

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., August 22, 1902

## ALEC YEATON'S SON.

The wind it whistled, the wind it moaned,  
And the white caps tickled the sea;  
"An' I would to God," the skipper groaned,  
"I had not my boy with me!"

Sung in the stern sheets, little John  
Laughed as the scud swept by;  
But the skipper's snarling cheeks grew wan  
As he watched the wicked sky.

"Would he were at his mother's side!"  
And the skipper's eyes were dim.  
"Good Lord in heaven, if ill betide,  
What would become of him!"

For me—my muscles are of steel,  
For me let hap what may;  
I might make shift upon the keel  
Until the break 'o' day.

But he, is so weak and small,  
So young, scarce learned to stand—  
O pitying Father of us all,  
I trust him in Thy hand!

"For Thou who markest from on high  
A sparrow's fall—each one!—  
Surely, O Lord, Thou'lt have an eye  
On Alec Yeaton's son!"

Then, helm hard-port; right straight he sail-  
ed  
Towards the headland light;  
The wind it moaned, the wind it whistled,  
And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail,  
Though housed from wind and waves—  
They who could tell about that gale  
Must rise from watery graves!

Sudden came, as sudden went,  
Ere half the night was sped,  
The winds were hushed, the winds were  
spent.

And the stars shone overhead.  
Now, as the morning mist grew thin,  
The folk on Gloucester shore  
Saw a little figure floating in  
Secure, on a broken oar.

Up rose the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!  
Fall, mates, and waste no breath!"  
They knew it, though 'twas but a speck  
Upon the edge of death.

Long did they marvel in the town  
At God, His strange decree,  
That let the stalwart skipper drown,  
And the little child go free!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

## A COLLABORATION.

A Romance Which Progressed Under Great Difficulties  
to a Satisfactory Ending.

The car was hot and dusty. Reba had almost exhausted Miss Frayne's patience. The young man in the seat behind gave no sign of interest, but he had been watching the two ever since the train left Boston. He now saw the little girl yawn listlessly, push back her curls, and start down the aisle on one of her periodical trips for ice water at the other end of the car. As she returned, he displayed an illustrated paper persistently, so that the pictures on the back should catch her eye.

Reba paused beside his seat, looked with a faint smile at one of the caricatures, and then edged a little closer.

"Wouldn't you like to see the pictures?" asked the young man. "Come and sit here, if you like."

Reba glanced at Miss Frayne, who had taken up her novel with apparent satisfaction at the respite, and then sat down beside the stranger. The young man looked at her good naturedly.

"I'm afraid you'll find it rather stupid," he said. "There's never anything but tramps, negroes and Irishmen in the comic papers nowadays."

"I wish they'd put in princesses and dragons and fairies and things like that," Reba complained, turning the pages over scornfully.

"You like fairy stories?" inquired the young man.

"Yes," said Reba, putting down the paper. "Do you know any?"

The young man seemed embarrassed for a moment. Miss Frayne, in the seat ahead, laid down her book and looked out of the window, after a careless glance over her shoulder at the two.

"No," the young man said; "I'm afraid I don't."

"Couldn't you make one up? My Uncle Fred can," Reba pursued.

The young man gazed straight ahead of him at a tortoiseshell pin in the back of Miss Frayne's hair. "Yes," he said, with a sudden impulse. "I think I might."

Reba settled herself more comfortably and looked up at him with expectation.

"Please make it about a princess," she said.

"Of course! It couldn't be a fairy story else," was the answer. "Well, there was once a princess; she was very beautiful and she had dark brown hair."

"The color of my aunts'?" Reba asked, waving her hand towards the seat in front of them.

"Exactly!" said the young man. Miss Frayne moved a bit uneasily. "Her name was Nepenthe," he went on.

"I never heard that name before," Reba interrupted. "Does it mean anything in the back of the dictionary? 'Reba' means joyful messenger."

"It means forgetfulness," the story teller informed her. "You see, she was so pretty that she made people forget everybody else. Well, the princess lived in a castle that flew through the air. She was enchanted, and though there were many others in the castle with her, she couldn't speak to anyone."

