

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 15, 1895.

FATE.

R. K. BUNKER IN "FUCK"
A Western railroad through a farm
Saw fit to cut its way;
But for a fence, to shield from harm
The cows, it wouldn't pay.

The farmer saw the iron horse
His pasture flying through;
"If they shall kill a cow, of course,
The company I'll sue."

And so he smoked his pipe in peace,
And watched the cars go by;
The railroad men would never cease
To chaff him on the fly.

One day a freight train slowly curved
Around the mountain's brow;
Upon the track the men observed
His ancient, useless cow.

The engineer athrill with glee,
"Look in the scene," he said;
And then remarked: "Oh, now we'll see
The cow jump o'er the moon."

He blew no whistle, while he let
The steam have greater sway,
And so the cow and engine met
By chance—the usual way.

She sped not to the moon and stars;
Beneath the wheels she sank;
Sent engine, engineer and cars
Demolished down the bank.

By thousands, lost upon the spot,
The railroad's power now,
The farmer sued the road and got
Ten dollars for the cow.

A PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE.

LAVINIA H. EGAN.

It was a pleasant February morning, the twittering of birds on the pavement and in the big cottonwood trees making it seem quite glad some without, and by and by, the Judge began to feel the general stiffness of the close office, and pulled his chair a little jerkily across the floor to the open window. He had a book in his hand, and held its pages open with one long white finger till he was seated. It was the "Blue Book," containing the list of Presidential appointments which he seemed to be perusing so earnestly holding it well off at arm's length and running his finger along to note the salary attached to each office, now and then, perhaps a little unconsciously, marking one with his thumb nail. He paused a moment to turn over a leaf, and glanced out through the open window, peering over his glasses for a distant view. The street below was a quiet one, and the figure of a tall, spare man in a closely buttoned cutaway coat, with a high silk hat and dangling cane, was a conspicuous one in comparison to the few leisurely going passersby in simple morning attire.

"Yes, it's Everett," said the Judge to himself as the well-dressed man drew nearer, and he shut the book a little hastily and went across the room to put it on the table. He was still standing when the white silk hat appeared up his stairway, and he called out quite cheerily:

"Good morning, Everett."

"Ah, as busy as ever I see, Judge," said the man, shaking hands a little obsequiously. "I hardly hoped to find you down so early."

"Why, it's 9 o'clock," said the Judge, pulling out his watch. "I've been down for an hour. I think you are the early bird; a thriving young Congressman like you has no need to look out for the proverbial worm. You ought to leave that for us old fellows who are being laid on the shelf."

"O, well now, that is an idea," said the Congressman cheerfully, "but I think I should know how little likelihood there is of your being laid on the shelf."

The Judge laughed a little nervously at this kindly disclaimer, and the Congressman went on:

"Yes, I came out a little early this morning. I have only a few more days at home, and there's a good deal to be done. Thank you for taking care of this for me," and he picked up the book the Judge had put down so hastily. "Quite a number of my kindly constituents are to call on me this morning, and I'm afraid I shall have a difficulty in placing some of them."

The Congressman had seemed willing and sincere enough, but the thing had not passed off just according to the Judge's desire. Accustomed as he was to granting favors he was new to the business of asking them and the unwonted effort galled him. He hoped the thing would not be talked about until it was quite settled, and it made him wince a few mornings later when the paper contained the announcement that "Judge Acton, of Louisiana, was prominently spoken of for an important foreign post."

His friends were enthusiastic; the several local papers were exuberant in their laudation. One interesting thing about it, they said, was that the Judge's record did not have to be looked up. This was because everybody knew his private character to be one of unparalelled purity, his private life to be one of unostentatious philanthropy. His public career was unimpeachable; everyone who knew anything of the political history of Louisiana was familiar with the Judge's staunch adherence to party lines and party principles. So the community discussed it, were elated, and felt that the matter was settled. The Board of Trade, it is true, sent a testimonial in the Judge's behalf, not that they felt that it was needed at all, but just by way of showing their appreciation of the choice which they felt assured would be made. Thus summarily are many weighty matters settled by those who have no finger in the governmental pie. Numerous friends in other States wrote to the Judge, giving him hearty and previous congratulations, telling him they had written to their various Senators, each one of whom, it was always said, "had the ear of the President," giving the Judge what they usually called "a rouser." Thus it seemed that so far as might be seen it was done that could be, and there was

nothing left but to await the grinding of the mill of the gods.

The person who said least and doubtless thought most about the Judge's appointment was Ruth.

