

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 8, 1895.

GIVE HIM A BOOST.

When you see a poor chap who is bent with his load,
When he's passing along by the Rocky Hill road,
Just give him a lift through the dust and the sun,
Through the wind or the sand till the hill-top is won,
Every pound that you lift will relieve him a ton;
Just give him a boost!

Just put his ramshackle old wheel to your breast,
And lift, and don't mind the mud on your vest,
For men are so built with such biots in their blood,
Such kinks in their brain ever since the great flood,
First made the earth muddy, they've stuck in the mud—
Then give 'em a boost!

No macadamized road is the cart path of doom—
No boulevard shaded with plum trees in bloom,
But to many it seems like a scrub pasture lane,
Betwixt Nowhere and Nowhere, a journey of pain,
Which begins in the darkness and strikes darkness again,
Then give 'em a boost.

Each man builds the highway of life as he goes,
Right through the hot sands, and right through the cold snows,
He must blaze his own ways through the forest of gloom,
Through the alder swamps damp, for his highway make-room—
And the end of his road is the door of his tomb—
Then give him a boost!

Yes, give him a boost, 'tis the glory of man
To help along man since the planet began;
'Tis the glory of man through the forest of gloom,
Through the alder swamps damp for some man to make room,
To make smooth his highway way down to his tomb—
Then give him a boost!

HOW IT TURNED OUT.

"Now that's the oddest thing!" said Mrs. Moss, as with a troubled look she tied on her clean apron at the head of the breakfast table, where she waited the appearance of her boarders— "Isn't it, Joanna?"

But Joanna, her cousin, after a vain attempt to assume an expression of sympathy, broke into a laugh.

"It's just too funny!" she said. "Only think of Mr. Dawson coming here to get out of the way of what he calls 'husband-hunting' old maids and giggling young ones, and before he's been here a week, Miss Bissel arriving, in hopes of being rid of 'selfish old bachelors'! He, he!"

"They'll both blame me!" sighed Mrs. Moss. "But it's all Sophronia Bissel's fault. If she had come when she first intended it, I'd never have taken Mr. Dawson; and now to think of her taking us by surprise and finding him here! And I had assured them both that no unmarried people ever came to our farmhouse, but only families—"

"Hush!" whispered Joanna. "Here they are."

Mr. Dawson was always the first to obey the summons to table; and now as his portly form and florid face appeared at one door, there entered at the other a neat little lady in gold eye-glasses and a cluster of prim and shining curls above her forehead. They met face to face at the foot of the table, and an ominous shadow immediately descended upon the face of each. They had instinctively recognized each other as old maid and old bachelor.

"I declare," said Joanna, afterward, "it was exactly like our old Towser and Tabby when they first met. Don't you remember how he glared and how she put up her back? He, he!"

"Mrs. Moss," said Mr. Dawson after breakfast, "I understood you to say that no single ladies ever came to your house."

Mrs. Moss explained about Miss Bissel's unexpected arrival that morning.

"But I assure you," she added, earnestly—"I assure you that she won't be in your way, for she came purposefully because she had heard that there were no single men here. She hates bachelors."

"Hates bachelors!" echoed the boarder, incredulously.

"She does, indeed. You see, she never received any attention from young men when she was a girl, and now that she's middle-aged she doesn't expect it. She calls bachelors selfish and disagreeable, and avoids them all she can."

"Hum!" said Mr. Dawson, doubtfully.

And taking his newly arrived papers, he repaired to his own exclusive seat on the broad farmhouse piazza—a cozy nook at the farthest end, from whence he had perpetually banished all children by scowling ogreishly at them whenever they ventured too near.

And now to his disgust, he found that Miss Bissel had conveyed a small cane rocking-chair to this chosen spot, and was serenely cutting the leaves of a magazine.

taken. As the days went by, not only did Miss Bissel not favor him with any of the above-named articles, but she kept away from him as much as possible, and ignored his presence, and at table never noticed his remarks, and invariably declined the dishes which he sometimes found himself compelled to pass her.

