

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., November 29, 1901.

THE OLD REFRAIN.

Oh you may have your table-dote, with all its tery-plas. An' turtle soups, an' fishes briled, or baked with tails an' fins.

A DULL FELLOW.

I am a dull fellow, and you are all very kind to take the trouble to explain things," he said when the point of a story had been defined for him, and the smile which accompanied this admission was so good humored that only one of his hearers suspected the pain it concealed.

"You should laugh when the rest of us laugh, Mr. Britton. That is the simple recipe with which many of us concoct a reputation for quick wits," Gertrude Grant declared, looking up at the man sitting on the veranda railing beside her chair.

"I am going to ask you a most intrusive question—a question on the reply to which I have a wager," she said. "Did you really pay that awful amount of money for the Raphael which the newspapers announced?"

"I really did," he admitted apologetically. "It seems a sum which would be better spent on more practical necessities than a museum, but Otho was eloquent about the uplifting of the art-sense of our country."

"What is this about confidence?" Oran inquired. "I indiscreet to ask a pleasant voice demanded as a young man appeared beside Nicoll Britton."

"There is the first of the waltzes my aunt promised us, and which I must dance as Miss Wynne," the latter exclaimed as three other people deserted the veranda for the drawing room.

"I take credit for the value of that collection, as without me Nicoll would have been swindled in the purchase," she laughed. "She has been confident that popular rumor undertakes Mr. Britton's shrewdness, since Levi in London assured her, as an old customer by whom she prefers not to be considered an extortioner, that he had received only half the sum for the Raphael which the New York papers announced."

"Levi is a professional liar," Otho exclaimed angrily. "For once the newspapers told a straight story, and you may so report to Mrs. Grant."

qualities belonging to that type, except empty pockets—and they are filling!" "Are they?" she smiled. "Here come pockets which are full but emptying. Dear me! Mr. Britton, there was no need for such hurry when I told you I should stay in this corner an hour!"

At the gates of this particular Maine paradise there is a tidal river which rushes between willow-shaded banks for a course of some eight miles, and divides the devotion to old ocean which is the chief attraction of the place.

When this double delight, however, must be won by battle with the tide, either going or coming, an indolent or weary holiday-napper postpones it. But Nicoll Britton was neither indolent nor weary. His great physical strength rejoiced in exertion, and the fact that he thus got a monopoly of Miss Grant's society, during an hour when some instinct taught him that she was more soft of mood than her wont, and he himself at his modest best, rendered his trip all the more enjoyable.

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among the natives! Nicoll had done her a good turn; he deserved something in kind from her, and surely, to reveal the surrounding of unsuspected treachery must be a good turn from keen wits to dull? Her dislike of Otho Villars, founded in her perception that his opposed Nicoll's admiration for her, had become distrust of his honor and honesty since, and every new detail of the cousin's positions in that business ripened her distrust.

"I have a suspicion," she asked at once. "Am I a Salsanader?" "Let us turn our other cheeks to the fire, as though we were apples roasting on a string, and I will tell you what I was about to say when I upset the canoe."

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paid in gold, and it was to bring five thousand dollars in gold, insisted upon for the impending sale, that Otho's journey was necessary.

"Does old Newton go with you to bring back his treasure in a potato sack?" some one demanded. "I hope you do not mean to keep the money in the house over night, Nicoll?" his aunt asked anxiously.

"Whereupon Mrs. Britton's suggestion, every one agreed to keep silence until to-morrow, lest the servants, overhearing, might spread the story in the village, with disastrous results. Then they separated for the wonted variety of morning engagements at the seaside. Gertrude waited, upon one excuse or another, until all had departed, because she wished to avoid Nicoll so long as she had not discovered the answers to certain questions as to which a wakeful night had brought her no counsel.

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ed, she paused before taking off her dress, gazing at the white bed with sudden disbelief in its suggestion of repose.

"The easy chair beside the open window, through whose partial draping of honey-suckle she could see the moonlit ocean, would better suit her wakeful mood. She never knew if, perhaps, the slumber she deemed so distant had lightly wrapped her for a while, when she was roused by physical discomfort. She sat upright, and realized that her oppression was produced by an odor of ether, which eclipsed the honey-suckle, the sea saltiness, and the sweetness of the summer air.

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A True Story of Politics. He faced the beautiful creature as she stood before him. She stood before him, as she had heard that was the proper thing, and Leveus Oleomargarine O'Flin figured on doing the proper thing always and forever.

"Has it come to this?" he hissed. "Yes," she replied, shrugging her beautiful shoulders. "Woman, would you drive me insane?" he cried once again, not forgetting to hiss.

"With a cruel, cold smile she murmured: 'You wouldn't have to be driven far.'" This blow staggered him and for a moment he stood as one in a trance, but presently a fiendish smile chased itself into the region of his ears.

"I suppose you think I have no reason to talk thusly?" he queried, raising his eyes with an effort. "None whatever," she replied haughtily. "At this the husband, for such he was, gave a fiendish cry, and bending toward her asked hissing: 'You ask for money, woman! I gave you last month?'"

"I spent it for groceries," she admitted, and then fell on her knees and became a woman, instead of a cold and impassive statue. Dear, patient reader, their honeymoon had been placed upon the shelf some time and she had only asked her generous and noble mate for money to buy some actual necessities, with the above result. After which, the man went down town and blowed in \$10 on a sap headed galoot of a cheap politician who handed him a bouquet, saying: "You are the party's logical candidate."

Dear, kind reader, is not this a true story?—Dewey Times. Grover Cleveland is out of Danger. Family Physician Says Crisis Was Safely Passed on Thursday Last.

The condition of former President Grover Cleveland is much improved. This afternoon Dr. Wikoff, the Cleveland family physician, made the following statement: "The cold contracted by Mr. Cleveland on his recent trip to the South is practically broken up and the sick man will be entirely recovered in two or three days. Although the danger is past, Mr. Cleveland has been a very sick man. On Monday he walked eight miles on a hunting expedition and caught a severe cold, which was attended with chills at night. The next morning the party broke up and Mr. Cleveland started for Princeton, arriving here Tuesday night. Wednesday he was very ill with the cold, but was not confined to bed. Thursday the crisis came, and he was very sick. I was called in on Thursday afternoon and I found Mr. Cleveland in a high fever, and attacked by severe chills. He is now resting easy and is entirely out of danger."

Rescue Party Perished in Ill-Fated Coal Mine. Eight Prominent Officials Overcome by Gas and Bodies Cannot be Found.

All hope of finding the eight mining officials who entered the West mine at Occohontas, Va., Saturday to search for bodies entombed by the recent explosion in the Baby mine, has about been abandoned. Up to Sunday nothing had been heard from them.

A rescuing party entered the mine Saturday afternoon but were unable to proceed only 300 yards. They found the coat of Superintendent O'Malley hanging on a peg about 200 yards in the mine, but discovered no other trace of the party.

The mining experts now have decided upon a plan of attempted rescue, but the mine officials refuse to give any information to the public. It is said that another effort will be made to enter the mine.

How a Clearfield Politician Dug Potatoes and Worked His Wife.

Not long ago the wife of a Clearfield county politician asked him to lay aside politics long enough one day to dig the potatoes in the garden. He agreed to do it.

After digging for a few minutes he went into the house and said he had found a coin. He washed it off it and it proved to be a silver quarter. He put it in his jeans and went back to his work. Presently he went to the house again and said he had found another coin. He washed it off and it proved to be a silver half dollar. He put it in his jeans.

"I have worked pretty hard," said he to his wife. "I guess I will take a nap." When he awoke he found that his wife had dug all the rest of the potatoes. But she found no coins. In then dawned upon her that she had been worked.

There Are Others. A Dog With a Skull So Thick a Bullet Could Not Be Shot Into It.

Hairy Beauty, of Punnsutawney, killed a hog the other day with a skull so thick that a bullet would not enter it. He first tried to shoot it with a .22-calibre rifle, but the bullets glanced off without hurting it. He next tried a .32-calibre revolver, but with no better result, and finally procured a .38-calibre revolver from a neighbor and then gave the creature the biscuit to eat. Shortly after the children became ill, and the physicians had a hard time saving their lives. The general opinion among Lairdsville residents is that the arrest is the result of a neighbor's quarrel.

Selected Site for a Home. The Odd Fellows of this state at a meeting in Allegheny city on the 8th inst., considered offers of twenty-two sites for the proposed home for aged and homeless members of the order, and selected a farm of 150 acres near Grove City Mercer county.

Grove City will give a cash bonus and will also furnish free electric light and water to the institution. The association will levy an annual per capita tax of twenty-five cents for the maintenance of the home. The building will cost about \$100,000 towards this the town gives a bonus of \$4,000 cash, with freedom from taxes for ten years.