Democratic Hatchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 27, 1895.

DEFEAT. Because she was lonely, and shabby and

shy, Not "mothered" and petted like they, The little school girls tossed their heads in

their gayety.

doctor had feared.

evenings together, I hope.'

Ida spoke not. For a moment she

was conscious of naught save a terri-

knew the bitterness of her life, he saw

It was but for an instant, for in the

For some time father and son went

"Does Ida know you are going

"I told her this evening," Austin

"Ah, that accounts for it !" said the

"Well-I think-that is, I'm afraid

old man, as though speaking to him-

self. "Yes : do I know what?"

question.

the air Barred her out of their games with a cool little stare And gay little groups whispered, passing her

"Mary Jane can't play."

As time slipped onward and brought her classical.

years. Filled with many a hard working day; The big world scorned her and pushed her

aside, The little wee pleasures she yearned for denied, Till the taunt of her youth ever rang in her "Mary Jane can't play."

O, Maker of Souls, as the world doth run. Is this always to be the way? Must the weak always stand on the brink of

despair Must the shabby great soul live, with no one

to care Must it always be said of some poor, forlorn

one? "Mary Jane can't play." — The Kansas City Joiuonal.

THE YOUNG CRIPPLE.

She was the youngest but one of a family of eight. Physically her life was and could be nothing save one long crucifixion. Crippled and deformed there stretched behind her a record of suffering, before her the prospect of greater torture still. Nature had used her cruelly, for while her puny and misshapen frame inspired ridicule, or at best shuddering pity, she had been dowered with a capacity for affection that burned itself ble sense of absolute despair and a cuinto fiercer intensity maiting the love that never came.

Misunderstood, she had gradually retreated into a little world of her own with nothing to love. Nothing? There was her violin, but that could hardly be considered apart from Ida's own individuality. It was her violin that expressed more eloquently than herself could ever have done the loneliness and the lovelessness of her life. How many heart conceived tragedies had throbbed barmlessly away upon its vibrating strings! How many delirious day dreams had groped their way from her inner consciousness into weird "Romance" of Svendsen's, once exhilarating life through that medium heard never forgotten. which faithfully interpreted all her varying moods l

"It speaks for me," she once confessed to the old doctor who understood her better than any one else. "What other people feel they can explain in words, but I seem to have no power to expression except through my violin.'

Dr. Marshall was silent for a mospeech had passed between them. He ment. Then he asked presently, "Did you ever hear my boy Austin play?" the vista gray and barren before her, Ida shook her head. She had and when the last note died away he heard no one. Her morbid conscious. learned in a brief glance from Ida's ness of infirmities prevented her from eves all the strange discords had not attending any public concert, and Ausconfessed. tin Marshall. as she knew, was a professional violinist of repute.

"You ought to hear him. They tell me his execution is remarkably good, and besides geniuses like you two fingers, and she fainted. ought to know each other. I'll tell

passed without Austin Marshall con- and the rustling of leaves. Inside sat triving to spend some time with the the little cripple propped up with pildeformed musician, and as the days lows, her pititul vitality burning itself lapsed into weeks, and the weeks into slowly away.

months, it was noted that when Ida She knew she was dying, but the played alone her airs were more roknowledge brought her no fear. Permatic than before. And even her unmusical family became infected with Her mother who freendured she had served on earth an quently alleged she could enjoy good apprenticeship to pain long enough to music as much as any one, if she could | fit her for it. Perhaps Austin Marshall's only get it, was cheered to the verge of companionship and sympathy during the last few weeks were making joyful anticipation, for who knew that Ida might not attain the supreme the end comparatively easy. At any height of inspiring dance music, such rate, when the door was opened quietly as her mother loved, and abandon forand he looked in, violin in hand, she ever those ghoulish wails she said were greeted him with a grateful smile.

"Like to have some music?" hasked cheerfully, though he was But when the old doctor noticed the was change he shook his head in appre- pained to mark each day how her hold hension, while tears of pity filled his on life was weakening. "What shall eyes. His profession had trained him I play ?"

to read the longings of the heart as "Give me mine," she said suddenly well as the infirmities of the tenement "and we'll play together." it inhabited, and if all he thought and

The violin lay, as usual, on the ta dreaded were true-Had things been ble close by, but Austin hesitated. different! If Ida had not been dis-"If you really feel equal to the exertinctly isolated by nature from the tion," he begun, and then, answering sweetest gifts life can hold ! the command in her eyes, he passed i And one evening came the crisis the to her without another word.