"Who enchanted her?" Reba asked.

"A wicked fairy named Grundy," said the young man. The head in front of him was now sloping at an angle of careless indifference, but the pink roses on the hat began to shake in a tremor of amusement.

"Did she want to speak to anybody?" Reba asked gravely.

"I don't quite know," was the reply. "Probably not."

Miss Frayne took up her book again and began to read.

"There was a young man in the castle," he continued, "and he determined to break the spell."

"No, he was a prince?" Reba inquired.

"No, he was a poet," the young man replied, after due consideration. "Now, this horrid fairy Grundy had made it impossible for the princess to talk to anyone unless he had a little white square with a magic word written on it, and as the poet didn't have one, of course he couldn't talk to her."

"What was his name?" Reba demanded.

"Reba," Miss Frayne called over the back of the seat, "come here, dear."

"What was his name?" the little girl repeated persistently, rising slowly and reluctantly in obedience to the summons.

"Stoughton," said the young man. "But

you'd better go now, for your auntie wants you." He took up his book as she left, and although it was upside down he did not seem to notice the fact as the two whispered together on the seat in front of him.

Suddenly Reba turned around and gazed at him frankly. "But he's awfully nice, and he's got a gold pin in his vest just like Uncle Fred's," she remarked audibly to her companion. Miss Frayne remonstrated in whispers.

"He was telling me a fairy story," Reba went on. "You might let me wait and hear the end of it. Then, won't you go on with it, Aunt May?"

As Miss Frayne turned to coax the little girl back into the place beside her, she caught the young man in the middle of an exceedingly indiscreet smile. Her lips tightened and her chin tilted.

"Yes, I'll finish it for you, Reba," she said quickly.

It was now the young man's turn to look out of the car window, but she gave him the benefit of her profile as she talked to the little girl. "The princess didn't mind being enchanted a bit; in fact, she rather liked it, as almost every one in the flying palace bore her."

"Didn't she like Stoughton?" Reba put in innocently. Miss Frayne gasped. The young man leaned forward to put his book into a suit case at his feet.

"She had never seen him, and didn't know he was there," said Reba's aunt distinctly.

"Perhaps she was afraid of poets," hazarded Reba.

Miss Frayne ignored the suggestion, and went on: "Now, this princess had decided that she must never speak to any man unless he could satisfy her in three things. First, he must be clever enough to do something that no one had ever done for her before; second, he must never allow himself or her to appear ridiculous, no matter how embarrassing a situation he was placed in, and third, he must give her something she wanted more than anything else."

"She was rather hard to please, wasn't she? Did the poet succeed in any of the things?" Reba asked.

Miss Frayne glanced behind her, and she caught a swift glance from beneath a pair of raised eyebrows. "He succeeded in the first thing all right," she said to her niece. He succeeded in talking to her without speaking to her."

"How could he do that?"

"Oh, he spoke out of the window, and the wind blew the words to her."

"What was the second thing he did?"

"I'll tell you some other time," he next replied, gathering up her wraps and books. "We're almost at Cypress Beach, and we must get our things ready."

As this was Stoughton's destination also, he followed them off the train and entered a bus bound for his hotel. Miss Frayne and her niece were met at the station by a lady in a dog cart, and were driven off without her receiving a single farewell glance.

He changed his clothes, and finding he had time for a bath before dinner time, he walked up the beach a half mile to a little cove which had been a favorite haunt of his as long as he had known the place. It was hidden behind a chain of sand dunes, and in the middle of the crescent shaped beach stood a small, unpainted bath house, with a pair of steps leading up to it.

He unlocked the door, hooked the padlock in the staple, and went in. He hung his towel and bathing suit upon a nail, and sat down on the little shelf to undress. He had his shoes and stockings off, and was removing his collar and tie, when he heard voices outside in the direction of the hotel. He stood up on the seat, peeped through the little round hole that served as a window, and saw Reba with her aunt and the lady of the dog cart coming down the beach.

