

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., September 20, 1901.

WHEN THE WOODS TURN BROWN.

How will it be when the roses fade Out of the garden and out of the glade...

THE PREDICAMENT OF E. TRUEMAN FICKLIN.

E. Trueman Ficklin, the head of the Weather Bureau newly established at Byzantium, New York, was a very nice young man.

It was with great delight that he found himself raised to the charge of the Meteorological Station at Byzantium—in his case literally a rise in life, for it was to the top of the very highest office building in the place.

When he had predicted that it would be "Clear, with fresh breezes," the day was sure to be overcast, with unbroken calm.

When he predicted that "Unbroken summer weather will prevail, with northwesterly winds shifting to westerly, as a normal fact there would be an April-like succession of changes, with a southerly wind changing to easterly."

There was no escaping it, and Trueman was appalled. He could only conclude that it was his fate among meteorologists to fall upon a particularly baffling and impossible kind of climate, though really it seemed an ordinary enough summer.

He began to be sleepless at night, wondering what kind of weather it really was going to be the next morning, and getting up from hour to hour to see how the sky looked and which way the wind was blowing.

Trueman returned to his desk in a state of great depression. "Won't it out as he may he could not make a pleasant day out of it. The most unfavorable reports came from the surrounding country and the local indications became hourly more threatening."

"All right," she said cheerfully. "We'll see about that. Who are you anyway?"

"I mean, what are you good for, where do you come from, and what's your business?" she began.

"I am a meteorologist," answered Trueman meekly.

"What," cried the girl, drawing slightly away, "while something very like a look of fright came into her eyes."

"Oh!" she exclaimed more reassured. "Is that all? You are the man who says what the weather is going to be?"

"Yes," said Trueman sadly.

"Well, then," Miss Pursley retorted, "let me tell you that I think you're pretty poor at it. Why, only the other day I read in the newspaper that you said it was going to be pleasant. I wore a new hat and it rained cats and dogs, and that was the end of my hat."

"I'm very sorry," murmured Trueman contritely.

"And a week ago," she went on with increasing indignation, "you predicted there wasn't going to be any wind. I went out ever so far on my wheel and there was a perfect gale coming back. I had to walk almost all the way. I was never so tired in my life."

"You must understand," said Trueman, "how much I regret anything that causes you any trouble."

He returned at once to his office and consulted the auspices vouchsafed by science.

As he read them they all pointed unmistakably in one way. There were the clearest indications that the morrow would be a particularly fine day. He breathed again and wrote his forecast joyfully.

All points to continued good weather and there is no reason to expect change. The day will be fair, with fresh westerly breezes and slightly increasing heat.

The morning was pleasant enough, but by noon it was pouring. The rain came down persistently all of the afternoon.

Without a break it continued till midnight, when it let up suddenly. In the evening, as early as he thought was prudent, Trueman again sought the Pursley mansion.

"Well," said Miss Pursley in a stuffy tone, but with decided asperity, "I went because I read what you said. I got very wet and was drenched through. Of course I've an awful cold. Look at me."

Indeed the object of his affections was a sufficiently pitiable looking object. Her lovely nose was of the redness of the rose and her pretty eyes looked as if she had been weeping violently. Her lids were so distended, not to say puffy. In truth, between sneezes, she occasionally wiped away a tear.

Trueman thought that she had never looked more attractive. He had reached the stage when a red nose and weeping eyes were nothing.

"What could I do?" he groaned; "everything seemed to go wrong."

"Then," she said decidedly, "I don't believe in your old Weather Bureau anyway. It's always wrong."

Death Penalty Restored. The death penalty for murder has been restored in Colorado and Iowa.

Stood Death Off.—E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once found a grave-digger. He says: "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life."

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Buggies for Sale. Buggies for sale. New and second hand bargains.

Prospectus. The New York World. A Daily at the price of a Weekly.

Travelers Guide. Central Railroad of Pennsylvania. Condensed Time Table.

Amendment to the Constitution. Proposed to the citizens of this Commonwealth for their approval or rejection by the general assembly.

Joint Resolution. Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

Secretary of the Commonwealth. W. W. GRIEST.

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Travelers Guide. Pennsylvania Railroad and Branches. Schedule in effect May 20th, 1901.

Leave Belleville, 9:53 a. m., arrive at Tyron 11:10 a. m., at Altoona, 1:00 p. m., at Pittsburg, 5:50 p. m.

Leave Belleville, 1:05 p. m., arrive at Tyron, 2:15 p. m., at Altoona, 3:10 p. m., at Pittsburg, 6:55 p. m.

Leave Belleville, 4:44 p. m., arrive at Tyron, 6:00, at Altoona, 7:30, at Pittsburg, 11:30.

Leave Belleville, 9:53 a. m., arrive at Tyron, 11:10, at Harrisburg, 2:40 p. m., at Philadelphia, 5:47 p. m.

Leave Belleville, 1:05 p. m., arrive at Tyron, 2:15, at Harrisburg, 6:45 p. m., at Philadelphia, 10:20 p. m.

Leave Belleville, 4:44 p. m., arrive at Tyron, 6:00, at Harrisburg, 10:30 p. m., at Philadelphia, 1:30 a. m.

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