

# Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 29, 1895.

## On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Ground.

The British Northwest.

Far to the northwest, beginning ten days' journey beyond Great Slave Lake and running down to the Arctic ocean, with Hudson Bay as its eastern and Great Bear Lake and the Coppermine River as its western boundaries, lies the most complete and extended desolation on earth. That is the Barren Grounds, the land whose approximate 200,000 square miles (for its exact area is unknown) is the dwelling-place of no man, and its storms and sterility in its most northerly part are withstood the year round by no living creature save the musk-ox. There is the timberless waste where ice-laden blasts blow with hurricane and ceaseless fury that bid your blood stand still and your breath come and go in painful stinging gasps; where rock and lichen and moss replace soil and trees and herbage; and where death by starvation or freezing dogs the footsteps of the explorer.

There are two seasons and only two methods of penetrating this great lone land of the North—by canoe, when the watercourses are free of ice, and on snowshoes during the frozen period, when occupies nearly nine of the year's twelve months. The deadly cold of winter, and greater risk of starvation, make the canoe trip the more usual one with the few Indians that hunt the musk-ox. But, because of the many portages, you cannot travel so rapidly by canoe as on snowshoes, nor go so far north for the best of the musk-ox hunting, nor see the Barren Grounds at their best, or, worst, as you care to consider it. That is why I chose to make the attempt on snowshoes.

Arthur Heming, the artist, and I found ourselves, December 27, 1894, at Edmonton, the end of the railroad. We had travelled on the Canadian Pacific via Winnipeg and Calgary, and through the land of the Cree, Blackfoot, and Sarcee Indians, without seeing anything so picturesque in the way of costume as the Winnipeg dragoon and a Sarcee young woman resplendent in beads and glittering tinsel. I really ought to include the mounted policeman, for he too has a uniform which, with scarlet jacket and yellow-striped breeches, is deserving of greater attention. But the mounted policeman has that which is far worthier of comment than uniform. He has the reputation of being the most effective arm of the Canadian Interior Department. And he lives up to it. These "Riders of the Plains," as they are called, patrol a country so large that the entire force may lose itself within its domains and still be miles apart. Let this country be a hundred miles long and a hundred miles wide, and maintains order among the lawless white men and stays discontent among the restless red men in a manner so satisfactory and so unostentatious as to make some of our United States experiences read like those of a tyrant.

The success of the Northwest Mounted Police may be accredited to its system of distribution. The mounted policeman is guarded territory. Unlike our army, it does not mass its force in forts adjacent to Indian reservations. Posts it has, where recruiting and drilling are constantly going forward, but the main body of men is scattered in twos and threes over the country, riding hither and thither—a watch that goes on relief rather than in the sense of their success, and a system it would repay our own government to adopt. The police are ever on the spot to advise or to arrest. They do not wait for action until an outbreak has occurred; they are always in action. They constitute a most valuable peace-assuring corps, and I wish we had one like it.

A NEW YEAR'S DANCE IN THE NORTHWEST.

Half-breeds—French and Cree—constitute the larger share of population at La Biche, if I may class as its population those scattered over the immediately surrounding country, and where the settlement consists of just three cabins besides the Hudson Bay Company's. But, after all, the French blood reveals itself chiefly in a few Christian names and in the more fanciful coloring and use of some articles of wear, for there is little French spoken, the children of mixed parentage almost invariably adopting the mother tongue, Cree. There are not more than one hundred Crees who come into La Biche, which is the most northerly post where treaty money is given, and they are not thriving to any great extent, nor increasing. The annuity of about five dollars a head is not sufficient to support and just enough to interrupt keep hunting; they plant a few potatoes, which grow here fairly well, but are making no progress towards self-support, as are those of the same nation more to the south.

After what I had seen the night before of the preliminaries to the annual feast-day, I did not expect on New Year's day to be able to make any preparation for our further progress. Long before we had turned out of our blankets the house was literally packed with Indians, and by noon time the fiddle was going and the dancers had entire possession of the floor. I doubt if I ever saw, outside of some of the Chinese dens in San Francisco, so many crowded into the same space. I lacked the heart to talk business with Gairdner, who I divined from some of his remarks, had not accomplished, in the way of making ready our dog baggage, all I had expected of him. I simply pitied him for the unpleasant and malodorousfulness of his home, and I pitied his half-breed wife and her children, who were kept cooking for the Indians, who started cooking from early morn until late into the night. Heming took his pencil and scratch pad and I my camera, and we went out to see the New Year's day arrivals and the dogs and the Indians.

