

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., June 28, 1895.

## WERE THEY FALSE OR ONLY PICKLE.

"Why Bob, you dear old fellow, where have you been these years? In India, Egypt, Khiva, With the Khan's own volunteer? Have you scoured the Alps or Andes, Sailed to isles of Amazons? What climate, Bob, has wrought to change Your face from brown to bronze?"

She placed a dimpled hand in mine, In the same frank, friendly way, We stood once more on the dear old beach, And it seemed but yesterday Since, standing on this same white shore, She said, with eyes like stars, "Goodby. You may remember, Bob, But I shall not forget."

I held her hand and whispered low, "Madge, darling, what of the years, The ten long years that have intervened, Since through the mists of tears We looked goodbye on this same white beach, Here by the murmuring sea? You, Madge, were then just twenty, And I was twenty-three."

A crimson blush came to her cheek. "Hush, Bob," she quickly said, "Let's look at the latters in the surf. There's Nellie and Cousin Ned." "And who's that portly gentleman On the shady side of life?" "Oh, he belongs to our party, too— In fact, Bob, I'm his wife!"

"And I tell you, Bob, it's an awful thing The way he does behave? Flirts with that girl in steel gray silk. Bob, why do you look so grave?" "The fact is, Madge, I well—ahem! Oh, nothing at all, my dear, Except that she of the steel gray silk Is the one I married last year."

—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

## "IF."

MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

If any little word of mine May make a life the brighter, If any little song of mine May make a heart the lighter, God help me speak the little word, And take my little song, And drop it in some lonely vale, To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine May make a life the sweeter, If any little care of mine May make a friend the feeter— If any little of mine may ease The burden of another, God give me love, and care and strength, To help my toiling brother.

—Morning Star.

## MISS MARIA'S VOYAGE.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

Miss Maria Horton looked out of the window and sighed. "How it does pour!" she ejaculated. "The Perkinses' front yard's just like a lake, and I guess the water in their cellar's worse than it is in ours. I tell you what it is, Ellen," she continued, energetically, "I'm going over to them pertatoes to-morrow, if I have to swim! The idea of a cellar with all those good pertatoes in it, and we with nothing but bacon for dinner!"

Her niece made no answer. She was a timid, pretty girl, with big blue eyes and yellow hair; an orphan, eating the bread of charity, and finding it often seasoned with fault-finding and rebuke. Her gentle spirit had been cooled and crushed long ago. She had given up, submitted, and yielded to her imperious aunt until there was little left of her own left. She dressed as Aunt Maria thought best, she went where she approved, and carefully avoided those places and people that had been so unfortunate as to meet with her aunt's disapprobation. Even the soft yellow hair, which she would have loved to curl in little rings upon her smooth white forehead, was drawn sternly back and brushed straight and smooth. Aunt Maria didn't like curls. She called them "dummeddles."

Even her lover she had given up; but not her love. There was just one place in this little house where Aunt Maria had never entered—it was Ellen's heart. Aunt Maria knew this, and it worried her. She would have liked to go in and regulate it as if it had been a kitchen cupboard, putting each emotion in its proper place, and discarding all unnecessary ones.

To-day Ellen was making herself a dress—it was only a plain print one, and the girl stifled a sigh as she shook it out and looked at it. There were four straight breadths, so that it was just as big at the top as at the bottom. She had longed to gore it, but Aunt Maria didn't approve of gores.

Suddenly, through the splash of the rain, they heard the far off sound of music. It drew nearer. It was a procession coming down the street. Both women went to the window to watch it. "It's Uncle Tom's Cabin," said Ellen; "it's going to be to the Opera-house to-night. There's two Marks and two Topsees, and two little Evas."

Miss Maria sniffed. "I should think one was enough in all conscience," she said, contemptuously. "It's a mighty poor show that don't know enough to go in when it rains."

