

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., December 19, 1902

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bested the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!
Henry Kirk White.

"BECAUSE THERE WAS NO ROOM."

The blasts of winter are fierce and cold,
The snow lies deep over hill and wold,
But a star shines bright through the deepening gloom—
Room for the Christ-Child, room!
Where man's distrust and his greed for gain
Have frozen the floods of tender rain,
Still there a flower of hope can bloom—
In homes that deepest griefs have borne,
Room for the Christ-Child, room!
Mid silent forms of those that mourn,
In the shadows that gather around the tomb—
Room for the Christ-Child, room!
Where nations are warring, life for life,
And a cry rings out from the fearful strife
As a dying people sinks to its doom—
Room for the Christ-Child, room!
Room for the shepherds of Bethlehem,
Room for the angels who sang to them,
Room for the Light, in the wintry gloom—
Room for the Christ-Child, room!
(Willie Boyd Allen, in Harper's Magazine.)

UNDER THE CHRISTMAS STARS.

There was Christmas joy on the earth and
Christmas stars in the sky, and Aunt
Dinah, as she stood in the kitchen door-
way, wondered if the same blue formed the
background for the Eastern star hundreds
of years ago.
"Dar's Chris'mas in de sky," she mur-
mured, "an dar's Chris'mas on de airth;
but, O Lawd, dar's no Chris'mas in dis
house no mo', an dar neber will be 'less
ol' massas gite 'figer'!"
With a sudden impassioned gesture she
reached out her arms toward a star of won-
drous beauty. In the silence came the
sound of her panting breath. The tears
were streaming over her face, and her great
body shook with sobs.
"O Lawd," she prayed—O Lawd up dar
back of dat star, send an angel to melt de
hard heart of de Pharo' in dis house—so's
po' miss Lassie kin come home, and hah lil
bit chil'!"
As she forgot herself and her surround-
ings in her pleading, her body swayed back
and forth in the brightly lighted doorway,
and her voice rose higher and clearer.
"Lawd!" she cried, "how I know dar's
glory in de highest went down deah in de
lowest dar ain't no glory 'tall—'cause Miss
Lassie can't neber come home no mo'. Dar
ain't no glory here, Lawd, an dar ain't no
joy nor peace 'til de fader let dat chil' come
home."
Then suddenly the sobs ceased, the head
was bowed for a moment, and then, with a
sudden straightening of her massive figure,
and quick clenching of her hands, she turned
and walked quickly through the kitchen
and dining room to the hall, and across
it to a door, where she paused and turned
to look up the broad, softly carpeted stairs.
Two years ago, on Christmas Eve, a girlish
figure with holly in her dark hair, and a
spray of it nestling in the folds of her
dress, had run lightly up and down those
stairs, and her deft fingers had twined the
green about the railing, and her merry
laugh had rung out as sweetly as the Chris-
mas bells themselves.
Then, when the June roses were bloom-
ing about the stately house on the hill,
there had come over it a strange hush, for
the girl with the merry laugh and bright
sunshiny face had married and left the old
home, and those who knew him best said
that John Deering would never forgive the
daughter who had married against his wishes.
Aunt Dinah knoeked, and in response to
a quick "come in," opened the door and
entered the library, where the master of the
house spent all his evenings and most of his
days. A strange, stern man he was who,
long years ago, when the coffin lid had hid-
den his young wife from his heart to all
brightness and sunshine, and denying it to
himself, had done nothing to give it to
others.
Aunt Dinah stood less in awe of him than
most people, for she had cared for his wife
when she was a child, had dressed her in
her baby garments, and years afterward
had robbed her for her bridal and fastened
the wedding veil on her bright head; her
hands had folded the white ones for the last
long sleep, and then had gathered fast in
her motherly arms, and held close to her
ample bosom the tiny maiden whose life
had cost her mother's—the little child
whom the minister called Aldeide when he
touched her brow with water, but who
had been called simply "Lassie," when her
mother's white lips kissed her and faintly
formed the word.
If a spark of human kindness could have
found room in the man's warped nature, it
would have burned more brightly in the
presence of the old colored woman who had
so faithfully served and almost adored the
woman whom he had loved with all the
power of his being—with a love that was
all of his life.
He had raised his eyes from the book in
his hand when the door opened.
"Well?" he inquired, not unkindly.
Then, seeing a new light in the woman's
dark eyes—a new air of determination
about the whole massive figure—"Well,
Aunt Dinah!" he reiterated.
"Dar's a name, sah, wot yo' fobbid to be
mentioned," began Aunt Dinah, plunging
at once.
"Not to be mentioned!" responded Mr.
Deering emphatically, his face growing
purple.
"But it's gwine to be mentioned now,
sah, on dis bressed Chris'mas Eve," went
on Aunt Dinah impetuously.
"It is not!" came the quick retort in the
man's deep voice.

