

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., Jan. 25, 1895.

THE UNSETTLED MAN.

Here's how he looked at Christmas times
All filled with joy and mirth,
While blowing in his hard-earned dime
To get his "dollar's worth."

But, here you see a different phase,
The New Year's brought him ill;
Because a dozen statements says:
"Please pay that little bill."

You see your friend he wears a frown
And drinks the bitter cure,
Because he didn't "settle down,"
He, now can't "settle up."

—R. J. Smith.

THE FATAL LOSS OF A NEGATIVE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

"All I can say is, it's a deuce of a bore!" exclaimed Philip Blount, a smart, good-looking lawyer, who was on very good terms with himself, whose age might be six or seven and twenty, to his particular chum, Tom Marling, a stout, rubeicund, horse stock broker, perhaps a few years older.

"Well, it's rather hard lines," returned Marling, sympathetically.

"If they had given me timely notice, I might have managed to get down to the Grange, but such an abrupt invitation looks as if Gwen Dashwood did not want me down there."

This dialogue was going on in the private office of Mr. Marling, where the two men were discussing a light luncheon of oysters and stout, having a little time to spare at the general refreshment hour.

Blount was yet only a clerk in the old established firm of Ardell & Son; but that firm was now reduced to the surviving son, who was Blount's maternal uncle, and a childless widow.

Marling was a very well off bachelor, much given to the good things of this life and Blount's special friend.

"Down there" indicated a picturesque old place called Varley Grange, near Maidenhead, at present tenanted by a charming widow, whose charms were enhanced by the possession of an income which enabled her to rent such a residence. Here she gave delightful "Friday to Monday" parties, invitations to which people fished for eagerly.

Gwendoline Dashwood was the daughter of Mr. Ardell's deceased wife's sister, his ward and the mistress of his house. Blount rather imagined his uncle wished to make a match between his nephew and niece, and was quite sure of his own wishes on the subject; for Gwen Dashwood was a bright, attractive brunette, with big, brown eyes that could say a great deal—and he paid assiduous court to the young lady.

"Were you asked?" continued Blount.

"No! I'm not at all up to the mark of Mr. Cholmondeley Morton's party; not elegant enough by long chalks."

"Better ask you than that beast Everard. I hate the fellow."

"Blount, you're a fool!"

"No more than my neighbors."

"Rather less, in a general way; but you are a fool about that cousin of yours."

"She isn't a cousin; she is no relation at all."

"Well, whether she is or not, you'll lose your game if you lose your balance about her. From what I have seen I am inclined to think you stand very well with her, and Everard is much too grim and sour and black browed to be a dangerous rival. Besides, that Indian forestry appointment of his is no great thing. And then Miss Dashwood is not the girl to think of a man who is obliged to live in the wilds."

"I'm not so sure, Marling. Everard has an infernal cool air of command and superiority that imposes on women, and Gwen has a dash of romance in her. I fancy she thinks or suspects that I am what she would call 'low-minded' because I have the sense to have an eye to the main chance; but I flatter myself I've been making way with her lately. There's nothing goes down with that sort of girl like an air of being hopelessly gone upon her, and, in fact, I am—rather! It's such uncommon luck to have a fancy for the right young woman."

"Is she the right one?"

"She is. You see my uncle is deuced fond of her, and pretty sure to leave her the bigger half of his worldly goods, though he likes me, but if he marries, we'll have the whole."

"Admirable reasoning. But if you are making way, you may snap your fingers at Everard."

"I don't know. I got away early last week and found him at tea with Gwen, tete-a-tete—and after 'sitting out' with him for an hour in the conservatory at Lady Dalrymple's ball, when I went to claim my waltz, he said, as she took my arm: 'You must be sure to write to me, remember, in a dictatorial tone, as if she were his wife, by Jove!'"

Marling laughed. "Well, I know he isn't one of the Grange party."

"How?" ejaculated Blount.

"Instead of replying, Marling rummaged among some papers which lay in a square wicker receptacle on a table to his guest. It was dated the previous Saturday from the "East India Club," and ran thus:

DEAR MARLING—I am not going down to the Grange, nevertheless, I cannot keep my appointment on Mon-

day. I have other and better fish to fry, and am obliged to run over to the continent on Monday night. Shall write when I know time of my return. Yours truly, HUGH EVERARD.