How could she do less, when not only did she dislike "selfish old bachelors," but had been frankly told by well-meaning Mrs. Moss that this special old bachelor hated old maids?

Miss Bissel when, visiting the country, was fond of sketching and making collections of wood plants, and just now her special desire was for a specimen of maiden-hair fern, which she had been told was to be found in this neighborhood.

Day after day she would sally forth on this quest, and it more than once happened that in the field or woodland paths she would come suddenly upon Mr. Dawson, taking what he called his "constitutional," on which occasions she would recoil and avoid him, as though he had been a toad or an adder.

This treatment began to irritate him almost as much as the attention and manœuvres of other old maids had formerly annoyed him.

One day, passing along a marshy bit of woodland he espied at the foot of an old oak tree a splendid specimen of maiden-hair fern.

For an instant he paused, remembering how often he had heard Miss Bissel wishing for one; but then passed on, with the thought that Miss Bissel's wishes were no concern of his.

Scarcely, however, had he gone twenty paces when, at a turn of the pathway, he met that lady face to face, and then his better impulses overcame him.

"Looking for ferns, Miss Bissel?" he said, abruptly, before she could pass him.

"Yes, sir," she answered, frigidly. "I have just passed a very fine specimen, which I can point out to you if you like."

Miss Bissel's bright gray eyes grew brighter through her glasses. Without a word she demurely followed him, and he pointed out with his cane the coveted treasure at the foot of the oak tree.

"I am extremely obliged to you, Mr. Dawson," said Miss Bissel, with ceremonious politeness. "This is indeed just what I have been wishing for. I will not detain you further," she added stiffly.

So Mr. Dawson touched his hat and walked away, wondering that she had not requested him to assist her in removing the plant, as almost any other old maid would have done under the circumstances.

But he observed at dinner that Miss Bissel for the first time seemed to be listening to his conversational witticisms, and even smiled faintly at one of them.

The talk chanced to turn upon different kinds of bread, and Mr. Dawson expressed his partiality for Sally Lunn and flannel cakes.

Mrs. Moss promised that those dainties that evening should grace the tea table, but subsequently expressed her fears lest her attempt should not prove successful. In fact for some undiscovered reason, all her Sally Lunn had proven failures and her flannel cakes only abortions.

"I will help you if you will let me, Mrs. Moss," said Miss Bissel. "I am considered a first rate hand at Sally Lunn's and flannel cakes."

"Why, Sophronia, I wouldn't think you'd care to take the trouble, as it's for Mr. Dawson," said plain spoken Mrs. Moss, to which Sophronia replied slightly coloring.

"It's only on account of those ferns. You see, I don't like to remain his debtor for anything, and if the man likes Sally Lunn and flannel cakes, as he says, why let him have them and enjoy them. Only he's not to know that I had anything to do with it."

Now, it so happened that Mr. Dawson, leisurely passing beneath the kitchen window, screened by the honeysuckle vines, overheard this speech, and when at supper the table appeared adorned with a beautiful loaf of his favorite bread and plates of delicate cakes, he was in no doubt as to who was the accomplished maker thereof.

"Pity that woman is not married," he thought. "She'd be a treasure to some man matrimonially inclined; especially, pausing and hesitating, 'some poor bachelor dependent upon board-house keepers. A woman who can make such bread can do anything. And she didn't wish me to know about it. Why, any other old maid would have paraded it to the utmost!"

It was some days after this that Miss Bissel, having from her window carefully watched Mr. Dawson out of sight, set forth on her own morning walk, taking an exactly opposite direction. This led to a meadow through which ran a pretty streamlet, along which she wandered, sketchbook in hand, seeking for some object worthy of her pencil.

She came at length to a gnarled old sycamore tree, on whose mossy roots was perched a large, green bullfinch; and delighted at his choice bit of "art subject," she seated herself and forthwith commenced sketching, until presently aroused by a low, muttered sound resembling distant thunder.

"Dear me," she thought; it can't be going to rain.

