

Democratic Watchman

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KIND WORDS.

There is no sound of music half so sweet
As that by which the human heart is stirred,
When pressed to earth and fainting 'neath its
load,

There comes some sympathetic, kindly word,
No brilliant gem dragged from earth's richest
mine,

No costly pearl brought up from 'neath the sea,
Can with such brilliancy and lustre shine.

As kindly words before which sorrows flee,

How potent fall these soul-uplifting words,

So gently dropped in life's dark, bitter hours,

When fierce the tempest brooks about one's head,

And clouds of sorrow make us shrink and
fear!

Like oil upon the troubled water poured

Falls soothingly each gentle, kindly word,

And summed Faith lifts up again her heads.

For hope the tread of coming morn has heard,

They fall like blessed sunshine from above,

Upon a fountain shaded by dark dread;

With tender breathing from the throne of love,

Dispelling fear and giving light instead,

They touch the lives that lie so chill and drear,

And breath around a fragrance and a balm;

They scatter gloom, doubt, unwholesome fear,

And over the troubled life spread gentle calm.

God bless whoever speaks a kindly word,

And may his life-way be with sunshine crowned

And if at times dark shadows cross it still,

Then may he find what through him others
found,

Kind words are deathless and can never die;

The lips that uttered them, so full of love,

May silent lie, but still their work goes on,

And links us to the throne of God above.

—William G. Hasselbarth, in Christian Work.

BESS HALLOWAY.

A Short Summer Idyl, or, the Story of a Love Letter
that Brought No Joy.

The boats were coming in. Down on the sandy beach a little group of fisher folk stood waiting to welcome the brawny seamen. The western sun had sunk to rest, after bathing the earth in a golden glow. Twilight was beginning to fall.

Nearer and nearer the fishermen came, and down to the water's edge the watchers ran, ready to help in pulling the boats ashore.

"What luck, Captain?" asked an old sea salt, as the final boat was drawn up on the beach.

"Rare good luck, Ben," was the answer, "and a hard day's work we've had. Well, my lass," to a dark eyed maiden who had come from among the crowd of watchers and was now holding him by the arm, "thee has come to welcome thy old daddy; has thee?" and with his rough, bronzed hand he gently smoothed her curly hair.

"I am always so glad when you come safe home, father," she said, as she patted his arm.

"Well, here I am safe and sound enough to please any little maid, and with an appetite big enough to frighten one. Run home to mother and tell her I'll be up for supper as soon as the men get through."

A sturdy young fellow who had been the first to spring ashore, and who was already helping to haul the net out of the boat, stopped his work and came to where the maiden stood, watching her father go down the sandy incline.

"Well, Bess, hasn't thee a word of welcome for me, too?" he said, in a voice that seemed wonderfully tender, coming as it did from such a strong and hardy fellow. Even the dim twilight could not hide the love light in his eyes as he looked up at her face.

Bess turned her head aside a little, while she answered him, as though his earnest look disturbed her.

"I am glad you have had such good luck, Bob," she said, restlessly scattering the sand about the toe of her well worn boot. "But I must hurry home, for father wants his supper ready. Good bye."

"Good bye, Bess," said Robert, and with a little sigh he went back to the men.

Robert Barrow had always loved Bess Halloway. From the time she was able to toddle about he had been her devoted slave. He was her boyish lover when they went to the little school together, over in the village beyond. He was her lover still, at 23, a man who had never given a thought to any other maiden. Bess was the boniest dark-eyed lass in all the country round. Her hair was almost black and hung in heart-ensnaring curls about the well-poised head. Light of foot and light of heart was she, dancing and singing about the house or along the lonely shore.

"I wish Bob wouldn't be so foolish," she thought, as she climbed the hilly path-way. "He doesn't seem to mind who sees him. I am getting too old now to have him act so. I must let him see that I'm not a child any longer. One would actually think he was my brother."

As she neared the house she saw her mother standing in the doorway, and hastened her steps to tell of the safe return of the fisherman.

"They've had fine luck, mother," she called out, "and father will be home for supper when the boats are emptied."

A look of relief passed over the woman's face as she heard the good news. Her mind was at rest for a time again. She was always uneasy when her husband was away on the water, not knowing whether he would ever return.

Soon they heard the voices of men, Captain Halloway's ringing out above the rest, as he bade them a cheery good night.

Robert Barrow stopped at the cottage door, and Bess knowing that he wanted to see her, stepped outside.

Robert's face brightened, as he saw her. "You haven't told me that you are glad to see me, Bess?" he said. "You know all the time I am away fishing I'm thinking of hearing you say that when I come home. I suppose I'm a foolish fellow, but I can't help thinking about you, Bess."

Now was her time.

"Of course I'm glad to see you, Bob, but here she paled an instant and the color rose to her face, which, fortunately, it was rather too dark to see—"you mustn't look at me so much when people are about. I'm getting old now, and some of the foolish folk do say such foolish things."

"What do they say?" asked Robert.

