Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 27, 1896.

MY CREED.

ALEXANDER MCLEOD. What's good and pure in any creed I take and make it mine. Whatever serves a human need I hold to be divine.

I ask no proof that bread is bread, And none that meat is meat. Whate're agrees with heart and head That food I mean to eat.

Man sanctifies the holiest robe: Truth sanctifies the book. The purest temples on this globe Are mountain, grove and brook.

That spot of earth where're it be, To me is holy ground Where man is striving to be free-

Freedom or death has found. The crown upon an empty head

I hold as cap of fool. The scepter from which wisdom's fled Has lost the right to rule.

The purple robe on coward's back Does not inspire my awe. The ermine and the coat of black I honor not as law.

I try the king, the judge, the priest The common man and woman. From the mightiest to the least. By one great law-the human

I find true men whère're I look Of every creed and nation. Mid sons of toil in darkest nook, As in the loftiest station

The man who has no faith in man I hold unworthy trust. The man who does the best he can Will stand among the just.

Whatever creed serves man the best I hold the best of creeds. I recognize no other trust Of faith than life and deeds

The truth that elevates the mind And purifies the heart, That teaches love of all mankind

And blunts affliction's dart. That dries the orphan's widow's tear

And mitigates their loss-That truth, without a doubt or fear I take as gold from dross.

POLLY ANSON'S "IRISH CHAIN.",

BY MARTHA MCCULLOCH-WILLIAMS. "I don't really see how Polly had the fo face to do it ! We all know what made her piece this quilt," Mrs. Gartley said, in a half-whisper, to her next neighbor, Mrs. brooding content. From the first a Carter, as they stood by their chairs eying the blue and white expanse. "'S-sh! She'll hear you," Mrs. Car-

me quite fair to say that. Polly's been always a good industrious girl; she made quilts and cushions and tidies long before Len Baxter ever came to see her."

home to housekeepin' with him," Mrs. Gartley persisted. "If I had been in her Gartley persisted. write a letter for her ! write a letter for her ! "Hit got ter be er sorter lub-letter," the back girl explained, sheepishly. "An' I come with the other boys this evenin'? I must say that shows mighty little pride- Miss Dora. the way things stand.'

"So do I," said a third woman, Miss Maria Agnew, coming up behind the others all. Black Polly was, it seemed, in a strait betwirt affection, and interest.

beams in the ceiling. The quilt swung by would begin with shaking the cat in the ropes running up to staples in the beams. master-piece of stitchery. Because of them Mrs. Anson did all her "I wouldn't have such a thing as that

quilting there, in place of using the parlor of the world is the world is the world is the decomposition of the big square light chambers, of which old-fashioned and tacky," Dora Gartley shaking hands and felicitating them until she had so many. Indeed, she had the said to Jennie Crewe. Jennie did not Len was half wild. Polly's gay speeches, greatest plenty of room everywhere. The answer at once. She was round and rosyback piazza, that to-day would serve for next to Polly Anson, easily the prettiest Normally he was a sane, self-contained girl in the room. dining-room, was twelve feet wide, and ran the length of the house. Through the

"I don't see the harm," she said at last. open windows you could see the long table "Of course there ain't anything really in there, already spread with fine linen and it, but I've heard grandma say she never knew it fail when she was young, and folks believed in it, that the one the cat Through the windows came, too, wafts of ripe October air. Frost had fallen the jumped out by was always the one to marry week before, but now it was warm-so first. warm the nipped asters and chrysan-

"You have got it wrong, Jinny !" Polly said, coming up to them with her tortoiseshell kitten in her arms. She had tied a blue ribbon about its neck-the color matched exactly the flowers in her hair. As the little creature nestled against her throat, the contact of silk and fur brought out all its white roundness. "No ! You the sky thick with scudding clouds, and a are half right," she went on. "That is damp south wind at play in the painted worse, you know, ever so much worse, trees. Belated crickets piped desolately, She had a dimpled rose-leaf face, lit by worse, you know, ever so much worse, trees. Belated crickets piped desolately, dancing dark eyes. Perhaps she did not than being all wrong. We must stand the peacocks in the oak-trees now and again know nor care how much the blue flowerets about the quilt for shaking, a man next a gave their rancous night cry. But within maid, and whoever puss jumps between are all was frolic, flitting figures, and merry in honor bound to marry each other, or