With tremulous fingers she drew "I shall miss all this dreadfully her bow across the strings, and recogwhen I'm away," Austin said as be nized in the opening notes her frvorite turned over a pile of music for a par this ," by Schubert, Austin softly fol ticular duet. "I'm going north in a lowed, and in a moment was so ab day or two, you know. Didn't I tell sorbed he scarce noticed how her bow you?" he added answering the unspoken ing became gradually weaker, until it faltered and stopped just before the "Next autumn, when I am back

concluding bars. He looked up in again," he said presently, feeling sudden apprehension. Surely her face yaguely that something was wrong, had not worn that strange gray shad-'we shall have some more pleasant ow just before. "Ida !"

She did not move.

"Ida, what is the matter? What is

rious buzzing in her head like the re-She opened her eyes, but they fell peated twang of the G. string. Going away—and until the autumn! Why, by on him without a gleam of recognition. Then she dropped them on the that timeshe might be dead and buried! violin she was still holding. A faint She looked round vacantly, as one smile rested for a moment on her lips. gropes blindly in the dark for some fa-With an unsteady hand she mechanmiliar object. She tried to speak, but ically raised her bow. Then, with the words refused to come. Some one chord-that of the diminished sevthing like a dry sob rose and was enth-it dropped from her relaxing strangled in her throat. Then, with- hold, but not before Austin had involout a single word, she took her bow untarily concluded the phrase, so that again and drew it softly across the vi-brating strings. Austin looked up in into perfect harmony. - Black ind momentary surprise. Then he sat White, spellbound, while she played the

All of Which Proves

He had heard it played by more What a marvelous change in the than one finished musician, but this treatment of horses would quickly ocwas a different rendering. It was like cur if men were ireated exactly as they the despairing cry of a lusty swimmer | treat their horses : In that case failing near the shore, or the wail of a Whips would be seldom used. lost soul striving to escape from the Jerking the bit would cease ; also sea of torture and driven back by a Yelling, cursing, pounding and kickhost of fallen angels. In those strains he read her heart as plainly as though

Check reins would be very slack. Blinders would be discarded. Clipping and docking would go "out f stvle. Big loads would rarely be seen.

Axle grease would have a boom. Better Roads would be loudly de nanded. Wide tires would be universal. Race tracks would be "For Sale."

next, overcome by the strong excite-Stables would all be light, clean and ment she had just experienced, the bow slid helplessly from her nerveless Horses would be watered frequently fed regularly, and have a variety and A Visit to Washington.

"Train !" cried the boys who were lounging around the platform of our lithaps she believed that if eternity held the station, and we were apprised that for her worse tortures than she had yet the mail for Lock Haven was comming in on time. Our baggage on board and ourselves carefully fixed in the last seat soon happily dreaming of home. of the rear coach, we were soon flying past telegraph poles, trees and all objects along our route. The furnace, the mill and many familiar spots were soon fading away in the distance, and our reveries suddenly disturbed by the brakeman calling out-"Lock Haven, passengers keep this coach for Williamsport, Har-

risburg and all points south." For once in our life fortune favored us, for we were in the right car and did not have to transfer our luggage and bundles from one car to another, as gensoon coupled on to the Erie Mail and again we speed on our course over small then, side by side, with the ranges of

the Blue Ridge; out again we go through fields of corn, and over the river, again causing our brain to reel with ecstacy and delight, until again we hear the familiar scream of the red-headed brake. man as he calls out-"Williamsport, twenty minutes for dinner" By this time an inward system of telegraphy was working which requested that the lunch basket be opened, and an investigation made of its contents. One of our party busied herself with sugar, lemons, and icewater, and in a short time we were refreshed with a glass of lemonade, which, with our fruit and lunch, made the old gentleman in the adjoining seat quite restless and irritable so much so that he could not withstand temptation, and the last seen of him he was hurrying through the opening in

the basement of the Park Hotel, presumably for lunch and lemonade (?) which may have quieted his perturbed spirit.