When Mrs. Acton looked up from her knitting to say: "Ruth since your father has asked for the appointment I want him to get it," that worthy lady had, then and there, as she would have expressed it, "said her say." Mrs. Acton was one who always spoke with reserves; reserves which grew by harboring and were, invariably, ready for emergencies. So Ruth had not discussed the matter with her mother. She simply awaited an emergency, hoping one would come to break from her reserves. She appreciated the sensitiveness her father might feel while the matter was still in doubt, and went out of her way to respect it. But, as I have intimated, she did a deal of thinking, for Ruth was a young woman possessed of aspirations of that peculiar kind of restlessness which usually passes muster under the name of ambition, and one of her innermost desires had been to get away from the narrow confines of the small city wherein she had passed almost her whole life, and, added to this, was an over-weening desire to go abroad. Now that there was a probability of it she was forced to content herself with only thinking of her desire, and strengthened her hope with her mother's decision that, since her father had asked for a place, she wanted him to have it.

Singularly enough, the only person whom she felt inclined to talk to about it was John—John Hume—and now he was gone, she knew not where, and it did not make things easier for her to reflect that she had herself been the cause of his going. But with all of her reflections she could not bring herself to think it was anything but stupid of John to go off as he had done. Hadn't he been asked by her to marry him once a year ever since she could remember, and hadn't she always given him the same answer? And now, it did seem too utterly stupid of him to say that since she was older, he supposed she knew her own mind and that he would go away and not trouble her any more. Just as though she hadn't known her own mind all along! John was a deal too masterful and, to be sure, she was not sorry she had said "no" to him, but she couldn't help wishing he hadn't gotten in a huff and gone off like that to nobody knew where, just at a time when she most wanted him. Ruth kept thinking of this after she had looked up her Meisterschaff and set to studying in case she did have to go abroad; perhaps that's the reason she made so little progress with her grammar.

It was one of those blustering, windy nights toward the middle of March when John Hume got home. Just why John had decided to shut up his Washington apartments sooner than was necessary and to run down home for a brief visit he did not quite acknowledge to himself, but merely said he felt that he would like a last glimpse of the old place to carry away with him—to remember when he was so far away—and so long gone. There was no one to say good-bye to—no one except Ruth, and he should not see her, probably.

He was thinking of all this the night he got home and was walking up from the station to his old quarters. He calculated that none of the boys would have come in at that hour, and that he could look up a few papers that he wanted, and have a good, quiet, cosy time of it. He knew that Jessup, his old room-mate, would have left plenty of coats in the grate, and he felt quite gratified that a comfortable glow stole out beneath the door to greet him as he mounted the dusty stairway.

Everything was just as he had expected to find it; even his individual post box on the door was full of the things Jessup had neglected to send. He took them out, the bundles of newspapers and a few letters, carrying them in with him and dumping them down on the table along with his grip. Within, too, all seemed quite as of old, but somehow he couldn't help feeling sorry, after all, that he hadn't wired Jessup he was coming. The little fellow's cheerfulness would have made his home-coming happier, his last glimpse of the old place brighter. He had a passing thought of going out to look the boys up, but his trip had been a fatiguing one, so he emptied Jessup's tea kettle and got the cinders and dust from his face and hands, found his own big slippers in their accustomed corner and drew up a chair close to the table, stretching his long limbs to the fire's cheerful warmth.

It was nice to be at home, and he fell to wondering if, after all, he should see Ruth. Perhaps he would meet her in the street, as a thousand times he had thought of meeting her while he was gone, with the wind rumpling her loose curls, and the dear look in her bright eyes, and the smile on her sweet lips. He had thought of her so often, and the pain of it all was still in his heart; what would it be when he was gone so far away?

He brushed his hand across his eyes as if to shut out a vision, and, picking up one of the dusty papers he had brought in, began to open it listlessly. The first that caught his eye was Judge Acton's name at the head of a column, and, like one awakening from a dream, he read his probable appointment. He had heard nothing of it, and he read the whole thing twice over before he seemed to understand, then, blowing a long, low whistle he threw the paper down beside him on the floor.

Jessup's step was heard mounting the stair, and in a moment the little fellow burst in, fairly kissing Hume in the exuberance of his delight at seeing him.

"Why didn't you let a man know you were coming," he said, "risking about the room in his nervous little way. 'I'd have had the boys in to glorify. Why didn't you write to a fellow, anyhow? Why, you had me here pining my young life away, believing you had gone to that nether region you casually mentioned that night you flew off like a shot out of a shovel to the Lord knows where. Say, why didn't you write me?"

