

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., April 20, 1900.

FACTS AND FANCY.

Three smart young men and three nice girls—
All lovers true as steel—
Decided, in a friendly way,
To spend the day awhile.
They started in the early morn,
And nothing seem amiss;
And when they reached the leafy lanes
They were like
They wandered by the verdant dale,
Beside the rippling rill;
The sun shone brightly all the while;
They heard the song bird's trill,
They sped through many a woodland glade,
The world was full of bliss—
And when they rested in the shade,
They sat in twos
The sun went down and evening came,
A lot too soon they said;
Too long they tarried on the way,
The clouds grew black overhead,
Down dashed the rain! They homeward flew,
Fill'd with unweary bliss.
The lot
—California Critic.

She was one of those anomalous, unmothered creatures that are tossed into being without any ancestry to speak of, and who are then left to fight it out, or go back into the dark again from whence they came.

Her name was Billy, her parentage unknown. And had it been for a certain inherent, combative force, and the saving arms of Whisky Sal, she would never have stayed in a world that did not seem to want her. For it was night—and a night when the first snow-laden snowflakes were finding lodgment in the heart of the slums—that that lady, happening to be less intoxicated than usual, caught the sound of a piercing wail amidst the confused noises around her, and poking her head into a disused ash-barrel, drew out a little naked baby which she covered up in her shawl and carried home.

"Here, Jimmy," she exclaimed to a rough-headed urchin of 9 or 10, who was sitting huddled up in the warmth of the bed as she entered, "here's something for ye," and she tossed the bundle into his arms, and so relieved herself of all further responsibility in the matter.

"It's a kid, sure's ye're born," said Jimmy, in the awed tones of youth to youth, and from that moment the "kid" was his.

He christened her Billy in the vain hope that she might some day become a boy, he fed her with area milk flavored with water, he dressed her in pawn shop garments bought with his own meagre earnings and next to his old young heart he kept her warm at night when the thermometer was low and clothing scanty.

Her life and her upbringing and her future career depended entirely upon his own unaided efforts and he knew it; for Whisky Sal was one of those irresponsible beings who live for the moment. She was not brutal, she was only whisky-soaked and sordid. She would not voluntarily hurt anything. She would not murder a child or poison a cat, but the whole world might die or go to pieces or be swept into oblivion for all she cared.

She carried her comfort in a small flat bottle which she wore buttoned into the bosom of her dress; and when it was empty she worked to fill it, and when it was full her one aim in life was to empty it again.

"I've got no use for babies and the likes of them," she remarked confidentially to a neighbor one day in one of her sober relapses, "but if Jimmy wants the job of raising' her he's welcome to it."

So Billy's lot in life was cast and in spite of the age and sex of her nurse and of every argument to the contrary, she lived through the different phases of babyhood and found her feet and developed her tongue and her teeth as successfully as the most carefully nurtured infant in the land.

And Jimmy did it, and did it all from pure, instinctive love; did it without a murmur or a notion of the meaning of self-sacrifice, and he did it, moreover, for six years. But at the end of that time he considered sagely that she was old enough and mature enough to do for herself, so accordingly he provided her with a broom and a crossing and turned her out loose to do the best she could.

Perhaps he was right. Billy was large and strong for her age. She had big, black, bold eyes that feared nothing, and a pair of tough little fists. She could hold her own against almost any double her size, and she held it, too, without hesitation or partiality.

And so for four years she kept her crossing by right of might and possession, and entirely without Jimmy's aid or protection. Jimmy, it is true, would occasionally saunter up to where she stood with her busy broom, and accost her with a superior air of condescension; for Jimmy worked in a cigar factory, and moreover he had reached that time of life when grown-up ladies were more to his fancy than young girls. There was a certain Liz Baker, for example, who walked out with him on Sundays, and who exercised a particular fascination over him. She was 16, she worked in a factory and she wore the most wonderful black hat trimmed with straight blue ostrich feathers that ever ravished the heart of man.

