

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., May 10, 1895.

THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,
And the boy cowered and wept;
"Come here!" I crooked, and he looked and
smiled,
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as a summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

Few words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap forth from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not,
Whether you mean or care,
Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace set we rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.
—*Youth's Companion.*

THE WIT OF MAN.

Or One Fellow's Testimony of a Platonic Friendship.

I met her at a garden party, not a joyous gathering of tennis players and girls laughing to the sun, but the gloomy affair of the morbidly select. Ia bright red she blossomed with all the sweets of a woman magically feminine. Her crisp, black hair seemed ready to fly out against conventionalities, against hats, particularly, and her brown eyes were golden with the joy of life; wit had chiselled her features, so excellently irregular in the roundness of their curves, to pointed nose and chin. I could not but enjoy, as a relief from all the elaborate angles of her stiff surroundings, the rapid undulations of her little figure, her expressive arms, her dancing little feet, as she sat there, a wild gypsy, fashionable and polished, but still untamed by society. Pouting like some playful child over lessons, her mouth rigidly set against the flickering dimples of irrepressible laughter, she listened to the pompous old Due de Retz, or answered his wise sentence at random, with a wave of her hand.

"Who is she?" I inquired of M. Pimodan de St. Ouen, a walking edition of "Le Tout Paris," tightly bound in frock coat.

"Why, that is la belle Comtesse de Crequy de Canaples; a widow, mother, young, rich. If you admire her, here's your chance. The Duke is dying to talk politics with the Dowager de Baudricourt. Forward, to the rescue!" And M. Pimodan emitted that short, dry note which serves him as laugh or cough, while I stepped up to M. de Retz, who gracefully introduced me. "Dear Cousin! Mr. Castlehigh—Comtesse de Canaples."

And he retired as Mme. de Canaples smiled up at me with her humorous eyes. Her voice was fluently musical as she gaily said: "We are not quite strangers, for I have met your charming sister at the Plot-Chandieu. Before I could frame a compliment, she suddenly added: "Do you love her?"

"Who?"

"Your sister, of course. I like every man to love his sister."

"Well, I hope I do."

"You only hope! Are you an Englishman?"

"More or less."

"Less, decidedly less. An Englishman with blue eyes like yours, should not only be honest and brave, but sure, sure of everything. Don't you see. Don't you understand what strength, what manliness there is in being absolutely sure, even if you are quite wrong? It is healthy; everything strong and absolute is healthy. What are you, then?"

"Well, a cosmopolitan."

"Ah, bah!" she exclaimed with a toss of her diminutive head, as she surveyed me good-humoredly. "And that means that you are not interested in anything but the surface of things; that your sentiments are paradoxes; that your aspirations go no higher than a lift will carry you; that your feelings, philosophy, life, lounge in a mental Hotel Metropole and never work at home. Have you no preference for any country?"

"I think I prefer France."

"For shame; you a Castlehigh, you whose very name seems rooted in Saxon soil! Ah!" she added, with another of her kindly smiles, "I see it all; you think to flatter. But why should you not speak the truth? I adore the truth! You cannot possibly love anything better than your birth-place, your family, your home!"

I laughed, saying: "You see, my mother was French."

She seized my hand and shook it frankly as she exclaimed: "Then you really did love your mother? You love her country? 'Tis well! All human greatness of man is in his devotion to his mother. France then seems to entice you in her arms; the very air caresses, soothes and nurses you! But nevertheless, you are an Englishman. This mixing of races and names breaks traditions of hereditary faith. Man must be steadfast. Only a woman may capriciously adopt and passionately follow her love across the seas, may be irresponsible, except to God, herself and her husband. Man must be the rock to which we cling. He is our country, our name, our heart. He member that song of your people:

In spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations
He remains an Englishman.

How nice of him! You know there are temptations, for England means duty—but I am preaching, excuse me! You have such a real honest, British face that I cannot help feeling disappointed at finding you a mere cosmopolitan. Go back to England. There is the place for the clever and the brave!"

