

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 28, 1902.

TO-DAY.

To-day's work, my boy, to-day: To-morrow is to-morrow.

To-morrow lies so far away: Beyond the night of dream.

To-day's work done, well done, you see: But waste to-day, and there will be A harder day to-morrow.

AN EASTER CONQUEST.

"I wouldn't just like to say that mother cared more for David than she did for the rest of us, but he did have gentle loving ways, more like a girl than a boy; and still, along with them, he had the sweet tenderness and the strength and quietness of a man.

"David was the dearest little fellow, I've heard her say, and probably like his own young father, who died when David wasn't a year old. He was seven when daddy met her and fell in love with her and her pretty boy, and never rested until she said yes, and married him, and came to this big house to live, she and David. They couldn't coax Aunt Phebe to come, too, she said old trees didn't bear transplanting and so she staid right in her old house, and lived to be most ninety years before God thought her up to him, where there was light and joy and company. By that time she was ready to go, and she never was before. Aunt Phebe was certainly a rare and dear old lady.

"Daddy was just as much in love with mother when we were all children as he is now, and that is saying a good deal. See them, through the portiers, just sitting hand in hand, two old sweethearts, and they've been married now forty years. They never had a ripple across the current of their love; they're just been sweet and happy and beautiful all along, but they had one awful time, back twenty years ago, when David died. It was one of the times that people live through somehow, but which leaves an awful scar, deep, deep down.

"It was about this time in the year that David left us, at home before Easter. He was ill only a week, with pneumonia, the tired old kind, where there doesn't seem to be so much pain, but just a weary, weary, weakness, growing weaker and fainter until the life fades away. We never thought David could die. Mother wouldn't listen to such a thing, even when the doctor looked so grave and the trained nurse kept on watching the temperature, and we all knew he was going. Mother wouldn't believe it. She rebelled at the very thought, and no wonder. Why, he was her idol, and so young!

"The last morning he called her to his bed and said, 'Mother, don't grieve, don't shut the piano nor stop the singing, and the sun, I'm gone to heaven. Promise me. Let everything be usual. Just think I'm away for a little while, that will be all.' Of course he spoke slowly and feebly, but the words came, one by one, and his pure, sweet spirit looked out of his dear blue eyes. Mother tried to promise. She kept up wonderfully all day for her boy. At sunset, just as the last red glow faded over the hills, he was gone.

"I cannot bear to think of the weeks that followed. They were dreadful. Mother shut herself into her sorrow, as if it were a cage with iron bars, and she a prisoner, and she equally shut us all out. She didn't eat, she did not sleep, she sat up half the night at the window which looked towards the cemetery, and she went every day, rain, shine, cold, heat, it didn't matter, and sat by David's grave.

"Easter was very late that year, and the garden was one shining sheet of blood-red, fuchsias, hyacinths, crocuses, and lilies when Good Friday dawned. We had always carried flowers to church for Easter, but we said one to another, 'No, we wouldn't dare; mother couldn't bear it.' All our flowers went this season to David. His grave was kept hidden underneath the finest of our blossoms, and decorating it was mother's only relief from that desolate pain which was seldom softened by tears.

"Mother told us all about what occurred early Easter morning, and I never forgot it. She hadn't gone to bed at all that night; she was sitting in David's room, solitary and comfortless. Everyone was asleep. Daddy staid by her as much as he could, but he had his business to see to, and when night came, he was tired. Besides she never wanted him nor anyone to step inside David's room. It was a sort of Holy of Holies to her, you see. She had been sitting there, wide awake and thinking, when suddenly she felt a soft, little touch on her arm, and looked around, and there was mother.

"'What should I do?' she asked. 'I should not feel it to be strange.'

"I have always been struck with the poet's rare insight. 'Mother was not surprised, she was only glad all through, though when she moved to throw her arms around her boy, he moved a little way apart. 'No, darling!' he said, 'not that now; I have come to talk to you. I can come only once, and it was hard to do, but I could not see you grieving so and not try, and I have been permitted. But just for this one time, I cannot come again. Listen dearest.'

"His face was the same, only far more beautiful, calm and luminous. The peace of God, mother said afterward, was shining in it, transfiguring and bright.

