# Democratic Hatchman.

## Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 16, 1895.

## ENDURANCE.

'Tis bitter to endure the wrong Which evil hands and tongues commit; The bold encroachments of the strong, The shafts of calumny and wit, The scornful bearing of the proud, The sneers and laughter of the crowd.

And harder still is it to bear The censure of the good and wise, Who, ignorant cf what you are, Or blinded by the slanderer's lies, Look coldly on or pass you by In silence, with averted eve

But when the friends in whom you trust, But when the friends in whom you tri As steadfast as the mountain rock, Fly, and are scattered like the dust Before misfortune's rudest shock, Nor love remains to cheer your fall— This is more terrible than all.

Yet even this, and these—aye, more— Can be endured, and hope survive; The noble spirit still may soar. Although the body fail to thrive; Sorrow and want may wear the frame-Thank God! the soul is still the sam

black silk mitts.

o let her pass.

Hold up your head, then child of grief, Nor longer to the tempest bend; For soon or late must came relief-The coldest, darkest night will end, Within the heart hope dies; 'Irust on! your day star yet shall rise!

Conscious of purity and worth, ou may with calm assurance wait The tardy recompense of earth; And e'en should justice come too la<sup>+</sup>? To soothe the spirit's homeward flight. Still heaven, at last, the wrong shail right.

#### THE PASSING BELL.

But the spel of the old-time tone Brings unawares unto lip and brow The light of another zone."

No one seemed to think of the incongruity between the style of the buildsmall initial letter. ing and its occupants. It was on the beautiful main street, and was built in the jauntiest, most inconsistent style of | now-a small house which was pseuconglomerate architecture. It was designed for the Old Ladies' Home, and was the pet charity of the moneyed women of the little town in Vermont where it was situated. All the buildings near were homesteads of a century's standing, which had apparently grown from the earth as naturally as the trees surrounding them, thus make ing more conspicuous the garish new ness of the Home, which sheltered three old women. Two of them were sitting in the window looking on to the street-a diversion that to one of them never failed-watching the movements of the neighbors.

"There goes James L. Haight, full again," said Mrs. Upton, with a pleased smile at her own reiterated joke, as she peered out of the window at the smallest size of street car, slowly dragged by a languid horse, which knew too well the certainty of hills in the village to hurry over the levels.