"Oh, never mind," she answered, the color rising to her cheeks again.

"Do they say that I dearly love thee, my lass? Is that one of the silly things?"

Bess did not reply.

"If they do, it's the truth. I have no need to tell thee that, Bess; thou has always known it. As for not looking at thee, how can I help it?" He spoke so tenderly, so lovingly, that Bess, who was far from possessed of a heart of stone, and, indeed, was very fond of Robert, relented.

"But, Bob," she said softly, "don't make such a fuss before folk. I don't want to be cross with you, but indeed I don't like people to talk."

"Well, sweetheart, I'll try. Thee knows I would do anything to please thee. But thee mustn't mind the clutter of the village folk. There isn't one of them that doesn't know I want thee for my little wife. I make no secret of it my lass."

Just then the Captain appeared at the door. "Stop and have some of the good wife's supper, Bob, he called.

"No, thank you, Captain; I must be off home." And with a good night to Bess, he hurried away.

The summer days passed slowly on. There was little to vary the monotony of the quiet village life. Now and then a stout tourist wandered over from the Shaf-ton Inn, about two miles beyond.

But one bright morning towards the close of June the arrival of a stranger was heralded. He was a young artist who, the evening before, had chanced upon the place while strolling about with no particular aim, and had taken a fancy to a little sketching in the neighborhood.

As he passed the Halloway cottage he saw "a little gypsy maid" romping with a great Newfoundland dog in the narrow garden patch. A veritable little beauty, he thought to himself. Suddenly it dawned upon him that he was very thirsty and, doffing his cap, he politely asked the gypsy maid if she would kindly tell him where he could get a drink of water.

Perhaps it was the exercise with Bruce, the Newfoundland, which brought the color to Bess' face; at any rate, it was a very rosy one upturned to Herbert Desmond as she answered, "I will get you one, sir."

"Oh, thank you; but I'm so sorry to trouble you," said Desmond, and as he smiled at her, the rosy color deepened.

"By jove!" said he, as she disappeared, "I never saw such a color."

Soon Bess returned with a pitcher of water and a glass.

"Thank you so much," he said, as he took them from her. "Would you mind if I sat down for a few minutes while I drink it? I have had a rather warm walk, and if I am not intruding would like to rest awhile."

"Will you come inside, sir," said Bess, "or would you rather sit out here?" pointing to a bench in a shady spot outside the cottage, sheltered by a luxuriant honey-suckle vine.

"Outside, please," Desmond replied, and seated himself in the cozy nook. "But don't let me drive you in," as he saw Bess turning away. "Perhaps," here he smiled again, "you will allow me to tax your hospitality a little further and will let me ask you a few questions about the village?"

"I am afraid there isn't much to tell. Nobody ever comes here and nothing ever happens," she replied.

"But you must not stand. Won't you sit down? I really will not feel comfortable unless you do."

Though rather abashed, Bess sat down beside him on the old wooden bench, her heart throbbing and her bosom heaving, with the excitement of talking with this handsome stranger. Bruce sat on the ground between them, every now and then rubbing his nose against the little brown hand that fondly caressed him. Desmond leaned over and patted the noble creature.

"What a fine fellow he is, and you are very fond of him, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Bess, and smoothed his glossy head.

"You wouldn't part with him, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. I have had him ever since he was a puppy. A friend gave him to me when I was a little girl."

"How long ago has that been?" he asked with a smile. "I wouldn't consider you such a big girl now."

"I'm 16," she said, drawing herself up. "Then you are quite a young lady. I would not have thought you were so old."

And so the unimportant talk went on. At last Desmond rose to go. "I must not keep you any longer. I must not be selfish," he said, looking into her eyes. "I hope, however, to see you again. I am going to do a little sketching and will be over here every day or so for at least a week. Now I must say good bye," taking her hand.

As he passed down the sunny road Bess remained standing. How long she would have stayed there it is impossible to tell had not her mother's voice recalled her to her senses.

Taking up the empty pitcher and glass she carried them into the house.

All day long her thoughts wandered off to the handsome artist, and she tried to recall his every word, his every look, and to feel again the pressure of his hand as he bade her good bye.

The next morning when she awakened she asked herself whether it had only been a dream. Was it really true that she was going to see him again? Perhaps even today?

Noon came, but the stranger had not appeared. It was just before sunset when she saw him. He was with her father and Robert Barrow. The three were laughing heartily at a joke of the captain's, as they slowly climbed the hill. Bess quickly and went into the cottage.

What a long time it took them to say the simple words. At last they parted. Just as Bess was about to enter the cottage she turned. There stood Desmond, waving his hat to her. Putting her fingers to her lips she waved her hand in return. As she passed with Desmond heaved a sigh, and went slowly homeward.

Herbert Desmond slept very little that night. In the gray of the morning he packed his trunk. At daybreak a storm arose. The rain beat against the windows and the wind lashed the trees across the road, while far in the distance he could hear the roar of the sea.

