

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 23, 1894.

THE RUDDER.

Of what are you thinking, my little lad, with the honest eyes of blue.
As you watch the vessels that swiftly glide
Over the level ocean floor?
Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they
Pass away from our view,
And down the slope of the world they go
To seek some far off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by chance
To move at the breeze's will,
Aimlessly wandering hither and yon,
And melting in distance gray;
But each one moves to a purpose firm,
And the winds their sails that fill
Like faithful servants speed them all
On their appointed way.

For each one has a rudder, my dear little lad
With a stanch man at the wheel,
And the rudder is never left to itself,
But the will of the man is there;
There is never a moment, day or night,
That the vessel does not feel
The force of the purpose that shapes her
Course and the helmsman's watchful care.

Some day you will launch your ship, my boy,
On life's wide, treacherous sea,
Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength
To stand the stress of the gale;
And your hand on the wheel, don't let it flinch
Whatever the tumult be,
For the will of the man, with the help
Of God, shall conquer and prevail.
—Celia Thaxter.

WHEN ROMANCE DIES.

Pauline was pretty and I loved her.
The romance was over—we were married—
and the fellow yelling upstairs
was 2 years old. I hope I was a good
husband, I know Pauline was a good
wife, and I ought to have been ashamed
to do as I did about it.

It was a letter, or rather a tiny note,
written on delicate French paper, sealed
with a white dove and perfumed
with rose. And this is what it said
to me:

"Do old loves die out of a man's
mind entirely? Do you quite forget,
quite? I believe you meant
what you used to say to me. No
matter. I have never forgotten. What
else has a woman to think of?
I want to meet you again just as we used
to meet. Let me prophesy. There is
to be a masquerade party at your
friend Earle's. You will have an invitation
for yourself and wife. Need you
show it to your wife, who doubtless
had rather stay at home with her
baby? Can't you come alone?
And put a bit of that red flower that
burns in your garden in your buttonhole,
and so be known to

"YOUR OLD LOVE."

"Bye, baby, bye."
And who was the writer of that epistle?
She insisted that I had made
love to her; but that was not precisely
a clew, for what man does not do that
whenever he has an opportunity, and
what woman does not give a man an
opportunity if he pleases to take it?
"Bill," cried my wife from the doorway,
"the fish is just right now, and if
you don't come to breakfast it will be
cold." What did the postman bring
you?"

"Nothing of importance," I answered.
Then I followed Bell to the dining
room.

We used to call each other Isabel
and William, but it was Bell and Bill now.
All commonplace together, said the
devilish little note in my waistcoat
pocket. However, it prophesied
correctly, for the next post brought the
invitation from my friend Earle, who
was to give a fancy dress masquerade
party on a certain evening, and who,
requested the pleasure of our company.

Should I show it to Bell or not?
My conscience pricked me sorely. Bell
enjoyed such things so much, and
Bushman was such a dull place. I
walked down the garden path and
looked at the red flowers which the
writer had spoken of as "burning";
there, and thought what a fine imagination
she must have. And I thought
of Bell going down the lane with baby
in a perambulator, and I said to myself,
"She is content with him. I'll go
to the masquerade alone."

The day of the party came. The
morning vanished; evening was approaching.
If I could escape to the
cab which I had charged to wait at a
certain quiet spot in the lane, while
Bell was out of sight herself. My infant
son was always established in
some post of observation, and would
inform the household of the peculiar
appearance of "Da-da" at the top of
his voice. Or the little nurse girl, or
cook, spying a brigand in conical hat,
spangled jacket, silk stockings, etc.,
departing from the house, would give
the alarm. And I began to understand
how great a multitude of perils beset
the path of the sinner, until poor little
Bell herself cleared them away for me.

"Bill," she said, coaxingly, at tea
time, "would you mind very much if I
went with baby to spend the evening
with Cousin Prue, and if it so happened
that I should stay all night?" "She's
to be all alone, poor dear, and wants
me so dreadfully. You won't mind,
for once?"

"I shall be delighted," I replied. "I
—I mean—to have you please yourself,
of course. Go, by all means, and take
little Biddy with you. And stay as
long as you please, my dear."