"You flatter!"

"Never!"
"But I feel flattered."
"You should feel ashamed then, as flattery commences where truth ceases. Are you not clever, are you not brave?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, at any rate, you have enough false modesty to please most people of the world."

I blushed.

"Have I hurt your feelings?" she said, with her hand on my arm, in soft, gentle tones. "I am so sorry! I only wished to spur you out of this nonchalant attitude. I am sure 'tis only a pose; that you really have ideals. Come, now, don't let me do you an injustice; I hate misunderstandings. Admit it, you are a worker, not simply a walking gentleman; you have something beneath the crown of your hat. What do you do; tell me?" And she leaned forward, her eyes intent on mine.

"Well, I write a little poetry," I stammered.

Her eyes sparkled, her lips smiled, she clapped her hands in delight, exclaiming in a musical voice. "You love your mother and you are a poet! I know your English eyes expressed ideals, strength and health. Poets may be cosmopolitans; indeed, their home is in all nations' hearts. Have you published? Not yet? Oh, then do bring your manuscripts to my house; could you come to-morrow, Tuesday? Yes? How good of you, when every moment may be precious gold. Thank you, and au revoir."

And as I held that small hand in mine I felt that I had made a friend.

When I called next day Mme. de Canaples was in her boudoir. She listened to my reading, silently, attentively, almost reverently, and when I left the house after dinner, I felt very great. The next morning we met in the Bois and rode together; at the same night we danced a cotillion at Mme. de Plot-Chandieu's. Fate seemed determined to make us meet, and perhaps, we helped her.

If a man and woman see much of each other, they invariably talk of themselves, wax sentimental by waltz music and imagine themselves in love after supper. But I am tired of flirtations, sick of telling a woman whom I only admire that I love her. So, one evening, as we discussed sentiment over pate-de-folie-gras, I told her how much I regretted that two great minds should so stupidly follow the example of the stupid. She agreed. "If we remain on our present footing one of us may fall in love." She opened her innocent eyes, smiling. "Yes," I continued, "in love; what else can happen? Whereas, if we go off somewhere together and live naturally, unconstrained by the world, we shall know ourselves truly and enjoy a few days of rest."

"Oh, the wit of man!" she cried, gayly clapping her hands, her whole face beaming with delight.

The next evening we started by rail for Fontainebleau. Soon we were both fast asleep, only to wake at our destination. She took a room at one hotel, I at another. The next day we drove in the forest, silently watching the royal trees, till our eyes grew tired and we fell asleep. We stayed there fortnight, driving, sleeping, barely saying a word, and yet quite happy.

When we were back in Paris she asked: "And why did we go to Fontainebleau for that?"

"Because," I replied, at Fontainebleau we kept regular hours, allowed ourselves no cerebral excitement, drank no champagne, heard no one whisper, Little Castlehigh is awfully in love with Mme. de Canaples, or 'The Countess is decidedly sweet on ce cher garcon!' I have simply proved, dear lady, that society was forcing us, with its champagne and talk, to think of each other, whereas nature let us follow our own individual and separate thoughts. Oh, that fortnight in Fontainebleau! We scarcely spoke twice a day. Silence is repose, and repose is bliss. To think that we might have been vulgar lovers! A few more days Paris and my fate, at least, was sealed. But I understood the dangers of our situation. Could anything be more paradoxical and modern than our elopement to Fontainebleau? Carry off a woman mysteriously at night two hours by rail to a strange town, remain there a fortnight in tete-a-tete! And all that not to become lovers, but, on the contrary, to escape the necessary, the historical development of a situation without issue. Don't you think that our late adventure gives us incontestable superiority over the greatest wits of our age?"

She seized both my hands and fixed my eyes. It was a rapid, searching, wondrous look; only her irregular and mobile face could have such expression; and for half a second she seemed to tear open my soul, take a peep, at it all and shut it up. Then she sat down on a sofa and gazed meditatively at me. Humor and disappointment were blended in her dimpled smile. She crossed her arms nodded her head, examined her little feet slowly one after the other, and sighed, "The wit of man!" She shrugged her shoulders most charmingly, as she reiterated, each time with a quite new and singular intonation, "The wit of man, the wit of man!"