In front of the fort's stockade were gossiping groups that grew with each fresh arrival, while scattered all about the enclosure, just where their drivers had let them, where the dog trains of the Indians who had come to fill Gairdner's house and eat the Hudson Bay Company's meat. There was no stable nor room for the these dogs; in a 24 below zero atmosphere they stretched out in the snow and waited, without covering, and many cases without food. The Indians with their blanket coats or capotes, and the dogs and sledges and "jumpers," made a picturesque whole against the unbroken background of snow, but like all Indian pictures, its attractiveness faded away on the close inspection that discovered the dirt of the man, and the scraggy, half-starved condition of the beast. These people had never before seen a camera, and many of my plates show them scurrying away or turning their backs. It was only after the most elaborate description to Gairdner, who instructed the interpreter, who explained to the Indians, that we induced one or two "types" to sit in our presence while Heming sketched them. They thought we were making "medicine" against them, but were won over by Heming drawing the moose and caribou, while they watched the animals they knew so well develop under his pencil.

When we returned to the house the dance was still on; it was always "on" during the first thirty-six hours of our stay at La Biche. Formerly the Hudson Bay Company officers merely "received" on New Year's day, but as the Indians have a custom between sexes of kissing on meeting, and as it did not become an impartial officer to distinguish in this respect between old women and young, unattractive and attractive, the feast was substituted; so now the women are fed and danced instead of being kissed.

I hope that New-Year's night will not be recorded against me. Those Indians danced until four o'clock in the morning, and they danced to my utter demoralization. We sat around and watched the "gymnastics" and pretended we enjoyed them until about one o'clock; then we retired. We all three slept in Gairdner's office, a tiny apartment from the main room by a thin board partition, of which a good quarter section in the centre was removed to admit of the two rooms sharing a single stove. There was a piece of loosened sheet-iron tacked to the partition to protect it from the heat, and my head was against that partition, and our blankets on the same floor upon which those Indians sprinted and jumped and shuffled!—by Casper W. Whitney, in Harper's Magazine for December.

## The Spirit of the Home Coming.

There are many people who regard a Thanksgiving day as a meaningless day, and its celebration once a year a waste of time and a mockery. It might have been, they go on to say, a day of reality to those who in early colonial times had hostile tribes, inclement weather, and threatened starvation to fight, and whose natures were wrought upon to all their depths of fear and gratitude. But for us in these days of national crises, in these days of money getting and materialism, a Thanksgiving day means only a day in which, often rather than not observations are a bore.

Yet for all that, and in spite of what the croakers say, year after year in every home in town and country some glad preparation for it is made. Feasts are prepared. Welcome stands ready. To the returning wanderer arms are outstretched; to the homeless wayfarer the hand is extended. Cost of labor and pain of preparation are forgotten in the joy of reunion. All the year that has gone has been with many but as a vista looking toward it. For them all the year to follow shines as a new pathway leading to the same bright end.

No New Englander, close pressed as he may be, stays willingly away from the family gathering on that day. Rich and poor alike are stirred by one common impulse—to go home. One man may want to feel once more the comfort of an old familiar chair that no change of fashion has moved from its long-occupied place. Another wants the sense of peacefulness that belongs to a certain sunny window with geraniums in it when all the world without is quiet and stillness reigns within. Some want the nursery, with its tattered books, and some the associations of old sounds, and the clicking of the gate or the hurrying of familiar footsteps up the stair. Some want the friends of childhood; and back of all, and through all, and over all, each and everyone wants the finding again of the mother, the face and the voice and the touch of her—of her whose love has never faltered, whose sympathy has never failed, who welcome them without reproach, who the clicking of the gate or the hurrying of familiar footsteps up the stair. Some want the friends of childhood; and back of all, and through all, and over all, each and everyone wants the finding again of the mother, the face and the voice and the touch of her—of her whose love has never faltered, whose sympathy has never failed, who welcome them without reproach, who the clicking of the gate or the hurrying of familiar footsteps up the stair.