Down the street came the melancholy little procession. The band in its red uniform was doing its best. The water trickled down the puffed-out cheeks of the cornet-players, and dripped forlornly from their caps. The man with the drum had given up beating it, and had carefully covered it with a piece of tarpaulin, but he kept his place in the procession just the same. Two most amiable-appearing mastiffs were doing duty as Siberian blood-hounds, and one sad little donkey was bringing up the rear. Anything less exhilarating as a procession it is impossible to imagine; but the two women watched it with intense interest.

"I guess it rained too hard for the little Evas to come out," said Ellen, watching it tramp through the mud down the street. "Humph!" said Miss Maria; "they'd have had croup if they had." She turned from the window and picked up her work; but her niece still stood there, gazing out into the rain. Aunt Maria eyed her sharply. Something in the girl's drooping shoulders, in her head bent forward a little, in the general listlessness of her whole attitude, struck the elder woman.

"Ellen," she said, sharply, "did Sam Johnson ask you to go to this show with him to-night?" "Yes," said Ellen, sadly, her head dropping a little farther forward. "Well, you ain't going." "No, I don't expect to."

"It just beats all," said Miss Maria. "The impertinence of some people! If I've told that fellow once, I've told him a dozen times, not to darken my door again, and here he is bobbin' up as impudent as ever! He'll be wanting to marry you next, the great good-for-nothing! I'll be just like him."

The color flew to the young girl's cheeks. Something in her heart gave her tongue courage. "Girls do marry sometimes, Aunt Maria," she said, softly, as if she had made an important discovery. "Yes; and so they have small-pox, if they ain't vaccinated in time. But I mean to tend to things in season. I never was one to let things draggle-tail along as best they could, and I tell you now, good and plain, I won't have Sam Johnson or any other fellow philandering around this house so long's I've got the strength to shove 'em off. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she said, "you act accordin'." She hustled out into the other room, while the girl leaned her face against the window-pane and closed her eyes wearily. The rain trickled against the window, a grocer's wagon splashed through the muddy street, and out in the kitchen Aunt Maria was rattling the stove lids. Life was very dreary. Ellen wished, with the quick despair of youth that it were over.

The next day, after the morning's work was done, her aunt announced: "I'm a-going down now to get to them pertatoes. I've been thinking about it, and planning it out. I think I could get over in the big wash-tub, if I get in real careful, and set real still, and went awful slow. Anyway, I'm going to try. You get my water-proof and my rubbers."

"What for?" asked Ellen, her blue eyes opening wide. "To wear, you goose! Like as not the tub's wet, and it's damp down there, anyway. I don't want to run no more risk of rheumatism 'I have to. I've served my time with that."

So Ellen bought the things, and Aunt Maria carefully put on her rubbers, and buttoned up her water-proof, which was a long, black, shiny one. Then they crept down the cellar stairs together. They had not far to go, for the water had risen to within three or four steps of the top. Pieces of wood were floating around, and a few small logs. One old copper boiler rode the waves as triumphantly as if it had been a Spanish galleon. The rake had always rested in an angle by the cellar stairs. The end of its handle rose high above the encroaching tide. Miss Maria felt for it, seized it, and pulled it forth.

"Now," she cried, "I guess I can reach that tub. You hold on to me, Ellen, while I reach over."

So Ellen clasped the slippery skirts of the water-proof in her fragile arms, and Miss Maria leaned over as far as she dared, and clutched at the floating tub. After one or two failures—for the rake was heavy and unwieldy held out at arm's-length—she hooked it, and drew it gently to the steps.

"Now," she said, "you hold it close against the stairs while I get in."

"Oh, Aunt Maria," said Ellen, her face white with fear, "you'll sink—you'll surely sink!" "No, I sha'n't, either; I guess I know what I'm about. Just you hold it steady. I guess if this tub can hold me two weeks' wash it can hold me. Now be careful, hold steady there, and wrapping her garments around; she cautiously stepped into the tub, and with the utmost care set down in it. It sank—but not, as Ellen had expected, to the bottom of the cellar. The water only rose to within a few inches of the top, and it really seemed like a safe and sea-worthy craft.

