

Democrat Watchman

Belleville, Pa., July 19, 1901.

A COMPARISON.

I'd rather lay out here among the trees,
With the singing birds an' the hum' bees,
An' knowin' that I can do as I please,
Than to live what folks call a life of ease
Up thar in the city.

For I really don't exactly understand
Where the comfort is fer my man,
In walkin' hot in a sun an' fan,
An' enjoyin' himself as he says he can,
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mebbe you'll say,
An' livin' out here day after day
In this kinder easy, careless way;
But a hour out here is better 'n a day
Up thar in the city.

As for that, jus' look at the flowers aroun',
A peppin' their heads up all over the groun'
An' the fruit a-bendin' the trees way down.
You don't find such things as these in town,
Or ruther in the city.

As I said a-fore, such things as these,
The flowers, the birds an' the hum' bees,
An' a livin' out here among the trees,
Where you can take your ease and do as you
please,

Make it better 'n the city.
Now, all that talk don't mount to snuff,
'Bout this kinder life a bein' rough,
An' I'm sure it's plenty good enough,
An' 'tween you an' me 'tain't half as tough
As livin' 'n the city.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

WHERE PLATONICS WERE STRAINED.

Their relations were purely platonic. At least she prided herself on that fact. When any one suggested to her the possibility of an attachment more tender and affectionate she pooh-poohed it with an emphasis indicative of an absolutely sure state of mind. She was not like other girls, she said. Several men had found that out. They began by being friendly, she encouraged them, perhaps, in a certain liking she had for masculine companionship, which they not infrequently misunderstood. Then when the night and the moon and the soft breezes stirred them the country roads were varied with such declarations fraught to more than passing interest, she was forced to more heroic utterances.

"Dear me," she would say, "I don't see why a man and a woman can't go on being just friends, here in New York. Bob never acted this way. Why, we rowed and sailed and tramped together summer and summer and he never thought of making a proposal. Dear old Bob! He had more sense. Brace up now, be a man, forget it, and so will I, and we'll just go on being comrades."

Some of them got angry. Others accepted it as a matter of course. There is at least one instance on record of a chap who really tried a second time and ended by responding to the usual throw-down with whistling a popular air that begins "Comrades, comrades ever since we were boys." Upon which occasion she told him he was a dear to take it that way, and they have been better friends ever since.

A few weeks ago she went to spend the summer with friends in a little hamlet up the Hudson. This is also journeyed Bob. She is a strong, handsome, athletic creature, fond of outdoor sports. She begins her season's swimming long before the dawning small boy thinks the water has lost enough of its chill. When she is not golfing she is in the tennis court. In the winter basket ball and long rambles through snowy woods serve to keep her cheeks rosy and her eyes bright. And the man who accompanies her on such walks needs to be more than a passably good pedestrian, for she will soon tire him whose limbs are not of iron.

Bob is not easily tired. His training with the college boat crew came in handy, too, now that the form of sport took an aquatic turn. The long tramps over the country roads were varied with sailing, swimming, and an occasional hour of paddling in Bob's beautiful new canoe. The last, in fact, was rapidly becoming the favorite sport. But now she avers that canoeing, like men, are mighty uncertain creatures.

It happened this way. They had started out for an early morning paddle. So early, in fact, that the rest of the household was still asleep. But the air was crisp and the sun rising behind the Jersey hills made a picture long to be remembered. She is quite sure that she will remember it. He has no doubts on the subject. She was sitting in the bow of the canoe trailing her hands in the still water and enjoying it all so much that it startled her when Bob's aimless conversation took another turn. He did not say much; but it was all so sudden, there was such a wealth of tenderness in the tone, and it was so impressive that she gave a sudden start. That did the trick. The canoe turned turtle, and in an instant they were both foundering in the water.

"Great Caesar," he shouted, "I didn't mean it. Can't you take a joke?"

He was clinging to one end of the canoe and she had found safety by throwing her arm over the other end.

"It was too much of a shock," she answered. "I am surprised at you! How dare you! Oh, Bob, I'm so disappointed in you."

