Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 30, 1897.

Pumping by Current.

A Montana Invention Which Raises Water Over River Banks and Creates a Sensation..

Agricultural and mining men are greatly interested at present in a mechanical device known as the "current pump" which has been invented, perfected, tested and perfectly operated in Montana. It promises to revolutionize the placer mining and agricultural industries of many portions of of the Northwest. This device is the invention of Louis E. Miller, of Montana, and has been designed by him to supply water along streams whose banks rise so abruptly and to such heights as to render impracticable all efforts hitherto made to use water for irrigation or for placer mining, writes a Helena correspondent of the *Chicago Record*.

Banks along the rivers and streams of the west rise sharply, often nearly perpendicular, ranging all the way from 20 to 100 feet. The land immediately bordering these streams frequently contains a large amount of mineral wealth in the shape of placer gold, while perhaps a little further back upon the banks are lands that with irrigation would become valuable for agricultural purposes, but the enormous expense involved in getting the requisite quantity of water for sluce mining or for irrigation would leave little margin for the investor. With the aid of this recent invention, however, thousands of acres of land now lying idle may be rendered valuable.

The principle features of the new pump are its simplicity of construction and operation and its wonderful adaption to the work for which it is designed. It is simple and compact, and can be easily carried from place to place; it requires no preparatory construction work in the way of anchorage and it needs no power to operate it other than the force of the current of the river or stream in which it is placed. Placed in a stream of water and depending alone upon the current of the stream for power, it will pump 1,000 gallons of water an hour in a five mile current—the quantity of water increasing as the current increases—and will raise this amount of water to an elevation varying from 75 to 100 feet, in proportion to the rapidity of the current.

The mechanism of this invention is described as operating on the inside of a galvanized casing, conical in form and having screws somewhat resembling the propellers on a steamboat. This casing turns upon a hollow axle, the latter having a closure between the inlets to the diaphragm chamber and serving the twofold purpose of an axle and inlets to the pumping mechanism. The action of the current on the propellor-like screws attached to the casing causes the case to revolve upon the hollow axle, while on the inside of the case, and attached to it, is a cam, which by means of connections converts the rotary to a reciprocating motion, thus operating the pump. The pump proper consists of two concave disks, in the shape of saucers, attached to the hollow axle, and a crosshead, free to move or slide on the hollow axle, with convex disks attached to the axle, on or near the centre of the movable disks, while to the outside edge of the immovable disks are fastened heavy hydraulic canvas diaphragms. The rotary motion of the case, through the medium of the cam, a rocker shaft and connecting links, imparts to the crosshead and the disks attached thereto a reciprocating motion that causes the movable disks to seat or close into the fixed disks, thus alternately filling and discharging each chamber and causing a constant flow. The inlet and discharge valves are attached to the hollow axle at each end. The pump is anchored in the stream by means of a crossarm and guy lines, running either to the shore or to piles driven in the bed of the stream.

It is asserted by those familiar with the land in Montana, Idaho and other northwestern states lying along such rivers as the Missouri, Snake and Columbia that they are almost without exception rich in placer gold, and would yield immense profits could they be worked at a moderate expense. Owing to the nature of the banks, however, it has been impossible to work these lands without involving such enormous expenditures in the construction of ditches, flumes and reservoirs as to absorb all the profits resulting from mining, The same truth holds in regard to irrigation. Now, with this simple but effective device, it is asserted that placer grounds may operated and fertile agricultural lands cultivated at a minimum expense.

Disturbing Nature's Balance.

The great and growing costs of the attempts in Massachusetts to exterminate the gypsy moth shows how serious may be the consequences to "the balance of nature" by the introduction of foreign insects or animals. A few of these moths were imported some years ago by an entomologist residing near Boston, says the New York *Times*. Several of the captives escaped from custody, and the State has spent $450,000 in the last four years in a vain attempt to exterminate their descendants. It is now estimated that at least $1,575,000 will be required, and that the appropriation for five years to come should be $200,000 per annum would serve to confine the moths to the district in which they are now found.