"There never was a straighter man than James L. Haight, and it does seem a shame that after he's had the favor of havin' the new horse-car named for 'im. you should take off from his glory by your jokin', " responded Mrs. Marden ; but she smiled to soften the words, for although she had plenty of pepper in her composition, she always softened to Mrs. Upton. Every-body did, just as instinctively as one cively as one handles with tender touch a morning. glory. "Who's in the car this noon ?" asked Mrs. Upton, trying to indicate by removing her glasses that her inability to see was merely temporary. "Them glasses of yourn seem to always have some fillum on 'em just | far past youth-so far beyond it that when you most want to see," responded Mrs. Marden, with hard hearted mischief. "I believe it's the School Board or somethin' on the car, there's so many men aboard, an' there's one stranger. I wonder if they can see in ?" she said, preening herself a bit had never known him. at a mirror between the windows. There was a scarlet bow on her hair, went along. Her life was so absolutewhich was black and abundant, for all ly colorless that even the sight of a her seventy years; and there were scarlet bows on her slippers which half stranger was almost an event. Then, too, the interest was increased by his concealed the prunella. "Red's my age, for we are all most interested in color, you know," she always said. our contemporaries. We have odds with a pleased laugh, if any one tried to remonstrate with her about her dress, and their attempted reform rip- level with those whose years are even pled away on the sound of her laugh- as our own. "I don't know why I'm looking, as old house she saw in the path a large though I expected somebody," mused Mrs. Upton, positively. "The folks freshtolded handkerchief. With a natural impulse she picked it up, then that belong to me don't travel in horse noted that it was fine, and embroider-ed with two initials in the corner. cars.' "Nor didn't neither when they was "L. H.." she read aloud, then smiled alive, for, even though I'm a few years a gentle retrospective smile, as though younger'n you, I can remember all that combination of initials was pleasabout the horses and rigs you and antly known to her. She hid the your folks had. I needn't do no look. handkerchief lovingly in the bosom of in' on my own account, neither, for if her dress, and stepped on her way with I saw Cory comin' right here to this more altertness than common. Old Ladies' Home, I'd never speak to "I've heard that ther's a rage for her. She deserted me once, and now antiques," Myra Marden was saying, I'd disown ber." as Mrs. Upton went into the general "She's your own daughter, Myra, sitting room of the Home, "an' if we and she only left you because you wouldn't let her marry Jim Leeds." don't watch out some one'll be buyin' us right under our noses an' takin' us "But where is she now? I wrote to off to the city.' her three years ago, to that town out "Wouldn't it do just as well to leave us here and call this a museum of an-· West, jest after we got them new letter-boxes put up, and mailed it myself tiquities ?" responded Mrs. Upton, atin one of 'em. Why didn't she answer tempting to wound herself, that she it ? An' what does she care for her old might not feel so poignantly the weamother ? I'd be town poor if it warn't pon her less sensitive friend was using. for them ladies that runs this house, 'There's been some one here already an' that's the truth. We may try to to-day tryin' for you," continued Mrs. Marden. "Leastways he asked for hold up our heads here because we live in a Queen Ann house right on Elizabeth Hunt, an' that's the name I the main street, with all the fine peofirst knew you by. He said he knowple for neighbors, but we're paupers ed you was married, but he'd forgot for all that, an' some days myself rethe name. I told him you was out, speck it 'most gone." She stopped a an' he's to call again. moment in her excited monologue to Except from benevolent ladies of the pick up the red bow, which had fallen town, Mrs. Upton had not had a visit from her head in violently walking to since she entered the Home, nor did and fro. "It was only this mornin," her pride allow her to want any. she continued, with swelling indigna-"When did you say he was coming, tion, "that our housekeeper, Mary Myra ?" she asked in agitation. Bartlett, whose freckled face I've wash-"He didn't quite say, but I think he ed many a time when her mother was meant to morrer. You're tuckered helpin' with my kitchen work--it was out," she added sharply. "Go an' only this motnin', I say, that she tried rest a spell. Whatever do you want to walk your legs off for ?" Her tento talk to me about the sinful extravagance of a lace ruffle about my garderer feelings always irritated her, for ter. As thought it was any of her they were in contradiction of her estibusiness, anyhow ! Who's she, I'd mate of like know !' Mrs. Marden rocked shrew. mate of herself as a hard-hearted her capacious person violently in the "I'm goin' out,' she continued, "to wooden rocker, and shook out her see the new fire department that James

ped, and enough red flew to her cheeks goes off at six o'clock, when the townto rival the bow on her hair. clock rings, an' they say them horses Poor, brave, faded Mrs. Upton slipis ready to leave the stable in three ped out of the room, lest Myra Marden shakes of a lamb's tail." should see the agitation she had un-Mrs. Upton climbed wearily to her

wittingly produced and catch a glimpse room, after Mrs. Marden and the unof her filling eyes. Tears lie very near popular Mary Bartlett had disappearthe surface when they have been meat and drink for years. What Mrs. Mared down the wide elm-shaded avenue. The only other occupant of the house den had rudely blurted out was true. was old Miss Greene, as she was callsadly true, but the only way life at the ed even by her contemporaries. She home was endurable was to build had never been young in spirit, and now her body had caught up, as it about it that hedge of self-deception without which all happiness is incomwere, and there was harmony between plete. It was impossible for this pride her physical and psychical natures. preserving, self-deception to live in the She was silent always, and unsymparuthless light of Myra's plain statethetic, and knitting endless numbers of ments, so Mrs. Upton crept away. slumber slippers, during which absorb-Once in her room, she prepared hering occupation she resented interrupself for the street, thinking a walk tion ; so Mrs. Upton, even with her would set her straight. She put on longing for companionship, had but the black cashmere shawl with narrow small temptation to enter her half. border, that had been for years her closed door. richest possession, a black bonnet with

Once in her own simple room, which the widow's line of white next her soft she had touched here and there with gray hair, which strayed in tendrills | tasteful fingers- -much to the disgust then the wind brew, and a pair of of the inexorable Mary Bartlett, who, before all things was a rigid house-