A few hours later a boy was making his way as best he could through the mist and the rain to the Halloway cottage. He carried a letter. Bess' hand shone as she took it from him. Was there an answer? No, the gentleman did not tell him so.

It was her first love letter.

She fondled it as though it were the most precious thing in the world. At last she opened it.

"Sweetheart, how can I tell you. Promise me that you will not hate me. (Hate me!) You believe that I love you. (She kissed the letter.) Then, for my sake, try to be brave. (What would she not do for his sake?) Not that I deserve it. (The dear fellow!) Why did you ever love me? I, who am so unworthy of you. Bess, dear, the truth is that I am a scoundrel. I have won your love, and then, like a sneaking cur, have left you." (Have left you.) She read it again. "I feel that I cannot

marry you. (The letter dropped from her hands.) You would not be happy if I were to take you away," she read, taking up the letter again. "Oh, Bess, do not think it is because I do not love you. I have tried to do what was best for both our sakes. Will you try to believe this? I wanted to see you once more before I left, but that would not have made the parting any easier, would it? And now I must say good-bye. Oh, Bess—" Here the letter ended abruptly.

"Dinner's ready, Bess," her mother called up the stairs.

"I think I'll lie down, mother, I don't want any dinner. My head aches." Then, trying to steady her voice, "I've had a note from Mr. Desmond. He wishes to say good-bye. He started for home today."

"You don't say. Well, I'm sorry he's gone, for he was a nice, pleasant gentleman. It was real kind of him to think of sending you a line." —Philadelphia Times.

Facing Death in the Sky.
Aeronaut Stevens Writes of His Terrible Fall from a Balloon.

The following account taken from the New York Journal, of Leo Stevens fall down at Hecla Park, is a good illustration of how sensational newspapers exaggerate. Many of our readers witnessed the accident which was neither especially thrilling nor serious. Stevens, parachute did not open and as he was only up about 150 feet the wonderful adventure he describes at length was all over in about three seconds.—Ed.

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A Prince Among Fruits.

One of the most universally cultivated, and one of the most appetizing fruits known to man, is the grape. With our forefathers in Asia it was a staple, and everywhere that man has made his abode the fruitful vine has accompanied him. It seems to thrive in all climates, and in all soils. In America it is a native, and, although the cultivated varieties are nearly all the production of the art of grafting and crossing, sometimes mixing foreign sorts with the natives, some of the wild vines afford considerable income to those who harvest and use the product.

The most popular and widely-known grape in the country east of the Rocky mountains is the Concord. It was originally brought by Ephraim Bull, of Concord, Mass. It is such a hardy vine, and such a free and abundant bearer, that it has come to be planted in vineyard and garden in nearly every state of the Union. The Concord grape has nearly all of the good qualities. It fills out nicely in the bunch, has a fine flavor for the table, attains a good size, and turns off a good crop to the acre. In addition to these traits it stands shipping very well, and is a good keeper, so that it can be sent to distant markets. It is the favorite of grapes, and is sold more generally than any other. It has several near relatives, like the Worden, Moore's Early, etc., which resemble it in its rich blue color, but none of the others combine all of its good qualities.

The excellent little red grape, the Delaware, is one of the finest for table use, but does not yield a large crop, and the vines are not hardy. The above grape cannot, therefore, be raised for the same money as the Concord, and is always scarcer and dearer in the market, although selling quite freely in season.

Crowding closely upon the heels of the Concord for place is the Niagara, a new white grape, a kinsman of the Concord, inheriting many of the good qualities of the common ancestry, showy, ripening early, and prolific in crop and of good flavor. It bids fair to rival the Concord in the market as it becomes more generally planted. Ripening later, and just coming into the market now, are the Catawba, a showy red variety of fruit, of fine taste, and until the Concord passed them in popularity, probably the foremost grape in the American market. But the Catawba is a late fruit, and is scarce, and is sold more generally than any other. It has several near relatives, like the Worden, Moore's Early, etc., which resemble it in its rich blue color, but none of the others combine all of its good qualities.

Vineyards have multiplied wonderfully in the United States in the past few years. Before the day of railroads they were planted here and there by the Germans, Swiss and other foreigners descended from the wine-making people of Europe, but vineyards for the market of the fruit had hardly occurred to the farmer. Since the Concord grape has become known, and its possibilities realized vineyards are planted with thousands of vines, for the sole purpose of shipping the fruit. Now, in the harvest season, the vineyards present an air as busy as that of any agricultural ranch or packing plant in the country.

Train loads of fruit are carried away from every railroad siding in the grape belt, and distributed all over the East. In the early summer the grapes of the South come northward, while at this season New York and Ohio grapes are penetrating the country from Minneapolis to the Atlantic ocean, and from Boston to Atlanta.

It is a valuable food, containing a high percentage of nutrition. It ripens at a time when much of the other fruit is out of the way. It grows everywhere, in the vineyard, in the city back yard, trained against the wall of the coal shed, or flourishes in the broad acres.