"His voice was as sweet as the wind in the pines on a summer's day. He smiled at her, and said two or three times, 'Mother, dearest mother!' 'Where I am now,' he went on, 'all is most wonderful, and the years flow like smooth waves. I have met my father, and a great many of our people, men and women when I never knew, they lived so long ago, but they knew me and told me the ways of the new home and were glad when I came. There is no sorrow there, dear, and there is great love and joy, full joy in service.

"'Now, I must tell you something, mother. When anyone grieves as you do, it is known in heaven, and it makes those who love you wonder and wish they could help you, and sometimes they send messages by the angels who are always going to and fro, and sometimes they visit you in dreams. This isn't a dream. I am here myself. I am David your own lad. You still have duties, mother dear; your husband, you home, my brothers and sisters, and you must cease this grief and go on your way again and be strong. Out there on the hill, there is nothing of me except my old clothes folded up and laid away. Send your flowers to the sick, to the sorrowful, and not to me, and be cheerful, mother, dear, for the sake of your boy who is safe at home. Good-by, till he meets you there.'

"A moment and he was gone, and mother was alone, but she had a revelation in that strange hour, and she was comforted.

"None of us saw her until the next morning. She came to breakfast in a white gown with a fleecy white shawl about her shoulders, and her dear eyes were softly shining. She spoke to us in her old way, only with a greater tenderness, and her old self-forgetfulness had returned. Father exchanged glances with my sister Jean, and over his worn and weary face there crept a look of such peace and gratitude as I have seldom seen. Suddenly a robin in the apple-tree before the door began to sing and poured out from his tiny throat a golden cascade of rippling melody, and then the early church bells chimed, and the world was full of music.

"It is a beautiful Easter," said mother, "and we will go to church and carry our lilies; it will be lovely to see them on the altar, before we take them to the grave. I don't feel about it as I did," she went on; "the Lord has revealed Himself to me, that I can let my boy stay in heaven, if He needs him there, and I can be happy and peaceful here."

"Then she told us what I have told you. It was just an Easter conquest you see.

"Well, as time passed, mother took up her life in earnest, and the work in both hands with the old sweet contagious enthusiasm. She was not so full of fun as she used to be. The spring of mirth was gone. Yet her cherry brightness was in her mood, and her days were spent in looking out for others.

"The hard winters which now and then come bringing dark hours for the poor were mother's opportunity. She would go from one home to another like a ministering angel. I shall never forget one day when, as we sat together over our sewing in our sunny morning room, a white, breathless messenger came hurrying from the iron-works with the news that there had been an accident and Scotch Jimmy was killed. Jimmy's wife was a tall, swarthy Highland woman, of violent temper and stormy disposition, always quarrelling with her neighbors, whom everybody knew as peaceable and even sort of man, a splendid workman, earning good wages. They had no children. People were afraid of Nanny, and the man who brought the word said she was going on like a maniac.

"Mother put on her cloak and almost ran the two miles to the works. A crowd was around Nanny's cabin, and long before she reached the door you could hear the woman's wild shrieks; the cries of an animal in despair they sounded like rather than the wail of a human being. When we reached the spot the crowd outside separated to let us enter the door; and the men took off their hats, for everybody loved and trusted mother. She went straight up to the raving Nanny and put both arms around her, hushing her by low, soothing tones and not by any spoken remonstrance. 'Nanny, dear Nanny,' she said, 'Oh! madam! moaned the woman. 'It's Jimmy, Jimmy, that's gone. Jimmy's dead!'

"'Yes, Nanny.' 'I'll never see him again.' 'Nanny,' said mother, in the stillness, 'for everybody was listening, 'Jimmy was never so much alive in his life as he is at this moment. He's all right, you poor, poor thing, and you'll be the one for us to pity. But Jimmy's gotten past the worst and has seen heaven, and God, all in the twinkling of an eye. I know. Now, dear mother, tell me where you keep your best gown, for I want to see to it that you are comfortable with so many stranger folks coming in.'

"I might go on forever telling you about mother, but what's the use? She believes in the resurrection of the dead. That is all.

"Did she ever see David again? Oh, no! She doesn't expect to. There'll be all eternity for that, and she can wait."