the quilting was bruited, though she felt else discredit the sign." the force of what her mother said of it. "Then I'll take care whom I stand beside," Jennie said, laughing. Polly darted Yes, the neighbors-some of them, at least -would gloat over what they called her away. Dora blushed and looked down out on the back piazza. The cousins were disappointment. She had meant to keep consciously. Several young men were secret all her small housewifely prepara- coming through the door, Len Baxter the had not met for two weeks, hence had

tions, but the Gartleys were forever running in, and both mother and daughter ward them Dora said, hastily. had fine eyes for spying, and tongues "I do hope Polly won't think strange of never noting that some one else had come liberal in telling of what the eyes had it, but, you know, Len goes with me every- ont upon it, and stood motionless under seen. So the neighborhood had come to where now." Then she dropped her eyes understand that Polly was "fixin' to get again. Len made as though he would married." That was the same as though come up to her, but turned half-way across her engagement had been announced. Then the room and went to Mrs. Bell. Polly it may interest Miss Polly to see," the man when the cloud came-all at once, and un- stood just back of that good woman's chair. accountably-she had writhed in the with the kitten's head peeping in the holthought of how gossip would roll the news low of her neck. Her face was turned of it under the tongue. That is, when the first intolerable ache Bell, who had fetched her a great sheaf of

let her think of anything beyond loss of golden-yellow chrysanthemums. her lover. Even yet she did not quite "Aha ! I understand, Jack," she was know how she had lived through the weeks saying. "These were never meant for me said, recklessly. "It is only a letter ; I when first Den rode past the house every —never in the world. But really Marian dare say you both remember it." day without ever so much as looking to .Montgomery ought to be here. Maybe she wards it. They seemed to her now like a will come, after all. ifer note said she promptly, beginning to run his eve over big black blur. Yet her mind kept faith- would, if only Tom got home in time to fully the most trival detail of her happy fetch her. It was aggravating his being a say ! This is—Good Lord !' he cried out time. Especially the last week : remembered the very look and flavor of the that is what you get for being wicked and the name below. Holding it fast, he faced strawberries Len brought her-the first needing juries and things, you men. Your about and caught Polly's hand. "Do you

jasmine in the garden, and hear the robins see them most Len's face hardened, his heart likewise, lead over his arm. singing in the honeysuckle arbor down at the farther end of it. Her father's sly but he shook hands with Polly in the most jokes, too, and the twinkle in his eye as friendly and casual fashion, talked lightly gave Len a long glance, then said, in her he reminded her of certain old antipathies with her for a minute, and ended by tak- clearest key. "I know when and how it to the Baxter name. They dated back to ing the kitten out of her arms.

"I protest against this fine fellow," he id. "What does he know about deep Grandfather Baxter, who was a high, sternpious old soul, and had reproved Polly said. dancing, when she could no more help things like fortune-telling? Where is my old friend Tip? He's a cat of sense and

She could see, too, her mother's look of judgment. Besides, I have a sort of sneaking notion that he is not above showing favors to his friends." brooding content. From the first Len had won upon her; he had told Polly more than once, indeed, that it was only through ter returned. "Besides, it don't seem to dared to persist with her She had carried being sure of her mother's countenance he shoulder, as she vanished : "Of course herself high and proudly towards himnow she could not rejoice enough in the shake the minute I come back." thought. And how she had laughed when

glass and silver and china.

themums held up their heads afresh, and late rose-buds unfolded to faint-hued

blossoms, but the sweeter for their pale-

lustier sort of forget-me-not-had come

out plentifully along their lower branches.

Polly had stuck a knot of them in her belt,

and another among her straw-yellow braids.

She had been very wretched ever since

accented her piquant loveliness.

