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Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 21, 1900.

UNCLE ELIJAH'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Continued from page 2

them. Lord! Annie, he might as well have thrown us down his photograph. These couldn't belong to anybody else."

Annie, with an awe-struck expression and gingerly fingers, was also turning over the articles.

"Indeed, Joseph, I never saw anything so pitiful in all my life. And these innocent little baby clothes, they make me want to cry. Penninah, do look at these things. It's been a long robbery of the poor. Poor Uncle Elijah!" Penninah stood at a little distance, watching the inspection.

"It's so dreadful even Annie can't laugh at it," said she in the same awed whisper her sister had used; and then Mrs. Joseph did laugh, but it was a hysterical sound, interrupted at once by Mr. Tousey's sarcastic voice from above them.

"Joseph, when you all are good and ready to help move this cupboard, I'd like to have it done, and get out of the attic and go home. I know its only kind of wedged on the lower step down there. Lift it up and let it down easy. I'll hold back on it."

Mrs. Joseph hurried to one side of the cupboard as her husband moved to the other.

"Do be careful Joseph. It's awful to have a heavy thing like this chase you down the steps. Uncle Elijah can't hold it back."

"Well he seems to be doing it," said Joseph, rising to wipe his brow after a fruitless effort to lift the cupboard. "Father, can you hear me? Let her go up there."

"I'm not touching her," growled the cupboard's owner. "Why don't you pull?" "Wait one moment," said Mrs. Joseph, who had been examining the stair. She had climbed up the narrow steps as far as the space allowed and clinging to the cupboard's edge looked up at the low cupboards.

"Why Joseph it isn't stuck at the bottom at all; it's stuck up here! Don't you remember grandmother had these attic stairs altered? It must have been done after the cupboard was taken up. It'll never on earth go down through the trap door. Uncle Elijah we've got to get the cupboard back in the attic before we can get it out. You lift it up, and we'll push it. Now, all together when I count three."

Since the memorable day when she had outwitted him, Uncle Elijah had continued to pay certain tribute to his niece in the shape of a sarcastic but marked respect for the wisdom of her declared judgments. Now he did not for a moment question her decision. They could hear evidence of his obedience in his groans of effort. Those below were not idle. Penninah lent her hand, and Joseph and Annie worked in concert, but the cupboard remained immovable.

"There's only one thing to do," panted Mrs. Joseph, drawing back at last. "Let go the cupboard, Joseph. We're wasting time and strength, and not moving it an inch. It's so jammed, Uncle Elijah can't lift it, and we can't possibly move it down past the top of the ceiling, because it physically won't go. The only thing to do is to saw the cupboard in two, and then we can pull the pieces down and let your father out. We can put the cupboard together again so you'll never know it's been taken apart, Uncle Elijah. Get the saw, Joseph."

"Joseph, don't you do anything of the kind," commanded Mr. Tousey. "Annie, Tousey, anybody'd think you were made of money, to hear you talk. You can't make kindling wood out of my furniture. I guess I'll find a way to get this cupboard down and without waste, either. If I don't, I'll stay here till I do. What's that? No, don't go calling in any help from the neighbors. I ain't going to be taken out of an attic window as a free circus for all the country round. You can all go away from down there and leave me. I'll call you when I get ready to make a move. No, it isn't any worse to be shut up Christmas Eve than any other day. You'll see I'll think of a way to get out that ain't window or door. Annie Tousey you used to have a head on your shoulders. You can be thinking too, if you get time. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Uncle Elijah," called back Mrs. Joseph, but it was in the voice of one roused from deep absorption. She had again been turning over the scattered clothing on the stairway, and now she rose and faced her husband and sister with a light of prophecy on her face. In her hand was a small volume of manuscript leaves. As she held it open, the leaves showed stained and old and thumb-marked.

"Children," whispered Mrs. Joseph, solemnly. "This is grandmother's receipt-book! She must have kept it hidden in that old corner cupboard in the attic. I know now exactly what I'm going to do. There isn't any way for Uncle Elijah to get out, and the Lord has delivered him into my hands."