Glancing around, she beheld what for an instant paralyzed her with terror. From the opposite side of the meadow was slowly approaching a large black bull, staring fixedly at her, tossing his head, and pawing the ground, with low muttered bellows.

Miss Bissel, though a strong nerved woman, dropped her sketchbook and frantically made for the nearest rail fence, which seemed her only chance of safety.

But the ground was uneven, and she knew that the dreadful animal must be gaining upon her, when—oh, bliss-

ed sight! there appeared a form—the stout form of Mr. Dawson—hastening toward her, shouting and waving his cane in the air. He had made a circuit in his walk, and appeared upon the scene just in time to avert an awful tragedy.

Never before had Miss Bissel run with outstretched arms toward an old bachelor! Never before had Mr. Dawson clasped an old maid in his stalwart arms, as lifting the slight figure, he almost tossed her over the fence, and himself prepared to follow. His right leg was already across the top rail, when his enraged pursuer was upon him, and but for Miss Bissel's rare presence of mind might probably then and there have ended his days.

Seeing his danger, she sprang up and seized him by the coat-tails, upon which she exerted all her strength, while the bull, catching him by the left leg, tossed him like a whisp of hay into the air.

Fortunately, owing to Miss Bissel's unfinching grasp, he came down on the inside of the fence, while the balked enemy tore bellowing around the meadow.

"He'll come back!" gasped Dawson. "Let us get out of sight behind that thicket."

But upon struggling to his feet, he found that he could neither stand or walk alone.

"Lean upon me," said Miss Bissel. And with his hand upon her shoulder the two tottered away, and at a safe distance sank exhausted upon the ground, and stared blankly at each other.

"Miss Bissel," said Mr. Dawson, solemnly, "you have saved my life."

"No, no! you saved mine!" she replied, tremulously. "But, good heavens! you are hurt—you are bleeding!"

"It is only my hand—torn on a splinter of the fence."

"Let me bind it up," she said, pityingly.

And down she went on her knees, and tearing her handkerchief into strips carefully bandaged the wound.

"Any other old maid," thought Dawson, "would have fainted at the sight of blood."

Fortunately, Farmer Moss, alarmed by the bellowing of the bull, now appeared upon the scene, and Miss Bissel, leaving her companion in his care, made her way home unassisted.

For a whole week Mr. Dawson was confined to his bed by reason of various sprains and bruises, and in that time the most delicious Sally Lunn and flannel-cakes were continuously finding their way to his room.

When he again appeared down stairs, the last person to congratulate him was Miss Bissel.

"I'm glad to see you well again, Mr. Dawson," she said, and her voice trembled a little.

"And I'm glad to see you, Miss Bissel, if only to thank you for your kindness to me."

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Dawson. It is I who am indebted to you for coming to my rescue and saving my life on that dreadful day," and tears started to her eyes.

The Annual Methodist Conference at Tyrone Next Week.

Great Preparations Being Made in our Sister Town to Entertain the Preachers.—Hundreds of them will be there.—A Brief Statistical History of the Church.

Elaborate preparations are already being made by the pastor, Rev. R. H. Gilbert, and the congregation of the First church, Tyrone, for the annual sessions of the Central Pennsylvania M. E. Conference which will convene in that place next Wednesday, March 13th, and continue one week. This conference grows in importance and strength with each successive year. It embraces almost one-third the territory of the entire state and is comparatively as large in every other way.

In this territory there are 218 appointments, divided into five divisions, as follows: Altoona district, 48 appointments; Danville district, 47 appointments; Harrisburg, 40 appointments; Juniata district 34 appointments; Williamsport district 44 appointments.

MEMBERSHIP.

According to the reports presented a year ago Altoona district is in the lead in point of membership, it having 12,204 full members. Danville comes next with 10,627; Harrisburg, 20,505; Juniata, 9,518, and Williamsport, 9,019, a total of 61,873 members; an increase over the preceding year of 474. The increase will be even larger this year.

THE CHURCH PROPERTY.