Some deep blue flowers, too-a

"But she made this a purpose to take now lived and worked upon the Gartley her namesake, black Polly Anson, who place, had come begging "Miss Polly" to

Do you know, they've even invited Len to comed yere 'case hit 'peared ter me you mought git de hang on hit better'n our

It was an odd sort of love-letter, after and bending over the quilt. "My! but they've stretched this tight in the frames !" with gentle insistence she went on. "We won't have any ends fided. "But den ole man Gawge Rick he's to our fingers left time we quilt it in the gut lan' an' mules, an' he so ole he ain't rose pattern ; and that's the only thing the gwine lib no mighty long. Sorter fix hit so Taum'll unnerstan' dat, Miss Polly. I do' 'ant dat po' nigger ter think no less of

"Accept my congratulations, please," Polly said to them, with a brave smile, as Practical Joke Which Cost an Attorney and Politithey turned about. The rest followed her shaking hands and felicitating them until

her winsome smiles, stung him like a lash. are apt to fall when they come under great strain after months of torturing unrest. He had loved her-ah heavens ! how he had loved !-loved her still in the face of that which should slay the strongest love. She knew his love, had betrayed it, and now mocked him with light words, lighter lowed his injuries. laughter, as though she rejoiced to show him how little his presence or his absence could mean to her.

As time went on to supper and the dancing, Len's purpose grew fixed ; he would shame and wound Polly as she was wounding him. It was warmer than at mid-day, the peacocks in the oak-trees now and again noise. The fiddlers were a thought late, else already the oaken floor would resound with rhythmic feet.

Polly had strolled with Tom Montgomery great friends-good comrades, indeed. They foremost among them. As he hurried to- much to tell and hear. Talking eagerly, they went up and down the long reach the lantern which lighted the far end.

"Stop a minute, Montgomery. I have something that belongs to you--something under the lantern said, as they came up to him. Polly caught her breath sharply as he spoke, but said, gayly : "Why, Mr. away ; she was talking gayly with Jack Baxter ! Have you turned burglar, or got yourself made a special grand-juryman to find out Tom's pet sins?"

"Never mind how I came by it," Len

"Never saw it in my life, "Tom said, she grand-juryman at just this time. You see, as he sensed what was written and caught from his fine beds ; she could smell the sweethearts are missing when you'd like to know anything of this document ?' asked, nodding toward the paper she had

> Polly's head went up proudly. She

was written ; for the rest you must ask

some one else." "Who is it ?" Tom asked.

Polly laughed as she answered. "I caused a great sensation. The Elks after think she is Mrs. George Ricks still, though their session had noth-ing to say except Pll ask her. She is in the kitchen helping Aunt Ailsa. Polly ! Black Polly ! Do come here and tell Mr. Montgomery some-Polly said, demurely. Then over her thing about a letter you had me write." shoulder, as she vanished : "Of course Black Polly came out, wiping her hands you will stand beside Dora. Mr. Baxter. upon her mourning took, and made her Take your places, all, and be ready to manners to the gentlemen before she opened her mouth to say : "Shucks ! Miss By this time the quilt was out of the Polly, I do' 'anter hure yo' feelin's, but frames, lying in a crumply blue and white dat dar letter wuz sho conjured. I hadn' but heap upon a chair at the side of the room. mo'n gut home wid hit when I lay hit Four gay young fellows seized it, took each down dar on de shelf, an' mammy she took a corner, and stretched it foursquare, call- 'n spilt hot fat all on de cornder ob hit.

Then the other young people ranged them- an' put in some mo' I had done thought silver man. selves about the edges, albeit some of the erbout. Den when I went ter meetin' girls made a feint of pulling away from their choosing swains. Dora Gartley blushed and bridled as Len took her arm an' had fotched his wife erlong. So ter git

An Actual Case of a Man Who Began Laughing from

Tortured to Death.

cian of Iowa His LifeWhen He Joined the Elks-The Jovial Members Placed Him In a Chair With a Sheet Iron Seat-Heated the Same With a Lamp-He was Horribly Burned, and Blood Foisoning Finally Cost Him His Life.

E. W. Curry, Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, died at the Savoy Hotel in Des Moines, Io., last Friday where he has been ill for two months. Mr. Curry's death is the result of injuries receiv-

ed while being initiated into a Des Moines Lodge of Elks, blood poisoning having fol-As part of the ceremony he was seated in

a chair, with a thin iron seat, and a large lighted lamp placed under it. It was ex-pected that he would furnish some amuse-

ment, as it was thought he would jump out of the chair when the heat became unbearable. But he did not jump.