"I thought you'd feel quite cross
about it," said Bell, "but actually I
believe you are glad to be rid of us."

"I think you are unreasonable,
Bell," said I. "You made the proposition,
not I."

"Oh, what a fib! You proposed to
me twice, before I said yes," replied
Bell.

"The proposition to visit your cousin
Prue, I mean."

"And I shall go, and stay as long as
I like," said Bell. "And I hope you'll
enjoy yourself very much."

"Enjoy yourself," I stammered. "I—
why how?"

"At home, as an old bachelor, of
course I mean," said Bell. "Come,
Biddy. I'll go now."

And she went—without a kiss too,
though I offered one.

"Perhaps when I come back, if you

deserve it," she said, as she looked over
her shoulder at me before she shut
the gate.

And three hours afterward I was a
brigand with a green velvet jacket all
spangled, and a conical hat, and a
black mask, and a bunch of red flowers
in my buttonhole, going in a cab to
meet my unknown old love at the masquerade.
In a little while more I was
amid the throng, and searching for my
mysterious lady.

A Gipsy in a short dress, and black
mask, the lace fall of which hid all
but the tip of her dainty chin. Was
that the romantic unknown? Lydia
Price might have become such a figure,
in the years that had glided by since
we met. And I had said sweet things
to Lydia.

This flower girl—could that be
Flora Burns? This Queen Elizabeth
seemed to look at me with interest.
Where was my innamorata?
Suddenly the thought flashed upon
me, that it might be some trick played
upon me by a masculine friend. I so,
a pretty fool I'd make of myself. If I
had had Bell upon my arm and no red
flowers in my button hole. I should
have been a happy man just then.

But just as this thought passed
through my mind a hand touched my
shoulder. And turning, I saw a figure
draped in black silk and lace, masked
deeply, and crowned with silver stars
and—
"Night," according to masqueraders
lore, and no doubt the writer of my
billet. A woman not a doubt of that
—small, delicate and graceful. The
sweetest little hand—glowed to be sure
—in all the world. But who was it?
I waited for her to speak.

"You wear the flowers, I see. 'Night
ought to satisfy a brigand. Come
away with her where it is quiet. There
is no one in the conservatory. I don't
believe you know me, William."

"I do not," I answered.

"And you've held my hand so often,"
whispered Night. "Ah, well. You
men! you men! not only do you
kiss and tell, but you kiss and forget."

"I don't think any one could forget
you," I said. "Are you sure I ever
knew you?"

"I wish you never had," said
Night.

We were in the conservatory now.
The lights in colored glass flung a
strangely beautiful luster down upon
the scene. It was such an hour as
gives romance the upper hand with
our hearts. We sat together upon a
garden seat and she drew very close to
me, and sat quiet. After a while she
said, as though there had been no pause:

"You see, I remember. Life is cold,
commonplace. I want a bit of sweetness
and romance. I want to be sweet
love to again. Make love to me, William,
if you haven't quite forgotten how."

"I find life very matter of fact myself,"
I said. "Perhaps I should like
a bit of romance, too, but you know
I'm married."

"So am I," she said.

"But that need make no difference,"
she added.

This was cool. But man is mortal.
She dropped her cheek against my
shoulder. I put my arm about her
waist.

I suppose your husband is not here?
I said. "Why not tell who you are?"

"Oh, if you can't remember, why
should I?" said she. "Where's the
ring gone you used to wear?"

"The ring Phemie Davis gave me?
I don't wear it now. You see—"

Your wife objected?" said the
girl.

"Are you Phemie Davis?" I asked.

"I won't tell. 'I'm married, you
know,' she said. 'It's only for tonight;
but I don't forget, though you do.
And how do you suppose my husband
treats me?'"

"Not cruelly?" I asked.

"No," said Night. "Then I heard a
sob beneath the mask. 'No; but the
romance is all gone. I'm the little
woman who keeps house for him,
that's all. Kind enough. Dresses
me well, and don't look at me twice
a day. He goes to balls alone, and has
notes from other women, that he hides
from me. I get duty kisses when we
part, but I hate duty kisses. Oh, he's
a good husband, only he breaks my
heart by never making love to me. I'd
rather be made love to in a sixpenny
cathoo, than to have such indifference
and wear velvet. And your romance is
over, too?"