It seemed unnecessary to notify them of his presence, considering the half side condition of his attire; and, thinking that they would pass on, he sat down again to wait till the beach was once more vacant. They walked slowly towards him, but, instead of continuing their way, the two ladies sat down upon the bath house steps to rest, and a flimsy door alone separated him from them. It was now too late to make his presence known without a considerable sacrifice of dignity, and he resigned himself to an unintentional eavesdropping, feeling something like a priest in his confessional box.

"I don't know whether Stoughton was his first name or his last," said the younger lady; "but he was certainly very audacious and amusing. I'd like to know who he was. Reba made up to him, but he didn't try to take advantage of it, except by telling her that absurd fairy tale so that I could overhear it. But you can't talk to a man on the train when you don't know who he is, can you?"

"Was he good looking?" inquired the other.

"Well, he was interesting—not exactly handsome,"

"I know," exclaimed the lady of the dog cart. "It must have been Stoughton Webb. They are expecting him at the hotel, and all the girls are setting their caps for him."

"Then I'm glad I didn't encourage him," said Miss Frayne. "He's probably spoiled. Men who can write almost always are."

"Never mind," the other voice replied; "they're usually so conceited that they're easy to handle."

"I wouldn't stir a finger to attract him, but I'd rather know Stoughton Webb than any one else I know of. I've heard a lot about him from Fred. I hope he won't think I encouraged him—he'll have no use for me if he does. But isn't it time to go back for dinner? Come, Reba, we must go now!"

As she rose, Miss Frayne cast a glance at the door of the bath house. "Look at that!" she said to her companion. "These hotel people are so careless and thoughtless! Some one's left the key to this bath house here. I think I'll take it back and give it to the clerk in the office." She snapped the padlock in the flap, took the key, and rejoined the others.

Stoughton gazed at their retreating forms till they passed out of sight over the top of the dunes. Then he dressed himself hurriedly, with a grim smile at the absurdity of the situation, and bracing himself against the wall, kicked and pushed at the hinge till the door broke loose. He had started for dinner when a small girl appeared in sight, twirling a key from a piece of string. It was Reba, and she came up to him breathless.

"Hello!" she said, and then she looked at the wrecked door. "Did you see anybody come out of that bath house?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes," said Stoughton. "A man come out a few minutes ago, and he was very angry, too."

"My Aunt May locked him in by mistake," said Reba, shocked at the incident. "She just happened to think that perhaps there was somebody in there when she locked the door, and she sent me back with the key to let him out. I wonder who was it?"

### War Against Sheep.

Many Lives Lost and 600,000 Animals Slain—A Fierce Frontier Fight.

At least a dozen men killed, three times that many wounded, 600,000 sheep with an approximate value of \$2,400,000, killed and thousands of dollars' worth of sheep wagons, outfits, ranch buildings and hay stacks burned by raiders during the last 10 years is a conservative estimate of the cost of the frontier sheep war, which now has broken out again more virulent than ever, says the Chicago "Record-Herald." Ten thousand sheep have been killed the last three months.

This fiercest and most unique of all frontier vendettas is growing in intensity with each succeeding day, and unless the general government soon takes a hand and enacts laws that will control the public grazing lands and establish the rights of the sheep and cattlemen the sheep industry of Southern Wyoming and Northern Colorado will be thoroughly demoralized. Conflicts between cattle and sheep men are becoming more frequent, and the slaughter of sheep and killing of flock tenders are arousing the people to a pitch of fury that will result in a general outbreak unless some relief comes soon.

This sad condition of grazing interests had its inception in the natural antipathy that cattle have for sheep. This antipathy is so strong that it extends even to the land upon which sheep have grazed, and the water, unless it is running, of which they have drunk. Sheep are herded closely, in bodies of 500 to 1,000, and are usually moved slowly in one direction. The cattle, on the other hand, graze so close to the earth that even the roots are destroyed, their feet tramp what is left into the earth, and, as a result, the land over which they have passed is left an almost barren waste, upon which grass will not appear for several seasons. The odor left behind by the sheep is very offensive to cattle, and the latter would rather starve than where sheep have been. For this reason land once used for sheep is useless for cattle for several years afterward.

