# Democratic Watchman

#### Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 30, 1898.

#### FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

A little old man with hoary head Sat mending a tiny shoe He mused as he drew his waxen thread. My journey, will soon be through.

The little maid to whom this belongs, Will live for many a day, To cheer the world with laugh and songs When I shall have passed away.

With her own baby hands she placed it Into mine, so coarse and rough, Sweetly she said, as she laced it, Be sure you mend it enough.

For there's going to be a party, A party just over the hill, Where Santa Claus from his great big bag Each little sock will fill.

And I'm going to wear my new white dres With its beautiful frill of blue. So if you promise to be a good boy, I'll bring something home to you.

The evening came, the sky o'erhead, Was glint with dazzling stars, The canny little maid was dead Hushed e'en the low-breathed pravers.

The Angel of Death drew the curtain The curtain of white wings, so still, Christ carried the little one safely To his party just over the hill.

She wore a sparkling dress of white, But left the frill of blue. To the little old man, with heary head

#### Mending the tiny shoe, -Marie Le Page Gilbert.

#### AFTER ALL.

"But you are not listening !" Helen Fairfax turned her eyes back to her lover with a murmured "Forgive me." They were earnest eyes, shining with a tremulous love-light. Harold Ford would have waged war with mighty forces to rekindle them had their lamps burned low. But man too readily adjusts himself to blessings; the glory of life—after the first rapturous surprise—becomes too frequently a matter of course. We take the sun and the moon and the stars for granted, because we see them every day and every night.

"Well, as I was saying," Harold went on, "it seems to me that argument is unanswerable-but one cannot tell. At any rate, whether I win the case or not, it will be the most important thing I have done so far."

"I know it, dear," and Helen's hand wooed his. "How I should love to hear you! I can see the very way you will stand—your head thrown back," and she looked proudly at the man before her.

He was a man well worthy of her looktrue, steadfast, virile, able. Whatever pride she might have in him, for the moment, was always only the reflex of a larg-er pride which reached far into his future. "Now, if you are interested, Helen, I will outline my speech to you."

'Interested'! Harold, how can you say 'if'?"

Harold wondered himself how it had come about that he could say it. She was in all things his comrade as well as his | He told me I had a most serious difficulty, love-that had been the matchless won- and that I must have a dangerous operader of their life ; it had not been an ecstasy of sense only—a rapturous delight alone. Their life had been triune; each side of the man had been met, shared, to nat on morrow ! stimulated. She was a clever girl, with keen mind and keener intuition; and he two months, and that is too long to wait, that surprised himself.

He was honest enough, and generous the day we have waited for so proudly,

not like to say it, sweetheart, but-I love you-and the wounds of a friend are faithful. I am disappointed at your failure to sympathize with my work to-night." Two big tears welled in her eyes, but she said no word. Had Harold Ford been

not lure him nor tempt him with it. I do

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a hero, a knight of chivalry, he would have stopped not in his quest until he had found the source of those two tears he was, however, only a very busy man of the nineteenth century-not that the two are altogether incompatible, but the com bination is rare, and Harold did not happen to be both in the fullest sense : furth ermore, he was deeply absorbed in an im-mediate practical affair. I grieve to say her silence irritated him a trifle. It was striking eleven-thirty, and time for him to leave her. Though he said no more, and his good-night salutation lacked nothing outwardly, there was a mental reservation which, to the psychic sense of Helen, robbed it of its fullest bliss. "Six o'clock to-morrow, dear," he re

peated, as he went out the door. "Six o'clock to-morrow," she answered Did her voice quiver, or was it fancy

He was conscious of saying to himself, as he ran down the steps. "Are all women alike, I wonder-after all-tears and moods?

The following afternoon, in the gathering dusk, he mounted the steps again. His attitude had changed. The stress and irritation of an absorbing effort had given place to a buoyant reaction. He had won his case, and won it in so brilliant a way that the triumph was the smallest part o his self-congratulation. Even the judge had said words to make a young man's heart take courage. But what were the words, what was the triumph, what was anything until he had shared it with He could see her in the gathering Helen? dusk, as he waited, her eyes glistening delight! He could hear her vibrant "Har " "Poor child, had he been harsh last night? Ah, no ! only impatient for a moment-and frank, to make her the ut most that she was capable of being. His wounds had been like those strokes of

Michael Angelo setting free the angel. If they had hurt her, he knew a potent balm to heal, to make her rejoice at every stroke. Why was the servant so eternally long in opening the door? How slow they

were! He rang again. "Tell Miss Fairfax I am here." "Yes, sir. The servant stood silent and

wkward Harold wanted to quicken him with a

thrust ; what was the matter with him? Harold walked into the library ; the light was burning low; the servant followed him, and closed the door with an air of mystery that gave Harold a mingled shock f impatience and of fear.

"I was to give you this, sir, when you came." and the man held out a letter.

"Is Miss Fairfax not at home !" "She is at home, sir."

"Then tell her at once that I am here." 'Yes sir.'

Harold was alone with his letter; he roke the seal and read :

"MIDNIGHT. "You have gone, and yet you are still here-so close to me that I can see your eyes and feel your touch-oh, Harold Forgive me that I was not as I should have been this evening, but-I was a coward. You know, I have not been quite well for some weeks. Yesterday I saw a specialist. tion at once, if I would save my life. To-

"I implored him to wait, but he leaves town in a few days, and if I do not have it to-morrow, it could not be performed for had grown into the habit of talking to her freely of his life, his profession, in a way morrow! The day-our day!-when you are to vindicate my pride and hope in you;

## MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS OF COLORADO.

Pen Pictures of the Centennial State-The Cities, the Prairie, the Rockies Country.

Flash on fountain, roll on river, Snow-crowned peak and sun-kissed vale : These are Nature's gifts forever, Until Nature's self shall fail.

The thirteenth annual convention of the National Editorial Association was held at Denver, Colorado, during the week of September 5th to 9th. These annual gathering of the editorial representatives of the various state editorial associations and press clubs have a two-fold purpose. First, to bring journalists of all parts of the country into closer relation with one another and thereby to promote an interchange of ideas that proves mutually beneficial ; second, to give the hardworked newspaper man who has been chosen as a delegate to the national convention a plausible excuse for taking a few weeks off and enjoying the junket that always follows at the conclusion of the meetings.

It is with this latter feature that this tale will have to do, for who among the readers of the WATCHMAN will care to know how some Texas editor thinks a paper ought to be run, or what "Newspaperdom" Patterson says is an effective advertisement or whether an Ohio member of the convention dare call a member from the Sucker State "a rogue" with impunity. I know that you all have your own views on such matters and will not presume to weary you with digests of papers about which you know more than the men who read them. My purpose is, therefore, to give you only a few pen pictures of a tour that laid the great cities, plains and mountains of the Centennal State before me in a pleasing panorama-an ever changing kaleidoscope of color and scenery that seems now even more a dream than a reality.

The party, numbering about five hundred, rendezvoused at the Palmer house in Chicago on Thursday, September 1st. We left the Windy city the same afternoon at 3 o'clock on a special train of Pullmans over the Chicago, Quincy and Burlington route. After we had left the suburbs of the great city of the West and sped into the country districts of Northern Illinois a splendid opportunity of comparing the farm lands of that district with our own fertile valleys in Centre county was afforded. The contrast, on the whole, was not great. Though the first thing that I missed were the mountains under the very brows of which I have been reared, the land was rolling and fenced, just as our farms are, there were thrifty looking homes and placid streams winding on and on until they left nothing but a trail of scrub willows or water birch to mark their course on the distant horizon. The soil looked rich and loamy, there was considerable oats unharvested and the ever changing landscape was dotted with myriad hay cocks. The further west we traveled the fewer the barns became and as the great stacks of hay and grain appeared in every direction I readily realized how imposible it would be to attempt the building of structures large enough to house such crops. In the West the grain is all threshed in the fields, most of the straw is burned and only the hay is kept in stacks to feed the stock that finds shelter during the winter and stormy days in low, shambles that are just as frequently roofed with straw or sod as with shingles.

The houses that were first very similar in appearance to those that we see in our country districts seemed to grow lower with the sinking sun and by the time night had fallen look where you would none more than one story high could be seen.

Rattling through numerous small towns and sweeping out again onto the broad plains we arrived at Galesburg, very near the Iowa border, and the train stopped. There the King's Daughters of the Episcopal church were serving a chicken pie supper that night and with an eye to business the young women had sent a man down along the line to meet us and sell tickets for the supper. By that time nearly every member of the party was ready to enter a contract for any kind of food and as the average editor views chicken with about the same gladsome eve that his ministerial consort is reputed to cast on the feathered product of the barn yard, there was a column that extended almost from the station to the room, four blocks distant, where the supper was being served. Doubtless there were plenty of those old noses that sniffed the Galesburg ozone and looked in vain for a brass corner sign on which they hoped to see the words "Schlitz" or "Pabst" emblazoned, but none were in sight. In Galesburg such places "are all on one street and it is nearly a mile and a half from the station."

The supper room was reached and the chicken pie proved far better than the average church supper. In fact many of the printers had looked askance at the tickets that had been made with rubber stamps, but the economy practiced in that direction had evidently served to pay for the extra food, and what, with a bevy of charming girl waiters, palatable eatables daintily served, more could have been desired. The crowd was too big for the place, however, and as a hot wave had arrived at Galesburg a few hours ahead of us and gotten sidetracked there a Turkish bath was thrown in, so that there was no need of finger bowls. Boarding the train again we started on a night run for Omaha. Sitting in the wide vestibule of the "Buda" for an hour or more after we had left Galesburg I had an undisturbed study of the country from that place to Burlington, where we crossed the Mississippi. A glorious moon lighted up the land so that it could be seen for miles and then it was that Illinois' claim of being one of the great corn producing States of the country impressed itself upon me. Everywhere I looked the giant stalks seemed to stand as sentinels guarding the little farm houses that were discerned only as black spots on the landscape and by the streams of yellow light that flickered from their windows only to be absorbed in the silvery light of the moon.

capital of the State, now probably more noted as the home of William Jennings Bryan. As a stay of two hours was scheduled for Lincoln I decided to see as much of it as possible in the short time that was given, besides taking dinner at the hotel Lincoln, a house that would not suffer by comparison with any of the large hotels in our eastern cities.

Lincoln has or had, a few years ago, a population of 55,000. But like so many of the western places that have been kited by land speculators it has fallen as flat as an Atlantic city flounder. Of course it was Sunday and little activity was to be expected, besides, the thermometer registered something near 100°, which, in itself, was calculated to take the starch out of most any place, but making due allowance for such untoward conditions the city impressed me as deteriorating, rather than advancing. It is nicely laid out, with wide streets that are paved with asphalt. brick and Belgian blocks, but even through the week days I fear it has that unfortunate "Sunday appearance" that Louis Mann tells about on the vaudeville stage. Most of the residence portion is frame built, the houses standing back in yards that have no fences, but slope off to the street curbs, the pavements being separated from the street by a grass plot probably ten feet wide and shaded by rows of small trees. Nowhere in Lincoln did the trees appear to be full grown.

I got off the car at the corner of a cross street and walking down three doors found myself in front of Bryan's home. Knowing that he was in Jacksonville with his regiment of Nebraska volunteers I had no hope of renewing the pleasant acquaintance made with the distinguished gentleman during the trip from Mill Hall to Philipsburg last spring, but I did see that he lives just as other people do. His house is a very unpretentious little Queen Anne frame structure placed back in a yard and looks as if it had been built to live in and not for the effect it would have on the other property holders on the street. A canary was singing cheerily on the porch and a dog was lazily napping in the sunshine. There was a flag over the doorway and several bright little boys lounging on the grass under the shade of a tree. Of course everyone of the fiends took a kodak picture of the place and a few of the craziest curio hunters were brave enough to pull hair out of Bryan's dog's tail for souvenirs. The dog did'nt seem to mind it much, though I did pity the poor brute when I thought if that business was continued for very long his tail would soon be as barren of hair as my head and the flies would then teach him the folly of being too indifferent to the usefulness of such a covering.

Questioning the boys who were in the yard I found out that none of them were Bryan children. They spoke of the absent Colonel in the most respectful manner, however, and said that he had had more volunteers for his regiment than he needed and had displayed a remarkable aptitude for organizing his raw recruits and getting them into military shape.

From the Bryan home I rode on out to the city limits, thence several miles into the country to the State University and several other educational institutions. As there were only two other passengers on the car I had an opportunity to question the motorman to my heart's content and as he pointed out no less than six large institutions of learning in as many different directions from the city, and all located from three to five miles out, I saw again what the real estate men had attempted to do in Lincoln. He told me that scarcely more than half as many miles of street car lines are being operated in that city to-day as five years ago so you will see that it has suf fered considerably from the general depression of business. Don't understand from what I have said that Lincoln is a naturally dead city, for it is not. No place could be more admirably laid out and, situated right in the fertile valley of the Platte, it ought to be a great commercial centre, but the overstepping of its possibilities due to land booming and the backward trend of agriculture during the last few years are undoubtedly the causes of the slump that cannot be denied as having overtaken the city.

One thing that impressed itself more significantly on my mind than any other was the state capitol building. In itself the building is a creditable and imposing looking structure, but the grounds looked brown and dusty and growing up between the paving stones were tall grass and weeds, giving the place a sort of unkempt, whiskered appearance as if in harmony with the Populistic ideas that have ruled that State. One thing must be said for Lincoln and that is that there we got the first good water I had tasted since leaving Bellefonte.

Leaving Lincoln behind us we rolled out onto the broad prairies and were soon speeding westward at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour. Few of the travelers realized that we were running at such a high speed so smooth did the cars move. In truth I shaved myself in the smoking compartment of our car with an ordinary razor while the train was running at that rate and did it as easily and comfortably as if I had been standing at my own dresser at home.

We were right in the heart of the prairies and everything seemed to be corn. You could look for miles and miles over an unbroken plain of country and see waving corn

enough to recognize the immense help that There was but one impulse strong within it was to him; not only for the striking me, almost overmastering-to fly to the fuller blossom.

other women-given to moods, absorbed in the subjective-when the veil was lifted?

They Helen-there was no more to be said.

He took up the lines of the argument of concisely, as though she were a man.

This time her eyes did not wander from his face; they deepened, their pupils growing larger as she gazed. How hand-How could she keep at this wide distance? How incidental and how futile sounded all that rapid flow of words ! When would he tell you why? I am afraid, Harold-so have done, that she might throw herself upon his breast?

Don't you think so?" he asked her. suddenly

"Oh, Harold ! I did not hear what you were saying." "Not hear what I was saying? Haven't

you been following?"

'Partly'? Heavens ! Helen, is it a thing to listen to in part? A woman should share the life—the work of the man she loves." There was an asperity in the tone that tingled through Helen from head to foot. Her spirit rose

"Do I not feel that?"

"So I thought, always, but the final test is the proof. I never needed your co-operation more-your intellectual sympathy more-than I do to-night. You know how hard I have been working on this case ; you know what a notable case it is. know, also, that the eyes of the legal world are upon me. My summing up to-morrow will be a crisis in the beginning of my career. Could you not follow me-help me by your sympathy-your interest?" He He waited to see the flash of protest in her eyes-for some little lance that she would thrust to cross his own.

Instead, she nestled her head into the came face to face with her father. curve of his shoulder, and whispered, "I love you-I love you.'

This was undeniably delicious, but for the moment to Harold, under the domination of his work, mastered wholly by the immediate sway of his vigorous intellect, it seemed irrelevant, or—if not just that propitiatory. There was something to be said first, before he yielded himself to the delights of love. He waited a moment, wondering how to phrase it; she helped him by her added whisper before he had time to speak :

"Forgive me. I am moody to-nightvery moody and absent-minded.

We have no right to be moody nor absent-minded, dear," he answered, seriously, "where another's interests are involved. It is a sign of weakness." He was older than she-should he not guide "And-there is something besides love at bay when a man has work to do- Trask in Harper's Magazine.

suggestions born of her intuition, but be- shelter of your arms-to drink your symcause her concentrated attention was a pathy, for which I am thirsty. But how warmth that brought his own thought to could I tell you, when it might imperil your calm, your poise-undo all you have But to-night her attention wandered. worked for-hamper your ascent, in which To-night of all nights! To-morrow he was to sum up his great case. Surely a woman should share the self-denial of a man's destiny. Was Helen, after all, like to stand up in court and plead for legel ab-'And so I did not tell you. And then

had been engaged six months; -- I could not be a real heroine and make each day had been a fuller revelation of no sign. I puzzled you, troubled you, her nature. Was this the nearer view? seemed to fail you to-night-the night of Ah, no, banish the thought. Helen was all others when you most needed my help, my objective sympathy.

"Harold ! I quite understand how I his case and stated them to her, clearly, must have seemed to you-how disappoint-

ing. It could not have been otherwise. when you did not know. And though your words hurt me, I honored you for some he looked ! How alert ! How alive! love, if we are not to strengthen each other saving them : for unto what end is our in our ideals "And I failed so lamentably. Shall I

afraid. I dread to-morrow, If you had asked me to tell you why I was moody, I fear I should have done so. I was glad you did not-and sorry-can you understand? I am only a weak woman, though

I am your love. "I half hoped you would make me tell you all my heart-but now I am glad you do not know ! You will have no shadow on your way to-morrow, and when you re-ceive this it will be all behind us ; it will have been over seven hours, for the operation takes place at eleven o'clock.

"Good-night ! Good-by ! I love youit seems to me that I love you in a new way to-night. Harold ! Harold ! I must call you back and tell you, and feel your strength to make me strong; but no. I am your love! I must be brave! And then-why should I fear ?--

'God's in his heaven-All's right with the world ! HELEN."

He crushed the letter in his hand, and reached the door with one bound, like an animal in chase. She was his own : his place was by her side ; no man could keep him from her. As he opened the door he

"Harold, my dear fellow-" "Let me go to her !" and Harold tried

to pass. Mr. Fairfax put his arm across the door.

"No, you must not now : the doctors are with her ; they will let no one in, not even me, and I am her father. She not rallied as they expected ; and, Harold, my boy, we must stand by each other.' A withering quiet, like a blight, fell upon Harold. It seemed to paralyze his powers of motion and of speech; after a moment he heard himself saying, in a voice that sounded like a stranger's.

'What-do-they-the doctors-say ?'' Mr. Fairfax looked at him pityingly, his own anguish stamped white upon his face. "Dr. Gray says there is no hope. My God ! Harold ! don't look like that ! Doctors aren't infallible; and McMillan, the man who performed the operation, says love. A strong woman should keep even the chances are in her favor."-Katrina

After leaving Burlington I went to bed and saw none of Iowa because when I was awakened Friday morning, the train was crossing the Missouri river from Council Bluffs into Omaha. The fact that I had slept so soundly and long is only one of the many evidences that met us at every turn of the excellence of the C. B. and Q. rail-road system.

### OMAHA AND THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION.

We arrived at Omaha on Friday morning and spent two days at the Exposition and seeing the sights about that city. A World's Fair on a small scale will adequately convey an idea of what the Trans-Mississippi Exposition is. The plan of the grounds, the architecture of the buildings and the general conduct of the Exposition are fashioned so nearly after the great fair of 1893 that at times I found in hard to realize that I was not back at Chicago, viewing again the scenes that had moved the world to wonderment and approbation. The buildings are of white staff, all bordering on a lagoon that extends from one end of the grounds to the other and connected by peristyles. At the one end a magnificent music pavilion, where the noted organizations of this continent give daily concerts, and, at the other, the government building connect what is in appearance a great egg shaped area covered with imposing looking buildings and made dazzling by countless turrets, fountains and balconies. It is a veritable dream-land, both day and night, and when the visitor wearies of the interesting exhibits there is a Mid-way that rivals in variety and sport the famous Plaissance of Chicago.

It is really remarkable that the States west of the Mississippi have been able to build up such an exposition. It is larger than was the Centennial of '76 and knows but one superior in the history of such enterprises.

Omaha is admirably adapted for such an undertaking. The city has plenty of fine hotels, a splendidly equipped street railway system and is the centre of many of the western rail-road lines. Though we were unfortunate in having been there at a time when the heat was simply intense the visit was so pleasant and profitable that none but the pleasantest memories of it were carried away.

Omaha has a population of about 150,000 beople. The city has many fine buildings and broad streets, but there, as in almost every other western city we visited, could be seen the result of real estate-brokerage. It is not compactly built, but scattered over a great area of country with a few of the public institutions located several miles out from the city limits, where sites were probably given free by some land syndicates to enhance the value of property otherwise useful only for agricultural pursuits.

There was none of that characteristic hustle and push in Omaha that I had expected to see in a large western city. A visit to a number of the business places revealed an easy going, indifferent spirit that seemed possible only in places where they are sure of a tomorrow in which to do what might be done today.

#### ACROSS NEBRASKA TO THE ROCKIES.

Having spent as much time as was permissible at the Exposition and in Omaha we left that city Sunday morning on the run toward Denver. Taking a southwesterly course through Nebraska no stops were made until we pulled into Lincoln, the

fields. Here and there was a little house surrounded by the usual lot of low sheds with a wind-pump rising high into the air and giving the buildings the appearance of a church in the distance. I could always tell when we were approaching a small town or shipping point by the great corn cribs that crowded along the tracks. There must have been millions of bushels of last year's corn stored away in those cribs and they said that "Armour, of Chicago, owns it all." If I were to tell you how long some of those cribs appeared to be you would laugh and say that I had become a second Tom Penner

Alfalfa, the grass that western farmers grow instead of hay, began to appear and in some places they were cutting the third crop for this season. It is a rich, nutritious grass that grows by irrigation and is stacked in the fields for winter consumption. After the stacks have stood for awhile they bleach to a golden brown in the sun and might easily be mistaken for grain stacks, but when they are cut into the Alfalfa is found to be as green and fresh and appetizing for stock as the day it is cut.

Hastings, Nebraska, was reached at sun-down and the party took supper in that typical prairie city of 20,000 population. There I met J. Polk Cessna Esq., a brother of the late Hon. John Cessna, of Bedford county. He is practicing law in Hastings as a side issue while he promotes the Royal Gorge Gold Mining, Milling and Land Co. He seemed proud of his western home and impressed on my mind the great possibilities there is for farming in that section.

The hot wave that had caught us at Galesburg staid with us all the time at Omaha and followed us west to Hastings. It was so hot that even the cartridge belt uniform that some of our soldiers are said to have worn before Santiago would not have relieved our sweltering condition, but there was so much to see that I mopped the perspiration that ran down my face in little streams and looked until my eyes grew tired. There was a monotony about it all, but the vastness of the country could not but be impressive and I went to bed that night thinking that Uncle SAM has little need of going clear off to the Philippines to acquire new territory when he has so much to be improved at home.

Monday morning I was awakened early by the stir of people in our car and upon looking out to discover the cause of the unusual fuss I saw men and women with wraps thrown over their shoulders dancing about in a vain endeavor to keep warm. Their evident discomfiture from the sudden change to cold weather brought me back to my senses and my own benumbed limbs. We had gone to bed with the lightest possible coverings and in addition to running into a cold wave as we neared Denver had been more or less affected by the altitude which is almost a mile above sea level in that city. They told me we were nearing Denver, so I peeped out and had my first glimpse of the Rockies as they stretched along to our right, apparently only a few miles away, though in reality from thirty to forty.

We arrived in the Queen city of the West in time to get located in our hotels before breakfast. Next week I shall endeavor to give you my impressions of Denver and a description of a few of the side trips before starting on the long tour of Colorado.

Before closing, however, I deem it but justice to call attention to the rail-road system over which we traveled from Chicago to Denver. We used the Chicago, Onincy and Burlington tracks to Pacific Junction, thence over the Burlington and Missouri River route to Denver. During the entire run of 1076 miles there was not an unpleasant rail-road feature. The train was handled with dispatch and so far as having been delayed was concerned we might have imagined there were no others running had it not been that we met and passed many at points where the system is doubled tracked so that stops are unnecessary. The line is so straight and well ballasted that the highest rates of speed are attained, as was proven when we ran several miles in fifty-seven seconds each on a train of eleven Pullmans. The road is smooth, marvellously so, and the country it traverses so interesting as to make the long trip seem really short.

At Omaha Mr. Griffiths, the traveling passenger agent of the Burlington, joined the party for the journey to Denver. To his courteous deference to us is due much of the information I picked up concerning the country and certainly none could have been more considerate of guests of the road. GEO R MEEK