Out beyond the village, on a lovely keeper-she sank into a large rockinghill side, with the wooded river runchair and wandered into a delightful ning near, was an old house of solid haze of reminiscence, in which the men unornamental construction, generous were always young and the maidens alin size, dignified and elegant in proways beautiful. There seemed to be in portion. Around it were old fashioned her mind one figure of which she was flowers, and over it hung the graceful almost unconscious, so linked it was. branches of high elms. The place had with her own personality, and that was been Mrs. Upton's home before fate her own younger self ; and always near played its grim pranks on her and her was another, a man, but he was hers. Whenever her amour propre had always out of reach. He was an ignis received a wound, she found a rein- fatuus, the brightest light in her young stating comfort in walking the old life, but always beyond her. Tired that she was on the way home-the day-dream relinguished her hopes, and kind of home that is written with a united her life with one who persistently sought her. and from that time

On the way she stopped to visit at the light that had so long led her went almost the only house she ever entered out in hopeless distance. The old woman in the chair was donymed the "Shoe," because the mother there found her prototype in looking far away to the mountains, and

reminiscently singing, in a low gentle that other woman who had so many voice not quite under control. children she didn't know what to do. "Love was once a little boy, heigho, heigho Then 'twas fun with him to toy, heigho, heigho

This was one place where Mrs. Upton when the sound of wheels, and then felt herself not only welcome, but an actual benefit, for when she amused the front dcor bell, told of an arrival. the little ones there an hour she knew The dream of vanished years flew their overtired mother had that hour away, confronted by the necessity of for rest, or at least for employment the moment. Miss Greene's rheumawithout interruption. One of the sad- tic knees would not allow of her dedest things in growing old is to lose scent, and all the others were out. so the feeling of being necessary to some- she must open the door. She glanced body ; the transition from a caretaker | hastily in the glass to straighten her to an object of care. Mrs. Upton soft lace cap, but quite missed seeing never felt superfluous at the "Shoe." what was patent to all who looked on As she left the crowded house she her-a sweet, unselfish soul shining lifted her head to the grand hills about from her eyes and making pleasant her, and felt their inspiration. She marks about her mouth, quite in harwould like to be even as they, patient, mony with the lines etched there by strong, her head high in heaven, then

she would do great things for all the She opened the street door, and inworld. She reveled in the feeling, for dicated to the entering visitor the way it had been, common to her younger to the sitting-room, around the walls of days, and it 'made youth seem nearer which Myra Marden had arranged ilnow to resume its habit of thought. luminated texts brought from the last The sidewalk had lost all pretence home she had owned. Her amiable to a name, and was now a wavering intent to please the visitor was expressthread-like path by the road-side, trod ed by "Welcome," in shaded blue, placed where the eye would meet it on always by a solitary pilgrim, or by its narrowness separating groups unsocia-bly into Indian file. Mrs. Upton trod entering; "God Bless Our Home," shone resplendent in red and yellow it in reverie, with her head lowered, where all could see; and "Come Again," in subdued purple, uttered the and stopped in surprise as a man step-

sorrow.

into the heart of the woman before him; but, consumed "by the grief of his own disappointment, he, all unseeing, left her with a heavy step, youth

dropping from him as a loosened garment. And so he passed from out of her presence for the last time on earth, taking with him such a bundle of dead hopes as it would seem impossible to have raised in so short a time. "Can't you hear me. Mrs. Upton ?"

asked Myra Marden, oending over her as she lay in bed the third day after Lauren Hamilton had left her. She had lain quiet on her narrow white bed ever since they found her insensible on the floor of the sitting-room. Now she opened her eyes, and Mrs. Marden was trying to rouse her. "Don't you know me, Mrs. Upton ?

Its me, Myra, an' I've heaps to tell to those who know him best. you. My Cory's come back with Jim Leeds, an' is a rich woman, an' has found out that the mail-box wasn't never opened that had my letter in it, an' she's goin' to make a home for me, an' you're to come too. Do you hear? A home of our own, with no visitin, committee, just ourselves, an' flowers, an' things we love. Won't you please wake up, Mrs. Upton ?"