With some friends he had been merrymaking in the afternoon, and when he went into the hall he was much under the influence of liquor. It is thought that when he was placed in the chair and blindfolded his sensibilities were so far benumbed that he was burned severely without knowing it or being able to move.

SPECTATORS SAW HIM COOK.

The spectators saw him fairly cook for ome time, wondering at his nerve, until they discovered smoke rising from the chair. Then he was taken out of it, and found to be burned horribly. He was taken to his hotel and cared for by the best physicians. At his own request it was given out that he was suffering from another ailment, and the true story did not leak out till afterwards. Even yet there is mach mystery about it.

Blood poisoning set in soon, and from that time on there was little hope of saving his life. He grew worse steadily, and for a large part of the last month of his life was unconscious. He manifested wonderful vitality, and lived a week after the doctors pronounced his death a matter of only a few hours.

The story of how his injuries were contracted was given out by members of the Elks Lodge, after an evening paper had retailer. published a much more sensational story. It was that, instead of a heated chalr, he was placed on an electrical chair, and a light currant turned on, in the expectation of making him squirm.

He showed no discomfort, and the current was increased several times without producing an apparent effect. Then the moke was seen, and he was taken out half electrocuted.

A STORY PRINTED AND DENIED. The story was printed in great detail and

denied promptly, and the story about the

the old man has been dead two weeks. But to repeat their earlier versior. members of the order, who have done all in their power for him during his illness. members of the family, carnestly desired that Mr. Curry's frequently expressed wish that the truth should never be made pub-

lie should be carried out. Mr. Curry lived at Leon, Ia., and was a of the clasp. prominent lawyer in Southern Iowa: He was 48 years old and had been a leader in ing as they stretched, each to the girl of Den I taken hit up ter Miss Dora at de close friend of C. A. Walsh, Secretary of his choice, to come and stand at his clow. great house, and she copied hit out fer me, the National Committee, and an ardent

Laughter a Disease.

His Toes Up

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

Mrs. D. H. Marsh of Groton, N. Y., has been elected president of the First National bank of that city, to fill the vacancy by the death of her husband. Mrs. Marsh has been one of the stockholders and directors. The office of bank president has never before been held by a woman in that part of the country.

Almost the first thing one notices is that storm collars are much in evidence for both capes and coats of fur and that the wrap in stole effect which made its debut last winter is receiving great attention in this, its second, season. Capes, too, are growing larger ; and muffs-well, these are of immense size and in every shape conceivable

The bicycle craze has had a decided influence in making the wasp waist less fashionable. For years the French and American women not endowed with small waists have resorted to every available means to secure that chic appearance so dear to every feminine heart, and of which a small waist has always been a leading feature.

They have listened courteously to the warning against tight lacing and given their corsets an extra twist as a commentary. The laws of health have little weight when they do not harmonize with the laws of fashion.

With fashion's decree that outdoor sports of all sorts are the proper caper for the women of to-day to follow comes the loosening of corset strings and the adoption of a corset built upon the natural figure, which is very different from the extremely highbust corset with the long waistline and narrow hips, which invariably throws the bust and hips out of place.

Every person ought to know that super-fluous flesh which is compressed in any part of the body must go somewhere. The pitiable contrast between a small waist, protruding hips and a two prominent abdoman has been in evidence too long. change ought to be hailed with delight, not only by the women, to whom it means better health, a more pleasing figure and casy carriage, but by the manufacturer and

It is notorious that the retailer has many corsets returned with the complaint, These corsets have been broken at the waist, and I've only worn them two or three times." In order to retain the patronage of the customer the merchant must give her a new pair of corsets, while, as a matter of fact, it was not that the corset had given poor service, but that in the first place the customer had insisted upon purchasing a corset inadequate to the proportions of her figure.

The English woman has always shown good sense in the selection of her corset. heated chair given out. The mystery has buying from the corset standard, that of caused a great sensation. The Elks after comfortably fitting the hips rather than squeezing the waist. The accepted waist measure for this season is fully three inches There has been no disposition on the larger than has been in vogue, the length part of Mr. Curry's family to blame the of the front measuring about 12 inches, the corset tapering up over the hips.