Our lunch finished, and the familiar 'all aboard" sounded, and again we were on our way, soon leaving the lumber city far in the distance. To occupy our minds we now began to glance around us to see what kind of companions we were to have on a days journey. The restless old man with the red kerchief, had left us, and our most noticeable companion now remaining was a lady with a white hat and a Roman nose. She assumed an attitude of nonchalance and seemed to have laid aside dull care and was only living in the present-caring not one whit what the morrow would bring forth. Her features were striking and her expression pleasing but something about her seemed to suggest that she was destined for a long go

famous Marine Band, which plays every

residence of our land-lady, and, The Capitol-Arlington - Marshall Hall-and were ushered in for the night-Mt Vernon as seen by a Howard Correspondent. One of our quiet little party, however, felt very much fatigued after the days journey, but fortunately for her, her thoughtful companion had provided abundant supplies from the apothecary's and by the use of a sedative she was

In the morning in company with the guide we started by stage route for Arlington, once the home of the great Confederate General Robert E. Lee. The property was confiscated by the Government and converted into a national cemetery. Its beauties are beyond comparison, from the front you can view the city in all its grandeur, and the broad Potomac, while away to the north and east the horizon stands out on the tops of the prettiest of undulating hills. Thousands of the Nation's honerally is our misfortune. Our car was ored dead lie here surrounded by flowers and the most beautiful of shrubbery, while here and there stands out between streams, through beautiful valleys, and the walks, carved in artistic design, the lines from the "Bivouac of the Dead" by Theodore O'Hara-

"The muffled drum's sad roll has be The soldier's last tat too; No more on Life's parade shall meet That brave and fallen few. On Fame's eternal camping-ground Their silent tents are spread, And Glory guards, with solemn round, The bivouac of the dead."

One large stone that attracted our at. tention in particular was that marking the resting place of 2111 unknown dead soldiers picked up from different battlefields and here buried in one grave. Sheridan's grave also will attract the attention of the visitor as it stands on the crest of the hill overlooking the river, and the city which he tought so valiantly to preserve as capital of the Union. We took a drink from the well which still retains the old style windlass and bucket and then, after registering our names in a visitor's register. kept in the old mansion for the purpose of ascertaining the number of visitors at

the cemetery each day, we again boarded our stage coach drawn by a pair of Virginia "hosses" which, from appearances, needed weather-boarding to keep the hay from being exposed through the ribs. After riding post Fort Meyer, the sun-set gun, and Georgetown, we were again in the city.

A sail twenty miles down the Potomac on an excursion steamer, was the program of the afternoon. The first as a summer resort, but formerly the home of a old Virginia family of Marshalls. We noticed on the slabs of margraves, in the old family burying ground, that some of the dates were as far back as the middle of the seven-

For and About Women

Gail Hamilton has almost recovered from her long and painful illness, and is now at her home in Hamilton Mass.

Be careful in choice of color; black is ever the smartest, if you have a doubt and silver gray comes next best. Browns, blues and reds must be treated carefully and a bright plum color will insure success. If you have any respect for yourself, avoid what are termed "art shades." No woman can stand unwholesome greens and terra cotta, unless, indeed, she uses a sufficient quantity of art shading for her complexion. What pages one could write on things and colors in dress to be avoided There might be a code of rules at the beginning of every fashion page-a sort of "what to eat, drink and avoid." will enumerate a few :

I. Don't imagine, if you yourself are short, and inclined to stoutness, that Jule will look well in the blouse that suits your slim sister. Avoid the blouse unless on a very tight, wellfitted lin-

ing. 2. Avoid cheap gloves and boots. Remember, a lady can be recognized by either.

3. Have one well-made gown instead of five home-faked-up ones. 4. If you are fair fly from blue and wear yellow; and dark folks, unless brunettes, follow the same rule. 5. Don't ever follow fashion at the expense of being ridiculous. Exagger-ation is merely bad style.

6. Don't wear wide skirts and big sleeves if you are short. 7. Avoid sailor hats if you have a

big face; if you can wear them, put them well over the forehead. 8. Don't wear short sleeves in the

daytime unless you can afford long gloves to correspond.

