

Democrat Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 27, 1899.

WET WEATHER TALK.

It hain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice—
When God sorts out the weather and sends
rain,
Why rain's my choice.

Men ginerly, to all intents—
Although they are apt to grumble some,
Put most they're trust in Providence,
And takes things as they come—
That is, the commonality
Of men that's lived as long as me,
Has watched the world enough to
learn
They're not the boss of this concern.

With some or course, it's different—
I've seen young men that knewed it all,
And didn't like the way things went
On this terrestrial ball,
"What all the same, the rain some way
Rained just as hard on plenty day,
Er when they rally wanted it,
It maybe wouldn't rain a bit!

In this existence dry and wet
Will overtake the best of men—
Some little skiff o' clouds'll set
The snow off now and then,
And maybe whilst you're wundern
who
You've foollike lent your umbrella'to
And want it—out'll pop the sun,
And you'll be glad you hain't got
none!

It hain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice—
When God sorts out the weather and sends
rain,
Why rain's my choice.

—Biley

DUDLEY BARRINGTON'S LESSON.

Milly Barrington was only 18 when she came to live at Holly Lodge. Very young to be married, said the gossips of the neighborhood, still younger to assume all the cares and responsibilities of a household. And there were not lacking doleful prophecies who declared with eyes rolled up and mouths drawn down that Mrs. Barrington never would "get on" with the old gentleman.

"He is so fastidious," said one.
"So difficult to suit," said another.
"His ideal is so impossibly high," declared a third.

But to their surprise—perhaps a little to their disappointment—Milly and her father-in-law were the best of friends from the very first moment when they looked upon each other's face.

Milly was anxious to learn, so eager to comprehend the ins and outs of the great, roomy old house, so ambitious to excel every housekeeper in the neighborhood, that the old gentleman said, with a smile, to his son:

"Don't let your little wife undertake too much, Dudley."

And Dudley Barrington answered, with a yawn:

"There's no danger of that sir. The ladies of Holly Lodge have always been first rate housekeepers, you know. And if a woman is at work she isn't spending money foolishly or gossipping."

Mr. Barrington's keen blue eyes regarded his son sharply for a moment.

"Do you think Milly is addicted to either of those pernicious practices?" he asked.

"They come natural to all women, don't they?" said Dudley, shrugging his shoulders.

"Not at all!" said his father.

And in his soul he wondered if Dudley was really worthy of such a jewel as Millicent.

So the weeks went on, and Milly stood bravely to her helm, until one bright October day the old gentleman, chancing to pass the low kitchen window where the vines made a screen of moving shadow, looking smilingly into where his daughter-in-law was at work.

"Have you got a glass of cold milk for me, little girl?" said he.

Milly brought the milk promptly.

"See, papa," she said, triumphantly pointing to the table, "what a baking I have done to-day! Three apple pies, three loaves of bread, a pie of biscuit, a cake and a dozen plum tart!"

He only patted her cheek in reply.

"Dudley don't know what a treasure he has got," he pondered as he kept on his walk up to the front veranda, where a great chestnut tree was showering its blooms over the steps and the balmy sunshine slept on the painted floor. "He is making a Circassian slave out of that dear little woman."

And he took his book and stretched himself comfortably out in the hammock for his evening's reveries.

It was the next day that his son came to him in the library, where a little fire of logs had been kindled, for a chilly north-west rain had blown all the yellow maple leaves away, and the sunshine was obscured in driving clouds.

"Well, my boy," said his father kindly, "you are off to the city, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Barrington Jr., a tall, straight, handsome young man, with a brown complexion and sparkling eyes. "And before I go perhaps you had better give me a check if it's convenient."

"A check?" said his father. "For what?"

"I'm about out of ready cash," said Dudley carelessly, "and a little spending money would come very handy for current expenses."

"Ah! And what are you going to buy?"

Dudley looked at his father in amazement.

"I need a summer suit, sir," said he, "and—"

"Yes, yes," nodded the old gentleman. "And how much do you pay for a summer suit now?"

"Oh, six or seven pounds," answered Dudley.

"Six or seven pounds!" echoed Mr. Barrington. "Isn't that rather vague?"