"But, I tell you, I didn't mean it." The speech was not gallant and she may have resented it, but she only added: "Well, you oughtn't to talk nonsense in a canoe. It's apt to upset you."

"So I observe."

"But if you weren't so set in your notions I might be tempted."

"There, now, you're beginning again. I'm going to swim ashore."

"It's a mile or more," he shouted.

"For heaven's sake, not to speak of mine, don't think of it."

"Well, you stop talking nonsense, then."

"It isn't nonsense."

"It is."

"I'm serious."

"The settles it." Her arms came down from the canoe. "I'm going to try for the shore."

He tried waddling along the side of the canoe to get her arm and detain her. The shell trembled along its entire length and sank far down under his weight. She laughed derisively and he grew pale.

"Very funny, isn't it?" he asked.

"Decidedly. Do you think if you sink it we'll be any better off?"

As she had ceased to make demonstrations shoreward he felt that his purpose was accomplished, and so said nothing. A moment later he made another great mistake.

"It's getting along," he said. "Somebody will be out fishing soon and pick us up."

It was her turn to look scared.

"What would they think if they found

us like this?" she ventured. "I won't permit it."

"But everybody around here knows we're just friends," he said. "You know you've talked Plato till—"

"Don't be silly. It wasn't that I feared. I don't care what they think on that subject. But I don't propose to have them think I went out with a stupid man who couldn't paddle a boat without upsetting it."

"Not to speak of a silly girl who didn't know enough to keep still."

For answer she gave a kick that sent the spray into his eyes. Then she shrieked with laughter. His arms were beginning to get very tired, and it suddenly occurred to him that she also might be fatigued.

"If you keep quiet a moment," he said, "I'll swim around to you and hold you up; that will rest you."

"Pshaw! Rest yourself. I'm all right."

He paid no attention to the injunction, and a few strokes brought him to her side. The tide was running strong, and they were drifting further and further from the shore.

"Just place one hand on me, if you dare," she shouted, "and I'll let go the canoe. Then see how quickly it'll be out of sight." The threat was effective. It was a pretty new canoe, and he had no desire to lose it. So commenting on her stubbornness he waddled back and took hold of his end again.

Then a sound of oars was heard, and soon two men in a boat were within a few yards of them. They had seen the canoe wrecked pair and were bearing down rapidly upon them.

"Say, there," was Bob's inquiry, "what are you two trying to do?"

"Hold on a little longer," came back the answer; "we'll have you safe in a minute."

"We're all right; don't trouble," said the girl.

"Keep off," shouted Bob. "If you come any closer you'll scratch the paint on my canoe."

The rowers lay back on their oars.

"What do you mean?" inquired one.

"Do you mean to say that you care more for the canoe than for—for—" he hesitated.

"For me," she shouted. "Yes, that's it. For a woman's only a woman and a good canoe's a boat!"

After some parleying the boatman consented to be careful. With their assistance the canoe was righted, and the friends made their way shoreward.

But the gossip in the small Hudson river town had had food for much reflection, and the oldest dame of them all admits that even she don't understand it.

"Why, Jim tells me," she said, "that when they got ashore she didn't show the least concern for the man. Now, the least you would expect would have been that she'd throw her arms about him and say that she would never leave him."

"And didn't she?"

"No. She just kicked up a pebble, wrung the water out of her skirt, and laughed fit to kill. Then she said, kind of short, 'Thanks,' and went into the house."

"And did the man seem cut up?"

"No. He just looked at his old canoe sharp-like and cussed. 'I'll have to blow in a ten to get it in shape again,' he said."—New York Times.

Youngers Leave Prison.

Bandits Have Served Twenty-Five Years and Hope Now to Get Honest Employment.

The release of Cole and Jim Younger from the penitentiary in St. Paul, Minn., is the culmination of persistent and untiring efforts on the part of thousands of citizens of Missouri and Minnesota, covering nearly a quarter of a century.