9. Don't pull your waist in ; it is considered merely second-rate, and, with the enormous width of the hips and shoulders of the present day, it is quite unnecessary. 10. Spend less, time and money at

your dressmaker's and more in putting on your things properly, and remember the most lovely hat Virot ever created looks nothing if your hair is badly done. Don't consider it vanity to dress well and carefully ; it is mere laziness not to do so.

Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt has at various times given several fine ambulances to the different New York hospitals. A good ambulance will cost nearly \$1,000, but with the springs, mattresses and other complete equipments with which Mrs. Vanderbilt fits the vehicles their cost is not under \$2,000 each.

Boas have come back, not only in fur, but in chiffon, ribbon and feathers. The last named are now quite short in some cases, and have for a fastening a landing was ³⁹mede at Marshall Hall little fur head, such as a mink, to hold now owned and operated by a company them close at the throat. Even the chiffon boas have these tiny heads as a finish, When chiffon collars are short, they often terminate in a huge chou on each side of the throat, from which long ble covering the rudely constructed ends stream down to the waist, or even the knees. Combined with the material itself one often sees a bunch of leaves and flowers, which add to the size of the chou. One seen had berries intermingled with the chiffon but this will probably not leave the shop until the holidays come, when it will be very appropriate. In keeping with long boas are the bows which are worn on the shoulders. from which theends hang down almost to the hem of the frock. Harper's Bazar says the tailors who were slow to adopt large sleeves and very wide skirts are now loudest in their praise, and insist on commending them for winter use. Certainly their long lines are most suitable for the cloth and velvet dresses made by tailors, where draperies and flounces would not be effective. The coat-waist will be used for gowns of these heavy fabrics, though round full waists will not be abandoned shot after hauling down the confederate by the small slight women who find them becoming. An effort will be made to do away with the godet back of these coats, commonly known as the "ripple back," and substitute flat fanlike folded pleats. The back is to be very short, failing only a few inches below the waist, and is to have Vernon. In whole United America few seams, though it is closely fitted. there is no home more pleasantly sit- The front may be lapped slightly to allow the use of very elegant buttons, or else it falls open stright and a belt is passed around the waist, going outside the back but slipped inside the underarm seams, and fastening under the open front. Square long tabs are on these fronts, and they are merely edged with fur. A novelty that is very effecrolling height, crown d with woods, tive on single breasted waists is double revers, the lower revers cut in slender commanding a magnificient view up points that lap in fichu fashion.

you what I'll do," he added kindly. dinary person might in her case prog- at night. "I'll bring him round one evening to see you, if you like, when he isn't busy.' to medical opinion. In the present in-

Not many days elapsed ere the docstance as she failed to respond readily tor kept his promise, and Austin Marto the customary treatment, Austin shall, tall and strong, held the small, hastened for his father while she was wasted hand of the diminutive musicarried to her room. She had overcian and wondered the while how the exerted herself with her music was the perfect soul his father had described general explanation of the seizure, and had managed to find itself in that misthis was what the doctor was told shapen little body. And, later on, when he answered the hasty summons. when Ida had completely astounded him with her rendering of Dvorak's to his restoratives, and before he left In a brief space, however, she yielded the house she had dropped into a breaking-he told himself that such a sleep quiet and natural. thing was monstrous. Here was an untutored genius, beside whom him. homeward in silence. Then the docself would pale into comparative insigtor asked abruptly : nificance, doomed by nature to per petual solitude while, Orpheuslike, away ?" she sought by her music to charm into life the rocks and trees. answered, and in some confusion, as he recalled the way she had received

"You want some lessons to correct a few technical errors," he said at last the news. "Father, do you know" "and then you ought to be able to hold your own at Queen's hall or St. James' with the best of them. If I could believe in the transmigration of souls, I would swear the lost soul of some repentent sinner is imprisoned in confession was alike tender and huyour violin."

miliating. But his father, who had He spoke with the generous enthu-siasm of genius. Mere talent is sparfeared such a contingency well nigh from the first, understood what had ing of praise and begrudges success. been left unsaid. 'I can never play in public,"

she "I know, Austin, I know. But what is to be done? The friendship answered briefly, with a painful flush that testified to her sensitive recognithat you have felt for her-that she tion of physical defects. believes she has felt for you-has been

"Ida on a platform ! Why, they'd the one bright spot in her life. Sevnever see her !" interpolated a jovial enteen years old and 17 years of perelder brother, which the brutal candor petual martyrdom Do you know how long I give her to live ?" of admiring friends had sometimes mistaken for frank geniality. "We call "I suppose that when she's 21"her the Diminished Seventh," he add. Austin began, but the doctor cut him ed, with a conscious smile that beshort. trayed the originator of the questiona-"If she lives to see the spring," he ble pleasantry. Poor Diminished Seventh! She said gravely, "I shall be surprised."