One of the newest corsets designed by Mrs. Curry and her daughter, the only the French is much shorter than those in vogue the past season, with the addition of silk elastic webbing extending from the upper line of the bust cup to a sharp point just below the line of the waist either side

Revers on the newest bodices it is observed State politics for several years. He was a have square or curved corners ; the sharp close friend of C. A. Walsh, Secretary of pointed triangle is now rarely seen. There pointed triangle is now rarely seen. There is no end to the varieties in sleeves ; but anything which has some sort of a small puff at the top and is close-fitting below is in the mode.

fit for the Irish chain."

"If I'd asked my neighbors to help me, it would have been on something easier," hisse'f 'n he kin he'p.' Mrs. Gartley assented, tapping the taut surface. ought to be mostly a frolic ; but then Mrs. the words : Anson was always the greatest manager ; don't love you better than all the world. she'll give us a fine dinner, and get the I do; I would marry you gladly, only it worth of it in work."

away : that's what I'd do in that case," great deal. Maybe that ought not to make Mrs. Carter said, so pointedly the others any difference, but it does—all the differ-looked a thought abashed.—After a minute ence in the world. I want to have things she spoke more gently ; "I think it is and be somebody without waiting and hardly fair, and certainly not kind, to talk working until I am so old I can get no good so about Polly, when we really know of them. So don't think any more of nothing more than that for six months Len Baxter seemed to have eyes for no one else, Nobody knows the reason. Polly may written the name with a great flourish. have refused him-

startling energy.

somebody, an' he got a hold of it. You ain't no good way ter do."

maids are always makin' up romances,' Mrs. Gartley broke in, eagerly, but with a curious down look. "'Ain't Len got the "Then same right to flirt, or even change his mind, as any other young fellow? all know they do it, even them that have not got half he has to make it worth a not got half he has to make it worth a "Why! He took an' writ ter me," she woman's while to take 'em. I said first, had said, "an' fotcht de letter plum ter my as I say now, he just go tired and quit. Polly won't die of it, neither ; but nobody can make me believe she wouldn't give her eye-teeth to have him back again.'

'Of course you say that. You don't want ter admit Dora Gartley's wearin' Polly's old shoes," Miss Agnew said, a thought tartly, looking across the room as she spoke. "Lor !" she went on, "Dora does look washed out side o' Polly ! You better tell her not ter go close ter her when the boys come in."

"But Dora is really very stylish." Mrs. Carter said, kindly.

Mrs. Gartley moved away in high dudgeon. Across the room she stopped to say to Mrs. Squire Bell that she did think old maids ought to be shut up in asylums like lunatics ; they were so poison cantankerous, they spoiled whatever they came to, and they would go everywhere in spite of faith.

Mrs. Bell only smiled. She was a kind motherly woman, with thick silver-white hair. Polly was her god-child, and she knew enough of the deeps and shallows of what was working in the Gartley mind. of it ; they might, with a thought more

So Polly wrote, after a proper introduc-"Everybody knows a quiltin' tion, smiling yet piteous as her hand traced e mostly a frolic ; but then Mrs. the words : "Don't think, dear Tom, I happens you have not much of anything, "If you grudge it, you might have staid and I can marry another man who has a

Your loving POLLY ANSON."

"Now you must make your mark there," and then all at once came here no more. Polly the white had said, after she had

Black Polly drew back, the picture of "It ain't likely, an' him the best chance don' reckon I's gwine sen' nobody er lubin the county, ownin' land all round the letter wid er mark ter hit, same lek hit whiskers. Anson place," Miss Agnew supplemented. was dest one er dem whar tells de news? "I shall always believe," she went on, I always did thought you had de mos' "Polly must have made fun of him ter raisin' ob anybody 'bout yore, but dat

dependent to other folks, an' let on as she Polly's discarded swain. She was about and with faintly twitching ears. didn't keer about whether she ever seen to add "colored" to the address, when

"Then why not tell him?" Polly asked. We better," and again black Polly had stood upon her dignity.

house ! Reckon I gwine gib him back tragically. answer dest in talk ? My heabenly Marster ! Len hel Miss Polly ! I t'ought fer sho' you knowed better 'n dat."