Cole, Bob and James Younger, Jesse and Frank James, Carley Pitts, and Clell Miller, after a long career of brigandage, dating from the outbreak of the Civil War, came north into Minnesota in 1878 and on Sept. 7 rode into the village of Northfield, drove the citizens indoors and raided the bank. Cashier Haywood was killed, the bank vault looted, while a portion of the band rode up and down the street shooting at every person in sight. Just as the robbers prepared to depart, Carley Pitts was shot and killed by a citizen.

After five days' pursuit all the Younger brothers were surrounded in the woods near the Iowa border and all were wounded before they gave up. Clell Miller was killed. Frank and Jesse James escaped into Missouri. The Younger brothers were convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. It was pretty well established that neither of the Youngers did any killing and this saved them from capital punishment.

Since their incarceration Bob, the youngest, has died and Cole and Jim have been such model prisoners that State officials, clergymen and thousands of citizens of Minnesota have become interested in their behalf. For ten years the State Legislature has wrestled with the problem of liberating them, but either one branch or the other would kill the bill. Last winter, however, the State Board of Pardons was empowered to parole life prisoners. Archbishop Ireland, the late Senator C. K. Davis, the Governors of Minnesota and Missouri, Senator Elkins and hundreds of other prominent persons have asked for their release.

Cole Younger was seen at the prison this afternoon. He had just heard of the action of the Board of Pardons.

"It is hard to realize," he said, "that we are to gain our freedom to-morrow. It will require some time to get accustomed to the changes that have been made since we were imprisoned. We have seen the electric light but lacked the railways, telephones, bicycles, automobiles, and other modern improvements will make it a strange world to us. We have no fixed plans for the future. We cannot leave the State, and hope to find suitable employment. We are old men now and cannot do heavy work."

Cole Younger is 56 years old and Jim is 54.

In an up town boarding house a stranger sat down for breakfast with the rest of the household for the first time since the other morning. He was unacquainted with all save the landlady, who placed him between two very pretty young women and then, receiving a summons from the kitchen, hastened away without giving the newcomer the benefit of the customary introduction to his neighbors. The table was soon filled with boarders, and the query went around what was the food under preparation in the kitchen, and of which was most pleasing.

"Why, is it bacon?" remarked one of the young ladies.

"I just love bacon," said the other, as she glanced shyly at the stranger. That moment the landlady entered the room. "I beg your pardon, Miss Jones," she said, "let me present you to Mr. Bacon." The smile which followed was so long that it went around the table and so long that it took dropped a p'atter in the kitchen.

Contrasts in Mexico.

Wide Difference Between Peons and the Aristocracy. Explanations of the Rich Old Family. Beauty of Mexican Women.

A Guadalajara Mexico letter to the New York Sun says:

By the grace of contrast Mexicans are usually picturesque. Wherever the sight-seer goes in this ancient land he cannot help noticing the wide difference between the aristocracy and peasantry. There is no middle class. In the afternoon the plazas and the streets are thronged with elegantly gowned women, and alongside them are ten times their number of the most wretched, hungry, poverty-stricken women, eye for eye looked upon. At the bus stops the difference in station between the people who occupy the cushioned caooped seats and the country men who sit in the blazing sun on rude benches across the plaza is as wide as the poles.

Distinctions in caste are drawn everywhere in Mexico. There are places in the market where no peon may trade. There are cars for the peons and cars for the aristocracy. There are parts of the theatre where peons may never enter, and it would be shameful for an aristocrat to enter the home of a peon. There are plazas for the peons and others, more beautiful and ornate, for the upper class. In the evening when the band plays, the listening peons, who adore music, are not allowed in the inner walk, and under no circumstances may they occupy seats. You may see the peons, the men in huge sombreros, the women in somber rebosas circling in throngs on the outer walk, while their superiors in the social scale form another revolving wheel on the inner circle. Never were social demarcations more rigidly made in our own South.

