

Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 3, 1898.

TROUBLE BORROWERS.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe would depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we not willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly brooding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things!

How welcome seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor!
Eyes bright as a berry—
Cheeks red as a cherry—
The groan and the curse and the heartache can cure.

Resolve to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,
And, no longer fearful,
Be happy and cheerful—
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

—Waverly Magazine.

THOSE OLD LOVE LETTERS.

"What luck Dory?"
"Can't you tell, mother?" he answered,
"by looking at my face." She says she
daren't marry me as long as her father is
against me.

"I guess because you work at the round
house he thinks you aren't her equal," said
Mrs. Fair, who understood perfectly the
laws of caste in the town.

"I guess so," Theodore answered de-
spondently.

For a time they ate in silence. It was
the light lunch of Sunday evening. Theo-
dore sat opposite his mother; he was
dressed in his new suit, and his hair
brushed up from his forehead, fell like a
wave over the smooth crown. Mrs. Fair
had covered the table with her black silk
with a long white apron, for she was a
frugal soul. As she looked at her son, hand-
some and heavy-eyed, she wondered how
Rose Turner could resist his suit.

"Did you ever ask Rose to run away with
you?" she questioned eagerly, leaning her
elbow on the table as she taught her son
not to do.

Theodore flushed. "Yes—I've proposed
it a dozen times," he said, annoyed at his
mother's persistence. There was an in-
cise curve in her cheek which he looked at,
though Mrs. Fair had the name of being a
mild woman.

"Thirty years ago Bruce Turner was just
dead in love with your Aunt Martha," she
said musingly. "He used to write to her
all the time—silly letters as you ever read.
A lot of 'em are upstairs now in an old
trunk—when Martha went to Colorado she
left them with a lot of other traps."

"I guess I'll go down town for a while,"
Theodore said, not particularly interested
in the stale love affairs of Rose's father.

After he had gone Mrs. Fair sat a long
time at the table, filling her cup and sip-
ping her tea with abstracted eyes.

The next morning she went about her
work with the same fixed look, as if she
had been hypnotized by her own thoughts.
She started in surprise when she heard the
roundhouse whistle blow at twelve o'clock
—half her clothes were not rinsed, and she
commonly had her wash on the line at 11:30.

"Are you sick, mother?" Theodore
asked when he came in and found her still
in the suds and no dinner on the stove.

Mrs. Fair smiled. "No Dory—only get-
ting lunny, I guess. Can you put up with
a cold lunch?"

Theodore was wont to take life as it
came, so he unconcerningly ate and went
back to his work.

Mrs. Fair ate a slice of pie when he had
finished and went up stairs to her chamber.
The rapid look of the morning had given
place to one of stern-lipped decision. She
came down in her bonnet, her doloan, and
with a small packet in her hand. She
looked her door and walked down Main
street to where Bruce Turner's sign, "Real
Estate and Loans," hung over the side-
walk.

A young German, jubilant at having
paid off his mortgage, brushed past her at
the door. The office tucked in between
two stores, was divided by a counter sur-
mounted by a miniature picket fence. The
man behind looked as if he were in prison.
"Howdy do, Mrs. Fair?" he said, in a
tone of joy not re-enforced by his face.

"Can I see you alone?" she asked, with-
out preliminaries.

"Certainly—certainly. Come into my
back office." He opened the gate at the
end of the counter and held it for her to
pass through.

The back office was decorated with fly-
specked lithographs of ocean steamers plow-
ing their way through a pea green sea.
"It's an unexpected pleasure, seeing you,
Mrs. Fair," Turner said, rubbing his hands
together with a sound like the rustle of
silk. "I came to see why you won't let
Rose marry my boy," she answered.

"Ah, Mrs. Fair, nobody likes Theodore
better than I do, but—"

"He works at the roundhouse," she in-
terposed. "Because he is a good mechanic
instead of a shyster lawyer or a third-rate
doctor, you think your girl's above him.
My own father," she added proudly,
"was a judge, but I was poor after
Mr. Fair died, and Theodore liked
machinery, so I let him do what he wanted
to. He's a mechanic, but a better looking
man doesn't walk these streets."

"He is handsome," Turner said, admiringly.
"That was the worst of the man—
he would not argue."

"You must let them marry," Mrs. Fair
said, strenuously. "If I was Rose I'd do
it without your consent, but she's afraid
of."

"Rose generally does as I say," he put
in, complacently. "Now, when Amanda
I have more trouble."

"Then I wish Dory had taken a liking
to Amanda," she retorted. She now shifted
her ground. "I expect you remember
Martha?"

"Oh, yes—of course," Turner answered.
"You used to think a good deal of her."
"I suppose I did in a boy's way," he re-
plied, smiling. "She's well, I hope?"

"Yes, she's well," Mrs. Fair said the
packet on her lap and her lips set in a cold
smile. "You used to write letters to her
when you were a man grown. When she
began to go with Tom Fulton you wrote
some wild words."

