

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., July 24, 1896.

EASY ENOUGH TO BE PLEASANT.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
While life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will
Smile when the world is wrong.
When everything goes dead wrong,
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.
It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away,
But it is only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that rests in desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who hath no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is a numberless road;
They make up the itchy of life,
But the virtue that conquers passion
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in awhile.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Ex-Gov. Russell Dies Suddenly.

The Famous Executive Is Found Dead in His Outing Tent—Went to Quebec for a Rest—The Brilliant Young Leader of the Bay State Democracy Stricken Down in His Sleep While Enjoying a Few Days of Camp Life in the Woods of Quebec, Accompanied by His Brother and a Friend—He Had Seemingly Been Enjoying Good Health and the Announcement of His Death Was Received With Incredulity by His Boston Friends and Business Associates—Life of the Famous Bay Governor.

QUEBEC, July 16.—Ex-Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, was found dead this morning in his fishing camp at Adelaide, near Grand Falls, Quebec. He passed through Montreal in the best of health and was on his way to the salmon grounds in Gaspé. His death is supposed to have been due to heart disease.

Mr. Russell left his family in Boston on Monday for his pleasure trip to Quebec, accompanied by his brother, Col. E. H. Russell, and Francis Peabody, Jr. At that time he was in perfect physical condition, excepting that he was somewhat fatigued after his active work at the Chicago convention. The tent in which they slept was divided into two compartments, and as the ex-governor slept alone, the others did not know that he was dead until late this morning, when they thought it was time to awaken him. His body has been sent to Boston.

EX-GOV. RUSSELL'S CAREER.

William Eustis Russell, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, whose life was so suddenly cut short yesterday, was barely 40 years of age, he having been born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1857. Few public men could compare with him for the purity of their private lives, and there were none whose prospects for the future were brighter. Had he wished he could have been the candidate of the sound money Democrats at the recent Chicago convention, but he agreed with Senator Hill, Ex-Gov. Flower and other leaders that silence was the better policy and confined himself to making a speech protesting against the adoption of the free silver resolution; a speech that was listened to with respectful attention and was a forceful and at the same time graceful presentation of the subject.

Mr. Russell's paternal ancestors were all staunch Democrats. His grandfather, Charles Russell, was a member of the Governor's Council, a position almost equal in dignity to that of the executive office itself. His father is the well-known Boston lawyer—Charles Theodore Russell. On his mother's side he was of French Huguenot extraction, she being a Ballister of the Le Ballister family, who settled around Marblehead, Mass., when exiled from France. Mr. Russell was educated at the public schools at Cambridge; he was 16, when he matriculated at Harvard. Throughout his university career he was a keen athlete; a nose that bore traces of hard usage, a couple of swollen finger joints and other infallible signs bore witness to his devotion to the national game. On the river or at the track he was equally enthusiastic, and no one ever gave the college yell louder or more persistently in a critical juncture than he. Notwithstanding his love of outdoor sports he found time to work for his degree and to become one of the foremost political debaters of the college. Indeed, in his class of '77 there was only one man who could approach him in debate and that was Emmons Blaine, the leader on the Republican side.

After his graduation he entered the Boston University School of Law, where he won the William Beach Lawrence prize for the best essay on "Foreign Judgments, Their Extraterritorial Force and Effect." At the graduation exercises in 1879 he was chosen orator for the class, and received the first "Summa cum Laude" degree as bachelor of laws from the University. In 1880 he was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice in his father's office.

Mr. Russell's first appearance in politics was a candidate for Alderman in his native town. In this position he gave such general satisfaction that he was elected Mayor in 1885. Almost immediately after his election trouble arose between the street car company and their employees. The strike drew near the verge of open hostilities and of danger to life and property; but young Russell rose to the emergency, and with the courage and tact that has marked his every action since, compelled their adherence to legal methods, and finally adjusted the difficulty to the satisfaction of both parties.

The incident attracted the attention of the whole State to the young Mayor of Cambridge, and he was three re-elected Mayor.

In 1888 he received the Democratic nomination for Governor. In stamping the State his youthful appearance—he was 31—was a handicap to him at first, but he soon removed the impression by his clear and logical exposition of facts. Though defeated by Governor Ames, the Republican candidate, he polled nearly 1,000 more votes than were cast for Mr. Cleveland for President. His speeches to prove that revenue is the only just basis in a republic for the imposition of duties on foreign trade, and condemning the miserable hypocrisy that wages of laboring men depend upon the fattening of some beneficiaries at the cost of the entire population, endeared him to the Democracy of the State, and he was again nominated in 1889—for the old Bay State elects a Governor every year. This time his opponent was Governor Brackett, and at the end of the campaign, though not

successful, he had the satisfaction of reducing the plurality of the Republican candidate from 29,000 to 6,775.