But the peon is above all, patient and a victim of the vice of contentment. Though he has nothing, and his children are beggars, he is satisfied and never murmurs, even when he pays his share of the public taxes. South of the Rio Grande is a nation of philosophers. Perhaps it is the perennial sunshine, the calming influence of the mountain and valley scenery, the very old-fashioned ways or the primitive thought. Anyhow, one observes the change directly he leaves busy, ambitious Texas and crosses the Rio Grande into sunny, polite, ancient and tranquil Mexico. Wide as is the gulf between the two castes, there is a very real sense of contentment. Born a peon, a beggar or a burden bearer, the peon expects to remain so always. He does not waste his energy in vain ambitions to become a caballero or a gentleman.

The aristocratic caballero is one of the proudest men alive. He and his family are serene in habit and financial position. They have been born to every facility and agricultural resources that have furnished abundant means of life for many generations. Therefore, what's the use of tothering about bettering their pockets? They have an army of docile peons to serve them, just as their ancestors were served. There was never a boy, not a strike in the land. They, too, are content.

The Diaz administration has ameliorated the condition of the peons, but they are still in social servitude because they are in the control of the rich, to whom they owe money for their bare living. Not one in twenty ever gets over into debt. The peons do the labor of man and beast, especially the latter, in Mexico. Where horses draw heavy loads of merchandise in America the peon cargadores transport the freight on their heads and shoulders. Many miles of railroad has been built with peon labor, all the earth of excavations having been carried away in baskets by human muscle.

In Mexican mines peons do bit by bit the heavy work of hauling on to the earth's surface, a service which in every American mine is done by cables, steam or electricity. In the ranch fields the peons are hitched to ploughs and cultivators. And then how they live! Thousands of them have no spot they know as home. It is reckoned that in the balmy months of the year the City of Mexico lives out of doors all the year. A peon father or mother and seven or eight children will sleep in an alley, at the edge of a plaza or alongside a shed every night for months.

The peons who have abodes are not much better off. There are enormous noisome old tenement houses in such cities as Mexico, Guadalajara, Zacatecas, Chihuahua and Guanajuato. The writer has seen many a peon home where the assets were worth less than a Mexican silver dollar—50 cents in American coin. When the evening meal is over the family goes out on the streets. The women through the plazas and streets and the men fill the pulque shops and gambling halls. When the hour for sleep comes one and all cuddle together on the floor and sleep with never a thought of the morrow or of about domestic finances or the condition of the labor market. Peon men buy a coarse suit of heavy fabric and never remove it until it drops in tatters off their half-exposed bodies. With the poor the zarape may be a ragged blanket or even a gunny sack, but such as it is, it is worn by day and night, and at night it serves as a coverlet.

Peon families often live in a single room in a tenement house, and families of six and seven in a room are common in Mexican cities. All the family economy may be seen through the open doors of the penchants or rooms in the tenement houses. The family may be seen crutching on the fire floor or about a smoking figure, while the national dish, tortillas, is in course of preparation. When the meal is ready each one dips into the pots over the fire and gorging begins. It is not uncommon to see a rooster and several hens fluttering about a peon family squatted on the floor engaged in a meal. Very likely a pig, or even a dog and his pigs, may be seen meandering about the apartment, suggesting by grunts that it is time for more food for the beasts. Naked children and sick and decrepit old people lying in filth and raggedness on the hard floors are common sights.

There is no privacy about a peon's life. In the City of Mexico, Guadalajara, Monterey, Vera Cruz and Zacatecas, times without number have peon families been seen by the writer preparing their meals along the streets in the suburbs. Peon children drop down in siestas alongside the fire when the meal is over, and the rumbling of wagons, the galloping of horses and the tread of the sightseer's never rouse them from sweet and natural slumber. The peon family has no dreeds or worries.

In politeness the average peon family is a type by itself. As a class the Mexican peons are low-voiced, graceful, gestured, cheerful and courteous. Observe how deferential yonder shoeless, white-haired peon, with clothes on his bent back not worth ten cents, touches his miserable old sombrero to you as he wishes you a smiling good morning. See how graceful-

ly, polite that peon youth across the street is in thanking another peon for a light from his cigarette. Glance over there on the plaza and see how charmingly those two peon women, with babies in arms, are greeting each other. Observe the grace of that low courtesy.

