

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., May 28, 1897.

SWEETHEART AND WIFE.

If sweethearts were sweethearts always,
Whether as maid or wife,
No drop would be half so pleasant
In the mingled draught of life.

But the sweetheart has smiles and blushes,
When the wife has frowns and sighs,
And the wife's have a wrathful glitter
For the glow of the sweetheart's eyes.

If lovers were lovers always,
The same to sweetheart and wife,
Who would change for a future of Eden
The joys of this checkered life?

But husbands grow grave and silent,
And care on the anxious brow
Oft replaces the sunshine that perished
With the words of the marriage vow.

Happy is he whose sweetheart
Is wife and sweetheart still;
Whose voice, as of old, can charm him;
Whose kiss, as of old, can thrill.

Who has plucked the rose to find ever
Its beauty and fragrance increase,
As the flush of passion is mellowed,
In love's unmeasured peace.

She sees in the step a lightness;
Who finds in the form grace;
Who reads an undaunted brightness
In the witchery of the face.

Undimmed and unchanged. Ah, happy
Is he crowned with such a life;
Who drinks the wife pledging the sweetheart,
And toasts in the sweetheart's name.

(Memphis) "Commercial Appeal."

SOLOMAN HOLT, TWIN.

"I low that this slavin yer life away on a
prary claim is pert hard on man o' your
years," said Doc Pitkin, removing his
sheepskin gloves and warming his
brawny hands over the fire.

"Jes so," replied Solomon Holt, carefully
brushing the dust from a cheap crayon
portrait which hung on the cabin wall.
"Tain't goin' ter be fer long, though.
When I git ter be guard—"

"I've heard tell as how you're goin' to
git an office. I'm glad of it, Sol; you de-
serve it."

"Thank ye—thank ye. Tain't much
uv er office—jes' guard up at her pen'ten-
tary. I've already writ ter the gov'nor."

"Perty sure of gettin' the office, you
think?"

"Ain't no doubt about it. This picture
now—"

"Who is it?" asked Doc, surveying the
crayon portrait, critically.

"That's Lige. Mebby ye didn't know
Lige."

"No."
"Nearly everybody knowed Lige. He
knowed the gov'nor and the gov'nor
knowed him. Tain't every man that can
have sed that my him."

"That's so."

"Lige war in the Legislature; he war
one uv a pair uv twins."

"He war?"

"That's a fact. I'm the other twin."

"You don't say?"

"They did say we looked a power alike.
Would you take that to be me—say, five
years ago?"

"Well, there's a family resemblance,
only the clothes—"

"That's a fact; I never thought uv the
clothes. Lige always would spruce up—
had to do it yet know, being a legislator.
Yas, as I war sayin', Lige knowed most
everybody; everybody knowed him, an'
that's goin' ter help me in gittin' ter be
guard."

"No doubt of it. Whar's your brother
Lige now?"

"He ain't nowhar—he's dead—bin dead
these five years. People come fer miles ter
get ter funer'l. It war a powerful blow
ter the state when Lige died—he'd a' been
gov'nor 'fore this, like as not."

"Like as not," repeated Doc Pitkin.

"There was no doubt in the mind of
Solomon Holt that he would receive the
appointment which he had asked, and he
set to work making preparations to go to
his post as soon as he should be called.

Squire Spindiford, who was something of
a local politician, was going to the capital
to attend the inaugural ceremonies of the
newly-elected governor, and he had
promised to present the claims of Solomon
Holt for appointment, and if possible to see
the governor in person.

"I see that your claims are presented
to the governor," said the squire, "and
there isn't any doubt that you will get the
appointment, that is, if someone don't get
in ahead of us."

"I've been in the state fer 35 years an'
that ort ter count for somethin'," said Sol-
omon.

"Yes, I've no doubt it will."
"You'll be sure an' tell the guv'nor
about it?"

"Yes."
"An' about Lige?"

"Of course."

"He'll know Lige—least the other gov'-
nors did."

"Yes."

"An' about the twin—tell him I'm the
twin brother of Lige."

"I'll do that, and as soon as I learn
about the appointment I'll let you know."

In due time the squire went to the capital,
where he expected to remain for two weeks.
After a few days Solomon began to pay daily visits to Benton's store at the
crossroads, where the post office was kept.

"I'm lookin' fer a letter from the
square," he explained. "He's goin' ter
let me know when I git the 'pointment."

Solomon Holt was almost 65, and age
and the hardships of life were already tell-
ing upon him. His frame was very spare,
and his thin hair was thickly streaked with
white. He wore a suit of faded blue
material that was threadbare in many
places, and he made a grotesque appear-
ance as he hobbled across the wind-swept
prairie.

"I must git me some new clothes when I
git ter be guard," he said, casting a glance
at the pile of cheap, ready-made clothing
at the store.

His frequent visits to the store soon be-
came the source of comment among the
idlest that frequented the store and more
than once Sol and his appointment were
made the butt of rude jests. But of these
he took no notice. The time would come,
he felt sure, when he would be in position
to put the joke back on "em" as he ex-
pressed it.

