

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 31, 1896.

AT LAST. When on my day of life the night is falling. And in the winds from unshaded spaces blow.

That you had made my home of life so pleasant. Leave not the tent when its walls decay: O Love divine, O Helper ever present, Be Thou my strength and stay!

There, from the music around about me stealing. I faint would learn the new and holy song. And find, at last, beneath thy trees of healing, The life for which I long. —Whittier.

DADDY JOHN'S NEW CLOES.

There had been a royal fire in Daddy John's cabin, and there were still a great bed of glowing coals when his daughter, Liz, called him to dinner.

"Daddy, warm his thin, blue hands at the fire and the sweet smell of the coffee and the fragrance of the coffee were very pleasant to him. His old, thin, wizened face wrinkled into something meant for a smile."

"The Doctor woman's bar'l has come!" he said. "I seen it on Jule Fraley's wagon," replied Liz, her dark, weather-beaten face lighting.

"Come an' eat yer dinner, Dad!" she added. "'m a'comin'," quavered the old man tottering forward and pulling along an old splint chair.

"Whar's that piece er saddle-blanket?" he croaked. "I hed it er ridin' Pomp," declared Bud. "You git it mighty quick," said his mother.

Daddy John looked down at the hat in apparent surprise. "Yes, an' I Hed's plum wore out, sure, 'enuff," said the doctor. "I have such a nice cap for you," showing it to him.

"Made of soft fur and with ear-lappets to tie down." The old face altered. It lost ten weary years. "Try it on, Daddy! Now, is it not nice? You won't freeze your poor ears this winter."

"No, ma'am! Thank'ee, ma'am! I reckon I'd better go now." "Wait a bit. You need some shoes, Daddy. Here are some—good ones," mumbled the old man, who mumbled the old man.

"Now, you need some soft, warm socks. Here they are. You want to put them on, don't you? Come in here. And now I must go—oh, yes—go to feed my chickens. But there's one thing more. Here is a nice pair of trousers!"

"Doctor!" "It's all right, Daddy! They will just fit you, I'm sure." "Such a droll figure awaited the doctor's return. A little gray old man, his small spindle legs rattling round in the fine black trousers, his ragged, faded calico shirt abashed in such company."

He looked at her speechless, his wrinkled face working. "I have a vest here for you, Daddy, and I'll give you a clean white shirt to take home." "Doctor!" the old man gasped. "I can't!" "Don't worry, Daddy. Try on the vest."

He put it on, tugging weakly at the buttons. "Just what I needed," he muttered, huskily.

And then the two went together to see Daddy John. "So it happened that when the Doctor arrived she found the house so full that two of the women arose and sat on the floor to offer her a chair."

There was a curious stillness in the house. One of the women whispered: "Hit's jest like a buryin', only thar ain't no corpse." "Daddy John was sitting by the fire, huddled together, the picture of misery."

"I've los' my new clo'es," he quavered. "I'm so sorry, Daddy John," said the Doctor, taking his hand, bony and thin. "I never hed no new clo'es afore," he croaked, pitiously.

A few frosty tears dropped on his grizzled cheeks. "Liz took up a corner of her apron and wiped her eyes. All the other women solemnly dipped snuff." "They wuz such fine clo'es!" mused the old man. "The coat hed a silk linin'." "Doctor said it war silk. An' 'An' them clo'es could a' been fixed up fer Bud when Dad got done with 'em," said Liz.

The old man paled with sudden passion. "I ain't er goin' ter git done with 'em!" he said in a high voice. "Bud shan't have 'em. Doctor woman give 'em to me. I never hed no new clo'es afore. But I ain't got 'em now. They're stole."

He broke down into tearful sobs that shook the old chair. "Don't cry, Daddy!" all the women called in unison, and they shed a few perfumery tears and passed the snuff box around. "You don't use tobacco in any form, do yer, doctor?" asked one.

The doctor admitted that she did not, and they all looked steadily at her, trying to realize the phenomenon.

"We've got you!" said one. He looked from one to the other and his face grew a shade lighter. "I surrender, gemmen?" he said very calmly.

Shortly after this event Daddy John reappeared in his new clothes. He wore them almost constantly for a few weeks and then they were suddenly retired from public observation, and Daddy went about looking as if the scarecrow in the cornfield had stepped down from his perch and toddled off to seek winter quarters.

The doctor was puzzled. When, at last, she questioned Jule Fraley, Jule shook his head mysteriously. "I reckon I kin tell yer ef yer won't be put out about it?" "Well, well! Do so?" "I reckon," in a hushed voice, "at he's keepin' of 'em ter be buried in." —New York Tribune.