The writer has never seen peon children quarrel. Little eight and nine-year-old tots are to be seen everywhere having charge of their infant brothers and sisters. It is wonderful what models of patience and cheerfulness, those black-eyed peon children are. The writer has seen a hungry peon child carefully divide an orange skin, a rotting banana, which had been captured as a prize from the gutter, with a company of companions. Even when peon boys and girls scramble for copper centavos thrown to them by an American tourist, there is an absence of rude jostling.

The contrast between the open frankness of the peons and the seclusion of the aristocracy in Mexico is striking. There are few homes so cut off from curious eyes as those of the rich in this caste. The massive residences of high caste Mexicans stand flush with the thoroughfares. They seem to frown upon all the world. Very rarely may one get a glimpse of a home interior through the iron-barricaded and wooden-shuttered windows. Occasionally one may get a passing view of a beautiful patio with tropical flower gardens, swinging hammocks and a family group in the shade of a veranda or flowering vine, when a lumbering gate stands ajar. But that is all the tourists in Mexico see of high life here until he has letters of introduction.

The richer and older the Mexican family, the more exclusive it is. Many of high-caste Mexican women are never seen in public except with their families, and then it is at the cathedral, the opera or on an occasional drive behind compared horses in the afternoon. When a rich Mexican woman goes shopping it is by previous arrangement with the importer of dry goods. The senora drives with her daughters to the stores, where she is received by the merchant with all the ceremony of welcoming a potentate. They are led to a beautifully appointed room, away from all the customers, and for hours the latest importations of women's wear. A rich senora who would go to market and participate in the purchase of food would be the most talked about woman in the community for a week.

Within the homes of the wealthy Mexicans there is rare hospitality, for any and all who obtain admittance. The mass is the all-important service in every aristocratic home in the morning. In the afternoon there are family gatherings in the secluded home patio, short sietas and elaborate personal decorations, for the ceremonies, dinner at twilight, followed by musical or games of chance at home or an evening at the theatre or opera. On certain days in the week the horses and the superb great open carriages are brought out and the ladies go out for a drive in the plaza where the band plays. Meanwhile, Don Caballero may be in his place of business, out at the hacienda, or at the mines, or if he is free from business, he most likely may be spending the afternoon at one of the many gorgeous gambling palaces in every town.

Mexican senoras look with horror on the freedom of American women. The life of a senora is thoroughly unlike that of her American sister. When she is little she is carried in the arms of black-haired nurse, good-natured and not over clean. She wears wonderful caps of lace and colored silks, and a false slip long and flowing, of the same material over her baby clothes. When she is a little older she is laced into long, stiff stays and sent to the convent, and at early night she walks with her duenna in the plaza and begins to think about a novio, or betrothel.

The novio is thenceforth the one aim, and interest of her life. She first knows that he is likely to become such because he has started her off on courtship when ever she has come upon him in the streets, and has turned squarely about on the sidewalks and gazed at her, which is good manners and a mark of proper appreciation of her charms. Then he is always to be found in the plaza when she goes driving. She is never alone. A duenna has her and she becomes a senora. Dressed all in black, like pretty penitents, the senoras of each family hurry through the streets, a duenna in close attendance, to a mass so early that it still seems like last night. Their black shawls, of delicate, crape-like texture, shade their faces. They are scarcely seen on the streets again until the fashionable cavalcade on the Paseo begins to sweep its brilliant length around and around the drive. The garments are gay now, brilliantly colored. Persian in design.

Much has been written of the beauty of the senoras of Mexico. Many a tourist comes here with exalted ideas of the charms of the high caste young women with averted hair, soft olive complexions and bewitching eyes. Evidently, the charms of this matchlessly balmy climate and the wonderful picturesqueness of scenes everywhere have blurred the critical vision of many of the writers when they came to dwell upon the beauty of the senoras in general. A large part of the Mexican young women have prominent, heavy noses. This characteristic is most noticeable among the people in the rural pueblos in the valleys.