"A fellow never knows exactly," explained Dudley.

"Ah, but you ought to know," interrupted the old gentleman. "And now I am on the subject, you buy your clothes of Poole, don't you? Aren't they cheaper places?"

Dudley ignored the question and said:

"I've a little bill at the cigar shop to settle, and there are some new books I should like to read."

"Just send in the bills to me," said the old gentleman. "I'll pay them."

"The bookmaker, sir?"

"You must try and not be too extravagant with your boots. Young men have so many fictitious wants nowadays. But, as I said before, let all this bill be sent me. And as for the spending money, here is enough for the present."

He drew out a half sovereign and handed it to his son. Dudley stared at it in amazement.

"I expected a check, sir," said he, somewhat discomfited.

Albinos Are Fast Disappearing.

The disappearance of the pink-eyed Pittsleys is fast being accomplished, and it is probably only a question of a few years when the albinos of Massachusetts will live only in tradition. Not a dozen of the white-haired, pink-eyed people are now to be found in the region where more than 50 lived at one time a quarter of a century ago.

So few are they that the younger generation about here includes many children who have not yet seen an albino where albinos were familiar sights to their father and mothers. Some people may see in this only another evidence of the law of supply and demand. For many years the attractiveness of the albino in dime museums and circuses has been diminished and the births of the queer little babies have also become fewer. This is the theory that is vehemently denied by the albinos themselves. They are altogether shy and haughty to permit themselves to be hired out to show folks.

In fact, they haughtily deny any suggestion that the human race is contaminated by the white-headed ancestors to figure in side shows, although tradition has nurtured the belief that this region formerly furnished the albinos for the museums and circuses of the exhibition purveyors.

The more probable theory is that the disappearance of the albinos is due solely to the falling off of intermarriages among the Pittsleys and Reynolds and their observance of the laws of caste and gentry. The women, while more reserved and clannish than the men, even have without design or forethought brought this about by marrying in families with which the blood of their own race is not mingled. These later marriages have taken them out of the unhealthy methods of life that existed among them, and have probably retarded the rate of degeneration in their blood so that there is no doubt a family characteristic does not appear in the children of such marriages. It may be due to this, or, if you believe the Pittsleys, to the fact that the hand of fate has been lifted from them.

The story of the albinos begins more than a century and a half ago. It was about then that traces of them appeared in the records of the country and in such a fashion that there is no doubt about the length of the albino line. Members of the Pierce family, of Freetown, Mass., who have been connected with the foundation of the albino race, have taken sufficient interest in the albino race to keep some track of their appearances in the locality. The albinos began with the tragedy of Acadia. When the English departed, Evangeline and her friends, not only Louisiana, but other settlements also along the Atlantic coast received their quota of the exiles. Freetown was one of these places. It had been unable to supply its quota of soldiers to the army, and as Freetown accordingly the English left fifteen men and some women.

The miserable ones who were landed in Freetown without means of subsistence were left to their fate. They were housed in built huts and cabins for shelter. Some of the descendants of the Acadians are still living about Freetown, and are highly respected and in comfortable circumstances.

But while the descendants of the Acadians do not show, but the name on the town and country records is given variously as Pittsley, Pigglesley and even Hogsley. There is not a penny that I ask for that I do not earn.

"That is Millicent's case exactly," said the wise old advocate. "She does the work of the house and does it well. She is an economist in every sense of the word. Is it right that she should receive merely her board and clothes? Is she not entitled to a regular allowance to spend as she pleases? Do not think me a meddling old fellow, my son," he added, rising and placing his hand kindly on his son's shoulder. "But I have been observing all these things, and I merely wanted to give you a personal application of this lesson in economy. You see how it humiliates one to have to beg humbly for the money that one has honestly earned—to be called upon for an account of every penny one wishes to spend. Don't put your wife into such a false position as this. Treat her as one of the firm of Barrington & Co."

"Dudley stood still a moment, pondering, and then said, earnestly:

"I will sir. You are right!"

And Milly was delighted that very day to receive a check for an ample sum of money from her husband.

"Is it all for me?" she cried with glittering eyes.

"Yes, all," Dudley answered, laughing.