But the days went by without bringing
any tidings from the squire. The uncertain-
ty of the issue kept Sol in a state of
restless anxiety, and every day found him
at the store, waiting for the arrival of the
mail which the stage brought daily from
Stopper's station.

One evening the postmaster handed him
a letter in a large, official envelope. He
stared at it a moment in bewilderment.

Then he glanced at the postmark and next
at the printed words on the corner, his
heart giving a great bound. "Governor's
office," were the first words that caught
his eye, and thrusting the letter into his
pocket he walked towards the door.

"What's the news, Sol?" asked the
postmaster, whose curiosity was raised to a
high pitch by the sight of the letter.

"It's only er letter from the gov'nor,"
he replied, loyally, and opening the door,
he went out.

"It's my 'pointment," he muttered to
himself, as he hurried across the prairie
in the direction of his little cabin. It was
getting dark when he reached home. He
replenished the smoking fire, lighted a
small kerosene lamp, then seated himself
in one of the low splint-bottomed chairs,
he drew the letter from his pocket. He
gazed at it for some time in fond anticipa-
tion before venturing to break the seal.

"Yes, it's from the gov'nor" he said, as
he opened the missive and spread it out
under the rays of the lamp. "I recken he
thought he'd give me a surprise by sending
the 'pointment by mail. It's a good
thing I told the squire to mention 'bout
Lige, an'—the twin. But let's see what he
sez."

He read as follows:

"STATE OF K.—
Executive Department.—
Governor's Office.—
January 17, 1897.—
Mr. Solomon Holt, Benton's Post Office, K.—
My dear Sir:—Your application to position as one of the
guards at the penitentiary. I only the
Gov'r directs me to say that the same will be filed
and carefully considered with other applications.
Yours very truly,

J. L. BRIGHAM,
Private Secretary.

The letter fell from Solomon's hand,
but a look of deep disappointment came
over his face.

"Tain't the 'pointment after all," he
muttered, then relapsed into silence.

The disappointment was a severe one to
him, but he did not lose hope. He re-
read the letter many times, studying every word.
How cold and formal it all
seemed. It was not even written by the
governor himself as he would have wished.

Individuals who believed that their own
personality and sympathy should be
brought in contact with the suffering ones
have gone to the homes of the poor and accom-
panied their alms with their prayers, their
tears and their affection.

People of all ranks in life, except multi-
millionaires and State pampered politicians,
have had to practice the most rigid economy,
if not for themselves, yet for the pur-
pose of helping their relatives, friends or
neighbors who were in need.

In the midst of this suffering what have
been the estimates of Messrs. Delaney,
Hastings, Haywood and Mylin as to the
amount necessary to make our Governor
and his family comfortable. These are the
men who pounce upon a private citizen
with three libel suits, because, forsooth, he
dared to suggest a Court of Inquiry to
ascertain in part whether they had not
been extravagant in using the "hard earnings"
of a long suffering but law-abiding
constituency.

Let it be remembered before we give

figures that the Executive Mansion was
remodeled and renewed, if we remember
correctly, during Governor Beaver's term
at a cost exceeding \$25,000, and that dur-
ing Governor Pattison's term the mansion
was kept in good repair and the furniture
renewed and replenished when actually
needed. Let it also be remembered that
in order to make room for the new furni-
ture and furnishings "hereinafter described,"
nearly all of the so-called old, but
really new, and very valuable, furniture
had to be disposed of in some way. Ladies,
who were watching for the public sale of
the many valuable curtains, were dis-
appointed at the small number offered, and
so of all the furniture. What became of
it? It was worth many thousands of
dollars. What, for instance, became of the
two chairs, elegant and valuable, bought
by Governor Pattison and placed in the
mansion as relics of the great Columbian
Exposition. They should have remained
there. They were not sold, as the law
directs to the highest bidder. Where are
they?

Let us look at some of the new pur-
chases for Governor Hastings, and remem-
ber that he helped to make the estimate that
these things at these prices as a maximum,
were necessary. Not that there
were no books, glass-ware, silver-ware
etc., etc., there, and in good condition
for use, but it was not sufficiently rich and
costly. However, future examinations

will show whether these things have the
real value indicated by the figures, or
whether, on the other hand, much of it is
merely surface tinsel with the purchase of
which there was connected the most un-
conscionable jobbery. Much of the so-
called sterling silver-ware called for is
marked "Marquise" showing an affection
for the luxuriant tastes of the worn out
nobility of England. But to the figures:

"Please see the gov'nor in person?" he
asked at length.

"Yes."

"You tol' him about Lige?"

"Yes."

"An'—an' the twin?"

"Yes; but there were so many applica-
cants for office—"

"I reckon he never knowed Lige," said
Sol, in a sort of hopeless, dejected way, as
speaking to himself. "No, he couldn't
a-knowned Lige."