From 10 to 20 most senoras are in their prime so far as facial beauty is concerned. From 20 to 30 the dark pigment in their complexion develops rapidly, and nine out of ten of them ruin the softness of their complexions by inordinate use of cosmetics and face washes which comprises a surprisingly large proportion of the national imports from Europe and the United States.

There is no denying that the eyes of the average Mexican girl except in the lowest classes have a peculiar mildness long heavy eyelashes over the dark eyes give expression of seriousness and pride that seldom forgets. The hair of the senoras is seldom fine and glossy. All the women in the peon class deck their coarse hair squarely across the forehead while the young women of the upper class deck their foreheads with an infinite lot of frizzes and intricate mazes of finely spun curls.

A curious fact is that some of the old families in Mexico have followed a fashion in hair arrangement characteristic of the particular family, for several generations. For instance, there is the rich and powerful Yorba family, of Chihuahua. Every woman in the family for more than 100 years has frizzed, curled and plastered her hair after the style Grandma Yorba, (a famous babe in her day, and an acquaintance of old Queen Mercedes) adopted in the last days of Spanish dominion over Mexico.

The exquisite black lace mantilla shading the eyes, the high comb and the coral and pearl jewelry become a senora more than they would any other woman in the

world. Perhaps it is the oddness of these graceful charms that has won the general praise of so many visitors to old Mexico. The senora at the opera with her coquetish fan, her beribboned hat, her gorgeously colored silken gowns, look very attractive, but at close range only a few of the women have the freshness, the vigor and the clear cut refined expressions of American young women of like station.

The real beauty of the Mexican people is found in the young among the more intelligent peons. They have inherited the fine teeth, the little forms, the shapely necks, and above all the easy carriage of their Aztec ancestors. Their hair is not tortured by the hot curling irons, their gait has not been made artificial by Parisian shoes. Their waists have never been pinched by corsets and they have found grace and vigorous health out in the glorious sunshine of Mexico. Here and there a barefoot ragged peon girl may be seen whose beauty would be remarked upon in almost any American assemblage.

Unfortunately they blossom early. At 20 the apricot pink of their cheeks becomes dull brown, their little figures become fat and pudgy and at 30 they are bent and lined. The peon families are always inordinately large. Seldom does a peon girl pass her fifteenth year without her marriage, and there are many instances of thirteen-year-old mothers in the land. A host of Mexican women are grandmothers at 32 and great grandmothers at 50. The high class senoras marry from 17 to 22.

Boers Chafe at Prison Life.

Transvaalers Openly Say They Want to Fight Again.

A Hamilton, Bermuda, letter says: The Boer prisoners here, are taking them as a whole, a fine looking lot of men.

Visitors feel much sympathy for them in their lack of occupation and the evident longing for home and freedom which possesses them. The Free Staters, who number some 300 men, have been placed on Darrell's island, and the Transvaalers, a less contented crowd, whose confessed desire is to be free to fight again, and who number only about 130, are on Burts, or Moses, island. The former are orderly and quiet, well mannered, and many of them educated. Some of them recognize their cause as hopeless. One of them said:

"I am a wagon maker. Before the war broke out I used to earn \$10 a day at my trade. I own a farm for which I have paid in full, at least, I did own it. I suppose the British Government owns it now. I was pressed into fighting. Had I refused I would have been shot. I know our cause is lost. All I want is to return to my wife and six children. I left them enough money to last them twelve months but I have been away now for sixteen months. However, I trust the British government will take care of them."

This, according to the English officers is the tone of most of the Free Staters. No civilians are allowed to talk to the Boers.

The want of occupation is the chief cause of complaint among all the prisoners. They have busied themselves in the manufacture of souvenirs which they readily sell, but their only tools are penknives—sharpened nails and pieces of wire. One man ingeniously manufactures knitting needles from barbed wire. Sandpaper and polish which harmless items they will be soon able to purchase at the canteen now being established at the camp, are also among their requirements as aid in their industries. The local authorities have taken into consideration the question of providing amusement for them.

