

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 22, 1895.

## THANKSGIVING HYMN.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright—  
The gleam of the day, and the stars of the night;  
The fruits of our youth and the fruits of our prime,  
And blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is dear—  
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;  
For never in blindness, land never in vain,  
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank Thee, O Father, for son and for feast—  
The heart that glowed out the wealth that increased,  
For never a blessing encompassed earth's child,  
But 'twould Thy mercy looked downward and smiled.

We thank Thee, O Father of all, for the power Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;  
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,  
And all the soul-help that sad souls under-

stand.

—Will Carleton.

## A PELICAN OF THE WILDERNESS.

*A Thanksgiving Story.*

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"Hain't you got no own folks now?" asked old Mrs. Jellison, who lived in the flat above, with her accustomed overflow of kindness and negatives. "Well, you a pelican of the wilderness and an owl of the desert Thanksgiving-time, too. I wish 'twasn't so that we was goin' out to Macedonia Junction to his folks."

Abby turned her trim red geranium toward the sun, and wiped off all her flower-pots for the second time. It was the day before Thanksgiving, and she had come home earlier than usual from the manufacturer, where she was a forewoman. She was a small woman, as neat and trim as her red geranium; her features were rugged, her black hair was straight and harsh and there was a faint suspicion of a mustache above her strong white teeth; her eyes were beautiful, clear, and limpid gray, with yellow lights, and long-lashed like a child's, and in the strong chin there was a contradictory dimple.

"I've got folks—a married sister—down to East Orland," she said, suddenly, as if with an effort, and keeping her face turned to the window.

"You don't say!" exclaimed old Mrs. Jellison; she was laden with Thanksgiving budgets, but she paused, with her hand on the door-knob. "It's six years come spring that we've lived right in the same house, with shifless movin'-rounders comin' and goin', and I've got to feel a real nearness, and yet you hain't mentioned to me that you had a sister!" Old Mrs. Jellison's voice was thick with reproach.

"I hain't mentioned her to anybody for most twenty years," said Abby, hesitatingly. "Mother is sittin' on the stairs with the twins; she wants to know if she shall come up."

"Come up? Why, Amandy! Amandy! of course!" faltered Abby, trembling in every limb.

The girl smiled, with a relieved expression and more dimples, and called "Mother," joyfully, over the banisters.

Abby felt vaguely that there was some mysterious connection between her longing for Amanda and her coming; and yet, had she not longed each Thanksgiving day—Thanksgiving was an especial festival in East Orland—for twenty years, and she had not come?

The only difference was that this year she had moved to speak her longing.

A gaunt worn woman, painfully expressive of having been inadequate to the struggle of life, toiled wearily up the stairs. Abby looked beyond her, in a bewildered way, but there were only two boys behind, roughly clad, but laboriously brushed and patched.

"Amandy! Amandy!" repeated Abby, still in a state of bewilderment.

"I don't wonder you think 'taint me," said the woman, bitterly. "My teeth, too!" she put an ungloved hand hardened hand hastily over her mouth. "I was goin' to have new ones; that was what I come to the city for."

It was so like Amanda to think only of her looks, when they had not met for twenty years. But Abby forgot in pity the little depressing chill it gave her.

"He went and got drunk again, and spent the money, but I was bound I'd come, after I've got ready, and I did."

Abby shrank into herself; it seemed like a bad dream.

"Mother! mother!" remonstrated the girl with a painful blush.

"Land sakes! she's Abby; 'n' if I can't tell my own folks what I have to stan'—"

Abby put the tired woman in a comfortable arm-chair, and took off her hat and shawl. Tears struggled out of the sunken eyes and rolled down the hollow cheeks.

"How snug'n' comfortable you be! You're five years older'n' I am, Abby; you look more'n' that younger. You've got reason to be thankful to me, Abby Foster? You can live easy 'n' comfortable, with nobody to do but yourself; 'n' I expect you've got considerable in the bank."

Then followed in extreme detail an account of hardship and poverty; of the neglect and abuse of her husband. Abby looked with a warning gesture at the boys; it seemed to her horribly that they should hear this. But they sat on the edge of a lounge and gazed absently and indifferently about them; it was evident that many repetitions had caused the woful tale to fall upon unheeding ears. The girl interposed now and then a gentle remonstrance, like the chip with which a child tries to stop the course of a turbulent brook.