"Did I?" said Turner, looking as em-
barrassed as a middle-aged man will when
confronted with the follies of his youth.
"But all that was past long ago—I have
buried a wife since then, Mrs. Fair."

She held the packet between her finger
and thumb "I have some of your letters
here—Martha left them at my house. She

read 'em to me when they came—I
wouldn't touch 'em now if you had treated
Dory right."

Turner reddened to the edge of his scant
hair. He made an instinctive clutch at
the packet, then relaxed in his chair.

"This is blackmail!" he exclaimed, an-
grily.

"I don't care," Mrs. Fair retorted, un-
tying the string and taking a sheet from
its envelope. "Here is one: 'Every day
seems a year since you are gone. Nobody
will ever love you as I do. Dearest won't
you promise—'"

"Stop!" Turner cried, driven beyond
endurance by the level cadence of his tor-
mentor's voice. "I never wrote that
stuff!"

"I guess you did for your name's at the
end—some of 'em are a good deal siller
than this one."

"I don't believe it."

"Then I can read them to you," she
said, quietly.

"I have a mind to take them away from
you!" he cried, rising from his chair.

"I have more at home," she replied,
without starting.

"What is it you want of me, then?" he
asked, d. spondently.

"I want you to let Rose and Theodore
get married. If you won't I will read these
letters in every house in the town and
make you the laughingstock of the place."

"You wouldn't dare," he said.

"Wouldn't?" Wait and see. Well, I
must be going." She put the packet in
her pocket, and stood up, shaking out the
back breadths of her skirt.

"Wait. I'll agree to let the young folks
marry if you'll promise to give me every
one of those letters," he said, reluctantly.

"I'll give them to you as soon as they
are really married," she answered, going
toward the door.

"How do I know you will?" he in-
quired.

"Because I'm a woman of my word—
did you ever know me to be two faced?"
Mrs. Fair asked scornfully as she opened
the door. Once in the street, her feet
seemed winged and she felt a curious exal-
tation. She fancied a rogue might feel
thus after a successful bit of wickedness.

That evening she told Theodore to dress
himself and go to see Rose. "I saw her
father this afternoon," she said, "and it's
all fixed. He won't make any more trouble."

"What did you say?" Theodore asked,
staring at his mother—a red spot burned
in each cheek and his eyes flamed.

"I'll never tell even you, Dory. I
brought to his mind some of the words of
his youth and they softened him—that is
all I can tell you."

Immediately after the wedding lunch
Rose and Theodore were driven to the sta-
tion. Mrs. Fair stayed to help Amanda
clear away the wreck of the feast. Turner
changed his business sack and was waiting
to walk home with her when she came in-
to the hall—it was growing dusk.

They were rather silent on their way.
"Will you give me those letters now?"
he asked when they had reached her doorstep.

"Yes, they are ready," she answered,
unlocking the door and proceeding her es-
cort into the house. She hurried upstairs
and came down with a package in her
hand. She gave it to Turner.

"Are you sure they are all here?" he in-
quired, anxiously.

"Yes they are all there—35. They have
always been in the same trunk. Those I
took out I put right back—I don't want
Martha will care if I do give them to you."

It was the first time Martha's claims had
occurred to her, but she had no regrets,
even now. She followed him to the door.

"Mind that broken step," she said, warn-
ingly. She watched him down the street.
"I wonder what he'll do with 'em," she
thought, as she straightened out the door-
mat.

He walked rapidly to his office, opened
the door went inside and lit the gas. He
read the letters one by one, and as he read
he wondered if the writer had not been an-
other man wearing his flesh and using his
name. Strange how foolish he had been!

Yet he felt a shame-faced pride in their
headling rhetoric—his style had grown
thin and bare since then.

He opened out the sheets and stuffed
them into the cannon stove; then he
turned the damper and applied a match
from under the grate. The paper caught
and in a moment was cringing and rust-
ling, as if trying to speak.

Down until the light ceased to show through
the open damper. He opened the door. A
little heap of bluish-black tissue, touched
at the edge by the last red sparks, lay at
the bottom of the grate—the words of his
youth would never trouble him more.—
Chicago News.

Mrs. Pullman's Estate.

Mrs. George M. Pullman is determined
to renounce the tenacious of her husband's
will and to accept her dower right in the
estate, as permitted by law. This decision
was known to be her inclination from the
beginning. The renunciation papers have
been drawn up by her attorney and
will be filed without further delay in the
probate court. In renouncing her part
as devised to her by the will and accept-
ing her dower interest she will secure a
one-third life interest in all the Pullman
real estate and one-third of the personal
property absolutely. Her share of the personal
property alone will, on this basis, amount
to at least \$3,000,000, which is much more
than the amount provided for her in the
will. That her husband gave her the
income from \$1,250,000 for life and the
possession of the homestead at Prairie ave-
nue and Eighteenth street. By the terms
of the will she would have no personal
property to dispose of by bequest.