When sheep raising on a large scale was first introduced into Wyoming, when that region was almost exclusively devoted to cattle raising, there seemed to be plenty of room for both. Rapidly increasing flocks of sheep and coincident decreasing of open ranges brought about a clash between the two interests that has never been subdued. The chief causes were the overcrowding of ranges by sheep, the utter impossibility, for the reasons given, of running cattle and sheep together, the ruinous effects left by the sheep on grazing lands, and the failure of the government to enact satisfactory leasing laws. Add to these petty jealousies and neighborhood quarrels of the range and you have fuel for a lengthy struggle.

The method practiced by the cattlemen in driving off the sheep and the flock tending exemplifies the frontier idea that "right is might and might is right." Being the last comers, the sheep and their tenders were regarded by the cattlemen as trespassers and were and are being dealt with accordingly. Warnings to vacate, unheeded by the shepherds, were followed by raids by the cowboys, sheep were slaughtered by hundreds, outfits were destroyed, resisting shepherds were bound, kidnapped, wounded and in many cases killed outright in the mad struggle for possession of the land, which, by the way, belongs to the commonwealth, and for which neither side pays a cent of compensation to the government. Ethically speaking, the shepherds have a much stronger right to the land as the cattlemen.

The cause of the most recent renewal of the conflict is an order of the government that sheep must be kept off the forest reserves, the last refuge of the hounded animals and their owners. These are the only lands upon which cattle were not grazed, and so the sheep were turned in. Government agents complained to Washington that the little animals were destroying the shrubbery and young trees in their efforts to find enough vegetation to sustain life, and the order came that they must leave. The mountain parks, where the sheep used to be driven in the summer, are closed to them by the combined action of the miners, campers and hunters. There seemed to be no place for them, but their owners decided to again try conclusions with the cattlemen. This led to a renewal of hostilities that bids fair to last indefinitely, or until the sheepraising industry is ruined.

There are two figures in this conflict who are on one's side. They are George Edwards, now a leading sheepman of Eastern Oregon, the first man to dare the cattlemen, and Mrs. Nancy E. Irving, a former Chicago woman, whose goat ranch was recently raided and 1,200 goats were slaughtered. In the years from 1890 to 1895 Edwards was a flock master in Routt county. For three successive years he essayed to graze sheep on the public range bordering the Colorado line. He disregarded the warnings of the cattlemen and lost his flocks. County and state authorities, fearful of the cattlemen's influence, refused to back him up in his fight for his rights. He gathered a band of retainers to defend his flocks. A larger band of cattlemen defeated his army, bound and gagged them and tied them to trees and slaughtered their flocks before their eyes. At last he became discouraged and for two years he has not taken part in the struggle, most of his interests being now in Oregon.

Mrs. Irving came here from Chicago, a bout a year ago and established a new industry—the raising of fine bred Angora goats—for the manufacture of mohair. The goats were pastured on rocky land that the cattlemen disinclined to use. But there were plenty of yucca plants upon which the goats subsisted well. They did not encroach upon the stockmen's pastures nor interfere with them, but the outlaw raiders swooped down upon this peaceful community, bound and gagged the herder, Lloyd Kellogg, and killed a large portion of the goats. Now Mrs. Irving has placed an armed guard at her camp on Pinon Mesa, prepared to resist another raid, and has notified District Attorney Mullen, at Grand Junction, of the act and her intentions. She has also applied to the humane society for aid, contending that the killing of the goats is cruelty to animals. It is said that she already has several deputies of the humane society among her guards. She pluckily declared that she will resist the raiders to the bitter end.

A year ago Mrs. Irving attracted attention by appearing in the role of Diogenes and offering a reward of \$1,000 to anybody in Chicago who would prove that he was an honest man. As no body was found who could pass her tests she decided that honest men were creatures of the imagination. She is said to be backed in her goat-raising venture by a Chicago capitalist, who intends to embark in the manufacture of mohair.