"Ah, then he could not have gone to Mrs. Morton's," said Blount, with a sigh of relief. "I can't think how Gwen puts up with his overbearing swagger."

"Come now, Blount, he doesn't swagger."

"I suppose Gwen will be home to dinner at 7. I think I'll go and dine with my uncle in case he feels lonely. He was not at the office to-day, and I am not supposed to know that his darling will return to cheer him."

"Prudent young chap, you are! Go on and prosper, Blount, my boy."

The aspiring young lawyer carried out his intention and presented himself to his uncle a few minutes before 7 in accurate evening dress, a dainty flower in his buttonhole and a smile upon his lips. Altogether a handsome, gentleman-like looking young fellow, and steady, thought Mr. Ardell, who was spelling over an evening paper some what disconsolately in his big and bounteously ornamented drawing-room.

Mr. Ardell was a well preserved man of perhaps 63—very precise and a little exacting, with severe notions as regarded conduct, principle, integrity and such like old-fashioned laws of life.

"Ah, Philip! This is an unexpected pleasure. Glad to see you."

"Thank you, sir. Thought you might like my company, as probably Gwen may not return—and—"

"Or possibly that you might find her here? Eh, Philip? Very natural, my dear boy. Very natural. Still your impulse is somewhat prophetic."

Mr. Ardell stretched out his hand for a yellow envelope which lay on a small table beside him. "I fully expected Gwendoline to luncheon, and not feeling quite the thing, a little liverish in fact, I had ordered James to meet the 12:30 train from R—to look after her luggage and find her a cab, when, about 11:45, I received this," handing a telegram to Blount, who read: "Shall be home to-night. G. D."

"That means by the last train, I suppose," said Blount.

"No doubt. Very thoughtful of her, knowing she was expected and that she should send to meet every train till she arrived. She sends this to keep my mind at rest."

"When is the last train due?"

"About 10:20," returned Mr. Ardell.

"Then I shall go and meet her and bring her back. I need not leave you till 9:50. A hansom will rattle across the park to the Great Western in 20 minutes."

"Yes, do, Philip, Gwendoline will be glad to see you. There is a Bradshaw in the dining room. We'll make a note of the time."

"Dinner is on the table," said James, the solemn man out of livery, who ruled the lower regions.

Philip Blount followed Mr. Ardell down stairs contentedly enough, though, being somewhat given to suspicion and self-tormenting, debated that telegram in his own mind. Why did she not say "shall return by such or such a train?" Why did she leave things in such a vague condition? James might have been dancing attendance at Paddington from 6:30 on, leaving his functions to be performed by the housemaid, and reducing Mr. Ardell to the inconvenience of a female waiter.

Dinner was, as usual in Lonsdale Gardens, remarkably good—a matter of no small importance in Blount's eyes—and Mr. Ardell was exceedingly conversational in a careful and didactic manner throughout it.

When dessert was put on the table and James departed a short pause ensued; then Mr. Ardell said: "I think you will find a fresh Bradshaw on the writing table in the window. Let us make sure of the train before you start."

Philip rose and went to the stable whence he returned with Bradshaw and another book, handsomely bound in deep red with gold letters and decorations.

"You are right," he said, the R— train is due at 10:20." He handed Bradshaw to his uncle and continued: "I see you have Everard's book here. 'Life in the Wild Woods.' I don't fancy him in print—doesn't give me the idea of a writing man."

"I have not read the work," returned his uncle, with a tinge of disdain in his tone. "That copy was presented to Gwendoline. I was rather annoyed at her accepting it, though I do not very well see how she could have refused it. But Mr. Everard is not a man I like. He is pretentious and dictatorial, in fact, inclined to take liberties, or I should say, he presumes on some connection with old friends of Gwendoline's to come here much oftener than I like, and assume a familiar tone with my niece which I totally disapprove."

"Yes, my dear uncle, I have noticed it also, and it makes me indignant. However, he has gone to the continent—and—"

"Why, yes, I know. He wrote to Gwendoline explaining why he could not go to this party and mentioned that he was going abroad, a very unnecessary proceeding, as I told my niece."

"And what did she say?"