"But what am I to do with so much money?"

"Lock it up in your desk, dear," he answered, "and spend it for your needs as they occur."

"But I never had so much before at all one time!" exclaimed the amazed Milly.

"No, you never had more shame to me," acknowledged Dudley. "But I have come to the conclusion, Milly, that you are no child to be given a few shillings at a time. You are my housekeeper and deserve your regular salary. I shall give you £5 for your own personal expenses at the beginning of every month, and you shall use and economize it as you choose. The household expenses, of course, will be paid out of the common stock."

"Oh, Dudley, I never felt so rich in my life!" said she. "Now I can dress like the other women and give a little money to the church and help the poor and feel independent! And I can buy by a little, too, Dudley, every month! Oh, you shall see what an excellent manager I can be."

Dudley Barrington looked at his young wife, with a sharp prick of conscience at his heart. Why had he never made her so innocently happy before? Simply because it had never occurred to him.

And Milly ran eagerly to her father-in-law.

"Papa," she cried, "I am to have £5 a month all for my own self and never to give an account of a penny of it unless I please! It is Dudley's own offer. Isn't he kind?"

And Colonel Barrington smiled and patted her head and answered with a touch of sarcasm:

The South in the War.

Wonderful Record of Southerners in the Spanish War and in the Philippines.

The long list of officers killed and wounded during the struggle of the last eighteen months includes a large share of Southern names. As large a share of the names known to the Southland may be found in the list of the officers of the Army and Navy who during the same time have distinguished themselves for heroism.

Saffold, killed Saturday at the head of his men in a charge at Novicieta in the Philippines, claimed the same Alabama home as does Hobson of Merriam fame. Worth Bagley, the only naval officer killed during the Spanish War, came from North Carolina. A negro was killed by a fragment of the shell which struck Bagley down. The dying ensign asked that the negro receive the first care. Victor Blue, Southerner and Annapolis graduate, dared the fate that overtook Nathan Hale during the revolution by invading with a single companion the island of Porto Rico, subsequently reporting to the American authorities the disposition of the island's defensive forces. Andrew S. Rowan, Virginia and West Point graduate, distinguished himself by piercing to the heart of Cuba before any other American soldier had set foot on its soil.

Twenty years ago there entered West Point with the rank of cadet a young Southern boy—William E. Shipp and William H. Smith. They met each other for the first time as they left the ferryboat to take up the steep hill leading to the hotel. The orders of appointments as cadets came to them until the next day to report for examination. The two young Southerners occupied the same room at the hotel; they passed their examinations together; they studied together during the long winter months of pleb camp; they roomed together during the four years of their cadet course, and finally joined the same regiment as Second Lieutenants, the Tenth United States Cavalry. We used to speak of Shipp and Smith as Damon and Pythias, and more than once it was joyously remarked that in order to carry the comradeship to a dramatic end they ought to be together. Smith and Shipp were shot and killed within five minutes while they were leading their dismounted black troopers up the slopes of San Juan Hill.

In the same West Point class was John Heard of Mississippi. He is now a Captain in the Third United States Cavalry. On the way to take part in the battles before Santiago the transport to which Heard and his immediate command were assigned ran into a mine. Heard was the only member of a man to do the duty. Every step of the messenger's way was one of imminent danger, though this fact at first was not realized. Two men were ordered to the dangerous duty, and they were both shot in quick succession. Capt. Heard said: "I'll ask no more of my men to expose themselves. Give me your orders."

For twenty minutes he carried messages from one end of the vessel to the other, though Mauter bullets cut his blouse, splintered the deck and splintered the railings about him. Every stride of his way was marked by the leaden volleys, yet he came through unscathed. He now wears the medal of honor given "For Valor."

In the blood of its sons in Cuba and in the Philippines the union of North and South has been cemented.

Commercial Men and Trusts.

President Dowe, of the Commercial Travelers National League, assumes that the 250,000 voters who are to be counted in the United States will be a potent if not a controlling factor in the next Presidential election. They are against trusts for the reason that the combinations of capital and commercial men seem to have been overlooked by President Dowe. This is an age of free schools and universal newspapers, and every consumer of average intelligence knows that the consumers are to-day paying the heaviest cost of the 350,000 traveling commercial men.