"Write?" said Hume. "You are a great one to talk about writing; why in the mischief didn't you write?"

"I? Why I had nothing to write," said Jessup helplessly.

"Oh, you didn't? Well, why didn't you send the papers?" said Hume, picking up the one at his feet.

"O, come now, but that is a good one," said Jessup, going off into a fit of laughter. "Where out of the world have you been that you wanted to see our papers? Did you want to know what we thought of the Toronto question? Did you want to see us settle the free art bill with one stroke of our mighty pen? Or did you want to know that Bill Jones was adding a new coat of paint to his palatial residence, that the honorable Mayor was out again after a protracted spr—beg pardon—illness, that our old friend, John Smith, from Hog Thief Point, was in town yesterday, and, last but not least, that there are no files on—"

"Hush, Jessup can't you?" said Hume, breaking in a little sharply. "I think you might have written me about—Judge Acton's appointment, for instance."

"Phew!" said Jessup, "sits the wind in that quarter yet? I didn't know you would feel interested, as all was over twice you and Ruth." Hume winced. "Besides," Jessup went on, "he hasn't got it yet and, probable never will. Kissing goes by favor, and things seem to be moving slowly in Washington."

"Do you suppose such a man as Judge Acton wouldn't get what he asked for?" demanded Hume.

"I've seen as good men as he refused what they asked for," said the little fellow significantly.

"Stop that Jessup," said Hume doggedly. "You know I wasn't even worthy to fasten her shoe-latchet."

"O, I know," answered the loyal little man, looking up at his big friend, "you're not worth wiping up the floor with. If you were I'd do it, sir, I'd do it."

"Well, well, we shall make it all right, Jessie old boy," said Hume slipping off his slipper and throwing one arm caressingly about the little fellow's shoulders. "Would you mind sitting up for me a bit? I shall not be gone long, and I'll get you to call me early in the morning, please, Jess; I've got to go to Washington."

"You have, have you? What did you come for?"

"To see you, Jessup, of course," broke in Hume softly; but the little fellow didn't feign to notice the interruption.

"What did you come for? A chunk of fire? Well, I'll fire you early enough in the morning, he sure."

Hume ran down stairs and hurried up the street to the telegraph office in a vague kind of way, feeling that he could thus help along on its journey the message he was going to send. He picked up a blank, addressed it to his senior Senator at Washington, filling it in without counting the words.

When he got back home he was very gentle with little Jessup, who had refilled the cup of tea for him in the old way.

It had been arranged that the Congressman was to give a reception in honor of their departure when they stopped in Washington on their way to New York. It was a very swell affair, of course, when it came off, and next to the Congressman's beautiful wife Ruth was quite the prettiest thing there, and she was having a perfectly lovely time.

At least she kept telling herself over and over again that she was enjoying all the cream and rush, the meeting so many charming people, but she was haunted by the dreadful thought that she was going to break down in the midst of it and cry. There was a man standing with his back to her just behind a group of palms; he had been there a long time, and he reminded her of John. If only it were John she would feel better; then, after a while, she could see him and tell him good-bye.

The Congressman himself was talking to her, and when he stopped she thought she had better thank him for having gotten the appointment for her father. Somehow the echo of her words sounded very insincere, and looking up at him a little pleadingly, she said:

"Indeed, I am very grateful to you, and I know it is all owing to you that the place was given father, the Senator was very lagging."

The Congressman began to say something in reply, but she did not hear what it was. The man behind the palms had moved, and—yes—it was John, and he was coming to her; it had been so long since she saw him, and she wanted to tell him good-bye. No, he was going the other way; but surely he had seen her. What could it mean? For John Hume's kind, gray eyes looked full into hers for a brief second, he bent his head a little stiffly and was gone.

The Congressman stopped short in what he was saying, glanced over his shoulder at Hume's retreating figure, and wondered if Ruth were quite the flirt she seemed. When he turned to look at her again something in the girl's downcast face struck him.

"There seems to be a little lull just now," he said, bending to offer his arm, "and I'm afraid I shall not have another opportunity of showing you my orchids. Will you let me take you now?"

The girl slipped her hand through his arm gratefully, glad to escape the glare of lights upon her burning face,

and sank back well into the shadow of the vines in the quiet corner where he found her a seat.