Whisky will never cure a poisonous snake-bite," said Prof. Theodore A. Scurr, the naturalist of 30 years' experience. "The idea that whisky is an antidote for the bite of a rattlesnake or any other venomous reptile is a delusion so popular and general that I always take special pains to correct and expose it in my lectures. Whisky never will or never did cure anyone bitten by a snake, but because some person took some whisky after being bitten by a harmless snake and recovered he attributed his cure to the whisky, and so the idea gained circulation. I have never known a case to be cured by the use of whisky and have known several cases where it has been used, to result fatally. Whisky only adds additional poison to the system instead of removing and destroying that of the snake. The only thing that will cure a person bitten by a rattlesnake or other poisonous snake is the use of permanent antivenom. This is an effective cure in almost every instance. The venom of a rattlesnake is injected into the blood, and the poison destroys the blood globules. I was bitten by a rattlesnake on my index finger and immediately took my pocket-knife and made a deep incision near the wound and pressed all the blood I could to the surface and out of the wound so that the blood might not be taken up and distributed through my system. The bitten part was then cauterized and it caused me no trouble whatever. Whisky is not very good to use at any time, and no good for snake-bites."

## World's Fair Hotels.

Some of that class of structures in Chicago known as "World's Fair hotels" seem to have been destined to a peculiar fate. The better class of them are still in use, either as hotels, flat buildings or apartment houses. The cheapest of these structures have nearly all disappeared. With a few of them final disposition is a more difficult problem. These are too good to be sacrificed to make kindling wood and not good enough, either in design or construction, to attract tenants. Since the grand rush of exposition days they are deserted. One of them, which stands on a busy south side thoroughfare, bears a big sign with this inscription:

For Sale—Doors, Windows, Window Sashes, with Weights, Jambs, Castings, Laths and Planking, and other Portions of this Building.

The building is still intact, but it will be sold piecemeal. If one wishes to buy a window the sign invites purchase. The man in charge of the building said he would rather sell the whole thing, but he couldn't, and therefore he would sell as much of it as he could.

"If someone wanted to buy the front door, would you sell it?" he was asked.

"Yes."

"Would you leave the place open?"

"No; board it up."

"Supposing some one wanted to buy the weather boards, the outer portions of the walls, would you sell them?"

"Sell anything?"

"The roof?"

"Yes, or the foundations."

"Have you sold any part of the building yet?"

"No; just put the sign up."

"Supposing one wanted to buy the roof and take it away immediately, would you sell it on that condition?"

"If you want it just try me."

"Because it's for sale and there ain't no qualification on the word 'sale.' It's for sale as wholesale, retail, in job lots or on the installment plan."

"Would you make a discount if one would buy a good deal of it?"

"Cert-a-in-ly. Didn't you see the little sign out there?"

The little sign read: Cheap in large amounts for cash.

Then a man, seedy looking and rubicund, who had been reading the big sign, shuffled up to the salesman.

"What'll you sell me a door knob for?"

"Don't you want that lock that goes with it?"

"Well, don't you want the other knob? There's two knobs to a door."

"I just want one."

"Well, you're a little too retail for me."

The chilly manner of the salesman repelled the rubicund man instantly and he went away.

"You see," said the salesman, it ain't no snap selling a hotel that's too good for kindling wood and ain't good enough for a hotel nowadays."

No Stoves in Mexico.

"In old Mexico we have no stoves," said Antonio Estrada. "Most of the houses are built of adobe bricks, with adobe floors, and the fire are built on the ground, where all cooking is done. In the more aristocratic families the American pattern of cooking stoves has been introduced, but only a few of them are in use."

WINE FOR WEAKLY PERSONS.—Weakly persons use Sperry's Port Grape Juice because it gives tone and strength to the system. It is superior to all other wines.