"Hand me the broom," said Aunt Maria, in a low voice. She felt that it was a critical moment, and was doing all she could to balance her circular boat. She modulated her movements, and even her voice.

"Oh, Aunt Maria," replied her aunt, in a low but steady tone. "Hand me the broom, I tell you!" Ellen obeyed. "Now p'int me toward the pertatoes, and give me a little shove. Only a little one, mind, and then you stay here till I come back."

Almost instantly Miss Maria emerged, very wet and indignant, and staggered toward the stairs. But she was much encumbered with her long coat and other clothing, and the water was quite high. Besides, the bottom of the cellar was covered with various articles, which lurked, like coral reefs, unseen and dangerous. Against one of these Miss Maria stubbed her toe, and fell headlong under the water again.

This time it really might have been serious, for the girl on the stairs was helpless with fright, and the poor old woman herself was dazed and confused. But just at that moment something darkened the doorway, and Ellen, turning round to see what had shut off the light, was surprised to discover the tall form of Sam Johnson.

She greeted him with a scream. "Oh, come!" she cried; "Aunt Maria's drowning! She's been upset. Oh, hurry!" He was on the lowest step in a second.

"Where is she?" he asked. The copper boiler and the treacherous tub, which had risen again, seemed to floating off together, but there was no sign of Miss Maria. "She went down there," said Ellen, pointing to a place where the water seemed unusually troubled. Then she began to wring her hands and cry. "Oh, don't let her drown!" she said; "not right here in her own cellar!"

Sam Johnson went through the water with a strong, steady stride. In a second he had the limp form of Miss Maria in his arms, and was bearing it up the narrow stairway. She was coughing and spluttering a good deal, and her eyes were closed.

Ellen followed, still fearful and anxious, but with a certain sort of security and happiness, now that Sam was here. They took off the dripping water-proof, and laid the gasping form of Miss Maria upon a wooden bench in the kitchen. Then, for the first time, she opened her eyes and fastened them upon Sam Johnson.

"Get right up!" she said, faintly; "get right up!" She coughed and choked as she spoke, but her old determination was again strong in her face. "Oh, Aunt Maria," said Ellen, "he saved your life; he waded in after you and carried you up stairs. Don't send him away."

"Ellen," said Miss Maria, in a sort of emphatic whisper, "you ain't much better than an idiot. Put on the teakettle and go in and get Mis' Ruggles, and get out the red galling and the lymen-tin-bottle. I'm a-going to take this thing in time."

Ellen ran over to the next-door neighbor's, and Sam followed her. He lingered around while, with Mrs. Ruggles's help, she got Miss Maria warm and dry, poured hot tea down her throat, did up her knees in red flannel, and put her to bed with hot flat-irons at her feet. Then he watched his chance, and when Ellen came into the kitchen again, he said, eagerly, "How is she?"

"She's all right, I guess, if she don't stiffen up and have rheumatism."

"Then come out with me, Ellen. I want to see you, and it's stopped raining now."

"Oh, Sam, I can't." "Yes, you can; you've got to." Her blue eyes fell beneath his intense look, and the color came and went in her cheeks. Then, with a few murmured words, she turned away. "I'll wait," he said, resolutely. "Go and put on your things."

She went into her aunt's room. "Mrs. Ruggles," she began, hesitatingly, "I've got to go out. Could you stay here till I come back?" "Just as well as not, my dear. Your aunt's dropped off to sleep as quiet as a lamb, and I'll stay here and set by her till you come back. And, say, won't you get me a yeast cake?" "The Ocean Foam's the kind I use."

A low, persistent, whistling sounded from the kitchen door, warning Ellen to hurry. She hastened to get her things, and, with burning cheeks, slipped out to join her lover.

Aunt Maria never knew of this escapade, and Mrs. Ruggles's mouth was stopped with a whole package of Ocean Foam for which Ellen refused to take a cent in payment.