"I cannot help remembering," I said.
"You will unmask?"

"Yes."
So I led Night to the table, and
stood behind her. And the music
ceased, and the signal was given, and
the masks dropped off, and lace half
shaded eyes, and a little black, star-
spotted fan was held before it.

I beat lower.
Let me see you," I whispered.

And the head turned, and the fan
furled itself, and two eyes, tear-wet,
met mine, and I saw—
Bell—my wife.

It was a terrible trick. I think if
we had not really loved each other so
well we must have quarreled. But,
you see, the romance was there still.
And when the first red flush had
died out of my face, I stooped down
again and whispered something in her ear
that made her quite forgive me. And
to-day though looking out on our
pretty green lawn, I see baby of that
time grown so great a baby that he is
dragging another baby on his old
velocipede, while a third crows in
Bell's round arms. I know that
romance is not dead yet, nor ever need
die, because of homely household love
and tenderness; and that I am Bell's
true lover, and she mine, still.—*New
York News.*

Another Horror.

The Sultan of Armenian Christians by the
Maltans Troops.

A London correspondent in Varna
describes the recent massacre of Armenian
Christians as of equal importance
with the Bulgarian butcheries which led
to the Russo-Turkish war. He says:
"The trouble began with the refusal of
the Armenians to pay taxes on the
ground that the Kurdish raids had so
impoverished them as to render it im-
possible. This probably was true. Troops
were sent to enforce the payments, but
were beaten off. The governor of Bitlis
then arrived with an imposing force of
regulars. The people, seeing that the
struggles were hopeless, yielded, but the
governor resolved to make an example
of them. He ordered the troops to fire
on the defenceless populace and they
obeyed with alacrity. They ceased
when the residents of twenty-five vil-
lages, numbering some thousands had
been killed. Some reports say 6,000 were
slain. Great Britain sent her consul in
Van, Mr. Hallward, to report on the
slaughter. The British ambassador in
Constantinople, upon receiving the re-
port, communicated it to the Porte.

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the local military commander, Saki
Pacha, to make his report in the matter
at once. Mr. Hagopian, chairman of the
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Do You Want a Job?

That Hungry Republicans Have Their Eyes Up
on Just Now.—Places for the Party Workers—
Names of Jobs and What They Pay a Jersey
Shore Man and a Williamsporter Now In—Is
There anything for You?

The success of the state Republican
ticket in Pennsylvania will give to that
party control of a large number of pro-
fitable places now filled by Democrats.
The most important of these offices
which General Hastings will have at his
disposal is secretary of the common-
wealth, the salary of which is \$4,000 a
year. Secretary Harty has made on
an average of over \$17,000 a year out
of the office in salary and fees. The deputy
secretary receives \$2,500 a year;
chief clerk, \$2,200; corporation clerk,
\$2,200; ten other clerks, \$1,400 each;
one extra clerk, \$1,500, and messenger,
\$1,100. It has always been the custom
for the chief clerk of this department to
serve as clerk to the board of pardons,
the salary of which is \$500 a year.

There are only a few appointments in
the executive department. The most
important is private secretary to the
governor, who receives a salary of
\$2,500 and \$500 additional as recorder
of the board of pardons. The executive
clerk receives \$1,500 a year; assistant
executive clerk, \$1,800; messenger
\$1,200; typewriter, \$1,200; page, \$800,
and night watchman, \$900.

The attorney general's office is worth
\$11,000 a year in salary and fees. The
salary of the attorney general is \$3,500
or \$500 less than that of his deputy.
The law clerk of this department re-
ceives \$2,200 a year and the stenog-
rapher \$1,500.

The adjutant general receives a salary
of 2,500 a year 600 additional for serv-
ing as a member of the military board.
The chief clerk gets 1,800; two clerks,
1,400 each; two temporary clerks, 1,200
each; messenger, 600; messenger in
flag room, 600; keeper of state arsenal,
1,500; six assistants, 800.