"Well, she laughed and said that for all I knew it might be very necessary."

"A curious answer," said Blount easily. "What do you make of it?"

"What, I? Oh, nothing. It is really unimportant, only I fancy that Mr. Everard aspires to a matrimonial alliance with us, rather an audacious project on his part."

"I should think it was!" cried Blount. "He tries to seem on confidential terms with Gwen, but—"

"She has too much sense to heed him. In fact, she would not offend me by entertaining any proposal from Mr. Everard," interrupted Ardell. "I fancy you are aware, my dear Philip,

that my great wish is to see my nephew and niece united before I die—not only because I am attached to you, but both and each would then be benefited equally by what I may be enabled to bequeath."

"And I desire nothing so ardently," cried Philip, "as to call her my wife. In fact, I have loved her ever since she came from school to reside here."

"I have suspected it, Philip. I have suspected it," returned his uncle, playing with the double eyeglass which hung from his neck. "But, my dear boy, I am not so sure of her."

"I am not without hope, if only no one comes between us." There was a long pause, each being occupied with his own hopes and fears for the future. Suddenly Blount exclaimed: "Could one drive from Paddington to Charing Cross in half an hour, with a minute or two to spare?"

"Yes, if the streets were not crowded, and the horse a good one. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, ah, I only wanted your opinion. That is, my dear uncle, I have an awful dread of that fellow Everard, and it's curious, but this morning I saw a note from him saying he was going to start for the continent this evening, or some time to-morrow. Could it be?" he stopped abruptly.

"Be what?" asked Mr. Ardell, putting on his glasses to gaze at the speaker.

"Don't laugh at my jealous fancy, but—suppose he persuaded Gwen to accompany him!"

"Impossible, sir!" was the indignant answer. "You show your ignorance of my niece by such a suspicion."

"But, uncle, women are so queer and flighty, and—just see how this wire gives color to my idea! Why need she send it at all? It would have been no great matter if James had gone to meet several trains. Was it not calculated to keep the whole afternoon free? See, there are only three trains in the day from R—, and Everard could have met her and started by the mail train for Paris, or God knows where. He had some power over her. I heard him say—"

"And he repeated the story of the ball which he had told Marling in the morning."

At first Mr. Ardell was indignant and incredulous, but as Blount persisted and insisted on the weakness, gullibility and fancifulness of women, especially young ones, the elder man grew more irritable and blustering.

"Time will show, sir!" cried Blount at last, looking at the heavy classical bronze clock over the fireplace, "and I haven't left myself too much time to get to the station by 18:20. God grant I may bring back Gwendoline safe and sound to you. I may exaggerate things, but I hardly hope to find her?"

"Nonsense, Philip. I believe you are out of your mind; but you have made me very uncomfortable," returned Mr. Ardell ringing the bell. "Come back as fast as you can. Whistle a cab for Mr. Blount," he continued, as James appeared in answer to the bell.

"You must not agitate yourself too much, my dear uncle," said Blount rising and feeling some compunction at having worked up his host to such a pitch of uneasiness, and he left the room.

A hansom alighted awaited him, and he was soon rattling toward Paddington.

By this time he had reached a condition of mind which inclined him to seek comfort by recapitulating his uncle's arguments against himself.

Suppose the horrible suspicions prove true. Mr. Ardell would certainly cut off Gwen with a shilling—or, perhaps a farthing—possibly all his uncle's fortune might come to him. "I have always been fond of her. There's such a good style about her, and just lately she has been so sweet and friendly. What bright, mischievous brown eyes she has. There's no girl in our set fit to tie her shoes. No, all the money wouldn't be worth much, at least not now, if Gwen slipped through my fingers. Hullo! the arrival platform. Cabby, mind what you are about. I want to meet the 10:20 from R—and it's 10:17 now."

In a few seconds he had alighted and was pacing the platform.

The rush and bustle of the early evening trains were over. The great station looked gloomy and deserted—very few porters were about and the 10:20 was evidently a thing of no importance.

Blount paced slowly up and down revolving the possibilities of his position.

Gwen was certainly what is called a girl of spirit, not to say slightly headstrong and there was no saying what a young woman of that description might, could or would do. What motive had him in sending that mysterious telegram, if it were not to mask her movements? "Here, porter; isn't the 10:20 from R—behind time?"