Mrs. Pullman's renunciation of the will
will have no effect on the bequests made
by her husband, except those to the two
sons, Sanger and George, who will get
from three to five millions at their
mother's death.

A Governor's Old Friend.

Governor Atkinson, of Georgia, tells this
story at his own expense: "It was during
my recent inspection of the convict camps.
Among other places I visited were the coal
mines, and in order to make a thorough in-
spection it was necessary to go down into
the mines and see the convicts at work.
Two guards accompanied me down into the
mines. They showed me everything of in-
terest, and finally took me where the con-
victs were at work. As we approached
them one of the convicts rushed over to me
crying: 'Good Lord! Bill Atkinson, are
you here? I never expected to see you
here. What on earth, Bill, did they con-
vict you of doing?' I readily recognized
the man as one whom I had known since
my boyhood."

Failures.

A man marries a lovely creature in white
satin and then lives with a woman who
wears Mother Hubbards and dressing
sacks.

CUBA, THE DESOLATE.

Cuba has long been called the Pearl of
the Antilles. The name was first given to
it by Pietro Martire de Anghiera, the his-
torian, in 1493. It has borne in turn the
names of Juana, Ferdinandina, Santiago,
Maria and Cuba. The old native name was
Cubana. It was discovered by Colum-
bus sixteen days after San Salvador. It
may not be known to very many that the
bones and ashes of Columbus repose at Ha-
vana in the great old cathedral there. A
special permit procured with much diffi-
culty admits us to the cathedral, and we look
upon the marble slab on the left of the
altar that marks the place in the wall
where, in the recess, repose the sacred
relics. In his death as in his life it seems
he was not to be permitted to rest in peace.
He died in Valladolid, Spain May 20th,
1506. He was not buried where he died,
his remains being deposited in San Fran-
cisco Monastery, in the Alhambra, at Gren-
ada. Seven years later he was removed to
the Chapel of St. Anne at Seville, in the
Cathedral; Monastery of Las Cuevas; twenty-three years later removed to the
cathedral at San Domingo, His-
paniola, and 250 years later to the cathe-
dral at Havana. No blood was ever
upon his garments. He was humane,
tender, and righteous—but was accom-
panied and followed by the greed, cruelty,
and inhumanity which has ever character-
ized the Spaniards.

For 300 hundred years the splendid
pearl lay glowing like a gigantic Kohinoor
in the Southern waters, but attracted little
attention from us. It is the struggle for
freedom which lifts a person, a nation, or a
people into the greater notice of a civilized
world. For a hundred years, more and
more we have been interested in Cuba un-
til our attention is now riveted upon it,
while the glorious century plant of freedom
is about to bloom there.

The nearness of Cuba to us is hardly ap-
preciated. It is but three days' ride from
New York, but sixty hours from the capitol of our nation, but
nine hours from Key West, eighty-six
miles to the nearest point on the island, but
ninety-three to Havana itself.

An ocean voyage, however brief, is al-
ways interesting to me, and troublesome
to the limit of the awful *del mar* that
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more we have been interested in Cuba un-
til our attention is now riveted upon it,
while the glorious century plant of freedom
is about to bloom there.

The nearness of Cuba to us is hardly ap-
preciated. It is but three days' ride from
New York, but sixty hours from the capitol of our nation, but
nine hours from Key West, eighty-six
miles to the nearest point on the island, but
ninety-three to Havana itself.

An ocean voyage, however brief, is al-
ways interesting to me, and troublesome
to the limit of the awful *del mar* that
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Spanish troops tried to dislodge the 350 in-
surgents there, and were utterly unable to
do so, being repulsed in every instance with
heavy losses. Why is that flag floating there?
Why has any other standard risen here to
dispute with that flag of Spain? The rea-
sons are varied and taken together, consti-
tute tremendous cause. Spain's inhu-
manity is one reason. She has never had
any mercy or tenderness for the island.
Three million of the natives—original in-
habitants—living in a golden state, their
doors never closed by day or night, hospi-
tality, honesty, kind, gentle, dainty in
form and pure in life, worshipping God
without altar or priest, to whom murder,
revenge and hatred were unknown, were
obliterated from the face of the earth by the
greed and cruelty of the Spaniards. At the
beginning even of the seventeenth century
no one lived in whose veins flowed one
drop of the native blood. Spain was
less cruel to her own. In time she
so oppressed, so taxed, and so maltreated
the colonies that for a hundred years it has
been past peaceful endurance. Again in
1762 the British captured Havana, and the
island was for one year under British rule.
Americans helped to win this victory. And
the liberty was about to bloom on
American soil with a purity and beauty
the world had never witnessed before. The
island in that one brief year caught the
spirit of freedom. And thereafter Cubans
visited our lands, and many children of the
planters and well-to-do Cubans have been
educated here. The air of Cuba is
rich with the American love of liberty
caught at the altars of our own country.
And yet again, the Cubans are very unlike
the