In the next year he turned the tables on Brackett, receiving 141,746 votes to the latter's 131,896, and was the only Democrat elected. His place in an overwhelming Republican Legislature was no secure, but he managed so well that he was re-elected for two succeeding terms and refused the nomination for a fourth term. Mr. Russell leaves a wife whose maiden name was Margaret Manning Swain, the daughter of a noted minister of Lowell, and an exceedingly beautiful woman, besides three children—William Eustis, Jr., now nine years old; Richard Manning, 5 years old, and a daughter, Margaret aged 2.

In his lifetime he attended Dr. McKensie's Congregational Church in Cambridge, and his home was at No. 174 Brattle street, one of the handsomest parts of the city.

Mr. Russell's memory was prodigious. He would occasionally dictate a speech of two or three columns to a newspaper writer who had asked for a copy in advance and having read over the proof slips would deliver it without deviating from the original text, and without using a single note of manuscript.

He was particularly noted for his directness of speech; there was no half-way straddle with him upon any vital principle. He used no empty, high sounding words, but said in language that was plain and unmistakable what he believed on every subject of public importance. With him sound money meant the gold standard, and tariff reform meant the abolition of protection. He hated hypocrisy and worshipped truth.

In appearance Mr. Russell was somewhat above the medium height—about 5 feet 8 inches. His face, which was smoothly shaven, was frank and open, showing firm though somewhat irregular features. One would have taken him for a larger man than his measurements gave reason to expect, for his athletic exercises had developed a naturally fine figure. His voice was deep and resonant and after Senator Ap-Hill and Mr. Whitney he was one of the most conspicuous figures among the sound money men at the Chicago convention.

THE GRIEF-STRIKEN FAMILY.
The family of Ex-Governor Russell, including Mrs. Russell and the three children, William Eustis, Jr., Richard Manning and Margaret, who are spending the summer in a quiet cottage overlooking the bay, were in ignorance of the cloud of sadness overhauling them until a telegram from Colonel E. H. Russell was received announcing the death of Mr. Russell. Apparently dazed at first, Mrs. Russell, as the significance of the sad news grew upon her, seemed to be bearing up well. Ex-Governor Russell's brother, Joseph B., arrived about an hour later and was immediately closeted with the widow and children.

Motherless Institutions.

In most states in this Union women cannot be appointed trustees of public institutions, because such trustees must be electors. There have been men who kept house for themselves or had only one or two of their bachelor quarters, and yet neither they, nor their friends ever thought of these houses or flats as homes; men have kept house but they never have made homes. Women are the home-makers and home keepers. This characteristic of woman is just as important in the state as in the family. Men would think it a grave error if no one but women served on the board of trustees of soldiers' homes, if only women were physicians and superintendents of such homes. The writer smiles as she imagines what a furor would be created if all public institutions should suddenly be taken out of men's hands and put into women's. No woman would want such a thing to happen.

The writer believes that all public institutions, schools, libraries lunatic asylums, soldiers' homes, etc., should have women trustees, directors, or whatever the term may be for such officers, but she is a little more radical than many women. However, she cannot see how any woman can cease from making effort to have women trustees on boards of all public institutions where women and children live whether it is a lunatic asylum or a children's home. A most pitiable sight is a number of motherless children, whose father alone is trying to plan for their future. Yet just such a man who knows that some woman must help him out with his family cares, does not seem to think that the principle applies as well to the state.

In many states women have besieged legislatures until boards of visitors have been appointed. These boards, however, have neither responsibility nor authority. They visit the institutions when they are expected and must report or make suggestions in writing to the trustees. The trustees in turn take no notice of such reports. They occupy about such a position as a formal caller would to the motherless family above mentioned. Such a caller would be sympathetic and interested but her help would be of little value because of the relation she bore to the family. The writer doubts if a board of visitors does any good except to accustom men to seeing women about such institutions and to accustom women to serve on such boards.

The time is surely coming when women and men will serve together as trustees; and then all the details of the home be understood by all members of the board. Then will women's tenderness, her mother heart be felt, then will many unfortunate women and children be happier and healthier. Then will the state find that the small economies which women practice in the home will be practiced in the state.—Harriet Taylor Upton.