The problem resembles that which has taxed the resource of the Australian colonies since the progeny of half a dozen rabbits, imported from England, became so numerous that the maintenance of agricultural industries was menaced by their depredations. Australia has expended millions in rabbit proof fences and in devices for killing off the rabbits. But, although bacteriologists have endeavored to remove them by disseminating the germs of fatal disease, the colonists have thus far been able to do no more than hold the animal in check.

In Florida several rivers have recently become choked by the rapid growth of a a kind of a hyacinth imported a few years ago, and considerable expenditures will be required to keep the streams open for navigation. An imported insect called the black scale menaced the fruit industry in California until the State procured from Australia and introduced in the orchards a little beetle which ate the obnoxious insects and thus brought relief. These and other instances which might be cited show the ututmost caution should be observed with respect to the introduction into any country of insects or plants for which nature has made no preparation there, and the growth of which may not be restrained by natural enemies and checks with which they must contend in the countries from which they are brought. —*Scientific American.*

Among the Hills.

Rosa Glovanni sat at the door of the ash man's hovel and looked at the faraway hills.

Rosa loved the hills as she loved God, and thought of them as she did of heaven. She heard that God was great and strong and sheltering so, she knew, were the hills. And heaven? That was far, very far, away, and it was hard to reach; but, oh, it was so beautiful. And the more she dreamed of it the more she came to believe that heaven was somewhere among those hills.

Rosa was the ash man's daughter. She lived with the ash man and his wife and their many weazened, brown children in the basement of a gray house on a gray street in the gray city of San Francisco The poor little room in the basement had nothing bright in it. It, too, was dull and gray, like the house and the street, and when the cold fog rolled into the crowded room, as it always did in the evening, it settle about the faces and forms of the children and made them look pale and wraithlike.

"Evermore! Evermore!" Rosa had heard the word at Sunday school, and it haunted her. She asked the good sister what it meant, and she smiled kindly and said it meant "always, eternally." Rosa looked at the sister thoughtfully, with her big, solemn eyes. "We have evermore babies at our house," she said.

And so it was. When Rosa, the little elder sister, had taught the last thin, brown baby a little patois and encouraged it to take a few steps, another wailing stranger would demand those offices. Rosa loved the brood of little ones, but she tired sometimes of their weak cries, and her thin arms and narrow shoulders ached from the burden of carrying them to soothe their cries, and her head ached woefully.

Rosa was a dwarflike girl with a well developed head, pale, olive skin and big brown eyes that would not permit you to forget her. There was a haunting earnestness, a wistful questioning in them that you recall sometimes in gay crowds where the hungry orbs were out of place. They followed and troubled you as does the gaze of a dog that has lost its owner. There was an animal's pain in them and a human unrest. They reminded you of the eyes of a woman whom you can never forget, one who had looked upon the woes and mockeries of life until she prayed to die. It was with such a prayer in her eyes that Rosa Glovanni looked at the faraway hills. The two smallest brown babies were asleep. The others were playing in another room with children who were old enough to care for them. So the small. brown hands were idle for once. They lay crossed in the lap of the dreamer.

The great, green hills! How fresh and beautiful they look. Had not Nina, the neighbor told her it was there the flowers grew, the dewy, delicate flowers which she had seen a countryman of hers selling at the place where so many streets crossed? She had caught the breath of some of those flowers once, and it was sweet,—as sweet as heaven, and the hills. Ah, to have some of them in her lap at this moment! To press her hot forehead against their cool softness and to forget that it ached so terribly. The half closed eyes opened wide. They stared in a wild way at the hills. A resolve was being born, a resolve that sprung from her ignorance and pain. She would go to the hills. They were not very far. Some one had said they were far away, but they had come closer to her. They seemed to be opening their soft. green arms to her. She would go. She would come back to the brown babies, but she must seek that coolness and rest and the flowers.

She ran up the narrow street and among the cars and wagons at the crowded crossing. Nobody noticed the ragged little figure, for the haunting eyes did not seek their faces and challenge their curiosity. Those strange eyes looked past the hurrying people to the strip of velvet green beyond the roofs. She sped along the street, stopping not for questions. She could not be lost. Did she not know where she was going and was it not to the hills, which her eyes never left for a moment? She shivered, but not from fear. The fog had wrapped her about in its stealthy embrace, but she thought: "The hills will take care of me. They are warm and kind."