Many of the prisoners have English names, being the descendants of Englishmen, who married and settled in South Africa. They speak excellent English, too, and there are several who are British-born subjects.

On the occasion of the disembarkment from the troopship to the island camps last Monday crowds of people gathered in boats to witness the proceeding. In some of the boats which got among the craft conveying the prisoners were several peons who had an opportunity to speak a few words to the Boers. One woman was accosted by a prisoner, who apologized for addressing her by saying that it was so long—sixteen months since he had had a chance to speak to a woman that he could not resist it. The same woman obtained several souvenirs, such as carved stone brooches, mechanical toys and carved boxes, most of them bearing carved images of President Kruger.

Since the prisoners' occupation of the camp martial law has been proclaimed on the islands and the waters surrounding them. Two gunboats are placed to define the head-line. It is therefore impossible for civilians to approach the Boers.

The transport Rance is on her way from South Africa with a second detachment of prisoners, and should arrive there in about two weeks.

Why She Was Mad.

Family Affair, in Which She Had the Right to Participate.

One morning, in kindergarten, a wee mite of womanhood had been trying to attract the teacher by every resource of which she was capable, without directly saying she had something to tell. Finally the young girl went over and sat beside her, whereupon little Rachel flounced her skirts, poked up her forehead, and clinching her hand, exclaimed: "Oh, dear, but I'm mad!" The teacher was surprised, for Rachel had seemed to be laboring under a delightful secret: "And why is little Miss Sunshine angry?" asked the instructor.

"Well, everybody was mad at our house this morning. Mamma scolded Sister Jane, and auntie, scolded mamma and papa said: 'Oh, darn,' and left the table; so I guess I can be cross, too."—Motherhood.

Dreamed of His Own Death.

T. H. Gaffney's Fate Just as It Had Seemed in Vision.

T. H. Gaffney, 55 years old, captain of a coal barge belonging to the Delaware & Hudson Canal company, now moored at the company's dock, Weehawken, N. J., was killed at 9 o'clock Wednesday, by a train while crossing the tracks of the West Shore railroad.

Gaffney had a premonition that he would be killed by railway cars, according to the story told by his friends. It was only a few days ago that he said to a friend:

"I think I'm going to be killed. I had a peculiar dream a few nights ago. I was crossing the West Shore railroad tracks and a train bore down upon me. It seemed as if I could not get out of the way. I could see the engine come toward me, I could feel it strike me and then everything became oblivious."

Gaffney's death seemed but a repetition of his dream.

Drenched the Dowdites.

Hose Turned on the Disciples of Zionism to Prevent a Riot—Underlarks to Hold an Open-Air Meeting in Evanston, Ill., Surrounded by Their Guards.

Another crowd of Dowdie's disciples was mobbed at Evanston, Ill., Thursday. Twenty-eight women and seventy-two men, deaconesses and elders, went to Evanston to hold a meeting. They were accompanied and guarded by 100 Zion Guards. Elder W. H. Piper was at the head of the crowd and when the procession had reached Davis street and started the meeting the Dowdites were surrounded by a mob of 1,500 persons. Elder Piper got on a camp stool to talk. He had barely started his speech when eggs, decayed fruit, stones and clubs were hurled at him and his followers.

In a short time the Dowdites and the crowd became so demonstrative that Mayor Patton ordered out the fire department. A 4-inch hose was used on the streets, was directed among the followers of the Zionists. It was a powerful bolt of water that struck them. Women were knocked down and were quickly followed by the men who were unable to stand before the deluge of water. The water made a panic among the crowd surrounding the Dowdites. Many were trampled and being unable to retreat because of the denseness of the crowd they were knocked down and trampled upon.

During the time that the water was thrown into the crowd some of the Dowdites raised their voices in song and continued singing until the water was shut off. The 100 guards during the flood of water, continued to hold their positions about many feet from the mob, as the water surged toward them, still hurling missiles through the air.