"Well, Miss Acton," he said after a little, "I'm afraid I can't legitimately lay claim to all the thanks you were so gracious as to offer me a while ago. Of course, you know, I wanted to do what I could for your father, but when I put the matter to the Senator, he told me he had already promised the place to—" the Congressman paused a moment, "to—er—someone else. This particular someone else happened to be a young fellow who was anxious to go to the antipodes, if possible, on some pretext or another, just then, and the Senator was going to give him all his influence. Had known the young man's father, you know, that sort of thing, and was disposed to let the fellow have anything he wanted, and he had settled upon the very place the Judge had thought of. So that's the state of affairs I found when I got here. Well—perhaps, I don't know exactly where the hitch was, but at the last minute—the very day before the appointment was to be made, in fact—the young fellow called off, said he didn't want it and it was given to your father. So you see, it is to him, the young man, that your thanks are due."

"Who is he? What is his name?" asked Ruth breathlessly.

"Hume, you know, John Hume," said the Congressman, feeling that his plot had wound up a little tamely, perhaps, after all.

"Oh! Oh!" said Ruth, covering her face with her hands, and bowing her head upon the flower-decked stand before her.

She did not look up when the Congressman went out, closing the door softly behind him. A moment later, with an ice in his hand, he met Hume in the hall.

"Would you mind taking this into the conservatory and doing the gallant in my stead. I'm busy," he said, hurrying on as he put the plate into the young man's hand.

Perhaps John didn't suspect anything, perhaps he hoped everything. At all events, when he opened the door and found Ruth, with her head still bowed upon the table, he put one of his big palms over her little hand and called to her gently.

"Oh, John!" she cried, springing up, "to think of your having done that! Of your having given up your place to father, and then letting us go on and never have a chance to say a word to you and about it! Never mind now, I know it all, the Congressman has told me part and I guessed the rest. And you were going to let us go away without saying good-bye to you. Oh, John!"

"Good-bye," said John. "Is that all you wanted to say, Ruth?"

The tears were still standing in her gladness eyes, and she hung her head so low that her words came only in a whisper, but he heard.

"No, that isn't quite all, for I love you, John."—*Phila. Times.*

No Flowers on the Astor Grave.

The Whole Story of the "Blanket of Flowers" a Florist's Invention.

Many women have visited Trinity cemetery 150th street and Amsterdam avenue, in the past few days to see the marvellous "blanket of flowers," which was said to "cover the casket" of Mrs. Wm. Waldorf Astor, and which was to be "renewed every morning for a year" by Mr. Astor's order. Mrs. Astor was buried on Jan. 9, not in a vault, but in a grave, in the northwestern corner of the Astor plot. On the day of the funeral the mound of earth was covered with pine boughs. The evergreens have not been removed, and except at one corner, which has been uncovered by inquisitive visitors, the grass is covered with snow. The laborers in the cemetery have swept a path through the burial plot, and about the grave a path has been trodden by men and women.

The cemetery employes have grown very tired of having their word doubted by women who inquire the way to the Astor vault and the blanket of flowers on the coffin. No flowers at all have been placed on the grave, and they can see for themselves that none can be put on the casket. So the women insist that the coffin is not in the grave, but in the vault of John Jacob Astor, and they ask to have the vault opened so that they can see this wonderful covering.

Although the man explains to them how impossible and useless it would be to comply with their requests, they depart unsatisfied and doubting his word.

The old gatekeeper, who has been employed about the cemetery twenty-two years, has to bear the brunt of their inquiries and disappointments. He said that the other evening, just as he was closing the gates, two women begged for admittance, saying that they had come all the way from East New York to see the flowers and would not go home unsatisfied. Some come from other States, and two came from what seemed to him the antipodes—Staten Island.

All this annoyance and disappointment is due to Joseph Fleischman, a florist, of 1,111 and 1,269 Broadway.

On the morning of the funeral he told the reporters that he had the contract to supply fresh flowers every day for a year for the grave. For this he was to receive \$100 a day, he said, and in all he would receive \$40,000 from Mr. Astor.

On the day after the funeral Mr. Fleischman sent to the newspaper offices a typewritten story of the alleged contract given to him by Mr. Astor. He was, he said, to furnish 4,000 fresh lilies of the valley and 4,000 violets each day.

He repeated this statement to a reporter of the *Sun*, and then, being confronted with the facts, admitted that he had invented the whole story.

Superintendent Otto Meurer of the cemetery and his brother Albert, who is sexton of Trinity church chapel and had charge of the funeral, says that no such order for flowers was given by Mr. Astor to anybody.

Correct.

The longest pole won't knock the perissomons unless the right kind of a man has hold of it.

For and About Women.

Jules Forest charges that woman's love of feathers in her hat calls for the sacrifice of \$1,450,000 swallows each year.