He sat there gazing gloomily into the
fire long after the squire had taken his
departure. The darkness deepened around
him; the fire died out and the cabin grew
bitterly cold. Still he sat motionless, his
chin resting in his hands. He was think-
ing—well, not matter; his lot had been
a hard one; his life had been a fierce strug-
gle with poverty and want—yes, want. He
had not always had even the necessities of
life. If he had got the appointment he ex-
pected he might have got along; but

He shivered like one with a chill, and
rising, he groped his way to his cold, hard
bed.

Three days later some of the neighbors
came to the cabin, to find him in a dying
condition. Pneumonia, the doctor said.
He had but a short time to live, that was
the verdict of all who looked into his pinch-
ed and wasted face.

They gathered about him as the end
drew near. He lay as if he were already
dead, save when he would murmur some
incoherent sentences.

"Yes, the gov'nor'll know Lige," he
said, in a faint whisper, his mind wander-
ing. "Tell him—I'm his twin brother."

He lay silent for a long time, his breath
coming faintly. Presently he spoke again.

"It's a long dark road," he said, feebly,
"but I ken see the light now. It's gettin'
closer an' closer! I see 'em comin' ter
take me up that—How bright it is—the
p'mont's comin' now—that ain't no mis-
take this time—they—they knowed Lige."

He fell gently back on his pillow. He
was dead.—N. Y. Ledger.

Mistook Acid for Whiskey.

A dispatch from New Bloomfield Tues-
day says: John Halman, a resident of
this place, suffered terrible burns from
carbolic acid Friday night last. Mr. Hal-
man is a cigar manufacturer and a member
of the Bloomfield school board. Friday
night he got wet in the rain, and, feeling
chilly, he went to a closet in his house,
and, as he supposed, grasped a bottle filled
with whiskey, kept in the house for medi-
cal purposes. Pulling the cork, he put
the bottle to his lips and took a large drink
from it. No sooner had he done so than
discovered his terrible mistake. In the
dark he had taken hold of a bottle filled
with carbolic acid and poured his mouth
full of the deadly burning liquid. Quick
as the realization of the terrible mistake
flashed through his mind he endeavored to
spit the deadly poison from his mouth, and
in a short time succeeded, as the acid had
not been swallowed. His mouth, throat,
tongue, lips and chin were burned in a
terrible manner. A physician was hastily
summoned and the pain alleviated as much
as possible. In time Mr. Halman will
recover from the burning and acid poison-
ing, but he certainly had a narrow escape
from more fatal results.

Nice Gentleman—How old are you,
little boy? And how old is your brother?
Swipse—We're craps.

N. G.—Craps?

Swipse—Yes. Jim's seven and I'm
leven.'

INTERESTING READING FOR TAX-PAYERS.

Criminal Extravagance—Our State Officials Guilty
They Should Be Arraigned.

We do not advocate any "cheese paring,"
policy in the buildings or furnishings for
the State. They should be as good as the
best, but should not be wasteful nor
smirched with jobbery.

If a father uses the money earned by his
wife, at the wash tub, to purchase a gold
chain with which to adorn his run red
neck, instead of using that money to buy
bread for his starving children, or clothes
to cover their shivering forms from the
biting winds of winter, the common con-
sensus of mankind would say he has been
guilty of a crime, and deserves to be pun-
ished. It is not enough to say, as he stands
over the emaciated form of his starved boy
now cold in death, that "I was the father
of the family. In law I had the right to
control its earnings." It was wholly a mat-
ter left to my discretion as to whether I
would buy a gold chain or bread, or legal-
ized rum, and into the exercise of that dis-
cretion the law may not intrude to say
what I should or should not have done."

Never in the history of this generation
have the people as a whole been so pressed
for the necessities of life as during the
years of the present State administration.
Bank or business failures have been of daily
occurrence, suicides have multiplied, some-
times of men reduced from opulence to
poverty, and frequently of men and women
starving for bread, and no work with
which to earn it. There have been instances
in which the father or mother have slain
their children rather than see them starve.
Thousands of tax-payers of Pennsylvania
have lost their homes and with them the
savings of years of hard toil.

Benetton's Room, 3rd floor.....\$1,420
Moorish study.....220
" rear.....1,292
Bachelor's Room.....420
Smoking Room.....1,394
Sitting Room's Private Room.....455
Dining Room, Hall.....530
Reception Room, Louis XIV.....1,292
Total for drapery.....\$12,027

How does that look for curtains alone during
the starvation period of 1896-97? What a travesty on economy to attempt
now to shut the taxpayers' eyes by going to
the opposite extreme and attempts to build a Capitol for \$550,000.

Let us see what Messrs. Delaney, Hastings
& Co. estimated for the other furniture
in the Executive Mansion.

Parlor Louis XIV Centre cluster with
four chairs \$186; 2 sofas \$850; 2 arm
chairs \$270; 2 window lounges \$200; 2
reception chairs \$100; cabinets each \$200;
table each \$120;