## Bank Note Poisoning.

A bank cashier of Vienna recently died from the effects of touching his lips with his fingers when counting money. At an examination of the vaults it fell to his lot to count a large number of small bills, and although repeatedly warned, he continued mechanically to touch his lips when his fingers became dry. That evening he felt a smarting pain in his lip, but did not attend to it until a swelling had set in, the next day. He then consulted a surgeon, who insisted upon an immediate operation on the tumor, that had in the meantime assumed alarming proportions. But in spite of the operation the patient died three days after of blood poisoning.

Laxol is Castor Oil made as sweet as honey by a new process. Children like it.

## Prospectus.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is 1896. Brissis, a new novel by William Black, written with all the author's well-known charm of manner, will begin in the December number, 1895, and continue until May. A new novel by George du Maurier, entitled "The Martyr of the Maid of Orleans," is not too much to say that no novel has ever been awaited with such great expectation as the prospectus to "Liberty." The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc will continue and will relate the story of the failure and martyrdom of the Maid of Orleans. Other important fiction of the year will be a novelette by Mark Twain, under the title, "Tom Sawyer," "Barkie," a humorous three-part tale called "The Morrows" from Muddley, by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell; and short stories by Octave Thanet, Richard Harding Davis, and other well-known writers.

Every number of Wilson will contribute six papers on George Washington and his times, with illustrations by Howard Pyle. Poulney Bigelow's history of the German struggle for Liberty, illustrated by R. Caton Woodville, will be continued through the winter. Two more of our best writers, John G. Saxe and Wayne's victory, by Theodore Roosevelt, with graphic illustrations will be printed during the month of November.

A noteworthy feature of the Magazine during 1895 will be a series of articles by Casper W. Whitney on the "Riders of the Plains," on snowshoes and with dog sleds trains into the unexplored Barren Grounds of British North America, and the history of the Hudson Bay Company. Mr. Whitney's series will have the added interest of being illustrated from photographs taken by himself.

The volumes of the Magazine begin with the numbers for January and December of the year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at the time of receipt of the order.

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HARPER'S BAZAR is 1896. The twenty-ninth year of Harper's Bazar, beginning in January, 1896, bids it maintain the high reputation both as a Fashion Journal and a weekly periodical for home reading.

Every week the Bazar presents beautiful toilettes for various occasions, Sanzoo, Baudouin, and Chapuis illustrate and engrave the newest designs from the finest modistes in Paris and Berlin. New York Fashion's editoriales current styles in New York. A fortnightly pattern-sheet supplement with diagrams and directions enables women to cut and make their own gowns, and is of great value to the professional modiste as well as to the amateur dressmaker. Children's Clothing receives constant attention. Fashions for Men are described in full detail by a man-about-town. Our Paris Letter, by Katharine De Forest, is a sprightly weekly recital of fashion, gossip, and social doings in Paris, given by a clever woman in an entertaining way.

Both the serials for 1896 are the work of American writers. "The Outing Woman," Personals, "What We Are Doing," Women and Men, report and discuss themes of immediate interest.

Answers to Correspondents. Questions receive the personal attention of the editor, and are answered at the earliest practicable date after their receipt.

The volumes of the Bazar begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at the time of receipt of the order.

## Tourists.

Great Reduction in Time to California. Once more North-Western Line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelously short time of three days. Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in dining cars. Daily Tourist Sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered Tourist Sleepers being furnished at a cost of only \$2.00 each from Chicago to the Pacific coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6.00 p. m. and 10.45 p. m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South.

For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address:

H. A. Gross, G. E. P., 423 Broadway, New York City.  
T. P. Valle, S. E. P., 112 South Fourth street Philadelphia, Pa.

## New Advertisements.

COURT PROCLAMATION. Whereas the Honorable J. C. Love President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre, Huntingdon, and the Honorable Benjamin Rich and Honorable Corlis Faulkner, Associate Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 25th day of Oct. to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre and to commence on the 4th Monday of Nov. being the 23rd day of Nov. 1895, and to continue two weeks, notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be present and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 25th, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertain to be done, and those who are bound in recognisances to prosecute against the prisoners then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 25th day of Nov. in the year of our Lord, 1895, and the fourth hundred and eighth year of the independence of the United States.

JNO. P. CONDO, Sheriff

## Central Railroad Guide.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Condensed Time Table.

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