The old attic in which Mr. Tousey suddenly found himself prisoner was one of those spider-haunted, quaint raftered garrets that belong to the old houses. At either end of the hipped roof was a window, and in at the east window the sun shone with that dusty brilliancy that notes leads to sunshine. There was very little furniture of any kind in the attic, and no chairs, though the old gentleman sought for one diligently. Neither were there any objects of interest stored here to divert the mind, except the one corner cupboard,

which Mr. Tousey had already partially removed. It occurred therefore that a sound of some treachery was ahead for the prisoner, unless he bent his pride and called in the help of the neighbors, which judging from the uncompromising front that had settled on his brow, Mr. Tousey had no intention of doing.

He spent the greater part of the forenoon pacing the floor back and forth, his brow bent, his hands behind his back, now pausing at the shady west window to look out on the fields of snow, now to look out the winter sun was rapidly divesting of their snow robes. It was about twelve o'clock, his dinner hour at home, before Mr. Tousey condescended to improvise a chair for himself, and when he did finally decide to make an old pig-skin covered trunk, that he pulled out from under the eaves, do duty as a seat, he sat down upon it very wearily. The garret was not cold, for the weather was not being, and as soon as Mr. Tousey seated his walk he felt the chill, and rose to find a remedy. As a son of the house, he knew that a large register in the attic floor led to a warm room below, and this register he immediately sought and opened. As he did so, he glanced down casually into the room below, then down motionless peering through the open iron work, his brow contracting, his neck lengthening as his interest grew. This room below was, as he knew, the guest-chamber, and though no one was then present, he could see that some one had lately been there, for all the guest room furniture had been drawn back against the four walls, while in the clearer space of the floor was set a large table, spread as for a Christmas banquet, with Christmas wreaths and holly on the board, and with four covers laid, one at each of the four sides. As he noted these details, the old man's astonished stare turned slowly to a more and more suspiciously to himself. A grin smile spread over his features as he half shut his eyelids, standing there thinking. Finally he stooped, and lifting the register bodily from its setting, disclosed the open hole, through which, kneeling with difficulty on his knees, he thrust his head and white head for a closer inspection of the room below. He rose at last, flushed and trembling with his exertions, and set back the iron work softly, carefully closing the register again.

"Annie's up to some of her tricks," he said, as he returned to the pig skin trunk. "I guess I'll wait a bit and see what happens."

Nothing happened for several hours, and as he sat there waiting, Mr. Tousey began first to doze a little, with his head back on the bare rafters, and then to grow singularly restless, which was more than the ordinary impatience of waiting. Now and again he lifted his head and sniffed the air which he breathed, by the most suspiciously to himself. A grin smile spread over his features as he half shut his eyelids, standing there thinking. Finally he stooped, and lifting the register bodily from its setting, disclosed the open hole, through which, kneeling with difficulty on his knees, he thrust his head and white head for a closer inspection of the room below. He rose at last, flushed and trembling with his exertions, and set back the iron work softly, carefully closing the register again.

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replaced by others as bewildering. The sound of pleasant voices and laughter and family chatter came to him from below. He had room but for three sensations—astonishment, taste and a kind of dismay. Every dish, from soup to salad, was prepared in some fashion that differed from the ordinary, but in every case Mr. Tousey recognized the difference as a lover recognizes a long-lost love.

When the ice-cream came at last, his spoon hovered above it in a hand that trembled. Would it—could it be possible that it might contain in its flavoring that nutty, spirituous, defined, yet indescribable taste that had made Madam Tousey's cream famous through all the county? Mr. Tousey raised the spoon slowly to his mouth. It did!

Uncle Elijah," said Mrs. Joseph, making one of her sudden appearances through the register. "I don't know why in the world I haven't thought of it before. It's just this moment come to me how to get you out with a turn of the hand. I am going to band you up a block and tackle, and you can tie the block to the rafter over the cupboard and pass the rope down here, and we'll all hang on it and pull the cupboard right up into the ceiling. Here's your coffee, sir, and just as soon as you're drunk that, unless you'd like more ice-cream first—Why, Uncle Elijah!"