But many waters could no more have
quenched Aunt Dinah than they could the
unbounded love she bore the daughter of
her adored young mistress, and floods of
anger or harsh words could not overcome
her.

"Massa Deerin'," she said, her voice
clear and distinct, her face aglow with the
light of a newborn purpose, as she towered
above the man in the arm chair, "de time
am come to speak. I see kep' silent too
long. Yo' got er heah me now, sho's dis is
Chris'mas Eve, an' sho's de Lawd's above
us. I see got a won'erful strange feelin'
bout Miss Helen, an' I see got a won'erful
strange feelin' bout Miss Lassie. Seems
like Miss Helen's sayin' to me, 'Aunt
Dinah, whar's my lil bit baby wlain' I fad-
er' to tak' er' ob?' Can't explain dat
feelin' no how. O Lawd! Lawd! I s'pose
Miss Lassie dead!"
"She is—to me," interrupted the man in
hard tones.
"I promise her ma," went on Aunt
Dinah, unheeding him, "one thing—neber
tole yo' dat, sah. Miss Helen say to me,
'Aunt Dinah, yo' sho'ly tak' car' of ma hus-
ban' an' ma baby for me.' An' I say, Miss
Helen, wile de moon an' de sun keep shin-
in', I neber fail dem, an' if de moon and de
sun stop shinin', eben den I tak' car' ob
dose two."
"Hah not I done it?" she demanded, her
head thrown back, her voice trembling with
emotion. "Did ol' Ann Dinah eber fail
yo', sah, eben wen my darlin' Miss Lassie
go out of her fader's house an' marry a man
wot lubbed her an' wut she lubbed, an' a
man dat yo' had nothin' 'gin—only he po'
an' Miss Lassie a rich man's chil'! Ya'sah,
eben wid ma heart breakin' fur Miss
Lassie, I neber fail yo', an' wen Miss Las-
sie gone, she sen' me word, 'Don't come to
me, Aunt Dinah; stay wid fader, he needs
yo'—but he neber needed me.' So heah I
stay an' don't ma duty, sah, 'cause dat was
Miss Helen an' Miss Lassie like me to do."
"But now ma heart's neah to breakin'
an' I can't stan' it no how 'tall—so I see
agwine, sah, an' I see gwine to fin' dat chil'
an' her lil bit baby, an' I s' gwine tak' car'
of em bofe. Somehow I's got a feelin' wot
tells me she needs me 'less may be it's a
feelin' to tell me she's dead."
"O Massa Deerin', don't yo' car' one lil
bit bout de Christ Chil'? Don't yo' haf
no lub no mo' 'tall for any body, jes' 'cause
de Lawd done took Miss Helen to heaven?
Oh, I see gwine to fin' Miss Lassie—I sholy
is!"