Most people would have been put out by the obvious double meaning of this remark, but I am a psychologist; in fact, I pride myself not a little on my penetration. I understand that she smiled at my wit, compared me to others, and sighed as she regretfully reflected how few men are really capable of such subtle conduct with women. They are few, indeed!

Then she buried her face in her hands to think. And with equal unexpectedness, came softly to me and kissed my cheek. "Thank you," she said, in a strangely far-off voice; "though a youth, you are a great philosopher. Henceforth we are friends; we will never allow society to make us pose one to the other, but meet sometimes and rest together."

She tripped away out of the room. But the door suddenly reopened and

she leaned forward, offering her exquisite figure to my view like a bouquet, as she smiled with her sweet red lips. "The wit of man, ha! ha!" she laughed as she ran down the stairs.

II

Nearly every day Mme. de Canaples comes to sit in my study. Her work basket and favorite books are in a corner; even when absent the atmosphere of her pervades the room like a spirit and soothes me. We are usually quite silent, as she did when I first read my poems to her, and the flickering gold in her brown eyes seems to light my memory and color my expression. The other day she said: "I know exactly the position which I occupy between your books and cigarettes." Her tone was somewhat bitter. But I proved to her that she is my most precious friend; for she never bores me, following all my moods and indulging them in a manner most surprising when I think of it. Really I am so thankful that for once I resisted the temptation of flirting. Love would have spoiled our friendship, as it does everything. Even Mme. de Canaples torments her lover. For she is going to marry Jacques de Chandieu; at least she tells me so. But on this subject she lavishes all the caprice and childishness which friendship seems to have drowned in her with me. Sometimes she speaks passionately of le beau Jacques, who is a dashing officer of Chasseurs, somewhat brainless, very handsome and quite popular by Mme. de Plot-Chandieu. At other times Mme. de Canaples says that she hates him; and her sudden reversals of feeling are really beginning to torment him into a man of thought. He obeys her like a faithful dog; she snubs him, as a woman does a man who loves her. Whereas with me she is unfailing in her gentle consideration, ceaseless in her delicate attentions. And the moral of all this is: If you like a woman don't make love to her; if you love her don't marry her. I told her the other day, she blushed and laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks, saying as usual. "The wit of man!" as she wiped her eyes and composed herself back to the letter which I was dictating to my London tailor.

But I do wish she would marry Jacques and be done with it. Her capricious treatment of him and appeals to my sympathy are rather teasing. She always wants to know what I think. Now that is just what I don't do when she is by me; I then simply regrettably follow the example of the stupid. She agreed. "If we remain on our present footing one of us may fall in love." She opened her innocent eyes, smiling. "Yes," I continued, "in love; what else can happen? Whereas, if we go off somewhere together and live naturally, unconstrained by the world, we shall know ourselves truly and enjoy a few days of rest."

When she came in this afternoon, I saw by the way she hovered about my chair before sitting down, that something was on her mind. She wore a red dress very like that which she had on the day I first met her at Mme. de Retz's garden party. She struck me as prettier than ever, and her charming figure was a joy to my eyes as she lay on the sofa, leaned over to read my last poem. There is about her something suavely womanly which acts like a charm on a man. She has that fragrance of body and soul which makes me feel as though life is really worth living when she is at my side.

"I am decided to marry Jacques," she said as she poured me out a cup of tea.

At last! Allow me to congratulate you," I remarked with a vast assumption of interest.

"No! I am very miserable," she sighed as she passed me the cup.

"Why?"

"Because I don't love him enough."

"Why marry him, then?"

"Because, because I am lonely, Reginald!" and her expression was pitiful as she repeated, "Oh, so lonely!"

"Did you love Monsieur de Canaples?"

"No; I was too young."

"Have you ever loved any one?" I inquired airily, after a pause.