Mr. Tousey was wiping tears of emotion from his eyes with his large red silk handkerchief.

"Nothing," he said, recovering, and looking down appealingly into Annie's face; "only I don't care about being gotten out of here, Annie Tousey. I don't care at all. I'd just as lief stay forever right here on this pig-skin trunk and have you pass things up to me. Honey, you say you've got a little more of that ice-cream?"

Mrs. Joseph's face disappeared instantly, but in a moment rose again into sight—radiant, yet subdued, as a full harvest moon rises and shines on a gathered harvest.

"Uncle Elijah," she said woefully, "you can't have the cream if you want, but here's some pie I think you'll like better. It's a deep family pie, the kind grandmother used to make. If you like this one, I'll promise to have this kind of ice-cream for our dinner every summer Sunday, and the family pie for dinner every winter Sunday. Is that any better?"

"Annie," said Uncle Elijah, solemnly, "it shall be exactly as you say." And he held out his hand for the pie.—By Margaret Stutton Briscoe in Harper's Bazar.

Saves Herself and Companions. By her heroism Miss Esther Bowen, a United States mail carrier, saved the lives of two women as well as her own on a Phyllis—a Huh! It takes all my money to keep the children in them.

As to Stockings. Bachelor—What are you going to put in your children's stockings this Christmas? Phyllis—Huh! It takes all my money to keep the children in them.

Medical. CATARRH Is a constitutional disease. It originates in a scrofulous condition of the blood and depends on that condition. It often causes headache and dizziness, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, affects the vocal organs and disturbs the stomach. It is always radically and permanently cured by the blood-purifying, alterative and tonic action of HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

General Miles Thrown. White at the Head of the Centennial Parade He Falls from His Horse. Lieutenant General Miles had a slight accident while heading the centennial parade in Washington on Wednesday, a break in his saddle girth giving the general a fall. The head of the parade had just passed the President's reviewing stand, and Gen. Miles, having saluted the President, had turned his horse toward the House wing of the capitol. The saddle girth suddenly parted, permitting the general to drop the reins, and Gen. Miles was seen to fall sideways. The horse did not plunge, and an officer sprang forward. Being a good horseman, Gen. Miles saved himself from being thrown with force, and suffered nothing save the inconvenience and annoyance of the accident. He soon recovered and appeared with the other distinguished officials in the House of Representatives and took part in the exercises.

Valuable Mining Property Sold. The sale of all the mining property of the Pennsylvania Coal company and other allied coal producing interests to the Erie railroad, the deal for which has been pending for some days, was officially confirmed Friday from the offices of the third vice president at Dunmore, near Scranton. The property involved includes twenty-two mine workings in the Scranton and Pittsfield fields, producing 2,000,000 tons of coal and employing 5,500 men and boys. The official confirmation of the sale of the company's property is made by vice president Smith on the authority of first vice president W. V. S. Thorne.

Diamond Ring Found in Hog's Stomach. A woman's gold ring set with a valuable diamond was found in the stomach of a hog which was slaughtered near Jersey Shore last week. The hog was owned by Daniel Brown, who is unable to account for the presence of the ring in the hog's stomach, other than that the animal picked up the ring while roaming in a woods where scores of picnics were held during the past summer.

EVERY MOVEMENT HURTS.—When you have rheumatism. Muscles feel stiff and sore and joints are painful. It does not pay to suffer long from this disease when it may be cured so promptly and perfectly by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine goes right to the spot, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, which causes rheumatism, and puts an end to the pain and stiffness. Biliousness is cured by Hood's Pills. 25 cents.

Pennsylvania Railroad Company Will Issue Clerical Orders for 1901.

The Pennsylvania railroad company announces that clerical orders will be issued for the year 1901 to ordained clergymen having regular charge of churches located on or near the line of its road.

Application blanks may be obtained of ticket agents, and same should reach the general office by Dec. 22nd, so that orders may be mailed Dec. 31st to clergymen entitled to receive them. Orders will be issued only on individual application of clergymen when made on blanks furnished by the company and certified to by one of its agents.