The early sun purpled the mountains, putting brightness and color into all earthly things, and reddening the masses of cumulus clouds, but Elizabeth Upton awoke to a far greater glory.

Under her pillow they found a large folded handkerchief which had on it the crinky spots of many tears, and in one corner were the embroidered initifamiliar road and fancying once again at last and chagrined, the girl in the als "L. H." Myra opened it with tender hands and laid it over the silent heart.

The solemn bell of the church tolled for the dead, one stroke for each year. sounding over the yillage and reaching far out to the everlasting hills which had surrounded the scenes of this com pleted life. The whole town seemed to pause to count and listen.

The first stroke fell upon the air with a joyous ring, as it told the happy year ot babyhood. A score more of strokes, which sent their gladness away off to the grim hills, carried the little life to womanhood, and there the tones began to lengthen and deepen with an ominous hum. It was the utterance of a disappointed life, one depressed, and deprived of the love that makes life livable. Forty strokes were sadly reached, and culminated almost in a groan. After that the knell was slow. regular, impassive, and at fity seemed to say, "Who enters here leaves hope behind," so flat and liteless were the tones, with dreary waits between. The bell struck in accord with the hearts of women at work in homes where labor and privation were pot made endurable by love and encouragement, and awoke in them a sympathy with the finished life they had never known when Elizabeth Upton was a fellow. worker. At seventy-five the une willing bell lagged feebly, as the added years had done, and every one in weariness had stopped counting the strokes save a little boy in school, who

#### At Harrisburg.

What is Going on in the Governor's Mansion -Delaney's Dream of Splendor-The Executive Mansion to be Furnished in the Style of Louis XV .- Marvels in Costly Decoration-Having Received Unlimited Power as Purchasing Agent of the Commonwealth, Delaney is Deter. mined to Do it Handsomely and Not Stint Himself-His Schedules of Furniture, Carpets and Curtairs That Would Make Aladdin En-

Oriental lace curtains at \$200 a set and draperies at \$18 to \$20 a yard are a new departure in the line of furnishings for the Executive Mansion, but they figure as an ordinary part of the luxur-ious system under which State Custodian Delaney is signalizing his return to power here in Harrisburg, upon a scale of splendor perfectly dazzling even

And it will not be the fault of John C. Delaney-the first and only Custo-dian of Public Grounds and Buildings the State of Pennsylvania has ever had -if the Executive Mansion at Harrisburg does not provide an exhibit of luxnry rarely met with outside the palac's of Persia and the dreams of the "Arabian Nights."

Mr. Delaney is now engaged in a scheme of rejuvenation that embraces a series of marvelous things beyond any the back. The neck has a high ribbon previous conception in the glory line, and his best efforts are called into play in a manner he never conceived possi-ble when Register of the Land Office of Oklahoma, a section of country that takes to plain hickory and tin and glasswate As a matter of course Mr. Delaney gives his best effort to this kind of business, with the same character of profuse energy that marked his well known record for vigorous action when State Librarian.

#### DELANEY'S BUSY DAY.

These are busy days with Custodian Delaney. An office has been opened in the great room in the Capitol formerly devoted to the Supreme Court. Under the terms of the bill creating the new department of Custodian a wide and almost absolute latitude of power is conferred on that executive officer. He is the source of supply for every depart-ment of the State Government. The new law names the Governor, Auditor General and State Treasurer as the Board of Commissioners of Public Grounds and Buildings. This board passes upon the work of the Custodian, appointed by the Governor for a term of three years, and the Custodian acts as general agent in the purchase of all supplies, with nominal responsibility.

## REFURNISHING.

To begin with, Custodian Delaney has been all over the Executive Mansion facing Front street and the broad sweeping Susquehanna-an ideal home with ideal sunsets, in which a dozen Governors have had more or less of a stay since Porter first dwelt there in 1838-and his cultivated taste and fine sense of the artistic were shocked at the dreadful condition in which he found things. To think that Governor Pattison was content with common glass goods and silver plated ware ! Pattison carried his own basket to market and entertained in modest fashion, and the refreshments were served in bowls and found in them distraction from his task. glasses that appeared just a bit chipped, And the last stroke of all-it was not a even if they were not, so roughened was the mold and so very ordinary the design In fact, the Executive Mansion in Pattison's day and throughout Beaver's term was a home rather than a palace, conducted in a plain, domestic way, with no offense to public ex-pectation and no slight to the proprieties of private or public life, and the visitors felt rather a pride over the State residence of their Gover r. But that is another story.