Easy flowing lines have replaced the stiff and narrow ones in vogue several seasons ago. The outer garment must also conform as to its general contour with the dress, so we have the full sweep capes, four and five yards wide, or the jackets with skirts which hang in generous folds; as to the sleeve it makes or mars the style of a costume, its picturesque cut relieving the severity of even the plainest costume.

Mrs. Joseph M. White has built a home at Kenisco for the waifs of New York, at a cost of about \$40,000.

Lace collars are no longer regarded as luxuries—they are considered economical investments. One lace collar, if ingeniously treated, is capable of varying the effect of half a dozen different waists.

Every woman knows that if the bodice of her gown appears like new her entire costume is stamped as such. Therefore, great is the value of a lace collar. It must be a large collar of some heavy lace like Russian thread, and should fall well over the corsage and form epaulettes over the sleeves.

When it is purchased it should be worn untrimmed over a dark waist and will give a stylish effect to the whole costume. On its next appearance it may be joined to a gay little stock of chiffon or velvet; again it may appear lined with any of the new shades of silk. It may also be made effective by turning it with ribbons, having the loops stand up high on the shoulders and the longest ends reaching below the waist line. These ribbons should appear to be fastened to the collar by small bunches of flowers. Imagine a cream white lace collar trimmed with heliotrope ribbons in this manner and fastened with dainty clusters of forget-me-nots. This collar crowned with a forget-me-not blue chiffon stock would be an addition to any costume.

One-piece gowns, the straight breadths falling from a yoke after the "Mother Hubbard" and "Kato Greenaway" fashion, is the favorite style for girls from 6 to 12 years. These are made from soft shades in wool materials. For dress occasion the same style is observed, in black satin, gros grain silk or a fine quality of India silk, with a simple fall of wide white lace gathered full at the shoulders and finishing the sleeves, or a cap of delicate shade of velvet over the shoulder, to suit the wearer. Skirts are of medium length and sleeves large.

The new dress skirt is rounded in a manner so as to fall in long, straight folds, with little or no fullness on the hips. Those with graceful figures favor short bodices, cut but little longer than to the waist line, but figures like *Lady Jane's*, in "Patience"—"not beautiful, but ample"—look better when the corsage is cut in the semi-tight-fitting style of tailor-made coats so fashionable at the present time.

Garcon jackets with pointed fronts and sailor collar will be in vogue for midsummer costumes. Sleeves will remain large, but will droop more from the shoulders.

Some of the handsomest imported gowns show sleeves noticeably smaller than those worn during the past two seasons, but others again have sleeves quite as large as they ever have been, if not larger. This argues that women are at least to be allowed a choice in the matter. Sunday I saw a young lady coming from church who wore a handsome tailor-made gown of dark green cloth. There was a snug jacket of the same, with enormous velvet sleeves of the same shade of dark green. Each sleeve was larger by nearly a third than the body of the wearer. There was on the next block a suit of modest brown chevot, but of the finest and most excellent quality, make and finish, and the sleeves were so much reduced in size that had not the wearer been known as one of the best dressers in the city one might have imagined that an old gown had been resurrected for the occasion. The skirt, however, was of the most approved godet and the trimming marked by its extremely fine diele simplicity, and by the "whole together," as the French say, we all knew the gown for the latest. There is no real criterion for the size of the sleeve but that of the good taste that would not lead anyone to extremes.

Dr. Anna Williams, only 25 years of age, has been appointed an expert bacteriologist in Dr. Herman Biggs' anti-toxin laboratory, New York. She is a medical graduate and thoroughly equipped for the work.

When the eyebrows and eyelashes are too thin wash them with warm water before going to bed and apply with a soft, narrow brush some pure olive oil. They should be gently rubbed, too, with an infusion of white wine and mint leaves.

The union of violets, fur and lace, in dainty collarettes is as popular as it is becoming. I saw a charmingly pretty woman wearing a thickly ribbed black silk skirt, a blouse of finely checked black and white silk, and around her throat was a quaint little collar of chinchilla, with a fall of lace in front, and a huge rosette of pale blue satin on one side, and a bunch of violets on the other. The effect was charming, and so chic.

A pretty idea for a colored crepon or plain wool goods is to arrange bows of black satin ribbons five inches wide, with steel buckles in the center, at intervals all around the bottom of the skirt. The bodice should be of silk the same shade as the skirt, studded all over with iridescent jet, and across the front in the form of a yoke two bands of narrower ribbon. The belt, of black, must have a bow and long ends at either side of the front. Rose color, in all its shades, is still popular, and a new tone resembles the damask rose, with a shadow of black about it which makes it very rich, especially in velvet.