Billy hated her. Of course she hated her. Had she not all the attributes that call forth that emotion? Was she not older and richer and stronger, and did she not wear better clothes, and, moreover, was she not the beloved of Jimmy? And Billy hated her with a burning, smothering hate which made her heart burn like a big hot coal.

must be put a stop to at any cost and Billy was aware of it; but when Jimmy found it out and lectured her on the subject she repaid the liberty by splashing him plentifully with soft, yellow mud off the end of the damaged broom.

"I hate you!" she said, her big fierce eyes flashing as she spoke, "and I hate Liz Baker worse!"

"Ah!" retorted Jimmy, and he gave her the end of a healthy pink tongue to examine. "That for ye!" and he snapped his fingers and walked away whistling.

Then the climax came. It happened on a hot, depressing spring day, when Billy's store of strength and her second broom were both approaching exhaustion. She was standing at ease with one hand outstretched and her eyes fixed on the faces of the passers-by, when a lady in a short brown skirt and thick boots came stepping gingerly over the crossing and passed in front of her.

"What is your name, my dear?" she asked, looking down at the child as she spoke, out of a pair of keen gray eyes.

Billy frowned and remained silent. She was not in a communicative mood. "But the lady was not to be baffled. She waited a moment or two, and then said gently, 'Has the poor little girl lost her tongue that she won't answer?'"

Billy hated grown-up people with playful ways, and she did not wish to be ill, but at that moment there occurred to her the idea that perhaps this lady might be able to take her away from her broom and her crossing, and from Jimmy, and from Liz Baker, and to come to a place where you would have plenty to eat and drink and nice clothes to wear and a beautiful bed to sleep in? Would you like it, Billy?"

Billy's black eyes flashed enthusiastically and her face glowed as she nodded in affirmation.

"Then let me see," said the lady, referring to her note book again. "This is Monday. Well, on Wednesday, two days after to-day, you understand, you meet me here and I'll take you to that beautiful home. And now, good-bye, my dear, and God bless you," and she bustled away with a little hopping business-like walk.

It was late that night when Billy related her experience to Jimmy as they sat side by side on an upturned barrel in the lee of a row of tenements. She had intended at first to keep it a "deadly," but love and the excitement of telling got the better of reserve.

"So that was her dodge, was it?" remarked Jimmy, with a dangerously reserved infection in his voice, after the narrative had been narrated with the assistance of many interjections and interpolations.

"She wanted to give me a beautiful home," Billy explained, readily, "and I'm goin', too—see if I don't!"

"Yes, you're goin'," he echoed scornfully. "Do you know what she is? She's Old Mother Gobblep, and her beautiful home's just a stone jug, and once she swears you in there you'll never see daylight again. Now, you're goin'—ain't ye?"

"Yes, I am. Any place's better 'an this."

"Billy!"

"Yes, it is."

"Billy! And I raised ye, and gave ye milk out of a bottle, and kep' ye when ye'd have died if I hadn't. And this all ye care. Ye'd go to old Mother Gobblep, or any other old mother, to get away. Oh, Billy, I didn't think it of ye; no, I didn't."

Billy turned her head away quickly.

"Ye—ye don't care."

"Yes, I do."

"Naw, ye don't. Ye like that old Liz Baker thing, and ye can keep her, too," she exclaimed, defiantly.

"I don't. I was only foolin'. I don't care a red cent about her," he asserted, lying with manlike gibbers.

Billy's hard little fist stole into Jimmy's with a quick shamefaced movement.

"Swear ye don't."

And Jimmy swore with convincing ardor.

"Ye're 10 now, ain't ye, Billy?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"Yes, I know ye, c'os I raised ye. Well, in three years ye'll be grown up and big, and then I'll marry ye, Billy."

Billy's eyes danced. To marry a man and a man who worked in a factory! Could the beautiful gods have devised a prospect of greater bliss! Her head dropped low on Jimmy's shoulder.