The church property of the various districts, according to the reports handed in at the last Conference, is thus quoted: Altoona district 130 churches valued at \$460,200; Danville district, 117 churches valued at \$437,175; Harrisburg district, 88 churches valued at \$653,900; Juniata district, 123 churches valued at \$270,150; Williamsport district, 103 churches valued at \$614,905, a total of 561 churches with a valuation of \$2,436,330, an increase in valuation of \$54,275. There are also 162 parsonages with a valuation of \$395,325.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The Sunday schools in the Conference foot up as follows: Altoona district, 138 schools, 2,179 officers and teachers and 15,963 scholars. Danville district, 116 schools, 1,904 officers and teachers and 14,469 scholars. Harrisburg district, 84 schools, 1,893 officers and teachers and 19,141 scholars. Juniata district, 135 schools, 1,750 officers and teachers and 11,188 scholars. Williamsport district, 120 schools, 1,831 officers and teachers and 13,545 scholars; a grand total of 593 schools, 9,557 officers and teachers and 69,901 scholars; an increase over preceding year of 10 schools, 202 officers and teachers and 1,450 scholars.

COLLECTIONS.

In the district there was raised for pastor's support the sum of \$179,793; for presiding elders, \$11,804; for Bishops, \$2,418; for conference claimants, \$7,811; for current expenses of churches and Sunday schools, \$72,812; for missions, \$41,832; for all other benevolent collections, \$30,520, making a grand total of moneys raised and collected for all purposes (except local church erection and payment of debts, for which the sum of \$124,782 was expended) of \$346,995. This is a decrease from the year previous of about \$35,000. The conference has in it a total of 208 effective ministers, 41 supernumeraries and 14 probationers. In addition, however, there are in the district about 155 local preachers.

THE PRESIDING BISHOP.

The sessions of the Central Pennsylvania Conference this year, and not only the Central Pennsylvania, but the Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Erie Conferences, will be presided over by Bishop John P. Newman, D. D., L. L. D., of Omaha, Nebraska and this will be the first year he has presided over Conferences in Pennsylvania. This being the case, a brief sketch of the Bishop will not be out of place. He was born in New York City September 1, 1826, thus being aged 68 years. He entered the Oneida conference in 1849 and since has been a member of the Troy, Mississippi, Baltimore, New York and other conferences. In 1858 he was pastor of Bedford Street church, New York City, where his remarkable eloquence won him fame. In 1859 he went to Europe, spending a winter of study in Rome, and making a tour of Egypt and Palestine. In 1862-3 he was again stationed in New York City from where he was sent to re-organize the Methodist Episcopal church in Louisiana, Texas and Mississippi. In 1869 he was pastor of the Metropolitan church in Washington, D. C. and in 1873, under an appointment of President Grant, he made a tour of the world. When made Bishop he was serving a third term as pastor of the Metropolitan church in Washington. Bishop Newman is the author of several very valuable works. He is a man of very noble and generous impulses, full of sympathy, dignified in manner, a most pleasing speaker and one of the most widely known and prominent ministers in the United States and Europe. He was elected a Bishop in 1888 in the city of his birth. He has few equals as a lecturer, is thoroughly acquainted with the rules of Elocution and is an able, just and thorough presiding officer.

The Boston Home Journal says that Mrs. Mary A. Livermore is a woman revered alike in her family and neighborhood and yet her greatness does not always appeal to a small boy who belongs to a family residing in the vicinity. He was one day found by his sister swinging on the gate. When she reprimanded him for doing what had been forbidden, the irreverent youth remarked: "I don't care for ma, nor pa, nor you, nor the ox, nor the ass, or anything that's anybody's." "Oh, Willy!" exclaimed the shocked little girl, "do you know who wrote those words you use so?" "Don't care," was the reply. "Mrs. Livermore, I s'pose."

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Malaprops, "it was a great sight. First came the king, carrying a sceptic in his hand and wearing a beautiful red mantle all covered with vermin. It was a grand sight."

—Men who declare the world owes them a living are usually too lazy to hustle around and collect it.

Caging Wild Beasts.

