

**Democratic Watchman**

Bellefonte, Pa., April 29, 1899.

**THE MAGICAL DANCE.**

Dance me the dance that you danced  
Clarisse!  
That day, with your mystical art,  
When joy has fled,  
And love was dead,  
And you danced o'er a dead man's heart!  
Never a curve or a swerve amiss—  
Dance as you danced that day, Clarisse!  
Dance me the dance that you danced  
Clarisse,  
From the beautiful dancers apart;  
For I'm weary to-night,  
And I've lost to the light,  
And I haven't the ghost of a heart!  
Dance me a dance for a woman lost kiss,  
In a rainbow of ribbon, Clarisse—Clarisse!  
Dance me the dance that you danced  
Clarisse,  
That day with your wonderful art,  
Dance down the sorrow  
Of now and to-morrow,  
And dance down the love in my heart!  
For I'm weary at heart of a world like  
this;  
Here! I toss you a bracelet! Now, dance,  
Clarisse!

**A KING'S RANSOM.**

A few miles from what was bygone  
days a shining town, but now presents  
nothing but a wreck and a few reminders  
of vanished greatness, there is still extant  
the relic of what was once a stately home.  
Its quaint architecture proclaims its age.  
Guarded on all sides by giant pines and the  
interlacing undergrowth of years, it is as  
completely secluded, as shut away from  
everyday human contact as the famous spot  
where Tipu Sultan dreamed away his  
shiftness youth and reposed through what  
had every indication of proving a trying  
and troublesome time of manhood. Through  
the rusting remains of what was once an  
ornate iron railing the hedges, now towering  
treelike, thrust themselves in rank  
luxuriance and the unclipped growth of  
years.

Weeds and grass have long since  
obliterated all traces of the once orderly  
parterres, gay with flowers. Sagging  
galleries creak dimly in the wind, stately  
sweeps of steps lie molding, having  
fallen from their high estate. Doors sway  
and drop hinges, and, through holes in  
the crumbling, moss-covered roof, the stars  
peep and shimmer. Shutterless, eyelike  
windows seem to stare unseeing on the  
wreck, the dreary, deadly ruin that cruel  
time has wrought of former greatness.

Within a stone's throw of the ruined  
mansion, but screened therefrom by a grove  
of moss-lunged cedars, stands an ancient  
mausoleum. Built of what was once gilt-  
termed white marble, time has changed its  
hue to a dingy, mournful gray. Small  
shrubs and weeds finding foothold in the  
gaping seams of the tomb have gradually  
been deposited by wind and rain, make  
brave show of veiling the sad-colored pile  
to summer, but nipping winds change them  
to dry, rattling skeletons of their former  
beauty, that stand as though keeping guard  
over the last retreat of a proud but fallen  
race.

But the story has not to do with the  
dreary, deserted mansion; rather with the  
people who once filled it with life and light  
and laughter, who lived, loved and vanished  
from their place, but whose deeds form  
the warp and woof of many stories that cluster  
round the ruins of their former hearth-  
stone still. Deeds of blood, perhaps of ad-  
venture and chivalry from the men—for  
they were adventures, heathen and  
chivalrous—of sweet charity, mercy and  
romantic love from the women, for they  
were generous, noble and lovely.

Especially lovely and beloved was Ev-  
elina, the daughter of the house and the on-  
ly child. In her all the beauty of a hand-  
some race seemed to centre and bloom  
afresh. All the graces and witcheries of  
generations of lovely women might be re-  
produced and enhanced in the person of  
this beautiful girl—beautiful in character  
and disposition no less than in form and  
feature.

She had many suitors, but she hesitated  
long, gracious equally to all who would  
have her, but their name and fortune,  
and not a few who would bestow names and  
titles for the happiness of calling her wife  
and, incidentally, sharing her own regal  
fortune.

But she turned them all aside, gently,  
regretfully may be, until her fancy was  
captivated by one who seemed the least  
likely of all her suitors to meet her favor.  
He was a grave, and taciturn man, with  
bent shoulders and iron-gray hair, gen-  
erally considered old, though men older by  
several years considered themselves gay  
gallants still. He was 50 when he aston-  
ished the county by proposing to and being  
accepted by Evelina. How it happened  
that she fell in love with this self-contain-  
ed, unobtrusive elderly man is like  
the blessed mass—a mystery. But love  
him she did, and the whole county was  
invited to the betrothal feast.

