

# Democratic Matchmaker

Belleville, Pa., January 23, 1903

## THE SUITOR

He reached forward, and took her hand in his. For a moment—it seemed to him only an instant of time, and yet it was just long enough to convey its own meaning—she allowed it to remain. Then she withdrew it.

He was a wise young man. If he had attempted to pursue even this infinitesimal advantage, and to reach forward again, doubtless he would have been rebuked in that queenly manner which upon occasion she could so easily command.

And so he was content to wait, and to change the subject.

It is proper to state, however, that the new subject was more in line with his real train of thought than the old. They had, when he had advanced, been talking on the commonplace topic of the latest historical novel.

Now he turned slowly, and looked her squarely in the eye.

"I'm going to marry you," he said.

"Are you indeed?" When did you make your mind to that?"

"Oh, some time ago. I mean it, you know."

"And lose a million?"

He turned again, abruptly.

"How did you know anything about that?" he asked.

"Your father told me."

"When?"

"Oh, some time ago. He called."

"Why you must have known then—"

"That you wanted to marry me? No, I didn't. All I knew was that you had spoken to your father about it. You know you might have changed your mind—"

"He smiled, grimly."

"What you mean?" he said. "Is this; that I thought it best to consult the governor first, and find out where I stood with him, before I found out where I stood with you?"

"Yes."

He got up, and took a turn around the room.

"Well, that wasn't exactly it," he continued. "You see, if I had had any doubt about marrying you, I wouldn't have done that—I would have gone for you first, and let the rest go. I meant business, and I thought it ought to be done right. Besides I said to myself: 'If the old man turns me down, then my conscience is clear.'"

She apparently unheeded the last part of his remark.

"May I ask," she said, "what made you so sure of me?"

"I wasn't. But I was sure of myself. I knew the girl I wanted. That is everything in love."

"You seem to have gotten very wise all of a sudden."

He grasped the top of the tarnished gilt chair with both hands, and leaned against it hard, as he looked into her eyes.

"I've knocked around some," he said. "Since I've left college, I've run with the Newport crowd and the high people in town. I've had a lot of girls thrown my way, but I wouldn't give a white chip for the whole gang. I've seen them at their best and worst. They're all right—some of them. It's the life I don't fancy. I don't care for the pace."

It was her turn to smile.

"But there's nothing about me," she said, "that ought to specially recommend itself to you. Why, I even have to earn my own living."

"But your grandmother didn't, did she?"

"Why, no, I suppose not. She was a Puritan."

"Well, mine did. I've heard the governor tell the story. So what's the difference? A few years of time more or less, a generation or so."

She opened her eyes rather wide.

"You seem to have taken on such a sudden weight of accumulated philosophy," she said, "that I hardly recognize you. Where's Jack Wakefield, member of twenty clubs; that great polo-player, the howling swell? That sort of fellow doesn't go with such depth as this."

"Can't a man do that sort of thing, and still be a man?"

"Why, of course; but they don't go together as a rule."

"Well, maybe you did that for me, or maybe the governor got me mad. I don't know which. He's lived so much by himself, of late years, that the old fellow is crabbled, I guess. But he did turn me down hard."

"What did he say?"

"I don't know that I can rehearse it all— it was something ago. But the main point was that, if I married you, he'd disinherit me. My allowance would continue, but no more. He must have gone direct to you to make a sure thing of it, didn't he?"

She turned her head slowly, and looked far away out of the dingy window, beyond the street past the whirl of the great town into the unknown distance.

"Yes," she said. "Several times. He doesn't want you to marry me. Not a bit."

"Well, it doesn't make any difference to me whether he does or not. I can go out and hustle for myself. Money isn't everything."

The boarding-house bell rang—not an unusual occurrence. Outside there was the slow snoring of an automobile.

He drew nearer to her. Again he took her hand.

"Hello, dear," he said, "what's the answer?"

She brushed away a tear.

"I cannot marry you," she said. "You're too good for me."

He laughed—a spontaneous, hearty laugh.

"That's a good joke," he said. "Too good for you. Ha! Look here! Let's be honest with each other. I've had slathers of money, and there's nothing in it. Why spall the game just because of a paltry million? I tell you, it's all right. I assure you, I'll never mention the matter again. We can live."