Cured by Sun Baths. Happy Recovery of a Paralytic Through a Resort to Exposure. The liveliest passenger on board the steamship City of Peking was Humphrey Kendrick, of Los Angeles. He had just returned from Japan, says the San Francisco Chronicle, a country that he loves, because a few years ago it completely cured him of paralysis.

When Kendrick found that he had lost control of his limbs he determined to spend all the money he had to get relief. It was easy enough to get what brought the paralysis upon him, for the first stroke came soon after he had a bad tumble on horseback. The animal fell in such a way as to catch Kendrick squarely beneath it, severely wrenching and spraining his spine.

Kendrick found that he was much better in hot weather, and this led him to go to Hawaiian islands. He was so much better there when it was hot that he concluded to go to a still warmer place. Somebody told him that the south coast of Japan in the summer was the place.

For many months during that hottest of hot summers Kendrick engaged in a most unique attempt to regain his health. For days at a time he would lie positively stripped to the skin in the hot sand on the seashore of Japan. He got so that he rather liked it.

Economic Value of Birds.

The economic value of birds is untold, says the Fortnightly Review. This fact might be placed beyond dispute if it were possible to prepare two tables—one showing how many worms it would take to destroy a mile of turnips, how many grubs to ravage the wheat harvests of a dozen farms, how many insects to strip the leafy glades of a forest bare, how many to spoil the fruits of wide orchards—the other recording the fact that these very numbers of insects are eaten by a few humble birds in the course of a year. That the result would be conclusive evidence of the bird's value may be safely foretold by a glance at a few facts which have already been brought to bear upon the question.

In the spring, when there are clamorous young birds in the nest, the house sparrow returns every three or four months, each time bearing spoils in the shape of insect food. Calculated at its lowest possible value—that is allowing only one insect to each journey—this thoughtless task represents tens of thousands of captured insects as the work of one pair of birds as one month. Swift flyers like the swallow that hawk for food; the air may rank higher, they say their hundreds of thousands. But Mr. Fowler quotes an instance which will show how far below the maximum is this computation: "One day a martin dropped a carpenter fly out of his mouth on my barn; it was about to be distributed to the nestlings; a magnifying glass revealed a countless mass of tiny insects, some still alive and struggling."

Who could vie with the birds in such feats as these? It is a sorry sight to see men trying to do their work. One gardener by dint of continued watchfulness and patient endeavor, with his own two eyes, dim compared to those of a bird, and his own ten fingers, clumsy in such work in comparison with bird's beak, may contrive to cope with the insects in a conservatory, but a hundred men, each argues-eyed and equipped with the arms of an octopus, could not protect the crops on a large farm. The arts and the craft and the sciences have tried, but they fail to supply any insect killer half so sure as a flock of hungry birds.

What is Home? A prize was offered recently by London Tit-Bits for the best answer to the question, "What is Home?" Here are a few of the answers which were received. Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit. A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in. The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is set. The only spot of earth where the faults and fallings of humanity are hidden under a mantle of charity. The place where the great are sometimes small and the small often great. The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world. Where you are treated best and you grumble most. A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

Wives Should Remember. That air and sunshine are potent aides to good cheer. That the home should be a republic and not an autocracy. That a good cook is the root of health and happiness. That cross words spoil the home more than muddy boot tracks. That upholstered furniture and heavy hangings are germ collectors. That there is nothing which makes the heart grow fonder of home than occasional absences from it. That better is a room where there is disorder and cordiality than a dustless apartment and cold welcome. —New York World.

Leading Him On. "Josiar," said Mrs. Cornetsell, "would you fight if they was a war?" "Yes-sir-ree," was the earnest reply. "Every time." "An' git up in the gray dawn ter the sound of a bugle an' not make any fuss 'cause ye didn't hev nothin' but hard tack fur breakfast?" "Course!" "Well, I'm glad to hear it. Ef ye're willin' ter do all that, ye surely won't have no fault ter fin' 'bout gettin' up at 5 o'clock ter-morrow morn'n an' lightin' the fire, so's I kin cook ye some pancakes that wouldn't be despised by nobody."

His Own Figures. Heard at a heap of dry goods labeled \$1.69. Irish Woman (with a baby in her arms)—Phwat is the price of them? "One dollar and sixty-nine," politely answered the proprietor. "Which are the \$1 and which are the 69 cins wans?" "There are none at those prices, ma'am." "Shure, thin, ain't thim yer own figures?"