Bryan Stronger than Bland.

Representative Russell, of Georgia, a gold Democrat, says: "The nomination was, by long odds, the best that could have been made on that platform. Those who know Bryan will vote for him because of his personality." "Bland would not have pleased the country like Bryan. Bryan looks like presidential timber. He is one of the gentlest, nicest fellows I ever knew. He will make a model president. Georgia will support the ticket. There will not be 3,000 bolters in the state."

Cream Peppermints.

Pour half a cupful of cold water over two cupfuls of granulated sugar, stir well together, then place on the fire and melt, stirring until the fire is dissolved, but no longer. Then boil exactly three minutes. Remove from the fire add three drops of oil of peppermint, and stir with a spoon until it becomes creamy. Then drop on oiled paper. Let it stand for twenty-four hours. Then dip in melted chocolate, if you wish, or they are very nice without the chocolate.

Fortune's Foibles.

Some Conversational Mistakes of People Made Rich Suddenly—Mrs. Malaprop Up-to-Date.

It is said "that money talks" in this fine diele period, but in the oil country where "money talks," it sometimes makes mistakes. Pennsylvania, where a single lucky strike may transform an adventurer into an Astor, presents examples of the power of gold to buy everything but that which its possessors most desire. There is probably no spot on earth where people become so suddenly rich or poor as in the oil country. A family may be living from hand to mouth one day and the next find a stream of liquid wealth flowing into their treasury. Such conditions are favorable for coldish aristocracy. Persons of no education, culture or refinement move from hovels to palaces, they seek to buy social position. Although few, their conversation abounds with striking illustrations of the ridiculous.

Mrs. Malaprop lives over again in the woman, who tries to move in a new sphere surrounded by a golden circle. Trying to appear used to the new conditions her position is ludicrous. One woman of newly made fortune declared her intention to give her little girl "all the educations there are," to have her "all manueured," and to give her an "epidemic" in case she should get sick.

The following dialogue occurred in a madhouse in New York. "Mrs. Struckle, you spend a great deal of your time in Paris, don't you?" "Yes, we do, and I was just telling the girls that we would soon be Parasites." Another oil country woman received an invitation with R. S. V. P. in the corner. She hesitated a good while as to the meaning of the mysterious letters, but finally exclaimed: "Rich Supper, Veal Pie."

The newly made rich are somewhat shy of books and literature, but even their simple questions are sometimes amusing. An oil country book store was the scene of this dialogue: "The Last Days of Pompeii." What did he die of, miss?" "Of an eruption, I believe," the girl clerk replied.

The "unearned increment" accumulates a heap of trash. It is said that money is a universal provider of everything but happiness, and a universal passport to everything but heaven. An immense fortune is an elephant of unusual size and whiteness on the hands of one who has always known where every dollar came from and where every one should go. A struggle for existence secures a plume for position. One multi-millionaire of the petroleum district was fettered with a wife who could neither read nor write. A true philanthropist exclaimed: "God help the rich, the poor can beg." Some oil men imagined that their sudden wealth could buy anything. They had yet to learn that "E'en dollars hide their sorrows faces when they meet another's eyes." In the palm days gone by when Oil Creek flowed past Titusville, literally a stream of oil, a single venture lifted a farmer from poverty to opulence. He straightaway took his daughter to a fashionable finishing school to have her "educated." After examining the girl in the rudiments of ignorance, and moreover, she lacked delicacy. She explained the matter to the doting father as delicately as possible. He listened loftily to her delicately worded explanation and then bluntly blurted out: "Well, why can't you take her?" "I fear she lacks capacity," said Madame.

"Capacity." Why woman buy her one. My name's Brown, I'm Brown, the oil prince.

A celebrated singer once sang in an oil town. The seats sold for twice the price of seats in the Metropolitan opera house. The great singer sang sweetly that night. At the end of the evening the richest and roughest producer in town went up to the sweet singer and told her how much he had enjoyed her "dirge."

An oil man, made immensely wealthy by the touch of the obnoxious Midas, thought a trip to Paris an indispensable adjunct to his travels. On his return, he was always the centre of an admiring group, while he desecrated upon the beauties of Paris.

"And did you go to all those places?" asked an open mouthed listener.

"Yes," replied the oil king. "I went to every single place, but one and I found it simply impossible to get there. On a great many cases I saw the sign 'Complete,' and at last I felt that I must go there. But every cab marked 'Complete' was always full and the more I tried to get there, the harder it became, so I gave it up."