But with all her forwardness, her ancient foe, the rheumatism, got the better of Miss Maria, and she was in bed for three weeks after her remarkable shipwreck.

Sam Johnson came to the house every day, but if Miss Maria knew of his visitations, she chose to ignore them.

One sunny day, after she was able to sit up, he called out to her: "I'm a-coming in Miss Horton, and going to bring you out here by the fire. You get her ready, Ellen."

And, in spite of most vigorous and energetic protests, Miss Maria felt herself lifted bodily by the great strapping fellow, and deposited in a comfortable rocking-chair by her own kitchen fire, where, to tell the truth, she was very glad to be.

After that he lifted Miss Maria nearly every day. She objected and resisted at first, and made many abusive and contemptuous remarks, but he never paid the slightest attention to them. Then she used to glare at him stonily, and finally one day she thanked him.

Ellen was like a changed creature. She flew about the house with a brighter color in her cheeks than she had ever had. Her eyes seemed bluer, and a little dimple in her chin, which had been nearly frightened away, began to show itself again. Neither the care of her aunt nor the work of the house seemed to weigh on her. She sang to herself as she went about her daily tasks, not the subdued little croons that she had sometimes indulged in, but bits of jolly, lively songs, as if happiness was stirring at her heart.

Miss Maria watched her one day as she was putting the bread in sponge, and said, suddenly: "Ellen, if Sam Johnson's comin' here every day a-histin' me up and down, I think it would be full as decent if he belonged to the family. Of course I know what he comes for—he'd be willing to lift a dromedary for the sake of seeing you; and I think, seeing he feels that way, you'd better marry him, and cure him of his foolishness."

The dimple played in Ellen's chin, and her cheeks were very pink, as she stirred the flour in with a reckless hand. "I don't want to," she said, faintly. "You don't want to marry Sam Johnson! Why, Ellen Eliza Horton, are you stark, staring crazy?"

"No," said Ellen, with a little tremble in her voice; "I mean I don't want to again. You see, I have married him once."

She put one flowery hand to her face, and began to laugh hysterically, while Miss Maria looked at her for a moment in speechless amazement. "Well, of all the ridiculous, indecent performances that I ever heard of, I don't see anything so awful funny about it. What did you do it for?"

"He made me," said Ellen, meekly. "He said it was our only chance." "He did, did he? He's terrible knowing, isn't he, with his weddings and his chances! Perhaps you'll tell me when this outlandish circus performance of yours was? Did you have a minister—or a constable?"

## For Free Silver.

Organization Effected in Philadelphia—Principles are Declared—A Ringing Paper in Favor of the White Metal.

The movement calculated to secure the restoration of silver to its former place in currency was stimulated in Philadelphia recently by two enthusiastic meetings. The first was held in the office of Wharton Barker in the Forrest Building which was attended by a representative body of gentlemen; and the other was convened at Eighth and Spring Garden streets, the latter being intended as an educational convention for those not intelligently acquainted with the benefits accruing from free silver.

Mr. Barker called his meeting to order at 4 o'clock and after several gentlemen had spoken on the need of a more expanded currency, organization was effected under the title of the Bimetallic Association. Following a declaration of principles was read, in which it was asserted that the urgent need for active work in the education of the people as to the principles involved in the silver question grew out of two circumstances which were set forth as follows:

"The first is the intolerable impression the country is enduring under the single gold standard and the advantage this offers to socialistic and anarchistic factions to work upon the general distress in the interest of revolutionary destruction. If our social order is to continue it must prove itself adequate to securing the general prosperity.

"The second circumstance is the active and well supported propaganda of another not less revolutionary party, to disguise false doctrines and imaginary 'facts' about silver and gold, among those who have no time for economic and statistical studies. Having succeeded, under a cloak of false pretenses, in driving silver from the place it has held for thousands of years in the world's currency, they are now seeking to create a party in behalf of this monetary revolution. They desire for their own advantage, to secure the permanence of a situation which has degraded commerce, deprived the producing classes of the just rewards of their labor and added enormously to the burden of all public and private debts. In this they have the active support of the present Administration.