After the black girl had gone, Polly had sat, smiling and dimpling, framing in her mind the story of her letter-writing as she would tell it to Len next time he came. And he had never come, though only that morning he had begged most earnestly for a serious answer, and had said, significantly, as he went away, "If you are obstinately silent when I come to-morrow, I-why, I shall take silence for consent.

He was coming to-day with the other neighborhood youth. He had met her mother at the gate yesterday, and almost compelled her to ask him. After all, Polly was glad of it. They had met casually outside twenty times, but she pined for a chance to show him she could see him unmoved, as a chance guest, here where he

had been a lover. In spite of the rose pattern's difficulty,

knew enough of the deeps and shallows of the quilting got on famously. By dinner, At Polly's call he turned square about and time the workers were on the last reaches made a flying leap to reach her. It took There were at least twenty women be- diligence, have had it out of the frames. close, indeed, she cried out in fear, then tween eighteen and sixty gathered there in But nobody wanted that to happen until smiled to note that the cat had passed the Anson dining-room. It had big wooden the boys came in : then fun and frolie directly between herself and young Baxter

hung marries ole man Gawge back a trifle, saying, in a loud whisper : den an' dar.'

"Oh, I hate to do it-so foolish, you know ! And there is really nothing in it." "Oh, come along !" he said, a thought impatiently. "This way ; on the side

"In that case I will go and find him,

that, and I wantlearned, for as the word left his mouth a burn up !' dapper young fellow and a very pretty girl came hurriedly through the door. They were still in riding-gear, and the girl's ing his cousin's hand through his arm and cheeks had the quick red that told of a long gallop. Over the chorus of welcome Len caught the young man's words :

"Here's the place for you Polly ! Hand over Tip, and squeeze in at my elbow." "I won't squeeze in' anywhere," Polly

retorted, making a face at him, and holding fast to Tip. Tip was the grizzled veteran of a hundred tights, and at least a the whole matter was a bore to him. He "She didn't !" Mrs. Gartley said, with wounded dignity, saying : "W'y, Miss testing miaow, as though asking what the Polly ! I's 'stonished at you, I is ! You world was coming to, when this frivolous purred uncertainly, and gave out a prodisrespect was shown to his years and

those about the quilt, lifting Tip above her head, and tossing him lightly upon its someoody, an' he got a hold of it. You ain't no good way ter do." know she's a sassy piece, an' jest 's full of mischief as she can live ; an' Len he's the letter, in her best business hand, to about him with an air of questioning dismighty high-strung—all the Baxters ever I saw was that way. While I b'leeve smiled as she wrote the name ; she knew ing grew stronger when, after a compre-Polly would of took him at the drap of a another Thomas Montgomery—he was her hensive survey. Tip lay down with his hat, I think she wanted sorter to act in-

him again or not. I said all along, how easy it would be for somebody to go an' "'Tain't no need ter put nothin' else "'Tain't no need ter put nothin' else "'Tain't no need ter put nothin' else She had agreed to stand up with Jack Bell: ake trouble—'' "Oh, pshaw ! Miss Maria. You old dar, Miss Polly ; I'll gib dat nigger he's She had agreed to stand up with Jack Bell ; letter my own se'f. I's good ter see him now she thrust Marian Montgomery in the at meetin' Sund'y ; den hit cain't go place in her stead. Tom Montgomery had managed to place himself upon Jennie Crewe's other hand, to the discomposure of "It seems to me that would be so much Ned Lattimer, who had taken her out. better," and again black Polly had stood "Shake !" Polly cried again. Jack Bell

heaved a sigh. "Do you think anything short of an earthquake will move Tip ?" he asked,

Len held out one hand, saying, in his most coaxing voice : "Come, Tip ! Good old Tip ! Come ! Come !"