The young man was startled, even, winced as from a blow, and Austin, shocked. There was silence between with the intention of covering her conthem for a few moments; then the fusion, observed with ready tact : doctor said with hesitation :

"I suppose because the minor harmonies are most perfect and least un. think of putting off your visit to the derstood.'

The retort was so sudden and so unexpected that for once the wag of the family was left speechless and not child whose days are numbered she quite certain whether some disguised would be the first to bid you stay. In slur on himself had not been subtly ina case like this there can be no questroduced, while Ida, teeling vaguely tion of dieloyalty to her. And, Austin that those few words had sealed a if you can, for heaven's sake let her compact of eternal friendship between still believe that she has found the af-Austin Marshall and herself, took up fection she has craved all her life. her violin again and dashed into a wild and characteristic Hungarian air whose reckless jubilee was shadowed gles than I or the entire college of by an underlying vein of sadness. physicians could hope to do with all And when at last the music was all over she crept to her room up stairs, known." the science that the world has ever marveling that the book of life, with its multitudinous possibilities, had a thin ribbon of spring sunshine had never been opened to her at the en-

chanting page of friendship. That evening was but the forerun-tat evening was but the forerunner of many similar. Scarce a day was cheerful with the song of birds

sufficiency of food, and a deep nosticate the worst, and any new phase All of which proves how mean and

preach.

however slight, was at once submitted foolish some meu are .- Hallstead (Pa.) Herald.

A Dream Interpreted.

A young farmer, who had great conceit, little discretion, and scarcely any education, presented himself once at a domain. As folks generally do in such Presbyterian conference and said he wished to be ordained as a preacher. "I ain't had any great learnin'," he said, frankly, "but I recon I'm called to I've had a vision three nights runnin'; that's why I'm here." "What was your vision?" inquired one of the elders. "Well,', said the young man. "I drempt I see a big, round ring in the the Nation. sky, an' in the middle of it was two

great letters-P. C. I knew that meant Prsbyterian Conference, an' here [am." There was an uncomfortable pause, which was broken by an elder who knew the young man, and was well acquainted with the poverty of his family and the neglected condition of their farm. "I haven't any gift at reading visions," said the old man, gravely, as he rose from his seat, "but I'd like to -that Ida"-he stopped short, for the put it to my young friend whether he doesn't think it's possible these two letthe North West section of the city. After having spent an hour in removters may have stood for 'Plant Corn ?' This version was accepted by the aping some of the cinder and dust. plicant. we started out on a ramble, and, being

Concerning Chicago Traits.

One-By George, I never heard of a Chicago man that wouldn't blow and lie about his confounded town as though it was the only town on earth. Tother-I know of one that won't do

One-I'll give ten dollars to see him. Where is he? Tother-On this train.

One(jumping up and looking around) -Where?

Tother-Out in the baggage car in a long box.

----Give up money, give up science, give up earth itself, and all it contains, "Austin, I suppose you would not rather than do an immoral act.

Harrisons? I know Marian expects you, but I think if she knew the pleasanywhere than a pedigree running back | Capitol and we started on what appearure you would be giving that poor to the Mayflower.

> -When a person is down in the world an ounce of help is better than a pound of preaching.

-It is hard to believe that sin well The deception won't be for long, and it dressed is the same as sin rolling in the ble and iron whose dimensions are will comfort her more in her last struggutter.