"He was over to Taugus, to the Inebriate Home; and Reub—he's my old boy, 'n' he works a spell here 'n' a spell there, wherever he can get work—he n' Abby saved up enough for my teeth 'n' the twins some new suits, 'n' he—"never by any chance had Absalom Pritchard's wife spoken of him by name—"he got hold of the money 'n' went off 'n' got drunk on it." This

"I never bore 'em a grudge, either one of 'em. But I was one that took things hard, and I comet away. At first it seemed as if to get away off from everybody was the only way I could live, and Amanda she wa'n't the kind that sets by own folks like some. I knew she was well off; Absalom Pritchard's father was the forehandest man in Orland, and Absalom was an only child."

"I'll was I'd start right up and go down to Orland, and see my sister 'n' her folks," said old Mrs. Jellison, emphatically. "There's a comfort in own folks, and seein' you don't bear 'em no grudge—and land sakes! I shouldn't wonder if you hadn't need to. Men folks is a trial, say what you will. Enoch is a real good man, as men go, and a good provider, but what with his gettin' so he up about politics that my folks don't want to come near the house, and don't wanna mince pies stiddy, summer 'n' winter, 'n' not knowin' how to save more'n a baby, and we a-buryn' every one of our children, I often think I'd live singe if I had it to do over again."

"Married folks are apt to say that. I don't know," said the old maid, a little absentminded. "I don't know what has set me to fussin' about Amanda," she added, more cheerfully. "I couldn't get down to Orland anyhow; it's a hundred miles from here, and I couldn't get back to work Monday morning."

Abby was evidently relieved, on the whole, that she couldn't go to East Orland. She sat down to her solitary tea with a comfortable sense of having settled again into her old groove of life; Amanda and the faithless lover had slipped back under that pall of oblivion of Time's merciful, noiseless weav-

"I've enjoyed my tea, and I feel most as if Thanksgiving was over," she said to herself. "I don't know how I came to give way and talk so free to Mis' Jellison. I never did before, and I never will again."

It was at that moment that the electric bell at the door of her small suite gave a faint panting tinkle. It was probably old Mrs. Jellison and Abby relocked herself in dignified reserve before she opened the door.

It was not old Mrs. Jellison. The light was dim, and for one agitated fanciful moment Abby thought it was the ghost of her youth; the next moment she had given herself a little shake, and said "Come in" to a little hating bashful-looking girl, evidently from the country—a girl with rugged features and gray eyes, and a tiny dimple in an uncompromising chin.

"I'll do what I can," said Abby, "but it's dreadful hard to make young folks see what is best for 'em."

"She's got real good sense about most things, Abby has," said the mother. "She takes more after you she does after me."

Thanksgiving day was almost as happy as if no carking care lurked beneath the surface of things. Amanda grew as riotously gay as the boys, and manifested keen interest in the fashions. The old maid and her name sake took sweet counsel together on practical and domestic affairs.

"Own folks are a sight of comfort," said Abby Foster.

She insisted upon furnishing the funds for the new teeth and the twins' clothes. It was not Amanda, but her daughter who denatured.

"Mother's pride most worn out, and no wonter," said the girl, but mine isn't, and I'm going to pay to you every cent."

Amandy had never had any pride, and they both knew it, but Abby loved the girl the more for her loyal little pretence.

"Hain't you never said a word to her about Frank Gridley, for all you've had so much privacy together?" asked Amanda, reproachfully, when she shut the bedroom door for a little private interview, when they were ready to leave for home.

"It has seemed real hard to get round to it, said Abby, apologetically.

"She's one that kind of keeps herself to herself, and you don't like to meddle. I thought maybe I could say it better in writin'—or maybe she can come with you when it's time to have your teeth in." She spoke in a nervous and faltering way that was unusual with her.

"I guess you'd better write it," said the mother, after a moment's reflection.

"I'm real disappointed that you hain't spoke. You see, you hain't got a realizin' sense of the risk; you can't have. But, after all, maybe writin' will be better. You can make it real strong; you used to be considerate of a scholar, 'n' you'll know how. Make her see that there ain't no sense in throwin' her life away!"

Abby sat up night after night trying to compose the letter; she thought of it day after day in the work-room and while she ate her solitary meals. When at last it was sent, it was filled with bits of cheery news and home-spun philosophy. At the very last Abby wrote:

"Your mother told me about your heart bein' set on a young man, and she wanted me to advise you not to have him, bein' afraid you'd have a sight of trouble, as married folks often do. I hain't had the experience of some, as you know, and so I don't know as I'm competent to advise. But I've thought things all over, and I've fit and wrastled for leadings, and all the advice I can find it in my heart to give you is this: You take the love-and the rest! —Harper's Bazaar.