"Well, it often is—but it signaled now sir."

A few more uneasy, miserable minutes and the panting engine was alongside the platform, while the porters were opening and banging the doors. The train was fairly full of better class "Arrys and Arrists who had been boating, plump mothers with numerous olive branches returning from excursions along the river, lover-like couples of a higher grade, eager to jump into hansoms as if fearful of being behind time; men in flannels, girls in muslins and shade hats, for it had been a glorious summer's day. But no sign of the tall distinguished figure he sought for so feverishly. His keen eyes searched every carriage and scanned each group. Soon they were dispersed like grains of pepper thrown on water, while he was alone and despairing. Certainly Gwen Dashwood was not coming home to-night. He left the station and drove back to Lonsdale Gardens as fast he could.

"No sign of her!" he exclaimed, rushing into the dining room, where Mr. Ardell, thoroughly infected by his nephew's fears was pacing to and fro.

"Not come!" cried the old man

aghast. "Why, what—what can be the meaning of this—this extraordinary disappearance! Something unexpected has occurred. She has missed her train. She has been over-persuaded to stay the night—many things might have happened, but your—your unwarrantable surmise is—too—too preposterous. If Gwen were guilty of deceiving me, I'd—I'd renounce her forever."

"You must not be too hard. If we can only prevent scandal, I should still be ready to carry out your wishes."

"What is to be done next, Philip?" resumed his uncle as if he had not heard him.

"I am sure I hardly know, sir. Shall I call at Everard's club to-morrow and ascertain it possible when he returns? But of course he will leave little or no trace of his movements."

"I am quite certain you do Gwen the greatest injustice, but my dear boy, come to me to-morrow morning early, as early as you can. There is not much doing to-morrow, that case is on till—till Wednesday, and young Pouncey can manage very well, at least for a few hours, and we must know something certain by the afternoon. No use in expecting her to-night, Philip. Take some brandy and soda before you go. I want some myself."

Both felt a little more hopeful after partaking of this refreshment, when they parted with some solemnity, and Blount made his way to his own place, where he passed a wretched night, harassed by frightful dreams, in which he found himself minus both the "beaux and yeux" and the "cassette," of which he hoped to possess himself.

After a hasty visit to the office, for he never neglected business, Blount hurried to Lonsdale Gardens.

"Well, Philip, have you telegraphed?" was Mr. Ardell's salutation.

"No, sir, I thought you would, and two wires would seem ridiculous and suspicious."

"What matter, so long as we get information?" cried his uncle testily.

"I will go and telegraph myself," said Blount, anxious to be up and doing, and bent his steps to a central office at some distance, fancying it could be more rapidly dispatched than from the little local postoffice in a baker's shop. Returning, a runaway horse and a smashed vehicle impeded his progress, and on his arrival James received him with smiles. "Miss Dashwood is upstairs sir—arrived just after you went out!"

Blount rushed upstairs, two steps at a time, flung open the door and beheld his uncle standing on the hearth rug, playing nervously with his "pince-nez," while, still in her hat—a very becoming one—an open telegram in her hand, Gwen was walking up and down in (not to put too fine a point upon it) a towering rage.

"To make all this fuss about nothing!" she was saying. "To insult me with such suspicions and you, uncle, to believe them! Ah, Philip, I wonder you dare to look me in the face! I know it is all your doing. You have upset Uncle Ardell frightfully, he is quite ill. How dare you accuse me of such baselessness? Yes, Uncle has told me everything, and I see that you are a low-minded, disagreeable creature, and I was beginning to think better of you. The whole mystery has arisen from a mistake, either of mine or the telegraph clerk at R—. The telegram I thought I sent—that I intended to send—was: 'Shall not be home to-night.' Either he or I omitted the negative!"

"My dear Gwen," began Blount, imploringly.

"Don't 'dear' me!" she interrupted. "As to Mr. Everard, he had a quarrel with his fiancée, an old schoolfellow of mine. I have helped to reconcile them, and she has asked me to meet her and her mother in Paris."

"But, Gwen, if you knew my feelings!"

"If you had kept them to yourself, and not tried to make mischief with my uncle, and lower me in his opinion, I might forgive; as it is, I shall have no more to do with you Philip."