## For and About Women .

For early autumn street suits diagoal twilled cheviot in a coarse wale, made with a plaited, very close-fitting Norfolk bodice and gored skirt, absolutely plain but for a silver belt clasp and a silver throat clasp, is among the designs shown by an English firm whose agents are in this country now taking orders for leading firms.

Batchers' linen in artistic shades of old blue and dull red is one of the fabrics shown among the English impor ed models for all kinds of outing suits. One high-priced store shows an orignal costume of blue dotted with white. trimmed with white braid and finished with belt and collar of satin ribbon. The Tam O'Shanter, intended to accompany this, is made of dull blue satin, ornamented on one side with ear-shaped bows and a steel buckle.

A blue and white dimity with irregular broken stripes is very becoming to a pretty blonde, and the trimming carries out a very novel color scheme. The skirt is cut very full and finished by a nrrrow bias ruffle. The sleeves are simply huge elbow puffs. The hodice has surplice front ending under a belt of fancy striped ribbon in two shades of green and white. Long ends of the ribbon fall to the hem of the skirt in collar in the back, ending in a chou on each side, leaving a bit of the throat exposed. The feature of this frock is a fiechu of white mull trimmed with black lace edge and insertion, rounded and shaped to the shoulders and held in the middle of the back with a square, stiff bow of the fancy ribbon. This fichu passes about and holds down the fullness of the sleeves, and is caught and held on each side of the bust with a ribbon bow like the one in the back. The ends fall free down on the skirt.

Wise precautions and proper personal care will do more to banish wrinkles than all the cream and lotions in the world. Given the causes, which are al-ways worry and fatigue, a woman should go her best to avoid them. Wrinkles come like the creases in a carelessly folded garment. The first or second time the wrinkles are made they shake out, but oft repeated, they can't be ironed into lasting smoothness. Frowns bring wrinkles, and the often knotted muscles, like thread that has once been crocheted, refuse to straighten out after a time.

One of the most approved ways of trimming woolen costumes consists in marking the seams of the skirts and the outlines of the bodice with pipings of satin or velvet and some of passementerie. Velvet, particularly, will be greatly used for panels, facings, wide collars, cuffs, jockeys or caps-which are in style again-surmounting the sleeves.

The new passementerie is woven in small patterns, after the manner of fine guipure, and is often picked out with fine beads or spangles. Rows of spangles-dark brown, blue or other deep color-fastened to an invisible cord will be used not only to trim gay toilettes, but also comparatively quiet costumes.