There will be no changes in the de-
partment of public instruction until
1895 as the governor has no power to
remove the state superintendent before
the expiration of his term. The incum-
bent, Dr. Shaeffer, has over two
years to serve. The salary of the state
superintendent is 4,000 a year; two
deputies receive each 1,800; three clerks
each 1,400; and a messenger, 900. The
messenger in the office of the secretary of
the state board of agriculture at a salary
of 300 a year.

State Librarian Erie has over three
years yet to serve. He was originally
appointed by Governor Beaver, and it
is thought he will not be disturbed by
General Hastings. Some of his assistants
will have to make room for Republi-
cans. The salary of the state librarian
is 2,500 a year; first assistant, 1,800;
second assistant, 1,500; messenger,
1,000; night watchman, 900, and two
cataloguers, 1,200 each.

One of the most lucrative places in
the gift of the governor is superintendent
of banking, which pays 4,000 a
year. The deputy superintendent gets
2,500; two clerks each 1,400. There
are also three examiners in this depart-
ment who are paid in fees. Another
comfortable position with a large in-
come which the governor-elect will
have at his command is office inspec-
tor, which pays 3,500 a year. There
are also twelve deputies each of whom
receive 1,200 a year and traveling ex-
penses.

Among the other places which the in-
coming governor will control are dairy
and food commissioner, which pays
2,000 a year; inspector of gas meters,
for the city of Pittsburg, 2,000; su-
perintendent of public printing and bind-
ing, 2,000; clerk to the superintendent,
500; harbor master, Philadelphia,
2,500; health officer, Philadelphia, 2,
500; and others of less importance.

The best paying offices at the dis-
posal of the governor is that of insur-
ance commissioner, which is worth
about 8,000 a year in salary and fees.
The deputy insurance commissioner is
paid 1,800 a year; two clerks each
1,400; an extra clerk the same amount;
a stenographer, 1,200 and messenger 900.

General Latta, the next secretary of
internal affairs, will control a number
of good appointments. The secretary
of internal affairs receives 4,000 a year
and 500 in addition for serving as a
member of the board of pardons. It
is likely that General Latta will be cho-
sen secretary of the state medical coun-
cil when he takes Colonel Stewart's
place in the council. This position pays
300 a year.

The salary of the present secretary of
internal affairs is 3,000 a year. The
next secretary will receive 4,000, as pro-
vided by the act of 1893 increasing the
salaries of certain state officials and em-
ployees, including the auditor general,
who will hereafter receive 4,000. The
deputy secretary of internal affairs re-
ceives 2,500 a year, exclusive of 200 for
acting as secretary of the board of prop-
erty. Next to the deputy secretary the
most important position in this depart-
ment is chief of the bureau of industrial
statistics, who receives 2,500 a year.
This appointment is made by the secre-
tary of internal affairs by the advice
and counsel of the governor. Other
places in this department are drafting
clerk, the salary of which is 1,700; thir-
teen other clerks, 1,400 each; two col-
lectors of statistics, each 1,600 and trav-
eling expenses; messenger, 1,200; stenog-
rapher, 1,000 and night watchman,
900.

Ex Senator Mylin, the next auditor
general, will control thirteen clerkships,
the salary of each being 1,400 a year;
chief clerk, 3,500; corporation clerk,
3,500; messenger and watchman each
900.

Captain Bricker, of Jersey Shore,
holds a 3,500 place under Auditor Gen-
eral Gregg. He will probably be re-
tained.

She Is a Handsome Woman.
The young Princess who will soon
become the Czarina of Russia is said
to be, apart from the flattery that
her rank inspires, one of the most at-
tractive girls in the royal circles of Eu-
rope. She is pretty, and, in addition,
of elegant and distinguished carriage.
She is impulsive, clever, lively and some-
what witty. But her health is not good,
and life on the bomb-threatened throne
of Russia is not likely to make it better.
The Princess is just 23 years old.

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it urges were no surprise, as hard times
always tell against the party in power.