"Of all the unfair things !--" Polly began, then stopped short. It seemed as if a cyclone had struck the quilt. It shook and writhed, it rose and fell in balloony wayes that sent poor Tip rolling over and over in the dizziest fashion. Agile veteran that he was, it took him full three minutes to get upon his feet, claw and paw his way toward the edge, and gather himself for a spring through the line of shakers. Now he headed this way, now that ; and each of the young men could speak for laughing was crying and calling out : "Tip ! Here, Tip !" "Mice, Tip !" "Don't you know your friends ?" "This way, old man !" Polly was dancing up and down in glee. With twinkling eyes she ran back of Len and Miss Gartley, pursed her mouth, and made a little soft sound that Tip knew for a summons to dinner. He was going toward Tom Montgomery and Jennie Crewe. made a flying leap to reach her. It took

"Read the letter, aloud !" Polly said,

imperiously, to Len. He began it in a shaken voice ; but before he had got through three sentences eminent neurologists. They have declared

out, "Dat de ve'v same letter von writ fer What he wanted Miss Gartley never me ; de ve'y one I lef' fer Miss Dora ter "I think that explanation explains," Tom Montgomery said, with a bow, draw-

> walking away. Polly and Len were married next Twelfth-night. The Gartleys were bidden to the wedding, but somehow found it convenient to go for a distant visit about that cake and the cut paper for trimming it. wore a new collar with a big white bow on it, and black Polly, no longer a disconsolate relict, was full of mysterious consebetter ; also that no bride need want a rent cause for the excessive merriment.

her new home. 'But this I shall say to the last day in the mornin,"' Mrs. Bell confided to Mrs. Carter : "Polly may have a heap finer things, and things worth more money, but if I was in her place I'd not set any of 'em beside that Irish chain. If that hadn't been to be quilted just when and as it was. you'll never make me believe we wouldn't be danein' at somebody else's weddin.' -Harper's Bazar.

A Former Pennsylvania Boy's Successful Career.

The governor-elect of Wisconsin, Major Edward Scofield, was born near Clearfield, Pa., in 1842. His father, Isauc Scofield, was an Irishman, engaged in farming and lumbering. The boy attended public school, and later an academy at Clearfield. When Scofield was 13 he found occupation at the printing office of the Indiana "Democrat, of Indiana, Pa. In 1858 he worked for another newspaper at Brookville, Pa. In 1861 he tendered his services to his country, and entered the army as a private in the Eleventh regiment, Pennsylvania reserves. Re-enlisting, he followed the Army of the Potomac to Virginia. For gallantry at the battle of Fredericksburg he was promoted to a first lieutenancy At Gettysburg he was commissioned captain of Co. K., Eleventh Pennsylvania reserves, "for meritorious conduct upon the field." Captured after the battle of the Wilderness. he was at last paroled. Returning home broken down in health, he found a commission of major awaiting him "for gallant conduct in the battle of the Wilderness." engineer on the work of the Allegheny Valley railroad. In 1868 he went to Chicago and finally became interested in the lumthe head of a very large business. In 1887 Major Scofield was elected to the state senate from the First district of Wisconsin. In 1894 his fitness for the governorship

vous hysteria.

ease. This has been proven by numerous cases which have come under the notice of next the door. Tip is certain to make for black Polly flung up her hands, crying even moderate laughter a symptom of ner-

People have died of laughter. From Austria comes'a curious account of a man suffering from a nervous disease that manifested itself in paroxysms of laughter. The patient was thirty years of age and had been subject for three years to fits of laughter, which occurred at first every two or three months, gradually increasing in frequency to a dozen or more a day. The attacks occurred especially between time. Mrs. Carter and good Mrs. Bell ex- 9 in the evening and 6:30 in the morning, celled even themselves in the wedding- and in greatest frequency between 5 and 6:30 o'clock. In the intervals between and Marian Montgomery and Jennie Crewe the attacks, and immediately before and dozen shakings. Huddled against Polly's were bridemaids worthy the bride. Tip breast, he blinked and yawned as though wore a new collar with a big white bow of the attacks, and immediately before and The attack commenced with a tickling sensation arising from the toes of the left foot. The patient would fall to the ground, quence in her place as head of the volun- where he could lie down. At the height world was coming to, when this frivolous teer waiting-maids. Everybody agreed of the attack the patient first smiled that Polly had done well, and Len even and then laughed aloud without any appa-

"Hold tight now !" Polly cried out to finer setting out than Polly would take to The entire act occupied about two moments.

Bryan's Engagement.

Will Begin His Series of Lectures in Atlanta Next Month-Subject Not Broken.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Nov. 22 .- The party of distinguished hunters returned from their expedition in Taney county last night. A large crowd was at the depot to receive the late presidential candidate. When he stepped from the platform of the car he was greeted with cheers.

The entire party attended a play in the opera house last night. The theatre was packed to the doors, and, when Bryan ap- interstices of the teeth. It should not be peared in a box, accompanied by Senator Jones, Governor Stone, Chairman Cook and others, the crowd went wild. There was a continual cry for a speech from Bryan. is dried on a towel after being used, and and he delivered a short address, speaking mostly on the silver question.

He said the Republican party had advertised its goods, and unless the goods are as good as advertised the people would not buy the same quality again in 1900.

for Kansas City en route to Lincoln, and will arrive in Denver Tuesday morning. He stated to a correspondent that he will deliver a series of lectures, but he has not as yet selected his subject, although silver will not be omitted. He will make his first appearance at Atlanta next month.

A Cracksman's Great Discovery.

"I've cracked more than 70 safes in my time," said a Chicago burglar to Sheriff All good fur capes are rather short and Pease the other night while awaiting trans-almost as wide as those of last year, while At the close of the war Mr. Scofield was fer to the Joliet penitentiary to serve a the cheap ones are long as the old fashioned 23 years old. He next became an assistant seven-year sentence, "but I've never used anything except powder, dynamite and the dress sleeves. The collars are much nitroglycerine. If I live to finish this bit higher, quite covering the back of the head at Joliet, I'll do a little work afterward with points behind and on each side. The ber business at Oconto., Wis., and through that will astonish the boys. I can cut smartest linings are of moires and sating in thrift and industry soon found himself at through almost any safe in Chicago inside plain colors, but light plaid or stripe being of two hours with electricity, and without almost as desirable, if not quite so new. making enough noise to waken a cat. I The pelerine shape is worn, there being two got that pointer from the electrical display long ends in front, and a plain back fitted at the World's fair, and I've been working in at the waistline. In seal it is very ele-at it ever since. It is entirely feasible I'll gant, the fullness flaring over the arms and prove it to you by and by."-Chicago Times-Herald.

To clean carpets have some hot some water and a woolen cloth. Wring the Do you laugh? Then you have been at- cloth partially out and rub well. Then tacked by a disease, for laughter is a dis- take a cotton cloth, tightly wrung out of water, and rub well. It will make a carpet like new, and is much pleasanter to use than oxgall.

> A dainty table is a mark of good breeding, and an untidy table proclaims to all beholders a lack in the housewife of all the finer sensibilities. It really does not take a great deal more time, and not much more trouble to set the table attractively and to serve the food in a daihty, appetizing way, and the gain is inestimable. A little green for garnishing the meat plate can always be procured; water is plentiful in most places, soap is cheap and every day is twenty-four hours long. so that there is small excuse for soiled linen on the table. There is no place where thoughtful care is more needed or more productive of gratifying results. Make the children learn to be careful of the cloth and the napkins, they can be taught to be neat at the table' as well as in dress.

The fashionable neck bows of mull and chiffon are not only a pretty addition to the corsage, but a great boon to beauty, as they lend a charm to the face by softening the features.

The upper teeth should be brushed downwards, and the lower teeth upwards from the gums. Do not brush the teeth crossways, as they are apt to become loosened, and the gums will also suffer. The inside of the teeth should also be brushed in the same way. Tepid water is the best to use both for cleaning the teeth and rinsing the mouth out afterwards.

The toothbrush should be small and curved, so that the brush can get in all the too hard, and, when a new toothbrush is purchased, it should be soaked in water for several hours before using. If the brush stood up on end in the air, it will last much longer. Toothbrushes should never be kept in a closed receptacle.

Tooth powders should be chosen with great discretion. For general use the following will be found a very good powder : Mr. Bryan left at 11:15 o'clock last night Mix together half an ounce of powdered bark, a quarter of an ounce of myrrh, one drachm of camphor and one ounce of prepared chalk. Another simple receipt is as follows : Add two ounces of camphorated chalk, two drachms of very fine powdered borax, half an ounce of powdered orrisroot and half a drachm of powdered myrrh ; mix the ingredients thoroughly together, and keep the powder in a bottle.

> All good fur capes are rather short and coachman's cape in spite of the decline in

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found many advocates.