"It is, therefore, in the interests of true conservatism that 'The Bimetallic Association' has been established to carry on the work of popular education. It has been organized and is supported by men fully alive to the necessity of supporting public honor in the adequate payment of debt, and to the need of a national currency staple in value and of equal worth in all its kinds. They decline, however, to identify these great objects with the maintenance of the single gold standard, and that for the following reasons:

"1. The supply of both gold and silver which is available for the world's needs.

"2. The relative amount of silver in this supply is greatly inferior to what it was 50 years ago, when the two metals maintained a staple ratio at 1 to 16.5.

"3. The charge in their comparative values has not been produced by any excess in the supply of silver, but by its artificial exclusion from the wants of the civilized world.

"4. This exclusion has produced an equal appreciation in the value of gold by throwing upon it the burden of effecting the world's exchange and organizing its productive forces.

"5. The effect of this rise in the value of gold has been to force down the nominal values of everything it measures, thus making it impossible for the producer to pay his debts at the present gold prices of his products, and adding vastly to the general burden of public indebtedness.

"6. It is not in the interest of any class of silver miners, but in those of the producers of our country and of the world, that we urge the prompt restitution of silver to its place in the money of the nation.

"7. While it is most desirable to have this effected by an international bimetallic agreement, such as once existed throughout Christendom, America cannot afford to wait for this, for delay threatens to prevent prompt relief of our producing classes. She must act for herself, and give regard to the retention of her gold currency alongside of silver, and with a view to commencing, or even compelling similar action on the part of other countries.

"On these grounds we declare our purpose to work for the resumption of silver into the money of the country on the same footing as during the first three quarters of a century of our national existence. And we invite men of all parties, who agree with us in this declaration of principles, whatever their view as to the best method of effecting these objects, to give us their aid in securing the general prosperity."

The declaration was unanimously adopted as a whole.

The organizers of the movement were Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson, President of the Central High School; James Dobson, John H. Lorimer and Richard Campion, members of the Manufacturers' Club; Messrs. McMenamin, Thompson and Fry, of the Grocers' and Importers' Exchange, and Dr. William Carroll.

Just before adjourning, to meet in the same room on next Thursday the meeting authorized Wharton Barker, at his request to send the following telegram to United States Senator Jones, at the Bimetallic Convention, in session at Memphis, Tenn.:

"I want to advise you, and through you the convention, of very important action in favor of bimetalism taken here to-day by an influential body of citizens, already numbering several hundred manufacturers, merchants, professional men and wage-earners, employed in mills and factories, to wit: The organization of the Bimetallic Association. The declaration of principles adopted at meeting to-day should be read before convention and sent by it to the country with unqualified approval."

—Ralph Modjeska, the engineer in charge of the new bridge at Rock Island in behalf of the Rock Island Road, is a son of Mme. Modjeska.

—A clock is always an appropriate wedding gift. It means on its face that there is no time like the present.

## For and About Women.

Many persons will be pleased to hear that polka dot silks have come to us again. There was never a pattern in silk for regular and hard wear that could compare with polkas. The figure is always the same, only larger or smaller, closer together or spread wider, just as it happens. There is white with dots dark or light blue, some patterns as big as a dime and others as small as pinheads, some where the dots are set closely in regular lines and dots where they are scattered promiscuously all over. Red on white, white on red, red on blue, and brown on cream are the color combinations most often seen, including the blue and white. One effective pattern has pale yellow dots on a buff brown ground. There are many other combinations. The most novel arrangement is where there is a tan ground with three dots clustered together, one being of wood brown, one green and the other red. Doubtless the next two weeks will bring still other fancies. These silks are of good quality, and with a very trifling trimming will make exceedingly pretty frocks. Flounces of these silks are cut bias and shirred onto the bottom of the skirt.