Their salaries and expenses add just so much to every article consumed by the people, and the business combinations which result in nearly a unit every instance reduce the cost of necessities to consumers, are enabled to do so because they deal more directly with the consumers and wipe out the great army of middlemen who are to be paid for their services wholly by the consumers of the country.

There is very widespread hostility to the monopoly features of our trusts, but it is not because they greatly lessen the cost of the necessities of life. It is because they are consumers. When the iron hand of monopoly is felt by increased prices to consumers there will be aggressive rebellion, and all classes and conditions of our people will demand such regulations of our trusts by State and nation as will strip them of the power to arbitrarily oppress the people by increased cost of products.

There will be many and powerful champions against trusts in the next campaign, but they will not be the commercial travelers of the country who must simply plead with the consumer to pay the additional cost of their support on the necessities of life.

The White Sheep of Alaska.

This rare, wild white sheep, say "Outing" is found nowhere in the world but Alaska, and few specimens for mounting whole have ever been obtained. This species, named Ovis dalli by Professor Dall, after his cousin the Rocky mountain bighorn (Ovis montana) in color, O. montana being a dull brown in mid summer, changing to a grayish drab in winter, with a light ashly color over the rump all the year, while the snow is in, and white at all seasons—in fact there is not a colored hair on any part of his body. He is not so stockily built as our "big horn," yet more trim and shapely. Two of my specimens stood forty-two inches in height. His limbs are not quite so heavy, and his horns will not average as large at the base, although quite as long. The horns of my largest specimen of 1897 measured forty-one and a quarter inches in circumference at the base.

The flesh is the most delicious of all wild game. In the summer this sheep lives chiefly on the rich, succulent growth of the alpine meadows, which grows in the crevices of the rock on the sunny slopes of this rugged range. This beautiful animal must endure hardships to survive the winters of this icy North.

An Agate Bridge.

Wonderful Sight in Arizona's Petrified Forest—Colors in Wood Turned to Stone.

To my mind, next to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the most interesting and impressive of the natural wonders of this great Arizona museum is the petrified forest, which is nearly 100 square miles, within easy distance, either on foot or horseback, from Billings Station, on the Santa Fe Railroad; but it can be more easily reached by carriage from Holbrook, where better accommodations can be found. The government explorers have christened it Chaleodony Park.

The surface of the ground for miles and miles around is covered with gigantic logs three or four feet in diameter, petrified to the core. Many of them are translucent. All present the most beautiful shades of blue, yellow, pink, purple, red and gray. Some are like gigantic amethysts, some resemble the smoky topaz, and some are pure and white as alabaster. At places the chips of agate from the trunks that have crumbled lie a foot deep upon the ground, and it is easy to obtain cross sections of the petrified logs, and even the petrified bark. Comparatively little of this agate has been used in manufacturing, although it is easy to obtain. Manufacturing jewelers of New York have made table tops and boxes and other articles from strips that have been sent them, and if the material were not so abundant its beauty would command enormous prices. Where you can get a carload of jewelry for nothing you are not likely to pay high prices for it.

A bird's-eye view of the petrified forests on a sunny day suggests a gigantic kaleidoscope. The surface of the earth resembles a vast mosaic of colored glass. The geologists say this great plain, now 5,000 feet above the sea, was once covered by a forest, which was submerged for ages in water strongly charged with minerals, until the fibers of the trees were thoroughly soaked and transformed into eternal stone. Many of the trunks are still packed in a decomposed state of fine clay, which was left by the receding waters, but the erosion of the wind has pulverized much of the clay and carried it off in the air, exposing the secrets that nature buried under its surface.

One great tree spans a deep gulch forty feet wide. It lies where it fell centuries ago, and its trunk is now a most beautiful specimen of petrified wood. The rings and the bark can be easily traced through the translucent agate, and it is firm enough and strong enough to last as many centuries as it has already spent in its peculiar position. It is undoubtedly the only bridge of agate in the world, and alone is worth a long journey to see.