Her breath came shorter. She was tired, but not as when she left the cellar of the gray house, for was she not coming nearer to that wavy line of green at every step? Once she fell, but she drew herself up again and walked on more slowly this time. But the feverish light in her eyes had become a fierce flame. Her cheeks burned. The hills were coming closer. She could not walk much farther. They knew it, and they were coming to her.

* * * * * * *

"I found her lying across the curb. She was stretched out her arms on the sidewalk and saying something like: 'Ah, good kind hills! I have found you.' She must have been there an hour or two, for she was cold as the stones of the sidewalk."

The big policeman put the stunted form into the matron's arms.

"Poor little lamb!" she said. She was used to sad sights, but tears filled her eyes as she looked at the drawn, dark features and warped body.

After they had laid her in the snowy bed she opened her wandering eyes upon rows of clean cots, whereon she saw the faces of children. She looked at the motherly face bending over her, then through the window at the sunshine falling upon a waving line of green.

"It was true," she said, and the worn little face took on its last child's happiness. "Heaven is here among the hills."

The matron drew a sheet over the smiling face and then placed a screen about the cot.—Ada Patterson in *St. Louis Republican.*

——An epitaph as curious in its way as any of the quaint gravestone inscriptions that have been recorded is on a tombstone in the cemetery of a suburb of Paris.

The husband died first, and beneath the record of his name was placed, at his request, the line:

"I am anxiously awaiting you. July 3rd, 1827."

When his widow died, 40 years after, the following line completed her inscription:

"Here I am. September 9, 1867."

——"That woman over there looks as if she were painted"——

"Sir, that is my wife."

"I had not finished my sentence. She looks as if she were painted by Raphael and had just stepped out of the frame."

——"Bridget has had breakfast late every day this week. Can't you do something to get her up on time?"

"Well, there's the alarm clock."

"That doesn't always go off—lend her the baby."

Congressman Holman Dead.

A Fall Sustained A Month Ago Results Fatally.—The Story of an Active Life.

Representative William S. Holman, of Indiana, died at his home in Washington, last Thursday, of spinal meningitis. Judge Holman's death was due primarily to a fall he sustained early this month as the result of an attack of vertigo. He soon complained of feeling badly and his condition grew steadily worse until last Tuesday. Then he rallied somewhat and the improvement gave his family encouragement in hoping for his recovery. The rally, however, was brief. Meningitis developed, and since then he has been rapidly sinking. At his deathbed were gathered his four children, Mrs. R. E. Fletcher, W. S. Holman, Jr., Mrs. Fredrick Harvey, and Paul Holman, all of Washington.

William Steel Holman has held office almost continually since he was old enough to vote. Born in a pioneer homestead, called Veraestau, in Dearborn, county, Indiana, September 6th, 1822, he worked on the farm, went to a country school and studied law before he was of age. Immediately after attaining his majority, in 1843, he was elected probate judge and held the office until 1846. From 1847 to 1849 he was prosecuting attorney, in 1850 a member of the Constitutional convention. in 1851 a member of the Legislature. from 1852 to 1856, judge of the court of common pleas. In 1864 he was elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress and has been a member of all the Congresses since, excepting the Thirty-ninth, Forty-fifth, Forth-sixth and Fifty-fourth. His service in Congress aggregated 30 years, one month and 18 days.

Mr. Holman was frequently called "Objecter Holman," because of the frequent utterance by him of the words "I object," which were often fatal to many a fellow member's pet scheme. But the title which he himself liked best was "Watchdog of the Treasury." That he saved the taxpayers of the country a very large amount of money during his long term of service as a member from the Fourth Indiana district is not to be doubted. He stopped many a steal. At the same time it has been urged that he sometimes had more zeal than discrimination; that economy became such a hobby with him that he occasionally could see nothing in a perfectly proper appropriation except the big figures, and insisted upon a cheeseparing policy which was unwise.