Tacoma claims the only woman custom house broker on the Northern Pacific coast. She is Miss Florence B. Moffatt, daughter of a steamboat captain, and is said to be actively interested in shipping interests and to know more on matters of transportation and commerce than many men in the business.

A charming frock was made of pale yellow dimiti, it was trimmed with dozens of fine white lace, the bodice being particularly lovely, with yokes formed of lines of which lace insertion and narrow bands of dimiti, on which were set double rows of narrow lace to match. From the yoke depended a very full ruffle in points, around which the lace rippled like sea foam. The sleeves, big and full, but reaching only to the elbow were composed of lines of insertion and dimiti to match the yoke. Two little flounces on the skirt were edged with lace.

If we may believe all we hear, we are on the verge of a season of many flounces. I was advised by a letter from Paris that during the coming winter we would see velvet gowns flounced to the waist, and silk dresses with as many as the skirt will hold.

Mrs. Amelia Barr who is probably the most prolific woman writer of the first rank in America at present, lives for the greater part of the year at her beautiful home near Peekskill. She has one daughter at home, who relieves her of all household cares, and another living in Boston, who is married to Kirk Munroe, whom all small boys know and adore. It is rumored that Mrs. Barr is going to write a novel about Cambridge. If she gives to it the local color that is the charm of "The Bow of Orange Blossom" she will add another gem to American literature.

Fair Gothamites have taken up a fine quality of brilliantine as the material par excellence for separate skirts to be worn with blouses and shirt waists. Crepons, erstwhile so popular, have been put on fashion's shelf, to be sought only by those to whom a reduction in price of 50 per cent. is an irresistible inducement. Navy and dark brown are the shades most favored, and the skirts are invariably made after plain gored patterns of a bell or circular design. With the exception of piping of the material in self-color or white, there is absolutely no garniture.

The French have begun to divide their sleeves into partitions and compartments, as it were. Most of the divisions are longitudinal, being separated by bands of lace insertion or stripes of ribbon, running down the arm. A pink batiste was thus trimmed with cream-colored lace insertion. The puffs ran longitudinally from shoulder to elbow, and the sleeve fitted tight below the elbow.

Other sleeves are divided by means of flounces of accordion plating. These, however, are the French fancies, and they have not yet reached us. We are still wearing sleeves of one unbroken puff or at most two.

The sailor hat, that never-to-be-forgotten member of the millinery family, is more prominent than ever this season. It has a wider front and more drooping effect than of yore, and is garnished in a great variety of ways.

The high two-button, turn-over collar is the latest thing for the neck of the cotton shirt waist.

Pretty, cool-looking hats for midsummer are white, transparent straw, shaped somewhat like a sailor, except that the trim narrows toward the back, and is brimmed with rosettes of white chiffon, white wings which spread out at each side, and bright pink roses with many leaves. White Leghorns, caught up twice in the back with bows or rosettes of ribbon, and trimmed lavishly with flowers, are also worn, and more dainty than all, are the pure white Neapolitan hats, faced with shirred white chiffon and decked around the crown with fine white flowers and a bunch of green mirror velvet.

Two extremely good models which can be copied for summer gowns have been made by one of the leading houses. One was a black and white lawn over black silk. The ground of the material was white, while the dot was black, and the effect of the black lining was extremely good. The skirt was perfectly plain. The bodice had very full sleeves, reaching to the elbow, and held there with broad bands of ribbon, and bows at either side. The collar was a black ribbon with full rosettes at the left side, and the bodice was gathered in full baby style and daintily finished with belt of black caught here and there in full loops. It was remarkably cool and dainty, and will be a great success. With it should be worn a large black hat, picturesque in shape, and trimmed with waving plumes and knots of ribbon. Black patent leather shoes, silk stockings, long gloves and white parasol make it perfect for afternoon summer frock, but if one were at a fashionable watering place, it could be worn in the morning with white ties, white sailor hat and black parasol.

Another chic article of wearing apparel that is entirely new is the shirt waist of pale pink or Nile green swivel silk, with high turn-over collar and deep cuffs of laundered white linen.