At this juncture Mayor Patton, Chief of Police Knight and twelve policemen marched toward the dripping throng of Dowdites. As they approached, the guards formed in a stronger line. The free use of the police officers' clubs soon made them open the way and the police seized Elder Piper, who had again mounted his camp stool.

He was dragged from the crowd toward the station, followed by several Dowdites. As the squad of police with their prisoner walked down the street toward the police station a block away, a part of the mob threw stagnant water upon the stationer three of his lieutenants, by means of squirt guns. The men were also struck by acids which burned their clothing. During this time many eggs struck Piper, and having been drenched with water he was in a deplorable condition.

At last the station was reached. A number of other Dowdites were arrested and taken to the court room of the Evanston station. Piper was charged with disorderly conduct and inciting a riot. It is probable the others will be released.

Owens Over a Million Acres.

Duke of Sutherland, the Greatest Scotch Landlord.

Approves of the brilliant charity fete recently given at Stafford house by the beautiful Duchess of Sutherland the London "Sketch" says: "The Duke of Sutherland, who may well be proud of the charming personality of his brilliant and beautiful duchess is one of the most capable and clever wearers of the strawberry leaves, as well as I fancy, the greatest of Scottish landlords. Cromartie Sutherland-Liveson-Gower, Duke of Sutherland, can look back to a long line of worthy ancestors; indeed, the barony held by him, that of Strathnaver, was created in 1228. Curiously enough the earldom of Sutherland came into the family through a woman, the powerful, clever "Duchess-Countess," as she was called, who, though she was ambassador at the court of Louis XVI and the intimate friend of Marie Antoinette, is still remembered by some of the very old people on the Cromartie estates. The Duke of Sutherland will be 50 next month, but he bears his years gallantly and has inherited his fair share of the good looks of the kindly Duchess Annie, who was the late sovereign's beloved friend for many years. She lived many years of her life as a friend of the Duke of Sutherland, and she was one of the most notable matronly partisans in society, and great was the surprise and chagrin among matchmaking mothers when his engagement to the still schoolgirl daughter of Lord and Lady Rosslyn was announced in 1854, he being at the time 33 while his lovely but as yet unknown bride-elect had but recently celebrated her sixteenth year. As Lord and Lady Stafford the young couple made themselves immensely popular in the Highlands, and also in Staffordshire and Shropshire; accordingly their accession to the title, which took place nine years ago, was hailed with the greatest delight by all those—the Duke is owner of over a million acres—whose fortunes are more or less intermingled with those of the great Scottish noble and his philanthropic duchess. He is a keen sportsman, a good shot, a patient angler and an enthusiastic yachtsman—in deed, probably the holidays most enjoyed by himself and the duchess are those spent on the deck of the Cantania. He is also the kindest of uncles to a large circle of nephews and nieces. It is to be hoped that his present marquis of Stafford, a well known lad of 13, will follow his footsteps."

A good story is told in Missouri at the expense of its once most famous governor, Calhoun F. Jackson. Before he solved the enigma of Iovokok he had married five sisters—in reasonable lapses of consecutiveness. After one wife had been lost and appropriately mourned he espoused another, and he kept his courtship within a narrow circle of his own relatives, for he rather liked the family.

The antiquarian father of these girls was almost deaf, and when the Governor went to this octogenarian to ask for his surviving daughter, the following conversation ensued:

"I want Lizzie!"

"Eh?"

"I want you to let me have Elizabeth!"

"Oh, you want Lizzie, do you? What for?"

"For my wife!"

"For life!"

"I want to—marry—her!"

"Oh, yes! Just so. I hear you, boy."

"I'm precious glad you do!" muttered the Governor.

Married the Family.

"Well," slowly responded the veteran, "you needn't halloo so that the whole neighborhood knows it! Yes; you can have her. You've got 'em all now; you had; but, for goodness sake, if anything happens to that 'ere poor, misguided gal, don't come and ask me for the old woman!"

Jack solemnly promised that he never would.

Subscribed for the WATCHMAN.