A Light House in the Desert.

Far out on the desert of Arizona is a lighthouse, erected for life saving, like the towers that rise above the dashing waves of the Atlantic coast. Below it is a great well, Cullen's well it is called, 200 feet deep at the only point where water is to be had. The water, sweet and cold is raised in a large bucket, made from a barrel.

The revolving drum above is propelled by a blindfolded mule, that knows to an inch just how many rounds he must make before the clanking bucket rises to the point where it tips itself into a trough. At the trough and about the tanks cattle are always standing to drink. There is no water for 55 miles to the eastward, nor for at least 20 miles in any other direction.

By the well passes the old Ehrenberg road once the great highway into Arizona; and at that point meet roads leading to the Marqua Hala and to many other important mines of western Arizona.

It has been said that the road leading from the Hassayampa Creek to the well is "blazed" by the graves of those who have died of thirst upon their way. Yet the desert is not repulsive. Save about the well, there are no cattle to eat the grasses that grow afresh in the spring rains, and the beautiful Savanna stretches away for miles, usually tawny in color, although green below.

But the summer is awful in the intensity of its heat. The journey from Wickenburg must be made only with gallons of water to each person. Scores of poor foot-travelers have found this out at the cost of their lives, and men have died, a dozen or more, only a few miles from the point where the life-giving fluid is to be found.

Two miners expired by the roadside two or four days ago, almost within sight of their goal as they fought their way to the water. They were found within rifle shot of the little station. A few days later a German lad came staggering to the tanks shortly after midnight. He had lain down to rest when he saw a lamp light from a window in the distance. When it was that Joe Drew, the keeper of the well, in mercy determined to establish his lighthouse. Far up on a cotton-wood pole every night there now swings a lantern, to be seen by many miles across the level plain, a light of promise to the traveler, a life-saving beacon not marked on the mariner's charts.

SPREADS LIKE WILD-FIRE.—When things are "the best" they become the best selling. Abraham Hare, a leading druggist, of Bellefonte, Pa., writes: "Electric Bitters are the best selling Bitters I have handled in 20 years. You know why? Most diseases begin in disorders of stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, blood and nerves. Electric Bitters tones up the stomach, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, it cures multitudes of maladies. It builds up the entire system. Puts new life and vigor into any weak, sickly, run-down man or woman. Price 50c. Sold by F. P. Green Druggist.

—This has been the poorest maple syrup in northern Ohio for several years on account of the unfavorable weather. Good sugar water requires sharp, frosty nights and warm, sunny days. There has been very little weather of this kind, and the season is so far gone that the trees will soon begin to bud. The best sugar is that made from the first flow of the sap, which usually comes the latter part of February. Maple sugar and syrup will both be high priced next year.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! No baking! Add boiling water and 3 1/2 cups of sugar. At your grocers. 10 cts. 45¢.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it will be convinced, best blood and muscle making. Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/4 the price of coffee, 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tourists.

The Iron Mountain route announces the sale of winter excursion tickets to various points in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Old and New Mexico, Arizona and California. For rates, descriptive pamphlets, etc., address J. R. James, acting central passenger agent, 900 Park Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

New Booklets.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is issuing a series of booklets regarding points of interest along its lines and if you are interested in the western country, or contemplating a trip, write Geo. H. Heufford, General Passenger agent, Chicago, Ill., for the special publication desired, enclosing four cents in stamps for postage for each one.

1. The Pioneer Limited.
2. The Land of Bread and Butter.
3. The Fox Lake Country.
4. Fishing in the Great North Woods.
5. The Lake Superior Country.
6. Cape Nome Gold Diggings.
7. Summer Days in the Lake Country.
8. Summer Homes, 1900.
9. The Game of Skat.
10. Milwaukee—The Convention City.
11. A Farm in the Timber Country.
12. Stock Raising in the Sunshine State.
13. Hunting and Fishing.

For Sale.