A recital of all the raids since the trouble first began is impossible here, but a few of the most destructive and cruel are given. Griff Edwards, in his struggles to hold the grazing land, lost over 14,000 head in var-

### Powder for Pattison.

Clumsy Infernal Machine Sent to Ex-Governor. Was Ignorant of Peril. The Democratic Candidate Tossed the Package Aside and First News of His Danger Came From a Reporter.

Robert E. Pattison, the Democratic candidate for Governor, spent Saturday in showing his intimate friends how narrow was his escape from death at the hands of an unknown person. With a small hexagon of black prismatic powder, which came through the mails in a package received at his office on Thursday morning, he experimented for their benefit by touching off with a match, whittlings from the block. The puff and flare of the ignited powder was more eloquent than words in demonstrating the existence of a plot.

Mr. Pattison's offices are on the second floor of No. 1011 Chestnut street. On Thursday the postman handed Manager E. N. Johnson, of the Security Trust and Life Insurance Company, a medium sized package, loosely wrapped in a newspaper, and addressed to the ex-Governor, who was not present at the time. After shaking the package several times, Mr. Johnson placed it on Mr. Pattison's desk. He noted that the address was printed, and thought it queer at the time.

TAKEN FOR FUEL SAMPLES.

An hour or so later Mr. Pattison came in and after tearing open one end of the package, called for Mr. Johnson and asked him to examine a number of strange looking chunks. They were black, and in different sizes, some hexagons and others double pyramids, while a few were bullet shaped. "What do you think they are?" asked the ex-Governor.

Mr. Johnson suggested that the chunks of briquettes were samples of a new fuel that is to be made by a company in which Mr. Pattison is interested in a legal way. Without further ado Mr. Pattison ceased to examine its contents and placed it upon a small table near his desk and thought no more about the matter.

In the meantime several letters were received at the office of a morning newspaper which contained hints of a plot to kill Mr. Pattison. The writing on the letters was printed by hand as in the instance of the address on the package. A representative of the newspaper saw Mr. Pattison at his home, and to him the ex-Governor gave the keys of his office with directions where to find the package.

When examined the package was found to contain five varieties of black prismatic powder, two sizes of double pyramids and a quantity pressed into the shape of bullets, besides a quantity of loose powder; a small brass box, as yet unopened, but from its leaking supposed to contain nitroglycerine, and a small piece of paper on which were lettered the words: "To h— with you."

Superintendent Quirk immediately detailed Detectives James Donaghy and Robert McKenty when Mr. Pattison's probing was in progress all of Saturday.

"Two facts have thus far been established," said Detective McKenty last night. "First, the powder in the package delivered to us was not obtained at the navy yard. I am reasonably confident that it can be ascertained where the powder came from, but how it was secured and by whom is a most difficult matter to unravel. Second, the package was mailed in the heart of the city, east of Broad street. It was placed sometime on Wednesday in one of the large street mail boxes, and passed through the mail postoffice in the usual manner."

THINKS IT IS NITRO-GLYCERINE.

Concerning the substance in the brass box in the center of the package, Detective McKenty said: "It will be submitted on Monday to Dr. Henry Leffman, who will make the chemical analysis. My personal opinion is that the substance is nitroglycerine, as I tasted some which leaked through the cover of the box."

Charles A. Barry is the letter carrier who delivered the package at Mr. Pattison's office. "It is a large size attracted my attention," he said, "and when I was handling it the contents rattled considerably. I shook it several times, as it excited my curiosity, and I am now grateful that I delivered it totally ignorant as to its contents."

There is no United States law against the sending of explosives through the mails, although it is in violation of the postal regulations. In consequence the postal inspectors will do nothing in the matter, although Assistant Postmaster Knowles will pursue a searching investigation on his own account with a view to tracing the package to its sender.

Mr. Pattison takes the matter very coolly, and beyond his experience with the powder he said that when he was thrown upon the plot. "It must have been an insane person," he remarked. "Why I was singled out I do not know, for I have not an enemy that I know of. The whole matter can safely rest with the proper authorities for solution. Until the matter was called to my attention I did not even know my peril."