Mr. Holman was an industrious member. He served on the Appropriations committee for many years, and was at times its chairman. He kept a very close watch on legislation. He frequently took part in debate, and could hold his own right well, speaking in a nervous, jerky, forcible way, his thin, shrill voice rising and falling in tones which sounded somewhat querulous. But his greatest and most forcible speeches consisted of those two words "I object." Right or wrong they were unanswerable and ungetoverable. Mr. Holman lived plainly and dressed plainly and his ways and manners were as plain and unassuming as his dress. He was popular with his associates and a power in democratic caucuses and councils because of his great knowledge of parliamentary law and the wisdom of his suggestions.

He was buried Sunday at the old homestead near Aurora.

——The lemon treatment for biliousness is quite the go at present. Bile is alkali and the acid rectifies it if in the stomach. Most people know the benefit of lemonade before breakfast, but few know that the benefit is more than doubled by taking it at night also. The way to get the better of a bilious system without blue pills and other drugs, is to take the juice of a lemon in as much water as makes it pleasant to drink, without sugar, before going to bed. The stomach should not be irritated by eating lemons clear, but properly diluted they are very beneficial. But it may be said the wise man is one who so lives that that he does not provoke his stomach to biliousness. This is pretty hard to do, as this is an age when people live well and can afford to do so, love variety and rich things, and so pay the penalty at times.

——Stop drugging yourself with quack nostrums or "*cures.*" Get a well-known pharmaceutical remedy that will do the work. Catarrh and cold in the head will not cause suffering if Ely's Cream Balm is used. Druggist will supply 10c. trial size or 50c full size. We mail it.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. C. City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if u sed as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. church, Helena, Mont.

Why Johnny Was Jealous.

"Oh, no. There ain't any favorite in the family," soliloquized Johnny; "oh, no. If I bite my finger-nail I catch it over the knuckles; but the baby can eat his whole foot and they think it is clever."

The Facts in the Case.

"My wife says she saw the lights all burning in your house last night as she came in from the 3 o'clock train, and she thought it a little strange."

"A little strange? It was a little stranger."

——In front of a window where I worked last summer was a butternut tree. A humming bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely. In fact, we could look right into the nest. One day when there was a heavy shower coming up we thought we would see if she covered her young during the rain. Well, when the first drops fell she came and took in her bill one of two or three large leaves growing close by and laid this leaf over the nest so as to completely cover it; then she flew away. On examining the leaf we found a hole in it, and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to or hooked upon. After the storm was over the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf and the nest was perfectly dry.—*American Sportsman.*

——The French say "it is the impossible that happens." This has proved to be the case with the Mount Lebanon Shakers. The whole scientific world has been laboring to cure dyspepsia, but every effort seemed to meet with defeat. The suffering from stomach troubles has become almost universal. Multitudes have no desire for food and that which they do eat causes them pain and distress. Sleepless nights are the rule and not the exception, and thousands of sufferers have become discouraged.

The Shakers of Mount Lebanon recently came to the front with their new Digestive Cordial, which contains not only a food already digested, but is a digester of food.

It promptly relieves nearly all forms of indigestion. Ask your druggist for one of their books.

Laxol, the new Castor Oil, is being used in hospitals. It is sweet as honey.

——"Give her air! Give her air!"

"What's the matter? Has a woman fainted?"

"No; her bicycle tire has flattened.—

SPRING REQUIRES—That the impurities which have accumulated in your blood during the winter shall be promptly and thoroughly expelled if good health is expected. When the warmer weather comes these impurities are liable to manifest themselves in various ways and often lead to serious illness. Unless the blood is rich and pure that tired feeling will afflict you, your appetite will fail and you will find yourself "all run down." Hood's Sarsaparilla tones and strengthens the system, drives out all impurities and makes pure, rich, healthy blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true blood purifier and the best spring medicine Be sure to get only Hood's.

——A woman doesn't really have any brains until she is over 25 years old, said the man who knows it all.

She would have if she needed them, said the admirer of the sex, and none could say him nit.