A writer in *Little Folks*, who paid a visit to Jamrach's wild-beast establishment in London, has this to say: "Now there are at the moment I am writing two beautiful Bengal tiger cubs in one of the cages. The cubs are old enough to be dangerous, so if I tell you the way I saw them put into the cage they now inhabit, you will know a little of how wild animals are transferred from one place of confinement to another."

The boxes that tigers and lions come in are not very big—just big enough to allow the inmates to lie comfortably. This, besides saving freight, prevents the animal from using his full strength, and perhaps, in case of fright or frenzy, from bursting the box.

Well, the box with the tiger cubs was placed in front of, and partly in, the open cage. A sliding door in the box was then lifted, and the cubs darted forward at the meat that was lying in the far corner of the cage to tempt them. Meanwhile the box was quickly withdrawn, and the barred gate of the cage as quickly shut.

It is easy, however, to transfer an animal from a confined box to a large cage. He is going then from captivity to comparative liberty. It is not so easy—indeed it is extremely difficult—to get him to go through the reverse process, to walk from a large cage into a box. If there be time, he can always be made to do it quietly enough.

Give him no food in the large cage, but put it in the box. He may even hold out for days; hunger, however, will prove in the end stronger than his fears, and he will, with a growl, make a dash for the joints, when the trap will be closed against him.

It isn't always possible to wait for hunger to make him submit. Perhaps the animal is wanted to-morrow, and the dealer has got the order only to-day and must catch the train with him at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. What is to be done now?

Here a man's superior intelligence shows itself. It is fear that prevents the animal from entering the box, and this fear must be overcome by a greater fear. This is an easy matter in the animal class, and there are occasional anecdotes in connection with less historical enterprises. One story relates to the casual visit of John Jilson to Siskiyou county years ago in search of a recalcitrant debtor who owed him \$500.

Times were hard and Jilson, when he found his man, accepted \$200 "on account" and started home again. "What is land worth here!" asked Jilson. "Not much of anything," was the reply. "But you fellows seem to like it," persisted Jilson. "Only because we can't get away," "What will you take for your claim?" asked Jilson. "One hundred dollars cash." "Done," said Jilson, going down into his pocket.

The price was paid, a deed given, the sellers walked away, the buyer took off his coat and went to work. The next day he struck it rich and in a month cleaned up \$13,000.

Fear the Lantana.

Hawaiian Planters' Pastures Ruined by the Spread of a Garden Flower.

One of the great problems to planters in the Hawaiian islands is trying to crush out the lantana plant, which in the last decade has become a pest. Whole tracts of fertile land are a barren waste in consequence of being over-run with it.

From a very few plants which were brought to adorn flower gardens it has spread over the country, an enemy hard to subdue.

As early as 1891 it was noticed that the lantana was fast getting the upper hand of the planters, and the best pastures throughout the islands were falling under its control. One of the largest ranches on the island of Oahu was entirely abandoned in consequence.

The mynah bird, it is said, has been the cause of spreading it. As yet no efforts have been made to exterminate these birds, which are another pest in the islands.

This flower was first brought to Hawaii from America in 1858, and the mynah bird from the East Indies the same year; one might not have proved so great a curse if the other had not come; the two together have rendered worthless thousands of acres of pasture lands.

It grows singly and in clumps, spreads over the soil, killing the grass.

Many of the ranchmen are now organizing to crush it out. The government has promised to do something.

—Boy on the Fence—"My paw only has to work six hours and he earns \$4 a day."

New Boy—"Huh! My paw don't have to work at all. He does the street cleaning."

Scribbler—"I sign my name to everything I write now. What do you think of the idea?"

Wabber—"That's all right, old man, as long as you don't give your address."

Jikniks—"The more a man has the more he wants."

Biskit—"Did you ever have twins at your house?"

For and About Women.

Mary N. Murfree, whose pen name is Charles Egbert Craddock, is a native of Tennessee, where the scenes of her stories of mountain life have been laid. She has always been a cripple.