### Girls' Parents Pay Ransom.

Chicago Father Gives Agent \$100 For Return of Daughter.

Laurea Freeman, thirteen years old, who has been missing since July 23rd, was restored to her parents at 1:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, in Chicago, \$100 being paid to the woman to whom it was offered for a consideration to do what she could toward producing the lost child.

The ransom was paid to Mrs. C. Stahl, of 4704 State street. It is learned that there were present when the amount was paid, Wesley Freeman, father of the girl; Mrs. Stahl and one witness. The mother of the girl waited with her lost daughter in a back room of the house while the money was being paid.

The father had been induced to promise Mrs. Stahl the reward under circumstances that have not been wholly revealed. He had given up all hope of the police being able to find his daughter.

Mr. Freeman, his wife and Mrs. Stahl admitted that the ransom was paid and the sum was \$100. A receipt was made out and signed by Mrs. Stahl.

### 12,000 Rose Blossoms on One Bush.

Several of our country exchanges have recently contained notes relating to the number of roses grown on Crimson Rambler bushes at various places. The greatest number reported was 6,400, grown by Mrs. Lewis Daring, of Lawrenceville, Tlago county, on a bush of four years' growth. It was eighteen feet high and twelve feet broad. Mrs. Hiram Kilbourne, of Wellsboro, carries off the honors so far as heard from. She has a Crimson Rambler which covers her porch with between 10,000 and 12,000 blossoms. It is of three years' growth in ten feet high and covers a surface of from eight to ten feet broad. The clusters are so thick that the foliage of the vine is almost wholly hidden from sight, presenting a solid mass of beautiful flowers.

### Turned Cemetery Into Farm.

Then a Great Strife of Ill-Fortune came into Flowers' Life.

George Flowers, a young farmer, bought a strip of land at Sand Ridge, near Vincennes, Ind., on which was located the oldest cemetery in that section.

The cemetery was surrounded by a gorge and contained 300 headstones. Flowers removed the headstones, throwing some of them into the Embarras river and with the others built a foundation for his house. He plowed the cemetery and planted it with melons and potatoes. Although similar crops on the rest of the farm grew in abundance the cemetery crop has been eaten up by a strange bug.

The brother and sister and two children buried in the devastated cemetery. Flowers secured the money from his father, Frank Flowers, in Colorado Springs, to buy the farm. Thursday lightning struck the barn, on Flowers' place, and burned stock and building.

### Trust Paralyzes Town.

The Closing of Greenwood Mill at New Hartford, Conn., Causes Exodus of Population.

The depopulation of New Hartford, Conn., as the result of an order issued by the Cotton Duck trust to shut down its Greenwood mills there on September 11th, for an indefinite period has begun in earnest, no less than 700 people having left the town inside of two weeks. By the middle of next month it is estimated that fully one-half of the population of the place which is 3,000, will have left.

Picard's reading "Closing Out Business," and "To Rent," are already in store windows, and a larger band of cattlemen defeated his army, bound and gagged them and tied them to trees and slaughtered their flocks before their eyes. At last he became discouraged and for two years he has not taken part in the struggle, most of his interests being now in Oregon.

### No Trouble to Help Search.

A woman stopped at a cloth counter in one of the large department stores recently and asked to be shown some dress patterns suitable for early autumn wear. The saleswoman began on the lowest row of shelved compartments and pulled out and patiently opened one box after box until the counter on either side of him was piled as high as his head with goods. Three times he climbed the ladder to the upper rows and staggered down under weights of box patterns, until, when the woman took a survey of the shelves, but two patterns remained unopened.

"Then she said, very sweetly: 'I don't think I'll buy any today. I'm sorry to have troubled you, but you see I only came in to look for a friend.'"

"No trouble whatever, madam," he replied, politely. "Indeed, if you think your friend is in either of the two remaining boxes, I don't mind opening them too."—Philadelphia Times.

### Honor is one of those things that he that seeks it shall not find it.

—No amusement can be innocent when it becomes all absorbing.