ROCK FARMS.

J. HARRIS HOY, Manager,
Office, No. 8 So. Allegheny St.
Bellefonte, Pa.

Horses, Cows, Sheep, Shots, Young Cattle and Feeders for sale at all times.

Roofing.

A LEAKING ROOF

IS A

PESKY NUISANCE.

Perhaps as Tom Reed said when we paid \$20,000,000 for the Philippines, we bought 8,000,000 niggers at \$2.50 each, with the privilege of catchin' 'em," but we did not buy the Porto Ricans, and have no right to treat them as purchased property.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25c. 41-6m

Medical.

WHY IT SUCCEEDS.

BECAUSE IT'S FOR ONE THING ONLY, AND BELLEFONTE IS LEARNING THIS.

Nothing can be good for everything. Doing one thing well brings success. Doan's Kidney Pills do one thing only. They're for sick kidneys. They cure backache, every kidney ailment. Here is Bellefonte evidence to prove it:

Mrs. J. Cowher, of Bishop street, says: "I was very bad with my back and head. I suffered, both in both, and was very restless nights besides being so tired all the time that I could hardly keep my eyes open. I was very lame across my kidneys and bending over or being on my feet much was extremely painful. Reading about Doan's Kidney Pills and seeing them so highly recommended for these troubles I procured them from E. W. Grove's drug store. They gave me positive relief, cured me to sleep well, stopped the pain, removed the lameness and invigorated me generally."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name Doan's and no substitute.

Tailoring.

J. H. GROSS,
FINE MERCHANT TAILORING.
High St., next door to Centre county Bank.
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Spouting.

SPROUTING! SPROUTING! SPROUTING!
SPROUTING! SPROUTING!

W. H. MILLER,
Allegheny St. BELLEFONTE, PA.

Meat Markets.

GET THE BEST MEATS.

You save nothing by buying poor, dry or gristly meats. I use only the LARGEST, FATTEST, CATTLE, and supply my customers with the freshest, choicest, best blood and muscle making Steaks and Roasts. My prices are no higher than poorer meats are elsewhere.

DR. J. K. STITES

EAR, THROAT AND LUNG SCIENTIST.

OFFICE AT McGUIRE'S BOARDING HOUSE, 21 NORTH ALLEGHENY STREET.

WE BUY ONLY THE BEST

and we sell only that which is good. We don't promise to give it away, but we will furnish you with the best quality of goods that you have paid elsewhere for very poor.

TRAVELERS GUIDE.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

READ DOWN Jan. 21st, 1900. READ UP.

TRAVELERS GUIDE.

SCHEDULE TO TAKE EFFECT MONDAY, APR. 3RD, 1899.

WESTWARD read down. EASTWARD read up.

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Dr. Stites.

THE NEW TREATMENT FOR CATARRH AND DEAFNESS.

NOW BEING DEMONSTRATED IN BELLEFONTE.

ONE MONTH OF DR. STITES NEW TREATMENT.

Is worth two months of the most careful treatments, such as sprays, acids, electricity, caustics, or operative, and if all who suffer from Catarrh were wise enough to devote a little time to the

NEW TREATMENT.

As given by Dr. Stites, there would soon be few cases of Catarrh to treat, cases of Deafness would become rare, head noises a curiosity, and chronic coughs and consumption would be reduced to a minimum.

OVER 250 PEOPLE IN THIS CITY AND VICINITY

Are now numbered among Dr. Stites' patients. The remarkable results of Scientific Treatment are, already to be seen. Some have been turned away because incurable, but many supposed to be so have found relief in store for them.

DR. STITES REFERS.

By special permission, to the following testimonials which are among the many who have taken his new treatment during the past few months.

NO NAMES ARE PUBLISHED WITHOUT CONSENT.

DR. J. K. STITES

LEWISBURG & TYRONNE RAILROAD.

Nov. 20th, 1899.

TRAVELERS GUIDE.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.

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