A good insight can already be had into the fashions of next summer's promenaders. One noticeable item is offered to take the place of the man-cut shirt front for girls. It is a linen shirt, close fitting except for the front, which is in the form of a box-pleat that hangs straight, smooth and stiffly starched from the collar to just below the belt, where it turns under sharply. Along the top of the box-pleat there are regular stud holes and studs will be worn. This pattern gives the needed straight and flat effect in front and at no sacrifice to the lines of the figure. It is worn with just so much greater ease, too, for it was next to impossible for the average girl to keep the front of the man-style shirt flat for more than 10 minutes.

The first styles suggested for making the loosely woven tuxedos and chevots are short fitted coats, such as were formerly called basques, and round seamless waists. The coat may be single or double breasted, the latter buttoning high on the left shoulder, and rounding smoothly over the hips, then quite flat in the middle of the back. It is about 10 or 12 inches in length below the waist. The flat coat back with pleats in the seams and buttons defining the waist, is also used.

Box pleats will again be used in both coats and round waists. Two pleats in front and back alike, beginning on the shoulders and tapering to the waist, or else one double box pleat down the middle of front and back, are favorite styles at present with the dressmakers. Tailors prefer the English Norfolk jacket with three pleats belted in, another fancy is for a shallow round or square yoke with the fullness of the waist attached in either three or five box pleats. The waists and sleeves of loose wool stiffs are simply stitched in one row near the edge. Sometimes silk of a contrasting color is used for lining the waist and entire gown. Wide satin ribbon, black or colored, forms a stock and folded belt. Sleeves retain the mutton leg shape, and there is nothing new in the cut of skirts, but that they must be short all around is insisted upon by every first-class modiste.

The violet is now the correct posy. Purple bunches are on corsage and lapel all over town. After the chrysanthemum fad the change comes as a relief.

There is a mistaken idea that "culture" means to paint a little, to sing a little, to dance a little and to quote passages from late popular books. As a matter of fact culture means nothing of the kind. Culture means mastery over self—politeness, charity, fairness, good temper, good conduct. Culture is not a thing to make a display of; it is something to use so modestly that people do not discover all at once that you have it.

Why will women with full faces and chubby throats persist in wearing the full rosette bows and tabs and flaring ends, to say nothing of the crush collars and ruchings, now so popular? asks the New York "Sun." What with the overpuffed sleeves, elaborately trimmed bodices, hats trimmed at right angles, and these variegated arrangements about the neck and ears, the middle-aged woman with more than a suspicion of double chin bears a strong resemblance to a sitting hen whose feathers have been ruffled from untimely interference.

A symmetrical throat, one rounded like the base of a column, which supports a delicate oval face above, looks well with outstanding bows and ruffles of chiffon, lace or ribbon, with masses of crepe lisse and velvet crushed and crinkled about its circumference, but the chubby-faced girl and buxom matron (who doubtless look their best in decollete gowns) had best beware of all these fussy fixings and flichs designed for house and reception toilets.

Wide velvet belts are much worn for evening. A tall woman may wear a velvet belt six inches wide. These belts are made of piece velvet and tie at the left side in a somewhat pert bow. With white gowns of chiffon or mousseline de soie the velvet belt should give just the correct dash of color to the costume.

"Linedach Deante in Girun," which translated means linen made in Ireland, is to be the thing for smart Summer girls who dress up to the mode. These come in the well-known linen coloring, turquoise, terra cotta and are either plain or striped. The golf suitings that resemble nothing so much as cotton tweeds are just the thing to wear mornings at the Casino, in the grand stand or on the field itself. Fancy figures invite the buyer with every new blend and fancy touch and the Scotch gingham. Madras shirtings, and grass cloths abound in artistic plenty, so that in the whole range of dress goods there need be no excuse for non-purchase, the style, the profusion, the price and the beauty all combining to offer magnetic inducements from which there is no getting away possible.

There is many a slip
Twixt the cup and the lip—
So the poets satirical sing;
And the world also sees
That there's many a freeze
Twixt March and the genuine spring.
—Washington Star.