While it advocates vertical trimmings, especially for skirts following the lines of the seams, fashion is so far itself to this course that some of the first dressmakers finish off the skirts of smart toile tes with box plaited ruchings several inches wide, carrying them entirely round the skirt. Narrow lace insertion with ribbon run through, is much made use of, black silk and guipure insertion being used for the trimmings of dark mabeing terials. Buttons will continue to hold a very important place in the decoration of all garments, and some elegant designs have been brought out for the coming season with incrustations of metal, bone or pearl and in gilt or silvered metal. Bands of velvet or of the dress material, little tabs, pointed collar and plastrons seemed to be designed especially for the use of these buttons, which rarely have any utility, but are merely worn for ornament. Pallid women may in time bring color to their cheeks by bathing the face in benzine water or in the toilet toilet preparations known as last virginai. To prevent that shine upon the complexion with which many are annoyed in warm weather, use a little camphor in the water when bathing the face. If the face is roughened by the wind, sponge it often with equal parts of rose water and brandy. Toilet washes containing alcohol are likely to produce harmful results. The alcohol parches the skin, renders it brittle and lowers its vitality. Tan may be measurably removed by the use of lemon juice and white of egg. Place the juice of a lemon and the unbeaten white of an egg in a thick earthen cup or bowl and set it on the stove for half an hour, taking care not to let it get hot enough to crack the cup and stirring often. Apply every night to ple gravitation. Mr. Mott has worked for the lounges that while not a pure the face and hands. To bring color to damask, they are very Louis Quinze in the cheeks, bathe the face in tepid water in which have been mingled a tew drops of benzoin ; rub briskly with a Turkish towel and then apply every mantel and glass at \$200, and so on night the following preparation : One through a schedule whose wonders nev- ounce of diluted liquid ammonia, four ounces of rose water and two ounces of glycerine. Rub this well into the skin for at least three minutes; then wipe off with a soft towel. If any irritation is carved grilles, such as Louis XV. had felt add a little more glycerine to the The best dentifrice is alkaline and antiseptic. A dentist's advice to his pa-tient with tender teeth is to rub them about the roots and insides with precipiwhen the \$200 curtains are drawn back | tated chalk on going to bed, which preto the sunlight, and it is presumed that vents the mouth acids from working on them at night. For whitening teethand keeping them so nothing equals fine French charcoal, which comes so impalably fine that it can be used without injury to the enamel. Pure soap is excellent for cleansing the mouth, and for general purposes no routine exceeds brushing the mouth first with soap and water, washing the tongue and gums searchingly, then dipping a clean brush into powdered charcoal and polishing the teeth well, brushing once more with plain water to remove specks from the crevices, and rinsing the mouth well with half a glass of water and one-third teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh, the best antiseptic in common reach. As much more water and myrrh may be swallowed with benefit in keeping the breath and inside sweet.

raceful wish of the establishment as She looked at him with interest. He the visitor passed out. was a stranger - she had looked on all Mrs. Upton followed the tall form

the village too many years not to know into the room with a trembling curiosiits own. He was well dressed, albeit ty. He was the man she had met on with a graceful attention to the fashion her walk.

of twenty years ago rather than to that "I want to see a lady whose name of the hour, and he was, like herself. was once Miss Elizabeth Hunt," he said, courteously bowing to the lady before him. "I have been to her old even middle age was counted within its happy compass. He raised his hat home, where I used to know her, and slightlp as he waited for her to pass, was told that I should find her here. I that he might step back into the path. tried once before to day, but she was and she passed on, after satisfying herout. May I ask of you if she is now self with a searching glance that she at home, and if she will receive her old friend Lauren Hamilton ?" She mused about him idly as she

The slight trame of the little woman trembled, and the color flushed her delicate pale cheek. Her sweet dream of by-gone years, from which so common a thing as the door bell had awakened her, was being linked with the

against us in competition with those Standing before him, with her face younger or older, but we stand on a upturned to his so far above her, she clasped her hands to control their telltale trembling, and with all her sweet soul shining from her eyes, she said When she had almost reached the simply, "I am Elizabeth Hunt, Lauren !

present.

The moments that followed were too tendrils, the refined contour of brow and cheek and chin, the piteous eyes upraised. His eyes travelled over the little figure, upright, though the shoulders drooped a bit, the clasped hands appealing. Within him rose such a tumult of thought that it needs must chinery, it will yield royalties all the find an outlet. His heart was young ; same the image of this woman which he had cherished within it was also young. universal motive power? It is a natu-He could not in one brief moment tear ral, simple principle, which has been

Elizabeth Upton waited. She had waited through life; she well might be built on this principle as large as the wait a little longer. The silence was Ferris wheel at the World's Fair, which like a mighty cavern in which each heart-beat sounded an infrequent beil. She quickly traced on the smoothshaven face of the man some of the fulfilled indications of his youth. And she chided herself for her failure to recognize them in that quick glance of first meeting. Later, when this dread-

ful mutual scrutiny and endless silence were over, she would beg forgiveness. He had come now as her deliverer; she felt that. He would once more give her a home of her own, and her few remaining days would be spent within its happy retirement. At the thought her lip trembled, her eye brightened. Lauren moved as though to speak, and she listened with both soul and sense.

used to be. I never should have be never anything else than what it is known you." His voice was deep and to-day - a peaceful agricultural commuskirte in anger. Her bright eyes snap- L. Haight takes so much pride in. It slow. Each word drove mercilessly nity.

rounded pagan of victory clanging out triumphant to the sky ; rather it rung like those preceding it, and hung queetioning in air with an upward tonean unfinished phase, awaiting its completion in the other world.