SAW DEATH NEAR.—"It often made my heart ache," writes L. C. Overstreet, of Elgin, Tenn., to hear my wife cough until it seemed her weak and sore lungs would collapse. Good doctors said she was so far gone with Consumption that no medicine or earthly help could save her, but a friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery and persistent use of this excellent medicine saved her life. It's absolutely guaranteed for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and all Throat and Lung diseases. 50c. and \$1.00 at Green's. Trial bottles free.

Proved Their Wisdom. Sunday School Teacher—Where did the three wise men come from? Phil Adephy (whose family had only recently moved to Chicago)—They came from the East. Sunday School Teacher—And why were they called "wise men?" Phil Adephy—Because, ma'am, they went back home again.

A Crisis at the Dinner. Mr. Gooph (to guests)—"Which do you prefer—dark or white meat?" Eight Guests (in chorus)—"White!" Mr. Gooph—(to one of the guests)—"You prefer the white meat. Can't you change your mind?"—Baltimore American.

No Monopoly. "All the rage is for brunettes, the fashion papers say." "I don't believe it. My wife has a lot of rage which she displays occasionally, and she's a blonde."

Christmas is getting to expensive for me," said Growler. "Tisn't half as bad as New Year's," said Hicks. "New Year's?" demanded Growler. "Yes," said Hicks, "that's when the bills come in."

Miss Alta Rockefeller, daughter of John D. Rockefeller, whose name has figured in late despatches because of her unfortunate deafness, is, in spite of that trouble, an expert musician and plays the piano, violin and guitar with equal skill.

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HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA This great medicine has wrought the most wonderful cures of all diseases depending on scrofula or the scrofulous habit. Hood's Pills are the best cathartic. 45-50

IMPORTANT ADVICE. It is surprising how many people wake up in the morning nearly as tired as when they went to bed, a disagreeable taste in their mouth, the lips sticky, and the breath offensive, with a coated tongue. These are nature's first warnings of Dyspepsia and Liver Disorders, but if the U.S. Army and Navy Tablets are resorted to at this stage they will restore the system to a healthy condition. A few doses will do more for a weak or sour stomach and constipation than a prolonged course of any other medicine. 10c, 50c, and \$1.00 a package. U.S. Army & Navy Tablets Co., 17 East 14th Street, New York City. For sale at F. P. Green. 45-46-47

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Dentists. J. E. WARD, D. D. S., office in Crider's Stone Building, Crider & Hastings, Bankers, Bellefonte, Pa. Gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth. Crown and Bridge work also. 34-14. D. R. H. W. TATE, Surgeon Dentist, office in the Bush Arcade, Bellefonte, Pa. All modern dental appliances used. Has had years of experience. All work of superior quality and prices reasonable. 48-177.

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Through travelers on the railroad will find this an excellent place to lunch or procure a meal, as all trains stop there about 25 minutes. 24-24

New Advertisements. CHAS. L. PETTIS & CO., CASH BUYERS of all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, Dressed Poultry, Game, Furs, Eggs and Butter. 204 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK. Write for our present paying prices. REFERENCE: DANIELS & CO., Bankers, 6 Wall St., N. Y. All Commercial Agencies, Express Co's, Dealers in Produce in U.S. and Canada. Established Trade of over 20 years. 45-41-4f.

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Saddlery. \$5,000 \$5,000 \$5,000 WORTH OF HARNESS, HARNESS, HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, PLAIN HARNESS, FINE HARNESS, BLANKETS, WHIPS, Etc. All combined in an immense Stock of Fine Saddlery. NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS. To-day Prices have Dropped. THE LARGEST STOCK OF HORSE COLLARS IN THE COUNTY. JAMES SCHOFIELD, BELLEFONTE, PA. 3-37

Pure Beer. BUY PURE BEER. The Bellefonte Brewery has earned a reputation for furnishing only pure, wholesome, beer. It proposes maintaining that reputation and assures the public that under no condition will doctoring or drugs be allowed. In addition to its sale by the keg it will keep and deliver BOTTLED BEER for family use. Try it. You can find none better, and there is none purer. MATTHEWS VOLK, Proprietor Bellefonte Brewery. 45-5-1y