She jumped to her feet like a startled deer and confronted me with burning eyes. "Yes," she said fiercely.

"Yes!"

"Was he married?"

"Dead?"

"No."

"Why don't you take him then?"

She slowly answered with downcast eyes: "He doesn't love me."

"Are you sure?"

She looked up at me. "Yes!" she said, "I am quite sure."

"Well, then, try and make him."

"I have!" she retorted sharply.

"Without success? You astonish me! I was only just thinking how fascinating you are." She blushed.

"There is something about you which particularly appeals to me. We are all such vain creatures that any woman, particularly you, with a few smiles might reduce the most indifferent of us to a desperate condition."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Have you tried everything with him?"

She turned on me curiously. "Now really what do you suppose I have been doing? Does a woman ever give up anything but a losing game?" She laughed a trifle sardonically and repeated wearily, as she let herself fall back on the sofa. "Yes, I have tried everything, Reginald dear, everything!"

"You have even told him you love him?"

"Certainly not."

"Try that."

"But," she answered, turning round on me, "I have insinuated it. And if he won't see it, 'tis because he can't love me, and doesn't wish to trifl with my affections by raising false hopes."

"A rare gentleman, if such is the case."

"You approve of him then?"

"Don't we agree in everything?"

"Yes," she answered sadly. And then she began to cry like a child, violent, hot tears of rage and grief. My whole soul swelled to sympathy. I took her hands and softly kissed them.

Perhaps I am a little in love with her; at least I thought so at the time; but then I know women's sensitiveness too well to allow my love to burst on their unhappiness. Perhaps my kisses were a trifle passionate, for she turned pale and pushed me away, her eyes brilliant and gigantic, as she looked at me astonished. "Don't, please don't, Reginald!" she pleaded.

"I beg your pardon." She smiled and I continued eloquently. "I wish that man was not such a fool. If he only knew what a fine creature you are; if he only understood you as I do! Tell me his name? I will become his most intimate friend for your sake. And I know exactly the position which I occupy between your books and cigarettes." Her tone was somewhat bitter. But I proved to her that she is my most precious friend; for she never bores me, following all my moods and indulging them in a manner most surprising when I think of it.

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"I am afraid that her verdict on my sex is just, though I may flatter myself that there are a few exceptions—McMillan's Magazine."

Markets in Jamaica.

Mrs. Julian Hawthorne's Experience in Bargaining for Yams. Curious Systems of Trading—Mangos, Plantains and Tropical Fruits Spread in Great Heaps. Scenes of Brightness and Beauty.

Every Saturday at 9 in the morning two horses hitched to a covered buggy are brought to our door. Big baskets are crowded in behind and a small bag containing a handful of small (very small) change hangs at my belt. A large sun umbrella and a wrap are put in, and off we go followed by shouts from the children hanging over the veranda rail to remember the cakes, the candy, the slate pencils or the tennis shoes they have been wanting since last week.

The market house proper is a large roof on pillars, rising from a high stone foundation, in ranks on its cement floor are the booths or stalls where meat dealers, ginger ale and the like are on sale. This covered place is seldom crowded, but adjoining it on the right is a walled inclosure for the accommodation of "bread-kind," the name given to yams, plantains, fruits, and all green stuff. We are the only white folks who come to market. The others send servants, but we like the drive and the humors of the scene. The "quality" in Jamaica will do nothing for themselves that they can get done for them.

Needing nothing in the "house," we pass through, with a glance at the gin-bread, the pretty white bread loaves and the various dough preparations, some of which we know by experience to be not bad. Now we emerge from the cool shadow into the ardent sunshine of the outer enclosure.

A BEWILDERING PLACE.

This is as bewildering a place as ever mortal stepped into. Crowds of women in bright pink dresses, the effect of which at a little distance is white in the sunlight, many children and a few men, through the space till movement becomes difficult. A policeman, with a smiling black face and spotless white jacket, stands about wherever he can find room. Here and there a donkey is being drawn through the press by its owner, two heavily loaded panniers on its stout