Dozens of lovely women, dressed a trifle  
gaily, as southern women are apt to be  
and as they were wont to be at that period,  
filled the drawing room and dining hall  
of the mansion. Pale-colored silks vied with  
wonderfully colored satins, handsome laces  
veiled wealth of glittering gems and though  
there were many jewels of price worn that  
night none equalled in beauty and value  
the magnificent gem placed on the hand of  
the bride-elect by her grave, elderly lover.  
Pausing near her mother in the course of  
the evening, Evelina held up her hand,  
making the gem flash and sparkle in the  
subdued light.

"Ah!" ejaculated the elderly woman, "it  
is indeed superb. It is well worth a king's  
ransom."  
"A king's ransom!"

The girl smiled. It was worth far more  
than that to her, for it represented more.  
Its deep lights and flickering shadows  
meant much. Not the mere dress of vulgar  
wealth, of which it was the symbol; it  
was the outward and visible sign of the  
inward, invisible grace of a good man's love.  
The great, wistful eyes of Alec, the hand-  
some olive-skinned waiter who flitted noise-  
lessly among the guests bearing his silver  
salver of cakes and ices, rested upon the bit  
of stone gleaming upon his young mistress'  
hand and many conflicting emotions agitated  
his mind.

Alec was a slave, the son and grandson  
of slaves, and though his owners were al-  
ways kind, his work light and his privi-  
leges very many, strange thoughts had en-  
tered his mind of late and dwelt there per-  
sistently. He would be free, free as his  
master, to go where he listed, to study and  
learn. He would go to some land where  
the condition of master and slave did not  
exist. But how? Many sleepless nights  
had this question cost him, and still so dis-  
tractingly hopeless seemed its solution.

He must run away. Opportunities for  
flight were not lacking; but other slaves

had decamped only to be brought back to  
punishment and increased labor, or, worse  
still, were driven back from the fastnesses  
of the swamps by cold and starvation. Alec  
wished for no freedom to hide like a beast  
in swamp or thicket—better his master's  
rule and his master's mansion than that.

But in a flash his mistress' low exclamation  
solved for him the problem of "how."  
The little glittering stone on his young  
mistress' hand should be his. He would  
become possessed of it, this king's ransom,  
and escape, nobody being injured. Ev-  
elina, to whom he was deeply attached,  
would not grieve over its loss. She had  
many more jewels, and no doubt her future  
husband would replace its loss by a sec-  
ond gem equally as brilliant.

Many schemes for becoming possessed of  
the ring chased each other through his busy  
brain. The first that seemed most likely  
to succeed he was forced to abandon forth-  
with—that of making love to Amanda Jane,  
Evelina's maid—and persuading her to steal  
the coveted treasure for him. By a few  
adroit questions he learned that the ring  
never left the white girl's hand.

Then an awful resolve formed itself in  
his mind. He would enter her room in the  
solemn watches of the night and take it by  
stealth if he could, by violence if he must,  
and then away to liberty and a new life!

But Fate and Evelina together frustrated  
this plan, for shortly before the night when  
he resolved to put it in operation the young  
woman left home for a round of visits in  
the neighboring counties. She was absent  
many weeks and did not return until prepa-  
rations for the approaching wedding were  
well under way. Many guests filled  
the mansion then and Alec's hands were  
overfull of urgent duties.

The marriage day was close at hand and  
still he could not raise his courage to the  
point of executing his purpose. Each day  
he guarded himself that he would wait no  
longer, that the coming night he would do  
the work, and the morning would find him  
far on his journey toward a new life. Still,  
he never acted, and the chain of days slip-  
ped, one by one, until all but one before  
the final day had passed. But that night  
he would carry out his plans when the  
proper hour arrived, and as he sat wait-  
ing on the door step of his cabin it seemed  
that midnight would never come.

Farther down in the quarter a field hand  
strummed a banjo and a couple shuffled  
nimbly in the glare of a small outdoor fire.  
The dancers could see Alec as he sat alone  
on his step, a shimmering white blotch  
against the black square of the open door.  
They called to him, and he recognized the  
voice of Amanda Jane, Evelina's maid, but  
he would not join them, and finally they  
also strolled away to bed.

Now! The great mansion lay in shadow  
and profound repose pervaded the home-  
stead. Creeping through the shadows Alec  
gained a small side door left conventionally  
open and groped his way to the big central  
hall. Passing along softly to the wide  
staircase, near the head of which Evelina's  
rooms were situated, the world-beat-  
ing was almost paralyzed with fear by behold-  
ing his master standing at the top, a lighted  
candle in his hand. Not waiting to in-  
quire how the slave had gained admittance  
or why he was prowling in midnight dark-  
ness through the halls, when in all reason  
he should have been asleep on his cabin  
bunk hours since, the judge shouted in  
agitated tones:

"Run, Alec, run! Saddle Cannon Ball  
and fly for Dr. Sage. Your mistress is ill  
—dying. I'll sin you if you lose a moment!"

Catching the infection of the judge's ex-  
citement, the darky flew, shoeless and hat-  
less, and was soon tearing over meadows  
and through growing corn on a mad race  
for the nearest physician, who lived five  
miles away. It was indeed true—the lov-  
ely daughter of the house, the fair  
bride-elect, lay dying. A sudden malady  
developing from an indisposition too slight,  
as she supposed, to notice had attacked her,  
and ere the man of medicine could arrive  
she was seemingly beyond medical aid.

There was mourning where festivities  
were expected and grief where joy should  
have reigned supreme. Loving hands  
dressed her in all the white bravery of  
bridal attire and bore her below to the  
drawing room, where she lay in state  
among banks and garlands of roses and  
ferns, where the guests who expected to  
congratulate her as a happy bride paid her  
the last homage of a sad farewell. For  
three days she held silent court in the dim,  
flower-scented dusk of the grand room and  
then all the servants of the plantation, and  
all the slaves on his father's house hid-  
den to take a farewell look at their dear  
young mistress ere she was borne to join  
the silent company of generations of noble  
kin who lay in the family vault beyond the  
gardens.

Alec stood at the open hall door admit-  
ting the black people in twos and threes  
as they filed silently in and with scarcely a  
pause passed on. He had looked at the  
girl lying there many times and his hun-  
gry eyes devoured the waxen hand which  
the lace on which the coveted treasure still  
gleamed. Her betrothed husband had  
signified his desire that it should not be re-  
moved, consequently it remained, and his  
slavish anguished eyes caught its last glim-  
mer ere she who wore it was hidden fore-  
ver from the sight of men.

That night his duties being over, Alec  
sat again on his cabin step and still his  
mind dwelt upon the "king's ransom" which  
shut away from sight upon a dead hand,  
while he, a living being, full of the possi-  
bilities of keener enjoyment of life, langu-  
ished in the vile bondage of slavery. The  
thought burned in his mind like liv-  
ing fire and he experienced the depth  
of despair. Yet to become possessed of the  
ring were easy now that she could make no  
resistance. To enter the vault, to lift the  
lid from the casket and slip the ring from  
her hand would be the work of a few mo-  
ments. Then he would be free—free as  
his master—forever after.

Alec's hair straightened and stood end-  
ward upon his head, the dew of terror burst  
forth and trickled down his face, his knees  
trembled and his gorge rose in a very col-  
lapse and ecstasy of fear. He could not  
And yet—and yet!

Without his own volition, not knowing  
whither he was going, Alec found himself  
wandering in the neighborhood of the big  
tombs that loomed white and shining in  
the watery light of a young moon. The  
moss-hung cedars cast trembling shadows  
across it and the entrance was in fitful  
darkness. Leaning against the big, bronze  
gates he peered into the dusky recess from  
which a flood of cool, moist air, heavy with  
the scent of fading flowers greeted him.  
The gates yielding, swung noiselessly ajar,  
and as one in a trance the slave passed in.  
As one in a trance he paused beside the  
flower-strewn casket and with set lips and  
staring eyes began to turn the silver screws  
that held the heavy lid in place. For sev-  
eral moments he labored as swiftly and  
silently as a soft, gray shadow, the lid was  
raised and the coveted treasure lay spark-  
ling with mocking brilliance on the waxen  
hand. Almost swooning with terror and  
superstitious dread, with staring eyes  
and mumbling lips, as though frozen to the

very heart with terror, he took the dead  
hand in his and essayed to slip the ring  
therefrom. Here an awful difficulty con-  
fronted him, the finger, slightly swollen,  
held the jewel immovably in place. It  
would not yield. In a frenzy of fear his  
hand sought his pocket, a small knife was  
pulled forth and before he himself fully  
realized the awful sacrilege of the act he  
had severed the finger adorned with the  
ring completely from the waxen hand!

A slight wind sprang up, rustling the  
cedars and stirring the shadows cast within  
the tomb. The bronze gates stirred there-  
by fell together with a soft creak. In a  
very panic of terror, the man fled—never  
pausing to replace the coffin lid or close the  
gates. Flying in the very abandon of fear,  
he reached his cabin and lay crumpling for  
many hours in the farthest corner, his body  
in the last throes of endurance, his mind  
tottering almost to its fall.

The judge sat alone in his library. All  
but he had sought their rooms to find what  
might be a new and poignant grief admitted,  
but he desired not to rest. His lamp burned  
dimly on the table, the fire fell low in the  
grate, and water gleams, the first harbingers  
of the new day, flickered through the  
undrawn window drapery. His body was  
weary, his heart sore, and this new visita-  
tion seemed almost too much of sorrow for  
his heart to bear. In the stillness hour, just  
before the dawn, the judge was disturbed  
by a soft tapping. Again, and again, but  
still it failed to rouse him from his lethargy  
of woe. Then a voice, softly plaintive, in-  
sistent, reached his ear and penetrated his  
conscience:

"Father! Oh, father!"

The judge flew to the window and threw  
wide the shutters, and the sight that met his  
view almost paralyzed his heart with mingled  
emotions, for before him on the grass  
stood Evelina, the daughter for whose  
death he was even then bowed in grief,  
returned from the very tomb to lift from his  
head the awful load of sorrow her untimely  
death had caused.

"Oh, father, let me enter, I am chilled,  
chilled!" she said, and with a quick move-  
ment she stood within the room. With trem-  
bling hands the judge raked the remnants of  
the fire together and heaped fuel thereon. A  
bright blaze sprang up and warmed the  
strange couple before it into new life. The  
judge pressed wine upon his child and with  
tears and laughter begged her to assure  
him that she was indeed herself, so miracu-  
lously returned, restored to his arms from  
the very tomb.

"It is indeed Evelina. But why did you  
place me in the tomb, dear? Did you be-  
lieve that I was really dead?"

"You seemed dead, indeed, poor child,  
and your mother's heart is well-nigh broken."  
"But we will mend it again. Come, let  
us go to her."  
"Father will I summon her that we may  
both hear the wonderful story of how you  
came back to life?"

"I do not think that I ever quitted life,  
father. It could not be. Out there," she  
said, with a gesture toward the tomb, "my  
blow was not as a senseless blow, as  
awful, deathlike. It seemed that  
someone took my hand, and a sensation of  
pain thrilled me through. I awoke fully,  
and, sitting up, could not realize my sur-  
roundings. I was in the tomb; my grave  
clothes were my bridal costume; but could  
not understand. Then I remembered I had  
been ill, perhaps had died; I was dead, yet  
conscious of my position—alone in the  
vault. Then I thought that although I  
was a disembodied spirit I would visit my home  
and see you and my mother, perhaps mak-  
ing you understand that I wished you to  
be resigned."

The fire and the wine had warmed the  
girl's life current to renewed action, and  
down the shimmering folds of the satin  
gown a thin red thread of light  
developed from an indisposition too slight,  
as she supposed, to notice had attacked her,  
and ere the man of medicine could arrive  
she was seemingly beyond medical aid.

There was mourning where festivities  
were expected and grief where joy should  
have reigned supreme. Loving hands  
dressed her in all the white bravery of  
bridal attire and bore her below to the  
drawing room, where she lay in state  
among banks and garlands of roses and  
ferns, where the guests who expected to  
congratulate her as a happy bride paid her  
the last homage of a sad farewell. For  
three days she held silent court in the dim,  
flower-scented dusk of the grand room and  
then all the servants of the plantation, and  
all the slaves on his father's house hid-  
den to take a farewell look at their dear  
young mistress ere she was borne to join  
the silent company of generations of noble  
kin who lay in the family vault beyond the  
gardens.

Alec stood at the open hall door admit-  
ting the black people in twos and threes  
as they filed silently in and with scarcely a  
pause passed on. He had looked at the  
girl lying there many times and his hun-  
gry eyes devoured the waxen hand which  
the lace on which the coveted treasure still  
gleamed. Her betrothed husband had  
signified his desire that it should not be re-  
moved, consequently it remained, and his  
slavish anguished eyes caught its last glim-  
mer ere she who wore it was hidden fore-  
ver from the sight of men.

That night his duties being over, Alec  
sat again on his cabin step and still his  
mind dwelt upon the "king's ransom" which  
shut away from sight upon a dead hand,  
while he, a living being, full of the possi-  
bilities of keener enjoyment of life, langu-  
ished in the vile bondage of slavery. The  
thought burned in his mind like liv-  
ing fire and he experienced the depth  
of despair. Yet to become possessed of the  
ring were easy now that she could make no  
resistance. To enter the vault, to lift the  
lid from the casket and slip the ring from  
her hand would be the work of a few mo-  
ments. Then he would be free—free as  
his master—forever after.

Alec's hair straightened and stood end-  
ward upon his head, the dew of terror burst  
forth and trickled down his face, his knees  
trembled and his gorge rose in a very col-  
lapse and ecstasy of fear. He could not  
And yet—and yet!

Without his own volition, not knowing  
whither he was going, Alec found himself  
wandering in the neighborhood of the big  
tombs that loomed white and shining in  
the watery light of a young moon. The  
moss-hung cedars cast trembling shadows  
across it and the entrance was in fitful  
darkness. Leaning against the big, bronze  
gates he peered into the dusky recess from  
which a flood of cool, moist air, heavy with  
the scent of fading flowers greeted him.  
The gates yielding, swung noiselessly ajar,  
and as one in a trance the slave passed in.  
As one in a trance he paused beside the  
flower-strewn casket and with set lips and  
staring eyes began to turn the silver screws  
that held the heavy lid in place. For sev-  
eral moments he labored as swiftly and  
silently as a soft, gray shadow, the lid was  
raised and the coveted treasure lay spark-  
ling with mocking brilliance on the waxen  
hand. Almost swooning with terror and  
superstitious dread, with staring eyes  
and mumbling lips, as though frozen to the

very heart with terror, he took the dead  
hand in his and essayed to slip the ring  
therefrom. Here an awful difficulty con-  
fronted him, the finger, slightly swollen,  
held the jewel immovably in place. It  
would not yield. In a frenzy of fear his  
hand sought his pocket, a small knife was  
pulled forth and before he himself fully  
realized the awful sacrilege of the act he  
had severed the finger adorned with the  
ring completely from the waxen hand!

**A Scrap of History.**

How Portugal Lost the Philippine Islands.

We whose Portugal in the period of her  
decay and almost total eclipse, says the  
Brazilian Bulletin, cannot understand how so  
small a nation, occupying so insignificant a  
portion of Europe—"only a veranda," as  
one of her writers has said—should so im-  
portant a figure in the world's history  
as she did in the fifteenth and sixteenth  
centuries.

Early in the eleventh century Prince  
Henry, "the navigator" of Portugal, ob-  
tained from Pope Eugenius IV a bull  
which gave to Portugal all discoveries be-  
tween Cape Hun, in Morocco, and India.  
In 1472 St. Thomas, Annonob and Prince's  
Island were added. When the equator  
was passed and Fernando P. gave his  
name to an island in the Bight of Biafra he  
seized 500 leagues\* of the African coast,  
and the King of Portugal took the title of  
"Lord of Guinea."

Very early in the days of discovery and  
conquest, toward the end of the fifteenth  
century, the most Catholic sovereigns of  
Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella, and his  
equally Catholic Majesty, John H. of Por-  
tugal, fell out about the ownership of the  
land yet to be discovered.

Like faithful children of the Church,  
they referred the whole matter to the Holy  
Father at Rome, Pope Alexander VI, a  
Spaniard, who cut the Gordian knot by  
giving them the earth and setting the limits  
of their respective possessions. An im-  
aginary line was to be drawn from pole to  
pole, 100 degrees west of the Azores or the  
Cape Verde Islands; all west of this line  
was to belong to Spain, and all east of it  
to Portugal. King John was not satisfied,  
and the treaty of Tordesellas was made in  
1494, giving to Portugal all lands east of  
an imaginary line drawn 370 leagues from  
the most western point of the Cape de  
Verde Islands and all south of the Cape of  
Good Hope. To Spain was allotted all  
lands west of this line, ignoring completely  
all other nations.

Fernando de Magalhães, or as we write  
it, Ferdinand Magellan and Roy Paleiro,  
both Portuguese subjects, who had differ-  
ences with their King, sought some pen-  
sions, offered their services to Spain.  
Both had served two years with Albuque-  
rque and knew all about the Portuguese  
possessions in the East.

Magellan represented to Charles V. who  
then ruled over Spain, that he was sure the  
world was round, a theory then credited  
by few. He declared his ability to find a  
shorter passage to the East than the Straits  
to the Portuguese, and would prove that the  
Moluccas, rich spice islands were within  
Spanish territory. Charles V had a small  
fleet fitted out and sent Magellan with his  
companion in charge, well equipped for  
those days. He went south against the ex-  
press stipulations of the treaty and discov-  
ered the Straits which bear his name. His  
fleet crossed the broad southern ocean,  
passed the Ladrones and the unknown  
Philippines, inspected the Moluccas and re-  
turned by way of Cape of Good Hope.

Magellan lost his life, and out of the five  
vessels which comprised his fleet only one  
returned, under the command of Sebastian  
Cano, who brought Magellan's written  
order of the expedition and a map of the  
route, showing that all the spice islands  
and the whole Indian Ocean were within  
the 180 degrees belonging to Spain under  
the treaty of Tordesellas. In the map  
Magellan had deliberately cut 40 degrees  
of longitude and brought the whole archipelago  
within Spain's half of the world.

He concealed the fact that the number of  
miles in a degree of longitude decreases to-  
ward the pole.

Portugal protested and declared war,  
which continued two years, when the cele-  
brated "Congress of Notabilities" was held  
in a small frontier town to discuss the mat-  
ter and discover the real facts. Portugal  
was at a manifest disadvantage. Magellan  
was at sea on the east coast, and had sailed  
around the world, and his maps of the  
southern sea was the only document ex-  
tant. Spain refused to give up her alleged  
rights, and Portugal held on to the islands.

This matter was finally compromised by  
an indemnity of 350,000 cruzados of the  
gold of Molucca, which Portugal paid to  
Spain by the express stipulation of the  
treaty which she held. A new line was  
drawn from pole to pole, starting from the  
Ladrones. This division gave to Portugal  
all west and south of the line, which was  
supposed to be 180 degrees from the other  
line drawn, 360 leagues west of Cape de  
Verde. This treaty was approved by Pope  
Julius II in the bull, Quæ pro bono pa-  
cis, and the matter was settled.

Years afterward a Spanish expedition dis-  
covered the Philippines, so named after  
Philip II, who was then King of Spain.  
These islands, though many degrees with-  
in Portugal's line, were taken possession of  
by Spain. Portugal protested, and would  
undoubtedly, have obtained possession of  
them had it not been for the disaster to the  
Portuguese arms in Africa, which threw  
Portugal into the hands of Spain, where  
she remained for sixty years. This period  
is known in Portuguese history as the  
"Sixty Years of Captivity."

When Portugal finally regained her inde-  
pendence she was much weakened and  
was more interested in settling the bound-  
aries north and south of her valuable South  
American colonies, so the Philippines re-  
mained with Spain through lack rather  
than by right. Had Portugal retained  
them it is more than likely that they, like  
many other of her Eastern possessions,  
would have fallen into the hands of the  
English, and their whole history would  
have been changed.

\*75 degrees were reckoned as league.

**Sulphur Water Instead of Oil.**

Last Friday, at a depth of 820 feet, a  
stream of genuine sulphur water was  
struck at the oil well that was being drilled  
at Osterburg, Bedford county. The stock-  
holders and also the people of the neigh-  
borhood are jubilant over the find. It may  
be that there will be no further drilling  
and the search for oil may cease, as the  
company's stockholders may be contented  
with the discovery of sulphur water of  
high test. The well is flowing at the rate  
of 125 barrels a day. There is much de-  
mand throughout the country for this  
water, and it is claimed that, if the com-  
pany that owns the well would establish a  
hotel or sanitarium at the well and use the  
water for medicinal purposes, more money  
could be made than if oil should be dis-  
covered.

Mrs. Hendricks—See here, Dinah, I  
wash you four flannel undershirts in the  
wash this week and you have brought back  
only three. How is that?  
Dinah—Dead, I dunno, ma'am, 'less'n  
they shrunk. Flannel does shrink some-  
thin' awful, ma'am.—Brooklyn Life.

Susie—"Papa, what makes a man  
always give a woman a diamond engage-  
ment ring?"  
Her Father—"The woman."

**Boston.**  
Hear the rush and hear the rumble,  
As we pass along the street!  
Some are coming—some are going—  
Hastening on with eager feet—  
What a throng of human beings,  
Many are the types we meet;  
High and low together mingle  
In the surging, crowded street.

I wonder, as I hurry along with the  
throng, where they are all going; but it is  
Saturday afternoon and there is much to  
be seen and heard here in Boston—the  
"city of culture." I am on a rush to hear  
Melba sing—another is off to see Richard  
Mansfield; I meet a friend on her way to  
hear the Symphony concert. Thus, day  
after day, even Sunday is no exception!

But the rush is now toward the churches  
where sermons and sacred music take the  
place of drama and opera—and it seems  
there is no getting out of the rush, for on  
reaching Boston theatre, I take my place  
in the line. Now my elite friend, no  
doubt you feel like picking up your skirt  
and taking a wide sweep around the long  
line that hold "rush" tickets, but were  
you here, I am perfectly certain you would  
occasionally find yourself in the "rush"—  
for many who pass into the theatre on a  
"rush ticket" to-day, may occupy a box  
to-morrow, and although, while pushed  
through the door and up the stairs, we  
gasp and struggle, and wonder if we will  
be—that—the rest of our days, yet we  
will be tempted to try it over again.

So, from day to day, without cessation,  
the very atmosphere is saturated—for ex-  
ample, walking along a day or two since—  
I hear borne upon the breeze the clear  
notes of a horn a step further, music of a  
different sort—fainter, sweeter; and glance  
into a window I see a young man  
drawing a bow back and forth across the  
strings of a violin; cross the street—I am  
now in front of the New England Conserva-  
tory of Music, from which floats a con-  
glomeration of singing, piano practice,  
mingled with the majestic tones of the pipe  
organ, etc., etc. I enter the eloquentary  
department of the Conservatory and am  
greeted by the ghostly words: "Hallelujah,  
my father's spirit!" Escaping out of  
the corridor, the conservatory sounds like a  
great musical beehive, as

Far and near the music ringing,  
Like the humming sound of bees—  
Up and down the scale they're singing,  
While fingers press upon the keys.

A word about the Conservatory, for it is  
a worthy institution. No less than twelve  
hundred students study here, of which num-  
ber more than four hundred young ladies  
board in the building, while there are  
many young men from outside. Voice and  
all musical instruments are taught by the  
country. Mr. Chadwick, the musical di-  
rector, is considered the first of composers.  
There are two weekly recitals, musical and  
literary lectures by Mr. Louis Elston, He-  
zekiah Butterworth, editor of *Youth's Com-  
panion*, and others. The management fre-  
quently brings celebrities to the Conserva-  
tory, among the musicians of note I have  
heard Paderewski, and in the literary line,  
Mrs. Mary Livermore, Julia Ward Howe  
and others. There are many ways in which  
the students are helped to complete their  
studies—the beneficent society, of which  
Mrs. Mary Livermore is president, has aided  
many. Then the jolly times the students  
manage to have! Every holiday is celebra-  
ted. During the holidays there was a  
Christmas tree, Washington's birthday a  
March Washington tea party, and I have  
joined many sight seeing parties starting  
out from the Conservatory, for there are  
many historical points we must visit before  
leaving Boston.

Our trip to Bunker Hill was of interest;  
we are not satisfied until after climbing  
flight after flight of steps we stand on the  
summit. What a scene spreads itself be-  
fore us! It is well worth the climb.  
Among the points of interest is the Old  
North Church. As I gaze, the lines of  
Paul Revere come to me—  
"But mostly he watched with eager search  
The bell tower of the old North Church;  
And lo! as he looks on the bell tower height,  
A glimmer and then a gleam of light.  
He springs to his saddle—the bride he turns  
But fingers and gazes, till full on his sight,  
A second lamp in the bell tower's light."

Do you imagine we ever feel satiety?  
No, the body may be conscious of the feel-  
ing, but the mind. Our taste may become  
like the epicures' hard to satisfy, craving  
only choice morsels. But send us to some  
quiet place for six months, and like the  
epicure, who after a period of starvation  
will relish even a stale piece of bread, so  
will we actually enjoy talent of the very  
modest. Such is the happy adjustment  
of things in this world, that it is possi-  
ble to be happy away from Boston, "The  
Athens of America."

MARY LEE.

**The Pope in Feeble Health.**

Remarkable Scenes Attended Upon the Mass at St. Peter's.

The Rome correspondent of the *Daily  
News* describing the thanksgiving mass  
at St. Peter's cathedral says: "When  
the pope came into view the people whis-  
pered. He had the appearance of a ghost  
when his face, overshadowed by the glitter-  
ing tiara, became discernible with the dark  
eyes peering from the deep sockets. His  
hands trembled violently and a sad smile  
played over the colorless lips.  
"With his left hand he waved sad greet-  
ings, while the right did its feeble best to  
mark the act of blessing. During the mass  
he sat with folded hands. Twice he rose  
and he was supported while he knelt in  
prayer, reading the benediction. His voice  
was scarcely audible.  
"He tried to raise himself, but fell back  
and pronounced the remainder in a recum-  
bent position—a loud cry, like the burst-  
ing of a storm, broke from the congregation  
and the pope, stretching his hand in ben-  
ediction, was carried out."

The Rome correspondent of the *Daily  
Telegraph*, who found the contrast between  
the glittering ceremony and the debilitated  
figure of the pope "more painful than mov-  
ing," says:  
"The whole ceremony was unduly hur-  
ried. The pope remarked to an attendant  
afterward: 'Ah, how weak I feel. I wonder  
if this will go down to history as my  
last appearance at St. Peter's?'"

**Unreasonable Woman.**  
This is the story of a love that was too  
beautiful to last.  
"Oh, me!" the young wife is exclaim-  
ing bitterly. "Here is my husband beat-  
ing me with the stove lifter, when but six  
short months ago he was asking me to re-  
cite poetry before company."  
Yes, it is doubtless the terribly intense  
passion that soonest fails, the sweetest  
wine making the best vinegar.

Father—"Tommy, stop pulling that  
cat's tail."  
Tommy—"I'm only holding  
the tail; the cat's pulling it."

**First Sight of India.**  
Bombay is a City of Monstrous Contrasts and Strange Sights.

The first sight of India is amazing, en-  
trancing, stupefying. Of other countries  
you become aware gradually; Italy leads  
up to the Levant, and Egypt passes you on  
insensibly to the desert. Landed in Bom-  
bay, you have strayed into a most elab-  
orate dream, infinite in variety, blurred with  
complexity, a gallery of strange faces, a  
buzz of strange voices, a rainbow of strange  
colors, a garden of strange growths, a book  
of strange questions, a pantheon of strange  
gods. Different heasts and birds in the  
street, different clothes to wear, different  
me