Then the suppressed sobs broke forth
and, burying her face in the folds of her
snowy apron, the old woman gave way to
a wild burst of grief, before which the master
of the house sat dumb.
He rose and laid more wood on the fire,
and then turned towards her a face gray
and stern.
"She disobeyed me and disgraced my
house," he said.
"Neber disobeyed in her hah lil' cep't
jes once," came from the depths of the
apron. Then it was thrown from her face
with a sudden fierce gesture, and revealed
black eyes blazing with indignation.
"An' no disgrace eber eben touched de
outmos' do' sill of dis house. Miss Lassie
marry a good man, all right an' reglar—me
a standin' in the same room wid dem. An'
yo' calls it disgrace 'cause he po' an' yo' hah
up befor him pictures of de past. The
he threw himself down on the chair and
closed his eyes, as if to shut out the mem-
ory of the accusing face and voice.
Presently another figure softly entered
the room and stood before him—a girl with
eyes like violets and her hair resting like
a crown of golden glory on her head.
She came close beside him, and one white
hand rested softly on his shoulder—a hand
upon which gleamed a circle of gold. Then,
in a voice as sweet as the Christmas bells,
she spoke.
"What have you done with my baby?"
she said.
The man gave a great start. "Helen!"
he said, "Helen!" But the figure, as if it
were a spirit, slipped beyond him, and
something made him powerless to rise.
"No," she said gently, "you must not
touch me—not until you tell me what you
have done with my baby. Have you loved
her for us both? Have you taught her
of her mother? Have you kept my little
one—and yours—shielded from danger
and safe from harm?"
Then the man's head dropped. He
buried his face in his hands and his frame
shook with dry, tearless sobs.
"You haven't been faithful," the voice
went on sadly. "Oh, did you not know
that to love my little child was the only
way to go on loving me? Where is she to-
night? All the world is ringing with
Christmas cheer, but I cannot hear my
baby's voice. You must go and find her
and—"
"I will," he interrupted eagerly, as he
tried to rise from his chair; "I'll find her
—only stay, Helen, only—"
But the sweet-voiced being had gone,
and John Deering opened his eyes to realize
that only in a dream had she spoken to
him.
He heard a heavy step come down the
hall and pass his door, and he rose and
opened it.
"Aunt Dinah," he called to the well-
muffled figure.
"Yes," sah, came the answer. "Do you
believe in visions?" he queried, "and in
dreams?"
Aunt Dinah looked about her half light-
ened face. "I sho'ly does," she said solemnly.
"In de Bible, sah—"
"Yes, I know," he interrupted hurried-
ly. "Where are you going?"
"To New York, sah. I know dat's a
ter'ble big place, but ma lil ham' dar, an'
hah ol' Ann Dinah's gwine to fin' sah.
I see done heaps ob prayin', now I see gwine
to wuk."
"You may work here," he responded in
firm tones. "You may get her—You
may tell Ellen to make ready my daugh-
ter's room—and—and—and something—some
place for the little one, for she is—"
And then the faintest ring of the bell in-
terrupted him and he threw the door wide
open, to find leaning against the casing a
girlish figure, quite exhausted, who raised
mournful, pleading eyes to his face, as she
held out toward him the child in her arms.
"For my mother's sake, fader," she
whispered, and then Aunt Dinah reach-
ed the child in her arms and the mother
fell fainting at their feet. The man's
strong arms lifted and carried her through

the hall into the sitting room beyond, there
to lay her gently on a couch, and he quiet-
ly left the room.

In the quiet library he picked up an
open letter lying on the table. There were
few words, only—
"I would not ask it for myself, but be-
cause we are penniless and homeless, I beg
you to let me bring her to you on Chris-
mas Eve. Aunt Dinah will care for her
and I will come only to the door and leave
her there and come away."
Each day for the last three he had read
the letter with never a throb of pity in his
heart, with never a thought of granting his
prayer.
Two hours passed and then a tap at the
door roused him from the reverie into which
he had fallen, and in a minute Aunt
Dinah, her face working strangely, stood
before him.
"She's come to, sah, and she says she's
reested, and now she's gwine. She say she
promise you dat she not stay, only to leab
hah lil' gal. I see neber gone down on ma
knees to nobody, 'cept de Lawd, but,
massa Deerin', I see gwine doen on dose
ol' knees to yo' an' beg yo'—oh, don't let hah
go, sah, for de Lawd's sal s don't let hah
go."
"Get up!" he demanded sternly, for the
woman was kneeling at his feet. "Get up,
Aunt Dinah, and don't be foolish," and
then he left the room.
He crossed the hall and opened the sit-
ting-room door noiselessly, then stood in
the doorway, his eyes resting on a scene all
new and strange.
From the attic had been brought a cradle,
which had been placed at the other end of
the room. Beside it, her back toward him,
knelt a woman hardly more than a girl.
Again and again she kissed the white
forehead and cheeks and tiny mouth of the
child resting cozily among the warm blank-
ets. Again and again her lips pressed the
tiny hands, the fingers of which twined so
closely about her own. He saw the slender
figure shake with sobs, suppressed for the
baby's sake—he saw the play of the
fingert over her dark hair and dress of
faded black, and once, as she partly turned
her head, he caught a glimpse of the face,
the features of which were sharpened from
grief and hunger and cold. Swiftly he
crossed the room and stood beside her. She
tried to rise quickly, but failed and sank
back.
He reached down and helped her to her
feet.

