imperceptibility in the presence of such functionaries to betray myself.

"Will you please go upstairs?"

"Certainly," and I followed his lead.

Noisily we went through the vast hall, up the broad, carved, oaken staircase, to the door where I was ushered in alone.

A young maid-servant met me and whispered quickly:

"My mistress has been very ill; for weeks we have thought something was wrong here," tapping her forehead with her finger; "but as soon as she read your notes she brightened and said she must see you. The nurse is out, and I don't know whether it's right, You will please tell the nurse it's not my fault if you see her."

The room was darkened, the heavy curtains down, so the sunshine filtering through them had the purple tinge of twilight.

On a low cushioned lounge, half lost in the pillows, he espied white draperies, and a soft, sweet voice gave me welcome. I approached and told my errand cautiously for I reckoned rightly that I was not the bearer of glad tidings.

At the first glance of the face seemed to reiterate what the maid had whispered. It was an exquisite face, the kind that men rave about; of flower-like beauty and mold, tint and texture.

The long, sweeping lashes raised slowly and the eyes gazed abstractedly like a child's waking out of a dream. She looked at me as if striving to recall my personality, which I gently explained was one she had no cognizance of. Then she looked at my note and the light of full reason swept away the misshiness of doubt which veiled her face of expression.

"You have come from Richard, Richard Temple. Sit down here by me and tell me all about him. Is he so ill? Was he very badly wounded?"

"Very badly, very cruelly wounded," I replied, not surprised to see the sudden swaying of her slender form, as ash trees bend with a sudden gust and a great driving falls of tears.

"You know, do you not, that he is no relative of mine—that, as Mrs. Withers, I ought not even call him friend?"

"No; he did not tell me so."

"But he is dying; you cannot deny it. Is it not wrong for me to think of him now; is it? I am glad he is dying; for I can love him now; there is no harm in it. My darling, darling, oh, how I have been punished! I wonder if God ever forgives such as I—a woman false to their better natures?"

"He forgives all who repent."

"But I have been forced into repentence after cloaking myself in deceit, I knew Richard loved me long ago, though he had not said it in plain words; every look and action was full of tenderness; but I was spoiled with flattery and adulation, and piqued that he gave me none; so, in wicked coquetry, I allowed others to suppose my heart was free.

"Three summers ago we were at Lake G. Papa never fancied Richard, because his name was not distinguished and he was very ambitious that I should make a grand match; so before I realized what I was doing, I was betrothed to Mr. Withers. At first the novelty and sensation of the thing amused me, and for a week or two I was quite happy; but one evening Richard came back from a trip in the mountains and I was so glad to see him that I quite forgot my fiance. We strolled around the piazza alone, for Mr. Withers had gone sailing, which I could never be induced to do, and at last sauntered in where the people were dancing. The music drowned our voices, and we were sheltered by the bay window; but in a pause of the band Richard told me the old, old story which it was too late now for me to hear. It stunned me so completely that I forgot where I was—that his arm was around me and his lips near mine; but so differently was I moved, so much more my heart responded to his glowing words than to the stately offer I had before received, that I dared not tell the truth. For a little while my silence sufficed him; my heart was beating so tumultuously I could not speak; and he was happy—for a short time, only, for directly Mr. Withers came for me to dance, calling me familiarly 'Florence'; and I, quickly drawing off my glove, showed him my manicure; the crimson flushed truth in his eyes as I whirled him in a redowa with Mr. Withers.

"I have not seen him since. I knew he enlisted as a private; I heard that he was wounded, and that shock and the death of my child have almost crazed me; but I have told you all this, so you can advise me. Shall I go to him, or will it be wrong?"

Had she been my own child I could not have more pitied her, or been less puzzled how to reply. There was her beautiful face looking up at me with the pleading that another face longed to have.

"Where is your husband? Ask his permission," I evaded.

"He is away from home."

"Can you not write?"

She shuddered a little, "It may be too late then."

It may be I was sinning for a moment in thinking there could be no wrong in her yielding to the dictate of her heart this once—for once letting custom and appearance, eye, even duty, stand aside; but any woman with natural feeling in her bosom would have been tempted, as I was to tell her to go, for there she was, watching me with painful intensity and apprehension, as if the boon she craved were in my gift.

"Just once before he dies," she whispered.

We have hundreds of times studied the grandeur of mountains and oceans, in summer and winter, in sunshine and storm, in our own and other lands.

We have hon'red times, in the great cathedrals and churches of our own country and Europe, listened to music that has carried our thoughts far above this little world we inhabit.

But we have never been more filled with wonder and admiration, and profound gratitude to the Almighty, than when on calm and beautiful nights, such as we have had many the past summer, we have looked up into the quiet heavens and watched the stars moving in grand procession across the sky, and thought of the Infinite Power that created and controls them in their great revolutions through space without limit and time without end.—Geo. T. Angell.

"But the cost of that once—your husband's anger."

She sprang to her feet. "Do you think I care for the cost, or in what way I may suffer for it, while he lies there dying all alone?"

"You have vowed before God to obey your husband. Do you candidly believe he would be willing?"

She sank down again, huskily uttering, "No."

My heart was full of pity, but I had the strength to say: "Then, my dear Mrs. Withers, it is very plain to me that even this wish is one you must not harbor, though to stifle it makes your cross ten times heavier."