The Indians of the Southwest used to visit the petrified forests frequently to obtain bark for their arrow and spear heads, and the material was scattered over the entire continent by exchange between the different tribes, from the Isthmus of Panama to the dangerous straits of the Bering Sea. The great deposit here explains where all the arrow heads of moss agate came from, and other weapons and implements of similar material that are found in the Indian mounds and graves of the Central and Western States. In the stone age the agate of the petrified forests was the very best material that could be obtained for both the implements of war and peace and for the aborigines. A scalping knife could be made very easily from one of the chips of agate and could be ground to a very fine edge. Many crystals were used for jewelry and ornament also.

Roasted at the Stake.

Flemish Negro had Cremated a Family Alibi. Druggist Perpetrator of a Heinous Crime to the Shame of His Motherland Burned Him.

Joe Leflore, a negro, at St. Anne, Miss., was burned at the stake here Friday night for a crime even more horrible than the vengeance wreaked upon him.

Even as he was being dragged to the spot where he knew he must be tortured to death he told with brutal frankness how, on Wednesday night, with two other negroes, he had gone to the house of J. H. Gambrell, tied Mrs. Gambrell and her four children together on the floor of the house, saturated the surroundings with kerosene, robbed the house and cremated the bound victims alive.

DEAD IN THE RUINS OF THEIR HOME.

Early Saturday morning the charred bodies of Mrs. Gambrell, her two grown daughters and her two little sons were found in a heap in the smoking ruins of their home. The husband, who was absent, was known to have left a large sum of money in the house, and investigation led to the certainty that not an accident, but a hideous crime, had occurred.

It was discovered that Leflore and another negro had disappeared, and, as circumstances pointed to their guilt, they were pursued.

THE MURDERER CAPTURED.

Early last evening Leflore was captured, several miles from the scene of the murder. He vigorously protested his innocence, and tried to convince the posse which captured him that Bob and Andrew Smith had committed the crime. But finally he broke down, and said that he was guilty. He said he hoped for no mercy, and recited all the details of what he had done.

He declared that Bob and Andrew Smith were with him, and these two were also captured.

BURNED ON SCENE OF HIS CRIME.

"Burn him!" "Burn him alive!" yelled the mob, and dragging the three negroes along, it started back to St. Anne's. On the way Andrew Smith escaped. The other two were taken to the yard where the Gambrell residence had stood, and tied to stakes driven in the ground. Wood from the ruins of the house were piled high around them and then set on fire.

Bob Smith had not confessed and frantically protested his innocence. Finally the mob began to doubt his guilt, and he was cut loose, badly burned, but not fatally. No such mercy was shown to Leflore. He made no effort to deny his guilt as the flames rose around him, and his pleading was only that some one in mercy send a bullet through his head.

The crowd made no response save jeers and reproaches, and stood about him grimly watching his torture until his cries ceased, and he was burned to a crisp.

Here's a Little Bee Story.

Robbed of their Honey, they Promptly Retaliated it.

A Blind Hunter.

"Tom" Johnson, of Jessamine County, Ky., is a Veritable Wonder.

Near this place, among the cliffs of Jessamine county, is the modest home of "Tom" Johnson. Since early in his life Johnson has been blind, but notwithstanding this fact, he is one of the most enthusiastic fox hunters in the State. Often he follows his hounds alone among the Kentucky River cliffs, going a gallop with one who has been blind would not dare imitate, and although he has been doing this for many years he has never met with an accident. He knows every nook and crook in the cliffs, and when he comes to a very dangerous point he dismounts, takes hold of his horse's tail and the animal guides him to safety.

A short time ago a party of hunters from Madison and Garrard counties came here and with the local hunters spent several nights chasing the fox. Johnson was with them, and on the second night they lost their bearings, became separated, and none of them except Johnson was able to make their way out of the cliffs that night. The following day three of the hunters came together at Wolf's Point. Much apprehension was felt for the safety of the blind man and they decided to go to a very dangerous point he dismounts, takes hold of his horse's tail and the animal guides him to safety.