For and About Women.

Few women raise their gowns gracefully. Velour is the most artistic of drapery stuffs. Don't forget to cover up the canary at night. Flowers and wings figure largely in millinery. If you have a good maid, don't impose upon her. The summer girl promises to be a very fluffy creation. The petticoat that rustles is a joy to the wearer's heart. The new taffeta silks are perfect masses of woven bloom. Veils are no longer worn with their superfluous width gathered in folds under the chin, but must be draped a tiny bit below the chin, care being taken the edge is always evenly trimmed. A badly worn, untidy veil can literally destroy every virtue a forty dollar hat may possess. Blouse bodices are most fashionable for ball and evening toilettes made of transparent material, but dresses of richer and heavier stuffs have tight-fitting bodices—wheel-shaped, plated or gathered below, cut long or short, and divided in front.

BANGS RETREATING.—The photographs of a decade ago or even of half that period back look curiously old-fashioned now. It is the heavy bang which then prevailed and which has now almost disappeared that gives them their air of antiquity. The straight bang departed long since. The heavy curled bang belongs to past history. And even the light fringe, to which the possessors of high foreheads have clung, is retreating. It is being thinned, trained back, pinned off the forehead with side-combs and all that will remain on most brows before long is a light curl or two to break its severity.

QUEER ECONOMY.—"The most amusing instance I can recall of the effect of a suddenly acquired fortune upon a pet meanness is that told by an English author about an old woman in an almshouse who came into a million by a chancery decision that had been pending a hundred years," says Miss Taylor in "Lippincott's." She bought everything that money could buy—silks, velvets, laces, furs, estates, carriages, horses, so-distant friends even. She threw away her bank notes upon everything imaginable, in a kind of a frenzy of possession. But when it came to tea she suffered, she debated, she chaffed, but never could make up her mind to buy and pay for, at one time, more than a quarter of a pound of good black Bobba. She would have felt beggared by a pound of any tea at any price; it has always been so precious to her that she had lost all sense of its intrinsic value. Perhaps it represented to some extent the bright unattainable, without which life has no zest.

So long as sleeves do not decrease in dimensions capes will lose none of their deserved popularity. Jauntly garments, reaching only to the waist, are worn even on the coldest days, a chamol jacket worn under the waist making this possible. The richest materials are employed in fashioning these garments. Following a popular English caprice, costumes of red corded silk of the "stand-alone" quality, red Terry velvet, and red bengaline are made into fur-edged tailor costumes for receptions, calling, and even for bridesmaid's costumes at church weddings. Very many people have a decided antipathy to this color, but on a dull leden winter's day red in some of its tones has the effect of a tonic.

Very bright colors appear upon the fronts of gowns worn upon the promenade. Brilliant cherry, orange, yellow, green and other striking colors are used in velvet for stock collar and vest or plastron front. Instead of velvet, however, very fine qualities of ladies' clove or broadcloth are used, the cloth being braided or overlaid with spangled gimp or silk applique, dotted profusely with iridescent beads.

GOOD COFFEE.—Some one asserts authoritatively that percolated coffee, or coffee made after the French fashion, possesses none of the nerve-stretching qualities of the drink when it is boiled. A cup of drip coffee is really soothing, and puts one to sleep rather than sets every sensibility to the tingling match. Most expert coffee makers look upon the boiling of coffee as they do upon the boiling of tea—a killing process that should never be permitted. Says a French woman: "When a woman boils her coffee she sends the aroma to the attic and a muddy and bitter substance to the dining room." Coffee should be bought in the browned berry and ground just before use. Chicory has no place in a coffee mixture; they claim that a little, judiciously blended with two or three varieties of the coffee berry, is an improvement, is not sustained by the best authorities. An excellent blend is one pound of Java, two to four ounces of Mocha, and the same quantity of Rio, Maracibo or Martinique. The best substitute for coffee is ground wheat. Rye is harmful, and should never be used.

A color of muslin and lace, with cuffs to match, can be made very easily by cutting muslin strips of the desired width and edging them with cream lace on both sides. Then lay the muslin in triple box plaits and fasten them in place about three quarters of the distance with a little silk stitching, allowing the fullness to spring out between the plaits. These make very pretty finishing for any house dress, but should always be kept perfectly fresh. If made of good material, the platings can be unfastened, the goods washed and plated up again, as good as new.

Shopping. "Aren't these beautiful?" "Exquisite. What are they—buttons or dessert plates?"