"Harper's Bazarist."

"Making Use of His Learning."

A small boy known to the New York Sun was introduced by his teacher to the ditty mark. Its labor-saving possibilities appealed to him, and he soon found occasion to turn his knowledge to account.

Will Live in Barn.

William J. Bryan Celebrates His Birthday by Mowing.

William J. Bryan celebrated his 42d birthday on March 20th by mowing from the city of Lincoln to his barn on his country home, four miles distant. The residence of No. 1625 D street, with its historic porch, was vacated and, until his new residence on the farm is completed, the family will reside in the barn.

The barn is a substantial brick structure, plastered, partitioned and comfortable. Mr. Bryan's new home has reached the foundation stage, and the object in moving was to enable himself and wife to watch the building of the superstructure and the planting of the crops. The Bryan home will be one of the finest in that section. The farm comprises thirty acres, mostly under cultivation.

Mr. Bryan donned his working clothes yesterday morning and helped load the big vans that transferred his L-longings.

A telegram from Clearfield says: The extension of the Beech Creek from Clearfield to Karthaus, a distance of about thirty miles, is rapidly nearing completion. This line penetrates vast coal deposits of Central Pennsylvania. The road is being constructed under the direction of chief engineer Wigfus, of the New York Central. There are four tunnels in the distance of thirty miles, one at Fulton, 2,500 feet long; the second at Shawville, 1,800 feet long; the third at Deer Creek, 1,400 feet; and the fourth at Karthaus, 1,600 feet.

The grading is the heaviest known in Pennsylvania railroad construction. Three long bridges are within eight miles of this place. They are of the Deck-T.uss style. All the abutments, culverts and tunnels are of concrete and are durable in appearance. The first train will be run in July next, passing through a country hitherto unknown in the railroad world. All the work is done by the Pennsylvania Railroad, as well as the Patton and Barnsboro region, will go over this line by water grade to port.

A through passenger service will be introduced, giving the New York Central and allied lines a through route to Pittsburgh only forty-five miles longer than the Pennsylvania. The cost of the line will be about \$3,000,000, of which amount \$70,000 alone has been paid out for ties. The payroll at times has included 1,800 men, and during its construction 10,000 different men have been employed.

LOCKJAW FROM CORNWELLS.—Cornwells put on a cut lately gave a woman lockjaw. Millions know that the best thing to put on a cut is Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the infallible healer of Wounds, Ulcers, Sores, Skin Eruptions, Burns, Scalds and Piles. It cures or no pay. Only 25c at Green's Pharmacy.

Tourists.

Chicago to St. Paul or Minneapolis for double berth in tourist sleeping cars of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, each Tuesday and Friday during March and April, 1902, on train No. 1 leaving Chicago at 6:30 p. m.

For further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent, or address F. A. Miller, general passenger agent, Chicago.

\$33.00 to California Oregon and Washington.

Chicago & North-Western R.R. during the months of March and April \$33.00 from Chicago to Helena, Butte, Anaconda, Ogden and Salt Lake City; \$30.50 Spokane; \$22.00 Las Vegas, Reno, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver, Victoria and a large number of other points. Tourist sleeping cars daily to the Pacific coast. For maps and particulars apply to nearest ticket agent or address A. Q. Tallant, 507 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Indian and the Northwest.

A handsomely illustrated book just issued, containing the most interesting historical data relating to the settlement of the great Northwest, with fine half-tone engravings of Black Hawk, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud and other noted chiefs; 'Custer's' battle-ground and ten colored maps dating back to 1800. A careful review of the book impresses one that it is a valued contribution to the history of these early pioneers, and a copy should be in every library. Price, 25 cents per copy. Mail postage prepaid upon receipt of this amount. W. B. Knicker, 225 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Very Low Rates to the Northwest.

March 1st to April 30th, 1902, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell tickets to Montana, Idaho and North Pacific coast points at the following greatly reduced rates: From Chicago to Butte, Helena and Anaconda, \$50.00; Spokane, \$59.50; Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver, \$53.00. Choice of routes via Omaha or St. Paul. For further information apply to any coupon ticket agent in the United States or Canada or address John R. Pott, district passenger agent, 310 Park Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

California Illustrated.