Helen Churchill Candee, in Harper's Bazar.

# Pernetual Motion

A Punxsutaiency Man Invents a Machine That Will Run Indefinitely by Gravitation.

A. L. Mott, agent for the McCormick harvesting machinery, is the inventor of finest Wiltons and rarest of Assyrian a wonderful little machine. It runs by and Turkish rugs are under contract for a system of sliding weights and will run until the machine wears out. It is provided with a governor and a brake and dry, and this administration wants style when both are taken off it will fairly and impressions. The days of Louis spin, its speed seeming to be accellera- XV. have been recalled, and that peted with each succeeding revolution. Our best mechanics looked at it in astonishment. That which they had re- signs.

garded as a myth quite as chimerical as the Philosopher's Stone or the Elixer Vitae, was an accomplished fact.

and spins it around like a top ! Sim-ple gravitation. Mr. Mott has worked made. If the principle should be used

But why should it not become the er cease. it out and in its place set the picture known to mechanics for thousands of he saw before him now. fore correctly applied. A wheel could would develop as much power as the Niagara Falls tunnel ! Mr. Mott has never said anything about his invention nor shown it to anybody, because he did not want to be

looked upon as a perpetual motion crank.-Punxsutawney Spirit.

-Fulton county still retains a distinct on which it has had for some time among the sixty-seven counties of Penn-sylvania. It is the only one of them which has not a railroad within its borders. The population of the county is between 10,000 and 11,000, and is not on the increase. Indeed it showed a small decline in the decade between 1880 and 1890, and it is probably about as large now as it was in the latter year. Fulton county is out of the line of trav-"I do not see any trace of what you el in Pennsylvania, and will probably

Mr. Delaney has taken hold, and plated forks and ironstone china will figure no longer in the domestic economy of the Governor's household. The the parlors and hallways, for Brussels and Axminsters are common and tawand silk damask sets are pace in the de-

## AN ERA OF MAHOGANY.

Mahogany is everywhere in the plans. It is said in Harrisburg that Custodian There was a machine that would run Delaney has such a passion for this by the same power that sways the solar wood of ruby grain and polish, that besystem and whichs suns and worlds fore he gets through it will take a Cenabout on their paths-gravitation-and tral American forest to meet the de-would never stop of its own accord until mand. And Louis XV. had a mafilled with emotion to be reckoned by the ordinary annotations of time. The man stood mute before the woman, his arms folded across his breast, breath- machine on the same principle that will cluster of chairs down in the furniture ing deeply, with his head thrown eag-develop 250 horse power. Think of it ! schedule at \$186, a sum in itself many a erly forward. Motionless save for his Without the cost of a single cent for farmer and coal miner would be glad to eyes, these scanned piercingly every fuel a manufacturing establishment can have to furnish his whole house, this lineament of the face before him. He be run ! And by the same power that same schedule calls for sofas at \$175 noted the soft white hair with straying burls the earth through space with each, armchairs at \$135, window lounmore than the speed of a cannon ball, ges-to properly set off the \$200 curtains-at \$100, although it must be said has filed a caveat, and his fortune is effect; a cabinet in the parlor, to give the house a tone, at \$200; an onyx gilt only for running toys or very light ma- table at \$130; a pier glass frame at \$250,

> In keeping with the Louis XV. parlor-there are two parlors in reality-an arched door will be provided with in his palace at Versailles. With a mixture. \$500 cover for a \$1,000 piano the schedule and outfit should be very complete. The cover will match the ceiling frescoes and the Louis XV. carved grilles they will not fade. "

#### THE GUEST CHAMBERS. Then the third floor bed rooms have

an important share in the outfit. Some reference is made to the second floor, but it is very rightly supposed that the Governor has a few articles of furniture of his own and wants them to have a chance even in all this munificence of splendor. For the first time also Louis XV. is missing, gilt damask and all, when it comes to third floor ; but his absence is made up by an array of mahogany enough to keep a factory busy for months. Custodian Delaney's keen taste touched up the floor in almost endless mahogany shapes, sizes and forms. The exception is in beds. These lat-

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