She shook her head.

"I cannot marry you," she said.

"You don't love anyone else, do you?"

"There was no answer."

"I know what it is," he said. "It's your pride. Never mind! I can wait. Of course, it's embarrassing for you. You don't care anything about the money, of course, but your conscience troubles you about my losing it—naturally. Well, never mind. I'll show you! But now, dear, can't you give me some little word of encouragement?"

A capless maid entered the musty drawing-room, holding in her red fingers a card.

"For you, miss," said the maid.

"Very well, Martha. Ask him into the small reception-room, as usual."

Then she held out the message to him.

"I am afraid," she said, "there is no

hope for you. You see, I am going to marry this gentleman."

He took in the familiar name in one burning glance.

"The governor!" he exclaimed.—By Tom Masson, in the *Cosmopolitan*.

## Development of Niagara Power.

301,000 Horse Power in Addition will soon be Available.

Harlan W. Brush, consul at Niagara Falls, Ontario, has made a report on the rapid development of the electric power at the falls. He says that the demand for the cheap and constant power developed by the original company has been so urgent that it has been impossible for the power company to keep pace with it. The original 50,000 horse power was utilized some time ago, and the company has been working night and day to double the capacity of the plant, the tunnel providing for a discharge of water that would develop 100,000 horse power.

Realizing that the plant on the New York side of the cataract would only suffice for a short period, the power company began operations on the Canadian side of the river in August of last year. It is expected that by next August 50,000 horse power will be available. Already the demand is so great that last week the power company let a contract for extending the operation so as to develop 110,000 horse power in place of the 50,000 first contemplated. The two companies are practically identical as to stockholders, the Canadian company being officially designated as the Canadian Niagara Power company.

A radical departure from the installation on the New York side of the river is the utilization of dynamo of 10,000 horse power each instead of the 5,000 units that were installed in the original power house.

The fact that cheap Niagara power is going to do all that can be claimed for it in the way of attracting industrial concerns to the Niagara frontier is being so thoroughly demonstrated that a second company—the Ontario power company—has secured rights from the Canadian government, and will produce 150,000 horse power. These two companies are backed almost exclusively by United States capital. A third company, which claims to be wholly Canadian, has applied to the government for the privilege of developing 100,000 horse power near the two plants now under construction. The Canadian government exacts in all cases that 50 per cent of the power developed must be provided to Canadian consumers if called for, the balance to be exported to the United States.

When the 350,000 horse power now in process of development is placed on the market, the gross income of the power companies will be in the neighborhood of \$7,000,000 per year. It is estimated that within ten years 1,000,000 horse power will be in course of development.

Up to the present time the effect on the volume of water passing over the falls is not noticeable, even with the most careful measurements. A short time since, for the purpose of inspection, all the water was shut off from power development for a number of hours. Competent men were stationed at different points to measure the difference to the river level. The men were unanimous in their reports that they could not detect the slightest variation.

## Man and Wife Drowned.

Large Crowd of Pleasure Seekers Saw a Tragedy, But Could Render No Assistance.

With a thousand pleasure seekers looking on and powerless to aid them, Frederick Short and his wife, Florence, of No. 1245 Jackson street, Philadelphia, skated past the danger line on Pleasure Island park, Wednesday evening, and met death in its icy waters. The moon was under a cloud at the time and the ill-fated couple doubtless took the shining black water to be a continuation of the glassy ice.

The woman disappeared at once in the dark depths of the lake and did not rise again. Her husband appeared once above the waters and screamed wildly for aid. None came, however, as the shock from a plunge into the frigid pond meant almost certain death to the most foolhardy rescuer.

The big crowd of skaters looked on the tragedy, horrified. A few of the most venturesome crawled to the extreme edge of the ice and tried in vain to reach the drowning pair. No other means of rescue were even attempted.

Earlier in the evening William Allen, a 15 year old lad, of Broad and Shunk streets, had been saved from death in the identical place. In that case, however, the boy was near enough to the edge of the ice to catch hold of an overcoat held out to him by a nifty comrade, Leonard Lettinger, of No. 2135 South Broad street. Mr. and Mrs. Short, however, were far beyond the reach of that mode of rescue.