Copy of the illustrated monthly, The Chicago 400, a journey of travel and topic, reaches us by a courtesy of the Chicago and North-western R.R. It is one of the finest illustrated publications that we have ever seen. The tinted half-tones of those of the finest magazines, and the letterpress of the whole editions as perfect as that of any publication ever issued, pictorially and descriptively mirroring California's wonderful scenery. Copy delivered free on application, or mailed to address upon receipt of two cents postage, by A. Q. Tallant, 507 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Business Notice.

Leaves Half a Million to His Employees. James Dick, the so-called "Rubber King," who died at Glasgow, Scotland, March 7th, bequeathed \$500,000 for distribution to his employees. The bulk of the remainder goes to charities. Dick's cashier gets \$25,000. The cook is bequeathed \$10,000, and other domestics are to receive in the aggregate several thousands of pounds. The clerks get from \$1,500 to \$22,000 each.

—Hetty Green, America's richest woman, has sustained a loss which will not cause her to lose much sleep. It was merely her husband.

Medical.

That which follows is the experience of a resident of Bellefonte. Incredibly cannot exist about the statement because it can easily be investigated.

BEYOND DOUBT.

THESE FACTS MUST CONVINCE EVERY BELLEFONTE READER.

Mr. Geo. Cox residing on what is known as Half Moon Hill, says: "I can conscientiously recommend Doan's Kidney Pills judging from what they did for me. I suffered intensely from pains in my back and lameness across my kidneys. Statements in this paper about Doan's Kidney Pills attracted my attention and I got a box. They did me a great deal of good although I did not take them as regularly as I should, for the moment the pain ceased and I felt better. I stopped taking them. They gave me the greatest relief and I can give them the credit of saving me much suffering."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McBirn Co., Remember the name Doan's—and take no substitute.

Gustave Dore's portrait of Dante is worth seeing—once. But once is enough. Some such look you notice on the faces of those who have suffered, and still suffer, much physical pain: people subjected to rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, periodic headache, lumbago, or pain from some old lesion. This habit puts its marks on them, as the custom of handling ropes crows a sailor's fingers; or as too much riding of a bicycle stamps a worried expression on certain faces. No wonder people said of the Italian poet as he passed along, "There goes..."

THE MAN WHO NEVER LAUGHS.

The complaints above named all yield to the action of Benson's Plaster, and quickly too. Not only those, but colds and coughs, kidney and liver affections, all congestions and muscular strains, diseases of the chest, asthma and all ailments which are open to external treatment. It is frequently said that Benson's Plaster is Pain's Master. It cures, when others are not even able to relieve. For thirty years the leading external remedy.

The old-style plasters, as well as salves, liniments, oils, etc., have little or no efficacy as compared with it. Use it. Trust it. Keep it in the house. Ask for Benson's Plaster; take no other. All druggists, or we will prepay postage on any number ordered in the United States on receipt of 25c. each.

Harness Oil.

On Jellies. Will keep them absolutely moisture and acid proof. Pure Refined Paraffine is also useful in a dozen other ways about the house. Full directions in each package.

STANDARD OIL CO.

Money to Loan. MONEY TO LOAN on good security and houses for rent.

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CONTAINS BOTH.

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year.

THE SUNDAY SUN.

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the World. Price 5c a copy. By mail, \$2 a year.

Fine Groceries

SECHLER & CO. FINE GROCERIES BUSH HOUSE BLOCK.

If you are looking for Seasonable Goods—We have them. Not sometime—but all the time—Every day in the year. Don't spend your strength during this extreme weather in a fruitless search for what you need, but come straight to us and get the goods promptly.

TRAVELERS GUIDE.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. Schedule in effect Nov 23rd, 1901.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 9:53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11:25 a. m., at Altoona, 1:09 p. m., at Pittsburg, 3:50 p. m.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 4:44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6:00 a. m., at Altoona, 7:40 a. m., at Pittsburg, 10:45 a. m.

Table with columns: EXPRESS, MAIL, DAY, EXPRESS, MAIL, P.M., A.M., L.V., A.M., P.M., P.M., P.M.

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