I clasped her hand and drew her head down on my bosom, where it lay motionless for some time; nor would I have had her know the defiant thoughts which I was hurling at the world and all its mockeries.

When I rose to go she thanked me with earnest gravity and bade me tell Richard, with great tenderness, that though she had always loved him, she was striving to be a true wife. Her face had lost all its color, and her eyes had almost a dull opaqueness. With assurances that I would do all in my power to comfort him, I left her—left her in the gorgeous purple twilight of her darkened room, crowned with youth and beauty and sorrow."

"This is a truth which brings sighs, Remembrance crown of sorrow is."

It was very hard for me to go back to that little hospital cot with so empty a return for the impatient longings spent in vain.

But he bore it manfully, weak as he was; and I lavished upon him all the gentleness and care I could command.

The end was not far off. The shadows were growing longer and gathering denser. Life receding; eternity drawing nigh. Every day I strove to make the narrow path lighter with the truth and rob death of its gloom. He had a fearless, bright spirit, seldom giving way to doubts. Never again had he spoken of Florence Withers.

One snowy afternoon, I finishing a Psalm, the 23d, thought him asleep, and knowing his extreme weakness, rather fearfully bent down to listen to his breathing; it was soft as an infant's.

I saw his lips move and heard one word; it was only "Floy"—perhaps thought I, he is praying, and I moved silently away.

It must have been so, and his prayer was answered, for when I came back I found a kneeling figure at his side and his head pillow'd in Florence's embrace.

Standing alone and gazing out the window was a gentleman whom I knew must be Mr. Withers, and so individually grateful was I for this, his unselfish deed, that I regarded him as holding that rarest of all titles, "Nature's Nobleman."

They were just in time. Death came with the twilight.

I never have known what prompted Mr. Withers to this kindness, but well assured am I that in doing it he took the surest methods toward gaining the affection which, through no fault of his, had been lavished on another.

Mr. Depew is the President of one of the most comprehensive, profitable and ably managed railroad systems in the United States. He is a business man in the broadest, most practical meaning of the term, and, as such, his opinion regarding the business of the country is worth more than all the croakings of all the wreckless, unthinking, unscrupulous and prejudiced partisan organs, leaders and agitators, from Maine to New Mexico. They croak the wish that is father to their croaking; he speaks impartially, in wise judgment, and with prolonged, informing experience.

What Mr. Depew says is confirmed not only by reason, by common sense, by the character, the enterprise, the energy and the intelligence of the American people, but by the actual business conditions of the passing day.

For instance, the new tariff repeals

the bounty on sugar, and in consequence, say the prophets of "calamity," the production of sugar, especially of the beet root variety must cease.

That has been the continuous croak of the partisan croakers, the answer to it is to be found in the fact that in Oregon, in which State the beet root is largely cultivated, certain capitalists have within the last few days organized a company, with a capital of \$1,000,000, for the construction of beet root sugar refineries. This is but one of many instances throughout the country of fact controverting inveterate croaking.

Since the tariff question has been settled, and its has been practically settled, for at least, three years, and by its settlement fixed conditions established and confidence regained, the stock market, that unsailing test of the status of business, has been giving the most assuring indications of reviving prosperity; the great transportation companies, which are the porters of trade, carrying the raw material to the works and the product of industry from the mills, factories, furnaces, forges and shops to the markets and the cross-roads, have increased their traffic and their earnings. In all branches of trade reports are favorable. From New York it reported that "in the dry goods line many jobbers state that thus far during the present month transactions have exceeded those of two years ago, when the demand was the largest in the history of dry goods trade." Prices it is stated, are "firm and advancing."

The boot and shoe jobbers make a similarly gratifying report.

Shipments from Boston last week were of

\$9,650 cases as against 57,000 cases for the corresponding week of last year; of 84,826 cases in 1893 and 80,939 in 1891.

In other trades, even in woolen, iron,

steel and tin industries, which are most

affected by the new tariff, there is shown

renewed activity.

Why should not the country now enter upon a new era of prosperity?

The question of the currency has been definitely, unchangedly determined in favor of a sound, safe, honest one; our industries have a known settled basis to build upon; manufacturers know precisely the conditions under which they are to operate. American enterprise, thrift, energy, courage will readily adapt themselves to the new economic status,

and if there is in sight no expensive

business boom, there are the most satis-

factory indications of reviving prosperi-

ty, of that real, steadfast prosperity

## Republican Testimony.

*Business Prosperity Now Assured—The Catany Hoover Scored.*

The *Public Ledger* (Republican) of Philadelphia, under date of September 12, 1894, publishes the following editorial, which predicts a new era of real, steadfast prosperity:

It is both interesting and instructive to contrast the deliberately expressed opinions of a genuinely representative business man, unusually competent and experienced with those of the "disjoined thinkers" of the radically partisan organs which daily proclaim that there is and that there can be no revival of manufacturing and commercial activity,

for the reason that, with the repeal of the McKinley act prosperity took its flight from the United States never to return again.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, a staunch and radical Republican, who is held in such high esteem by his party as to be considered by its most distinguished leaders as a fit candidate for the highest national and State political honors said to the *Homburg* correspondent to the *New York Herald*, on the 8th inst.: