Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 25, 1896.

CHRISTMAS SHIPS.

Blow fair, sweet wind, upon the distant seas ;
Blow fair and kind,
For many sails sue for a favoring breeze
Where none they find.
Your grace they court,
For Christmas port.

Some ride the waves with strong and buoyant prow,
And canvas white ;
Others with straining spars the dark seas plough
In piteous plight.
Make them your care.
Kind wind, blow fair.

Many are faring home from havens far,
After long years ;
And eyes are gazing out across the bar
Through gathering tears,
Bring the ship near,
For Christmas cheer.

Wherever ships should speed upon the wave,
Go, friendly breeze ;
But when the billows fiercely rock and rave,
Lull them to ease,
Let joy abide
At Christmas-tide !—ADA NICHOLS MAN, in *Harper's Weekly.*

A GRIPMAN'S CHRISTMAS DAY.

The Tragedy of a Cable Car and the Hungry Man Who Controlled It.

Christmas conveyed very little meaning to poor Matt Riley. It had been a hard winter for him, as it had exhausted all his efforts and resources to keep a humble roof over his patient wife and two often hungry children, let alone to indulge in the usual holiday luxuries of costly presents and appetizing turkey. Matt was a carpet weaver by trade, and a good one, too, but the inexorable demon of hard times had silenced the looms with his relentless hand, and thousands of operators had been compelled to stop work and subsist on charity. Matt was one of the unfortunates who was thus deprived of his means of livelihood, but he was of a sturdy nature and too self reliant to accept aid. He believed in the dignity of American labor, and he considered it degrading to extend a hand of suppliance to his fellow men.

So he kept up a cheerful spirit, and day after day he spent in walking the principal streets seeking honest employment. When evening came he would return to his little home on a narrow street in South Kensington, and although thorougly disheartened he would simulate a hopeful air and assure his pretty but pale-faced wife that he expected better luck next day. But next day it was the same old story, and finally the little stock of provisions in the family larder was consumed, and grim visaged want stared the little family in the face. Matt was at his wit's end, but he still maintained a bold front. It almost broke his heart to see how patiently his little wife bore her hard lot, and he knew that her spirit of love and self sacrifice would lead her to stint herself for the sake of her two loved ones.

The bright-faced boy and the beautiful little girl with her bright blue eyes and wealth of golden hair were the pride of his household, and he often inwardly groaned with anguish as he sat by while his children went hungry to bed and sobbed themselves to aleep. One by one he surreptitiously removed the few portable articles of value which the modest home contained and pawned them so that he might buy bread and meat for those he loved. As the Christmas time drew near it brought none of its much vaunted good cheer to Matt Riley's family. On the contrary Matt awoke after a night of worry and torment on the morning of the day before Christmas to face a desperate state of affairs. An obdurate landlord had been clamoring for his rent and trying in vain to draw blood from a stone. There was absolutely nothing in the house to eat but a few crusts. Matt realized that something must be done that day. He made up his mind that he would make one more supreme effort to get work, and if that failed—and he had very little hope—he would stifle his pride and beg.

His honest face burned with shame as he thought of this last resort, but there was no help for it, and he reflected that any thing was better than to sit silently by while his wife, his boy and his daughter—his pretty Lettie—slowly starved to death. So he left the house early that morning resolved to do or die, The good natured German barber who kept a shop just around the corner was a friend of Matt's, and there he had no trouble in borrowing a morning paper long enough to scan the "want" columns and carefully note the addresses of a few employers who were advertising for help. Then he walked down to the heart of the city, past store windows rich with Christmas gifts and under bowered awnings of Christmas greens. He entered a big hardware store on Market street, the proprietor of which had announced that he wanted "a strong man," but he learned with aching heart that he was a minute too late and that "a strong man" had been found.

From one place to another he went, only to meet with similar ill-luck, and as the morning abdicated for the afternoon poor Matt's despondency grew apace. Finally, with hands in his pockets and with bowed head, he walked slowly out the street toward the bridge, almost resolved to give up the seemingly hopeless struggle and throw himself into the river. While he was assuring himself that he must live for the sake of his wife and his little ones, he almost ran into a man who was hurrying past, and as he turned to offer an apology the man suddenly exclaimed :

"Why, Matt, old man, how are you ? I haven't seen you for a coon's age."

Matt recognized him in an instant and extended his hand. Andy Clark and he had worked together four years ago in an Eastern carpet mill, and he hadn't seen Andy since the memorable day when the big mill burned down.

"I'm glad to see you, Andy," said Matt. "What are you doing now ?"

"Oh, I'm gripping on a cable car. It pays about as well as weaving and suits me better. Are you still in the same old business ?"

"No," said Matt, gloomily ; "I haven't had any work for over a month, and to tell you the truth, Andy, if I don't get a job at once I'm afraid that Rose and the kids will starve."

"My God, Matt, is it as bad as that ? Why, how lucky I met you. A couple of the men want to get off to-morrow to spend Christmas with their families. There will be a chance for a few extra men. Go out and see the superintendent now and tell him I sent you. He and I are rather chummy, and I'm sure you'll catch on for a day, anyhow, and maybe there'll be a permanent place for you in a week."

"But I have had no experience as a gripman," protested Matt, "and I'm afraid I couldn't do the work."

"Oh, that's nothing," exclaimed Andy, "You don't need experience. You'll understand the whole thing one minute after you've seized the grip handle and the brake All you've got to do is to be careful and not put the grip on too suddenly. When the superintendent asks you if you have had any experience, tell him yes ; that you ran a cable car in 'Frisco for a year. That'll fix him. Now go in and win, old man, and before I leave you take this dollar. You know you need it, and you can pay it back out of your first week's wages. Merry Christmas and good luck to you," and before Matt could swallow the lump in his throat and express his gratitude the generous follow had hurried off, leaving a big silver dollar in the palm of his hand.

"Well, his heart is in the right place," muttered Matt, and five minutes after giving utterance to this great anatomical truth he was standing in the office of the car company asking for the superintendent. The interview with that official was brief but to the point. Matt asked for work as a gripman and used his friend's name.

"Ever run a cable car before ?" gruffly inquired the superintendent.

"Yes ; I—I worked a year at it in 'Frisco," replied Matt, nervously.

"Well, come around to-morrow morning at 5 o'clock and we'll give you a job for the day. If you are a good gripman you'll soon have steady work.

"God forgive me for that lie, but I had to get work," thought Matt as he hurried toward home to carry the glad news. First, however, Matt boarded a cable car bound uptown and spent a nickle of that precious dollar and half an hour's time closely watching the gripman, and then came to the conclusion that he would not find the work very difficult to master. Before he reached home he stopped in a cheap restaurant in the neighborhood and ordered four square meals to be delivered at his house as soon as ready. Then he went home and blurted out the story of his good luck, kissed his little Lettie and tossed Master Rob high in the air, while his wife stood by and wept tears of joy. Soon the meals came, hot and redolent from the restaurant, and though they were of the kind known as "15-cent dinners," it is safe to say that no rich man ever ate diamond back terrapin with the same enjoyment as the Riley family manifested on that occasion.

Matt exultantly handed the 35 cents change over to his wife, and the poor, soul, quietly sent Master Rob out for a 5-cent paper of smoking tobacco, which she handed to her husband as a Christmas present. It was the first time Matt had enjoyed his pipe for over a month, and he fairly filled the house with its fragrant aroma.

They were, indeed, a happy family that evening, and they all went to bed early in the very best of spirits, Mrs. Riley promising the delighted children that she would take them down town some time during Christmas day "to see papa run the cable car."

Matt was up at 4 o'clock Christmas morning, and he reached the depot of the car company long before the time set. The superintendent soon arrived and pointed out to Matt the car he was to take out. Soon the other men came straggling in, among them Andy Clark, who introduced Matt to the conductor who was in charge of his car. When the gong sounded for the cars to begin running Matt took his place in the gripman's enclosure and prepared himself for his day's work. His was the third car out, and when the word was given he slowly applied the grip and the car glided out of the depot and started down the street on its first trip. Matt found the work harder to master than he had expected, but master it he did, and when finally the car had traversed the long route and they were waiting to begin the second trip the conductor, who had been let into the secret of Matt's inexperience by Andy Clark, congratulated him on his success and gave him a few valuable suggestions.

The Christmas bells were chiming as Matt started out on his fourth trip, and the air seemed laden with the spirit of the day. The streets were beginning to fill with the holiday throng, and Matt actually found himself humming an old Christmas carol that he used to sing in Sunday school.

As the car approached Bond street, where it is always customary to stop, Matt seized the handle bar and prepared to throw off the grip. To his surpise the bar stuck fast. Had he been an experienced gripman Matt would have known just what to do, but he realized his inexperience and became excited. With both hands he gave the bar a mighty tug, and then another and another, and in his growing excitement entirely forgot the gripman's eleventh commandment. "sound the bell at every crossing."

As the car dashed over the Bond street crossing, with Matt straining wildly at the bar, he heard a cry of horror from the sidewalk and thought he heard something drop directly in front of the car. Then he heard the wheels crunch with a horrible sound, and a moment later he mustered up all his strength, threw off the grip and hurriedly applied the brake. An excited crowd was following the car and quickly surrounded it as Matt left his box and stepped into the street.

"Arrest the scoundrel !" shouted one man, pointing to him, and there were indignant looks on all sides. A policeman seized Matt by the arm.

"I'll have to take you in," he said. "It looks as if you ran down that little child on purpose."

Matt roughly shook the officer off, and said, "You'd better go back and attend to the kid first. I won't run away." Then Matt brushed through the throng and ran towards another little crowd that stood around the car tracks at the street crossing. He pushed himself up towards the front with the officer closely following him, and to his surprise saw his wife bending over the wounded child.

"What is it, Rose ?" he cried, as he sprang forward. "My God ! let me see her. It's my Lettie, my little girl," he moaned, falling beside the mangled mass ; "and I have killed her."

The child knew him, smiled, and with the word "papa" faintly fluttering from her lips, she died.—*Charles W. Campbell.*

Mandy Was Right.

"Whur does that thing go to ?" asked the farmer man with the comic paper whiskers, as the cash trolley started.

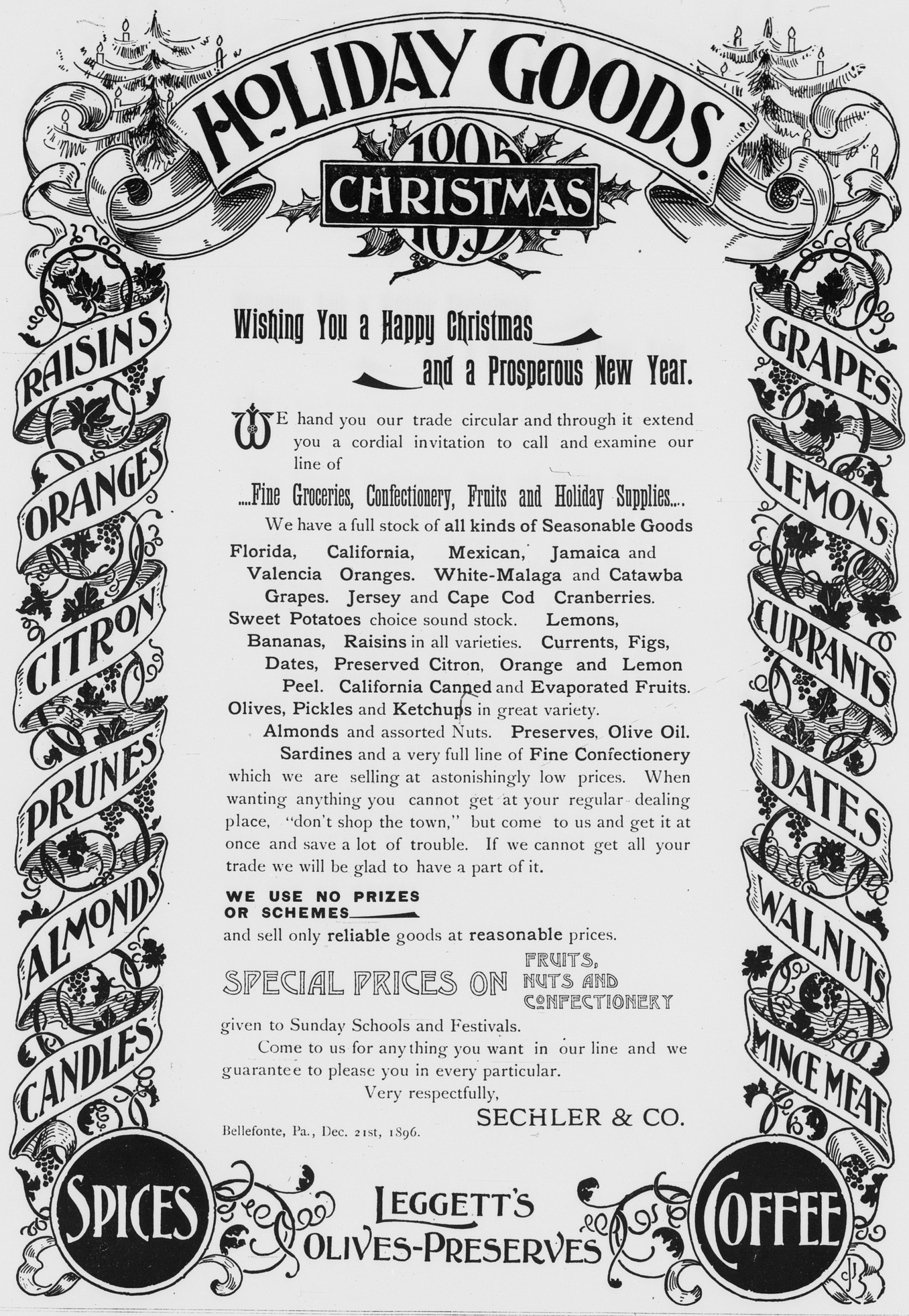
"It runs from here to the rear of the store, and thence to the fifth story, where the cashier receives it," the clerk explained.

"I gosh ! I guess Mandy was right when she told me this was the store whur a little money went a long ways."

Why He is Not Suited.

"Well, I suppose you're glad the election is over, at last, and that things are getting back upon the old basis ?

"Not a bit of it. I run a hotel at Canton."



Wishing You a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

WE hand you our trade circular and through it extend you a cordial invitation to call and examine our line of

....Fine Groceries, Confectionery, Fruits and Holiday Supplies....

We have a full stock of **all kinds of Seasonable Goods** **Florida, California, Mexican, Jamaica** and **Valencia Oranges. White-Malaga** and **Catawba Grapes. Jersey** and **Cape Cod Cranberries. Sweet Potatoes** choice sound stock. **Lemons, Bananas, Raisins** in all varieties. **Currents, Figs, Dates, Preserved Citron, Orange and Lemon Peel. California Canned** and **Evaporated Fruits. Olives, Pickles** and **Ketchups** in great variety.

Almonds and assorted Nuts. **Preserves, Olive Oil. Sardines** and a very full line of **Fine Confectionery** which we are selling at astonishingly low prices. When wanting anything you cannot get at your regular dealing place, "don't shop the town," but come to us and get it at once and save a lot of trouble. If we cannot get all your trade we will be glad to have a part of it.

WE USE NO PRIZES OR SCHEMES

and sell only **reliable** goods at **reasonable** prices.

SPECIAL PRICES ON FRUITS, NUTS AND CONFECTIONERY

given to Sunday Schools and Festivals.

Come to us for anything you want in our line and we guarantee to please you in every particular.

Very respectfully,

SECHLER & CO.

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 21st, 1896.

LEGGETT'S OLIVES-PRESERVES

.....FRUITS.....

We have a fine stock of fancy thin skinned lemon and sweet juicy oranges from California—Florida—Jamaica—Mexico and Mediteranian fruit.

Malaga Grapes solid pink tinted fruit.
Cataba " in baskets.
Bananas choicest fruit.
Cranberries extra quality sound fruit 10c, 12c and 15c per quart.
Sweet Potatoes.
Large size, fine stock, 20c per peck.

Evaporated Fruits.
California evaporated Peaches pared.
" " " unpared.
" " Apricots.
" " Prunes, 10c, 12c and 15c.

Raisins.
California 4 crown Muscatels.
Valencias, seeded and plain, Sultana (seedless) Fine table clusters.

Cleaned Currants, Orange Peel, Lemon Peel, Citron, Dates, Figs.

Nuts.
Finest imported Princess paper shell Almonds, . . 25c per lb.
California paper shells, . 20c per lb.
Valencia shelled Almonds, 40c per lb.
Mixed dinner nuts at 15c per lb.
English Walnuts, Filberts, Peanuts, Brazil Nuts, Shellbarks, Walnuts and Chestnuts, Fine large new Cocoa Nuts.

Olives.
Finest selected fruit all in glass at 15c. 20c. 25c. 45c. 65c. and 85c. per bottle, according to size and grade.

Olive Oil.
Rae's Lucca brand the finest oil imported ½ pints 30c. pints 45c. quarts 75. We have sold this grade for ten years and guarantee every bottle.

Roasted Coffees.
Java, Mocha, Rio and Nicaragua all carefully selected and fresh roasted.

Fine Teas.
Oolong, Japans, Young Hyson, Imperials, Gun Powder, English Breakfast,
Our blended Teas are superb in flavor.

Pure Spices Whole and Ground.
Cinnamon, Mace, Cloves, Ginger, Allspice, Mustard, Nutmeg, Turmeric.
Spices have no value unless they are sound and pure. We give special attention to these goods, you can rely on their purity and value.

.....CANNED TOMATOES.....

For fine flavor and large well filled cans our "Cottage" brand stands unrivaled.
Our "Paradise Farm" and "Columbia" brands are regular standard weight and extra fine flavored ripe fruit.

Canned Corn.
Our "Premier" brand of Corn is strictly fancy Maine packed goods, none better, also standard N. Y. State and Maryland goods.

Preserved Fruits.
Strawberries in Glass, Weisbaden style.
Cherries in " " "
Strawberries in " 1lb. and 2lb. jars.
Jams, Assorted Fruits in 1lb. jars.
Russian Marmalade, fine, something new.
Guava Jelly.

Burnett's Finest Extracts.
Vanilla, Orange, Lemon, Celery, Almond, Pineapple, Peach, Rose, Strawberry, Nectarine.

Cured Meats.
Finest Sugar Cured Hams, Breakfast Bacon, Dried Beef, Smoked Tongue.

Canned Soup. Baked Beans and Pork, Macaroni, Vermacelli, Noodles, Cracker Meal.

Maple Sugar and Syrup.
Pure goods made direct from the sap, Syrup in one gallon tin cans, sugar in square blocks, all fresh goods.

Applebutter.
Fine goods made to our order by careful, cleanly people, spiced and sugared, in half gallon and one gallon crocks. Try one.

.....MINCE MEAT.....

Our own make, the best goods of the kind on the market. Pleases everybody, your Xmas dinner will not be complete without it. If you enjoy a good Mince Pie try it. 10c per pound.

Atmore's Plum Pudding.

Honey in one pound combs and in glass bottles. Pure goods.

Boiled Cider.
Our own curing, from late made cider. Boiled three gallons into one. Pure stock. 10c. per qt.

Syrups.
A pure sugar Syrup, with a smooth pleasant flavor, is hard to get, but we have it. Also good plain and flavored syrups, from 25c. up. Finest new crop New Orleans molasses.

Candles. Hydraulic pressed almost equal to genuine sperm. The best and most serviceable candle for the price. We have them in four sizes 2s, 4s, 6s and 12s to the pound, full weight, at 25c per pound. Toy candles, colored, for Xmas trees.

Soaps.
Toilet Soaps. Pure natural color Castile in large bars at 15c. per pound.

Buck Wheat Flour.
12lb sack Bradford Co. White 30c.
25lb " " " " 60c.
12lb " Centre Co., " 25c.
25lb " " " " 50c.
12lb New Kiln Dried Corn Meal
25lb " " " " "

Flour.
"Pillsbury's Best" Minnesota flour in ¼ bbl muslin bags at 1.60 per sack. All the home brands in ⅛th and ¼th bbl. paper sacks.

Confectionery,
We are well suppled with plain and fne goods in this line.
Fresh Taffys, our own make 10c. per lb.
Pure sugar stick candy, . 10c. per lb.
Hand made clear toys, . 12c. per lb.
A good mixture at - 8c and 10c. per lb.
Cream Bon Bons at . . 15c. per lb.
Fine mixture at . . . 15c. per lb.
Extra fine mixture at . 20c. per lb.
Chocolate Nonpariels at . 20c. per lb.
Fine cream chocolates at . . 20c. per lb.
Mint and Wintergreen Lozenges at 20c. per lb.
Fine candies is 1lb. boxes
And all other fine goods at proportionately low prices. Our fine goods are equal in every way to the best sold by Phila. and New York retail confectioners. Special prices in confectionery, nuts and fruits to festivals and Sunday Schools.

We have a large and carefully selected stock of fine goods at right prices. Our store is always up to date in everything connected with the trade in fine groceries and fruits. Come to see us both on Holiday goods and regular supplies.

Very respectfully,

SECHLER & CO.