-Behave yourself, and you will

keep somebody else out of mischief. Five weeks later, in Ida's bedroom,

-Opportunity sooner or later. comes to all who work and wish

-If we had better sight everybody would be good looking.

nd, who knows, she may be scheduled teenth century. The simple, home-like for the same place as ourselves. At last surroundings of the place would cause we discovered she was critically surveyone to pause and wonder whether the ing our party then, of course, we had to people in those days ever hed anything direct our inquisitive eyes elsewhere. else than happiness. Soon Harrisburg was reached; then The next morning our guide York, Parkton, Baltimore, and, at last. we were on the lest forty miles of our met us bright and early and off we were for Mt Vernon, the journey, the capital of "Uncle Sam's"

Tomb of Weshington Having been down on the river the previous evening, cases, we began gathering our traps together and adjusting our hats, when we we went by rail to Alexandria where we transferred to the electric line runwere plunged in to total darkness, much to our surprise, by the entrance into ning down King Street pest the old Weshington Church and its shady the Navy Yard tunnel which leads to the grand political and moral centre of lawn, on down past the Marshall House where the daring Col. Ellsworth was We were, indeed, very glad when the flag from the top of the house, during train came to a stand still and the conflict between the North and Washington was announced for we were tired, sooty and hungry, but the day South. After an hours ride over Old Virginia's pretty lands we arrived at was not over yet. Our guide, a tall, greyeved individual, whom we had engaged the Mecca of our pilgrimage-Mount prior to starting on the trip, met us at the depot and transferred our trunks and retinue to our boarding house in

uated. In a high and healthy country; in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold ; on one of the finest rivers in the world-a harbor of repose. and a delightful place in itself. The Saturday, we were attracted in the dimansion is beautifully situated on a rection of the President's mansion where surrounded by gardens of flowers, and we listened to the music rendered by the

Saturday evening at 5:30 o'clock. The and down the Potomac. music over, we repaired to a neighboring Upon entering the grounds we went lunch room for refreshments, but directly to the tomb, where rest the on account of a rollicking baby in a bodies of Washington and his wife. high chair near by, one of our party re- The vault is constructed of brick at the base of a little hill, and closed by a gate frained from eating and spent the time sympathizing with the refractory infant. of iron bais. An old darkey, who was After lunch our guide took us by way of a slave on the place for many years. Sixteenth street to the Cairo, a thirteen guards the tomb and pleasantly answers story building, but the musicians had all questions of the visitor, and for his remuneration sells miniature hatchets disappointed the management, therefore there was no entertainment on the roof "with which George did'nt cut the garden that evening. A Penna. avenue cherry tree." In ascending the hill to -A happy heart is worth more car soon took us to the foot of the the mansion, we presed the barn and noticed on the stone near the top of the gable, standing out in rude figures, the a very triffing undertaking-a walk around the building-but when half year "1733 ". An old carriage of anway around we began to realize our task cient pattern, is all that remains in the and when we arrived at our starting carriage house. After passing through point could scarcely believe that we had the house and viewing its many relics circumambulated a mass of white marof olden times, we wandered through the lawns and gardens; viewed the length, 751 feet, breadth. 350 feet. covhistorical magnolia tree which was ering an area 153,112 square feet. After planted by General Washington two gazing on the steps where the inaugural years before his death. Upon being inaddresses are made, and where Coxey attempted to make his address, we departed for our resting place in the upper part of the city. After either continent and one which will be crossing numerous circles, streets, avenever dear to American people. ues and parks, we reached the V ery truly yours,

That the stock collar has suffered at least a temporary check to its ambition to reach heights of fame nobody doubts any longer. At least one-third the autumn models are without it, and it's not at all an uncommon thing to meet upon the street a pretty girl in a dress that in throad glare of sunlight seems almost decollete.

The question which is now occupying the larger part of the attention of the makers of the mode is, perhaps, regarding the sleeves. Alas ! slowly but surely they are decreasing in size. The styles selected by the young Duchess of Aosta on the occasion of her marriage gave the first impetus in this direction among the beaumonde. Still there is fortunately no indication of the approaching return of the plain sleeve, fitting closely from top to bottom. The only real change is in the upper por-Gathers to extend from the tion. shoulder down to about five or six inches on the arm will give freedom to the shoulder, and the sleeves will fall in folds over a cuff or lower portion, plain or trimmed, according to taste Sleeves differing from the material of the costume will also be the whim of formed that the train was due for return the hour. They are too convenient to to the city, we bade adieu to one of the be passed by. Velvet is again becommost interesting and historical estates on ing popular for sleeves of woolen dresses. This combination is a great help to economical women who wish to get as much wear as possible out of each dress, SIBYL | coat or bodice.