The Republicans of Pennsylvania will know whom they are for president when Boss Quay imparts the information as to whom he will support. Quay and Platt are now bossing the Republican party in Pennsylvania and New York for fun, and they mean to have a great deal to say about the nomination for president next year. They may even go so far as to ask for the two positions on the ticket themselves.

Arizona pays the women teachers in her public schools the highest average monthly wages of any State in the Union—\$74.45. Massachusetts, on the other hand, pays her men teachers an average of \$118.07 monthly.

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"They took him back to the Inebriate Home. There we was, without no money for the teeth nor the clothes; but I'd got ready, 'n' I was bound to come!" This too was so like Amanda that Abby smiled a little, tearfully. "I said we'd come 'n' find Aunt Abby, seeing it was Thanksgiving time." Amanda's thin harsh voice threatened for the first time to break. "I thought if ever you'd help forgetin' em when you knew how things had turned out."

Abby joyfully set forth a feast; there were canned goodies on the shelf of her little pantry which she had treasured with vague anticipations, and she always provided Thanksgiving cheer. "It's real providential that I always felt 'twas a religious duty 'most to have a turkey," she murmured to herself.

Amandy grew light-hearted and the boys hilarious; a girl had care over the boys' manners, and constantly made the little useless effort to check her mother's confidences.

"She takes responsibility jest like me," thought her aunt, and her heart warmed toward her.

Amandy followed her sister into her room that night, carefully closing the door into the other little bedroom which she was to share with her daughter. It was evident that there were still to be further confidences.

"I'm about Abby," whispered the girl's mother. "I'm most worried to pieces, 'n' I want you to see what you can do with her Frank Gridley's been courting her steady now for more'n a year, 'n' she's bound she'll have him. Abby, I can't stand it to have her go through what I have, now."

The mother's voice rose strained and high with anxiety.

"She's real capable, 'n' she could do for herself; 'n' there ain't no misery on earth like bein' tied to an incapable, shiftless man. No Frank don't drink yet, but there was his uncle, 'Lias Gridley, that drank himself onto the town; and the Cobbeys, his mother's folks, are all shiftless 'n' good for nothin'. I want you should talk to Abby; she can see how well you've done for yourself, 'n' it'll have an influence over her."

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**Twenty Persons Were Drowned.**  
*A Car Fell Into the Cuyahoga River at Cleveland. Forty-Eight People In It.*

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 17.—Early Saturday evening one of the cars of the Cleveland Electric Railroad company, running between the south side and the centre of the city, ran through the drawbridge of the Central viaduct, a long iron structure, connecting the business portion of the city with one of the handsomest residence portions of the city.

It is reported that forty-eight people were on the car and that twenty of these were drowned.

At an early hour this morning August Rodgers, the motorman in charge of the car, was arrested at his home and brought to the Central station, where he was questioned by the coroner and police officials. He stated that Conductor Hoffman gave him the signal to go ahead. Asked as to how the conductor could have given the "All right" signal in the face of the fact that the red light signal showed that the draw was open, was hung on the close bridge gates Rodgers replied that Hoffman probably thought the draw was just closing instead of opening. Rodgers was released after giving bond of \$5,000.

A crowd of fully 50,000 spectators gathered at the scene of the accident this morning when the search for the missing bodies was resumed and as one would be brought up the relatives of the recovered one would go nearly mad with grief. Some of the bodies were horribly mangled.

**Brave Little Cuba.**

The campaign just closed overshadowed an important event in which all Americans are deeply interested. Some time ago the Cubans declared their independence of Spain, just as the original thirteen American colonies asserted their right to be free from their old oppressor, Great Britain, more than a century ago. Representatives from all the provinces assembled and formulated a constitution based on the eternal principle of equal rights, elected a president and vice president and threw off the yoke placed upon their necks by the Spanish ruler.

Armies were organized, commanders chosen and battles have been fought with varying results. Their generals are men whose courage and skill have been proven by their actions upon the field of battle. The sympathies and good wishes of all true Americans are with brave little Cuba in its efforts to sever the bonds of thralldom. The movements of the handful of patriots will be eagerly watched here in the land of the free and the home of the brave. When they meet with reverses the great American heart will be filled with sorrow. When they are successful it will be full of joy. And when at last they have gained their freedom there will be general rejoicing.

**The Prince Had Come.**

*And the Landlord Ordered*