And she kept her word.

A Study of Incomes.

Wealth is More Distributed in This Country Than in Great Britain.

The following figures, taken from the last English census, reveal some interesting facts concerning the economical situation of Great Britain.

About 250,000 persons in Great Britain have an annual income of \$1000, and 2,000,000 have an income of \$500. Thus it would appear that only one out of every five is capable of supporting a family. It is to be borne in mind that \$500 a year amounts to only \$1.37 a day which is not very much for a family of four persons. On the other hand, there are in the United Kingdom 126,000 families having an annual income of about \$3000, and 5000 families with an income of more than \$25,000.

In the United States, according to the statistics compiled by T. G. Shearman, we have 400,000 families (or about two millions of people) whose annual income amounts to \$2000, and more than 10,000 families having an income of more than \$25,000.

Taking into account the difference in population between the United States and Great Britain, it still will be evident that not only can America boast of a greater number of rich people than the United Kingdom, but that wealth is more equally distributed and less centralized in United States.

Two Pennsylvania Senators.

Pennsylvania has two able men in the Senate, but they got there by way of Michigan and Oregon. Burrows, the new Senator from Michigan and Mitchell, of Oregon, formerly resided in the Keystone State. Pennsylvania would get the best of the bargain trading Quay and Cameron for her two successful sons in the West.

A Bridal Trip in Africa.

Perils That Confronted a Young Bride on the Dark Continent. Constantly Beseet by Savages. Explorer Holub and His Wife Return from a Dangerous Journey. A Woman Who Proved Her Courage.

The distinguished explorer of Austria-Hungary, Dr. Emil Holub, and his wife Mrs. Rosa Holub, are at present visiting Chicago and other Western cities, where Dr. Holub has lecture engagements. They expect to remain here till March. Dr. Holub has given to African research, to the writing of his books and to the preparation of the largest collections in natural history ever brought from Africa by one man, over 20 years of his life.

Dr. Holub does not belong to the class of explorers who cover great distances in a year or two, and whose observations, therefore, are necessarily superficial. He is thoroughly scientific in his training and methods, and he has spent 11 years in South Africa and South Central Africa studying all the aspects of nature between Kimberley and the wild Mashukulumbé north of the Zambezi river. He has published five large volumes on his work in Africa, one of them devoted wholly to birds. He has given enormous collections to European museums from Rome to Stockholm.

A BRIDE'S BODY GUARD.

In the few weeks since Dr. Holub and his wife arrived in America they have heard sad news from Austria. It is the death of Janos Fekete, a soldier in the Austria-Hungarian army, who was detailed to accompany Dr. Holub in his last long journey. He was Mrs. Holub's faithful servant, a giant in stature and strength, who carried her through many of the marshes in flooded districts of Africa, and at one time bore her to safety on his shoulders when the party had been surrounded by the most murderous natives of Africa who live north of the Zambezi, and whose country has not been penetrated by any other explorer.

Mrs. Holub was a young bride when she started with her already famous husband for Africa in 1883. They had five European assistants and a splendid outfit that cost about \$60,000. It was a remarkable tour and lasted four years. The plan was to push north from Cape Colony across the Zambezi, explore the unknown land of the Mashukulumbé and then push further north through wholly untraveled districts to the region of the great lakes. In these four years' strong men in the party dropped and died, but the young bride from Vienna seemed to lead a charmed life. She was not attacked with fever until toward the close of the journey, though for many months she lived in the pestilential region of the Zambezi. It was her good fortune that she was fitted for the life she led more than many a man who has gone to Africa.

SHOOTING FROM HORSEBACK.

A woman of fine physique and plenty of pluck and endurance, Mrs. Holub enjoyed the outdoor life. She rode a remarkable tour and lasted four years. The plan was to push north from Cape Colony across the Zambezi, explore the unknown land of the Mashukulumbé and then push further north through wholly untraveled districts to the region of the great lakes. In these four years' strong men in the party dropped and died, but the young bride from Vienna seemed to lead a charmed life. She was not attacked with fever until toward the close of the journey, though for many months she lived in the pestilential region of the Zambezi. It was her good fortune that she was fitted for the life she led more than many a man who has gone to Africa.

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