Johnson owns several fine hounds and frequently trades dogs, and gets the best of it about as often as he is worsted, he possessing the wonderful ability of telling by touch the animal's good qualities, the color of the coat and the number of spots on the body, and he can always tell his dogs from the others by feeling them. Years ago, Philip Harrison, an old hunter, died in this county, and in his will he bequeathed to his son, Colonel Jack Chinn, of Harrodsburg. A few weeks ago Johnson rode over to Colonel Chinn's and the horn was shown him. He had hardly taken it in his hands when he exclaimed: "Why, this is Phil Harrison's old horn, and I haven't seen it before in twenty-five years."

It was Johnson who solved the "Phantom Fox" mystery that for many months puzzled the hunters of this and other counties. Week in and week out this fox led the dogs a merry dance, but each night, after running the dogs nearly to death, its trail would be lost in the bluegrass pasture in the Poor Nick neighborhood. Johnson heard of this and sent word that he wanted to hunt the phantom, so a hunt was arranged. On the appointed day hunters from Garrard, Boyle, Lincoln, Madison, Washington and Anderson counties congregated near Ebenezer Church with the pick of their packs, determined to give the phantom the run of his life.

Reynard was jumped at 8 o'clock on night, and after traversing many miles of country with the dogs in his paws, he reached the pasture at 12 o'clock, and there, as before, his trail vanished. Johnson, mounted on a fine saddle horse, led the chase, and reaching the pasture he heard the tinkling of several bells and was told that a flock of fifty sheep were grazing in the same pasture. "That explains it," exclaimed the sightless Johnson; "you will find Mr. Fox on the back of one of those sheep." And such proved to be the case. Upon becoming tired the shy animal would strike for the pasture, mount the back of one of the Coiswolds and take a ride, thus baffling the hunters.

For Whom You May Vote.

Official Ballot of Eight Columns Certified by State Secretary.

The official ballot to be certified by the Secretary of the Commonwealth this year will contain eight columns. They will run across the face of the ballot in this order:

Republican—State Treasurer, James E. Barnett; Judge of the Supreme Court, J. Hay Brown; Judge of the Superior Court, John L. Mitchell.

Democratic—State Treasurer, William T. Creasy; Supreme Court, S. Leslie Mestretaz; Superior Court, Charles J. Reilly.

Prohibition—State Treasurer, John M. Caldwell; Supreme Court, Agis Kicketts; Superior Court, Harold C. Johnson.

People's—State Treasurer, Justus Watkins; Supreme Court, John H. Stevenson; Superior Court, Nathan L. Atwood.

Socialist Labor—Court will determine next week which faction of the party, which has filed two sets of nominations, is entitled to a place on the ballot.

Union Reform—State Treasurer, Samuel D. Wood; Supreme Court, John H. Stevenson; no nomination for Superior Court.

Bryan Anti-Trust—State Treasurer Wm. T. Creasy; Supreme Judge S. Leslie Mestretaz; Superior Court, Charles J. Reilly.

The eighth and last column is blank and reserved for the voter who is not pleased with any of the tickets, and who desires to vote for other persons not named by any party.

An action of the Presbyterian church synod in Western Pennsylvania brings into prominence a pathetic illustration of those who are growing old and being forced by declining years from active usefulness.

The synod decided to remove Dr. A. B. Miller from the presidency of Waynesburg College, a responsibility he had filled for the past forty-nine years. The only reason given for the change was that Doctor Miller had become too aged for the work, and he was proffered the chair of philosophy at the nominal compensation of \$800 per year. Most touchingly the venerable college president pleaded that he might be allowed to round out a half century of service before being finally shelved, submitting in his support a petition, signed by all but one of the 400 students in the institution last year, asking that he be retained. But the synod was not to be moved, and Dr. Miller was deposed.

A THOUSAND TONGUES could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of Philadelphia, when Dr. King's New Discovery cured her of backache, which for many years had made life a burden. She says: "After all other remedies and doctors failed it soon removed pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the Universe." Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed to cure all troubles of the Throat, Chest or Lungs. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at F. Potts Green's Drug Store.

Remember in shipping your apples this year that the barrel must be of legal dimensions or be marked "short barrel" under penalty of \$5 for every small barrel used. The specified size is: Head diameter, 17 1/2 inches; length of stave, 27 1/2 inches; bulge not less than 64 inches outside measurement.