"May she stay?" she whispered. "Fath-
er, will you let her stay? She is so little
and she will starve, it—"
A quick shudder ran over her, telling the man at
her side that perhaps both she and her
baby had been near starvation, even then.
The baby stirred in her sleep and then
slowly opened two eyes of deepest blue
and looked up into the faces bending over
her. Impelled by a power beyond his con-
trol, the man reached down and gently
raised her in his arms, until her curly head
rested against his shoulder and the eyes
closed as she fell asleep again.
Aunt Dinah stood in the doorway, he
motioned to her. "You must see that
Ellen has Miss Lassie's room well warmed
to-night," he said, using the old name by
which he knew Aunt Dinah would still
call his daughter; "for she has come home
to stay, and she has brought us a Chris-
mas gift."
But Aunt Dinah hardly heard the last
words, for she had rushed from the room
and a moment later stood in the open door-
way of the kitchen, her face upturned to-
wards the stairs.
"O bress de Lawd," came between alter-
nate sobs and bursts of laughter. "Massa's
sholy got 'figer; O landy sakes, Hallelujah,
he sholy has. It's Christmas fo' sho' fo'
dar's glory in de highest, on' Miss Helen's
up dar in it, an' Miss Lassie's husband's
up dar too. An' dar's peace on airth, fo' I
see it in dat po' chil'le's face when hah
fader take hah lil' chile in his arms—an'
dars joy forever mo' fo' dat bress ol' lil'
chile. Pears like I couldn't hol' no mo'
Merry Chris'mas no how 'tall. O Lawd,
yo' sho'ly softened de heart ob Pharo'
an'—its Chris'mas sho' 'tall."—By Edith
Copeland, in Literature, Art and Music.

Ochiltree's Own.

How He Succeeded by a Southern Samaritan.
Probably no man ever obtained so wide
a reputation for wit without leaving be-
hind him anything which will bear repro-
duction in point as the late Colonel Tom
Ochiltree. The fame he gained as a story-
teller was largely won in London, where
they believe that all Americans possess the
title of colonel as a birth right and are en-
dowed with the peculiar form of humor
which depends upon exaggeration of state-
ment for its point. When alone among
men Ochiltree's Texas slang and picturesque
profanity made his most common-place
anecdotes seem weighed with wit; but
such stories often seem cold and pointless
when they call for a second hearing in
point. Perhaps that which has the most
enduring value is his own account of the
manner in which he was secured imme-
diately after the burning of the Windsor
hotel, in which he had lost all of his per-
sonal effects. Ochiltree had escaped from
the burning hotel with the clothes on his
back; the devouring flames had accepted
everything else belonging to him as a
tribute to their weird power.
"By I was not forsaken," he told a
New York acquaintance shortly afterward;
"my old friends in the South had not for-
gotten me, sir. One of my old tradesmen,
whom I had always paid on the nail, sent
me a \$500 toilet set as soon as he heard of
the disaster. Now wasn't that touching,
sir? By the Lord Harry! It almost makes
me weep to think of him. I was reduced
almost to the condition of Father Adam
before the forbidden fruit had been eaten,
and I immediately received a \$500 toilet
set on tick. I am touched, sir; I am touch-
ed to the heart. With a toilet set like
that I could begin the battle of life again
if I had nothing left in the world but a fig
leaf and an umbrella."

Bishop Hurst Retires.

Bishop McCabe Elected Chancellor of the American
University.
The trustees of the American university
held their semi-annual meeting in Wash-
ington on Wednesday.
Bishop John Hurst, who was unable to
be present on account of illness, resigned
as chancellor because of ill health. He was
elected chancellor emeritus.
Bishop Charles C. McCabe, who has been
vice chancellor, was elected chancellor.
Bishop A. W. Wilson, of the Methodist
Episcopal church South, was elected vice
chancellor.
Bishop John W. Hamilton, of San Fran-
cisco; Mrs. J. P. Robinson, of Rock Island,
and Hon. George C. McCabe, of Morgan-
town, W. Va., were elected members of
the board of trustees.
The following officers were elected: John
E. Andrus, president; D. H. Carroll, vice
president; Charles W. Baldwin, secretary;
Charles G. Glover, treasurer.

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They will cure the headache.
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Statements in this paper about Doan's
Kidney Pills attracted my attention and I
bought a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, the drug-
gist and got a box. They did me a great deal
of good although I did not take them as
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