No possible people are more sensitive to any possible allusion to the source of their wealth than those who have acquired it suddenly. Especially true is this of oil men. Even more so than the Chicago meat man, who objected to having his library bound in calf. The story is told of an oil man entering a barber shop for a hair cut. After the barber had applied the shears he asked:

"Any oil on your hair, sir?" "Look here, young man, you had better not be casting up my business to me, if you know when you are well off."

The future student of genealogy will find it a difficult task to trace a genealogical line in some oil country families. Very shortly after a gusher's flow, the family begins to cast around for a more aristocratic name. Rogers becomes Roget, as a result of an increase of tension to the source of "g" in Vettingter becomes the softened "j" under the gentle influence of greenbacks. It is not a long step from Delton to Deltonay, but a long one from Fallamater to Fallamater, with the accent on the last syllable.

The hypen is introduced to give tone to the name. Plain Miss Jones on her marriage to the oil king, by a remarkable but simple metamorphosis, becomes Mrs. Jones-Smith. Others of the Smith connection are content to substitute a "y" for the "i" in their name, so that they now sign Smyth. The Browns satisfy their sense of change by adding an "s" to their name. It was either the later Browns or the later Smyths who, wishing to increase their sparse knowledge of the stars, put an "obligatory" on their roof.

The oil district has examples of such people. They are ill fitted for their new wealth. There are fine, cultured people in the oil regions, but as a rule, they have ac-

quired their wealth gradually. The nouveau riches are the most glaring features of a newly developed territory.—CROMBIE ALLEN.

The Habit of Thought.

There is scarcely anything in life which may not be viewed in both sunlight and shadow; from the pettiest affairs of an ordinary day up to the most profound philosophy, which is either optimistic or pessimistic. To one man a beautiful day, that thrills the world with joy, only suggests the thought that somewhere rain is needed; to the other the same reflection occurs only as a consolation for the disappointment caused by a storm. Every event that happens, every person we meet, every book we read, every task we perform, every truth we discover, has a pleasant and a less pleasant side, and the choices are continually before us as to which we will emphasize. Mr. O. S. Marden, in his architect of Fancies, "If you love beauty, and if you look for it, he will see it everywhere. If there is music in his soul, he will hear it everywhere—every object in nature will sing to him. Two men who live in the same house, and do the same work, may not live in the same world. Although they are under the same roof, one may see only deformity and ugliness; to him the world is out of joint, everything is cross-grained and out of sorts. The other is surrounded with beauty and harmony; everybody is kind to him; nobody wishes him harm. These men see the same objects, but they do not look through the same glasses; one looks through a smoked glass which draws the whole world in mourning; the other looks through rose-colored lenses, which tint everything with loveliness and touch it with beauty."

Give me the man who, like Emerson, sees longevity in his cause and who believes there is a remedy for every wrong, a satisfaction for every longing soul; the man who believes the best of everybody, and who sees beauty and loveliness where others see ugliness. Give me the man who believes in the "ultimate triumph of truth over error, of harmony over discord, of love over hate, of purity over vice, of light over darkness, of life over death. Such men are the true nation builders."

The Philadelphia Ledger believes that the habit of happy thought is not to be obtained by any selfish desire for happiness, no matter how fully such desires may be fulfilled; it is something quite independent of riches or fame, or power of pleasure. They may accompany it, but can never produce it. Bryon uttered a truth when he said: "All who would win joy must share it; happiness was born a twin." The sunny nature is both cause and effect; those who scatter seeds of joy in their hearts will reap a harvest in their own, and the chief delight of that harvest will consist in feeding the multitude.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Hot Bath Will Bring Sleep.

Suppose a person be tired out by overwork of any kind, to feel nervous, irritable and worn, to be absolutely certain that no matter how fully such desires may be fulfilled, it is something quite independent of riches or fame, or power of pleasure. They may accompany it, but can never produce it. Bryon uttered a truth when he said: "All who would win joy must share it; happiness was born a twin." The sunny nature is both cause and effect; those who scatter seeds of joy in their hearts will reap a harvest in their own, and the chief delight of that harvest will consist in feeding the multitude.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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We tell you Doan's Kidney Pills cure,
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And we give you their addresses.
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An example of this is
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READ UP.	EXP. MAIL.	EXP. MAIL.	READ DOWN.
EXP. MAIL.	No. 30 No. 33	No. 30 No. 33	EXP. MAIL.
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