John Montgomery, the dead wife's 10 year old brother, was a witness of the tragedy. He saw his sister plunging into the water, and among some of the coolest among the bystanders had summoned the police.

Sergeants Eckenmeyer and Christy, of the Thirty-fourth district, hurried through the swamps to the old mud blower and dragged a boat hook about four squares across the ice to the place where the couple went down. By 9:50 o'clock the bodies had been recovered and taken to No. 1245 Jackson street, where the couple lived.

Frederick Short, the husband, was 37 years old and was a stevedoor. His wife was about a year younger. A 20 month old baby survives them.

**Death of a Famous Showman.**

Nate Salisbury, who owned the controlling stock in Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, died in Long Branch, N. J., on Christmas eve. Mr. Salisbury had been in failing health, but was able to be around and superintend his business until a week before.

Mr. Salisbury was born in Illinois fifty-seven years ago. For many years he had been identified with the leading shows in the country. Up to a few years ago, when his health failed him, he traveled with the Wild West show which was booked to open in London on Friday, where Col. Cody, his partner, is now. Mr. Salisbury was connected with the Barnum & Bailey show and had amassed a large fortune.

**Natural Gas as a Fire Friend.**

At Keating Summit, Friday morning, natural gas set fire to six houses at the same time. Owing to the cold weather the gas was at a low pressure during the night, but early that morning the pressure was suddenly intensified. As a result the jets that had been turned on full to absorb the low pressure immediately spouted flame. The home of John Edkert, where a gas jet had been left burning, was destroyed. In the postoffice and four other houses the sudden increase in gas pressure set fire to the buildings, but the flames were extinguished.

## A Little Fable.

Wherein is Related in Exhausting Rhyme the Experiences of a Man Who Thought it a Snap to Keep House.

John Kicker thought his work was tough, and that his wife had not enough; that while he worked the live-long day his wife had ample time for play; that while he labored hard and long, her life was one sweet wave of song. From early dawn till evening late he growled at what he called "hard fate."

One day his wife said, "Dearest John, my work is very hard upon my feeble strength; I wish you would get me a servant girl that's good." What, you need help?" said John, amazed, as on his better half he had gazed; "Jehosaphat! Why, woman, I could do your work and not half try."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Kicker, while across her face there chased a smile; "perhaps, but I'm inclined to think my work would make you take to drink." John snuffed in a disgusted way and then unthinkingly did say: "To-morrow leave your job to me; I'll do it up in one, two, three."

"All right," said Mrs. Kicker, "I'll go visit mother for a while. Tomorrow I will leave to you the babe to tend, the work to do." "Agreed," said John. "Go early, dear; I'll do the work, so never fear." So at the rosy dawn of day his wife dressed up and slipped away.

John Kicker slept until a scream aroused him from a pleasant dream. It was the baby, and it cried for milk and lots beside. And while John walked the frosty floor and to himself he loudly swore, he managed something to provide to fill the baby up inside.

And then he had to dress the rest while breakfast like a snail progressed. He couldn't make the coal ignite, and not a single thing went right. The ham that Kicker tried to fry burned to a crisp; the grease would fly, and scattered o'er his face and clothes and blistered both his face and hands.

He found too late he had forgot the water for the coffee-pot; potatoes burned until the smoke made Kicker gasp and sneeze and choke; the toasting bread remained unturned until to cinders it had burned; the red hot skillet burned his hand until he howled to beat the band.

The breakfast of the John, more over, began to dress the kids for school. Pinned his fingers through and through and John yelled till the air was blue. Try as he would clothes wouldn't fit, and John was getting sick of it. He piled the dishes in a stack, then swept until he sprained his back.

He tried to make the beds. His feet too ragged holes in 'em 'till aheet. He tried to wash the dishes, too, and broke all but a very few. He stepped outside the kitchen door and babe spilled sly on the floor. "Dear wife!" he shrieked, "please hurry back; I'm very near a mania!"

When Mrs. Kicker came at noon she found John crouching on the floor. The house was fairly upside down; John soot and grease from sole to crown the baby had turned on the gas and broke the halloo looking glass. And Mrs. Kicker sat beside her John and laughed until she cried.

"Well, John," she said, "you've tried it now; how do you like it, anyhow? Still think you that my work is play, or have you changed your mind to-day?" John gazed upon her, hollow-eyed, and in a trembling voice replied: "Dear, do you think your girl will do, or should I try to employ two?"

## Hot Springs, S. D.

The great sanitarium and health resort, in the picturesque Black Hills. Only \$24.30 round trip from Chicago, on certain specified dates throughout the summer, via the Northwestern Line. Through train service from Chicago daily. Ask ticket agent for full particulars or write for information to A. Q. Tallant, 507 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, Pa.

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NORTHWARD.	M.A.	L.V.	Nov. 24th, 1901		M.A.	L.V.
			EXP.	EXP.		
P.M.	A.M.	Ar.			P.M.	A.M.
6:50	3:25	Ty.	8:00	5:35	6:50	3:25
6:58	3:31	Ar.	8:08	5:41	6:58	3:31
7:01	3:35	Ar.	8:11	5:44	7:01	3:35
7:15	3:49	Ar.	8:25	5:58	7:15	3:49
7:24	3:59	Ar.	8:34	6:07	7:24	3:59
7:34	4:09	Ar.	8:44	6:17	7:34	4:09
7:38	4:12	Ar.	8:48	6:20	7:38	4:12
7:48	4:21	Ar.	8:58	6:29	7:48	4:21
7:54	4:28	Ar.	9:04	6:36	7:54	4:28
8:02	4:35	Ar.	9:12	6:43	8:02	4:35
8:06	4:39	Ar.	9:16	6:47	8:06	4:39
8:11	4:45	Ar.	9:21	6:52	8:11	4:45
8:17	4:51	Ar.	9:27	6:58	8:17	4:51
8:28	5:02	Ar.	9:38	7:09	8:28	5:02
8:30	5:04	Ar.	9:40	7:11	8:30	5:04
8:34	5:08	Ar.	9:44	7:15	8:34	5:08
8:35	5:10	Ar.	9:45	7:16	8:35	5:10
8:45	5:20	Ar.	9:55	7:26	8:45	5:20
8:50	5:25	Ar.	10:00	7:31	8:50	5:25
9:06	5:39	Ar.	10:14	7:45	9:06	5:39
9:11	5:44	Ar.	10:19	7:50	9:11	5:44
9:15	5:48	Ar.	10:23	7:54	9:15	5:48
9:20	5:53	Ar.	10:28	7:59	9:20	5:53
9:25	5:58	Ar.	10:33	8:04	9:25	5:58
9:30	6:03	Ar.	10:38	8:09	9:30	6:03
9:35	6:08	Ar.	10:43	8:14	9:35	6:08
9:40	6:13	Ar.	10:48	8:19	9:40	6:13
9:45	6:18	Ar.	10:53	8:24	9:45	6:18
9:50	6:23	Ar.	10:58	8:29	9:50	6:23
9:55	6:28	Ar.	11:03	8:34	9:55	6:28
10:00	6:33	Ar.	11:08	8:39	10:00	6:33
10:05	6:38	Ar.	11:13	8:44	10:05	6:38
10:10	6:43	Ar.	11:18	8:49	10:10	6:43
10:15	6:48	Ar.	11:23	8:54	10:15	6:48
10:20	6:53	Ar.	11:28	8:59	10:20	6:53
10:25	6:58	Ar.	11:33	9:04	10:25	6:58
10:30	7:03	Ar.	11:38	9:09	10:30	7:03
10:35	7:08	Ar.	11:43	9:14	10:35	7:08
10:40	7:13	Ar.	11:48	9:19	10:40	7:13
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12:30	9:03	Ar.	1:38	11:09	12:30	9:03
12:35	9:08	Ar.	1:43	11:14	12:35	9:08
12:40	9:13	Ar.	1:48	11:19	12:40	9:13
12:45	9:18	Ar.	1:53	11:24	12:45	9:18
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1:25	9:58	Ar.	2:33	12:04	1:25	9:58
1:30	10:03	Ar.	2:38	12:09	1:30	10:03
1:35	10:08	Ar.	2:43	12:14	1:35	10:08
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1:55	10:28	Ar.	3:03	12:34	1:55	10:28
2:00	10:33	Ar.	3:08	12:39	2:00	10:33
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