

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., November 6, 1903.

THE ROOTING SWINE.

Snouts to ground from their hour of birth,
See them dig as they go their way
Mortals giving the high gods mirth;
Clods more coarse than the hillside clay,
Fill along for the gravenew's prey,
Drunk with the fumes of a brutish wine,
These but the will of Self obey,
Soulless hordes of the rooting swine.
Such is the average of earth.
Out from their muddy sties they stray,
Reek in dulness and woe in girth,
Buy and barter, and cheat and pay,
Ever among the muckheaps stay,
And still on the husk and carrion dine,
Nuzzling down to the dirt for aye—
Soulless hordes of the rooting swine.
These, indeed, are little worth,
Foot it and flout it through their may;
Naught atones for the spirit's death—
Riches, vanity, nor display.
These shall pass in a slow decay,
As rotting mackerel stink and shine,
Forgotten, even on Judgment Day,
Soulless hordes of the rooting swine.

ENVOY.

Prince! 'Twas a minstrel old and gray,
He struck his harp, and his eyes met mine;
He looked at the crowds and I heard him say:
"Soulless hordes of the rooting swine."
—Ernest McGaffey in *The St. Louis Mirror*.

MRS. BASSETT'S SQUASH PIE.

Wal—howdydo, Miss Robbins; how're
all your folks today? This is getting
weather for us old folks, but I manage
to get along middlin' well—for me I've
been sort of sear't, though, about my
she's lookin' real peaked this summer—
just the sort to wilt right down under
a hot spell like this.

You don't mean to tell me that she's
going with you over to the Ta'nton Castle
Show next week? I call that dreadful
she's in such feeble health, too.

Wal—yes—a cattie show is a dretful
interesting place, certain sure. We all
on us went over to it last year, but I ain't
been since—why I don't know when
it must have been the year that Lyddy
fell down the sniller stairs. You see,
she was plannin' to plant some dahlia
roots an'—
Hub—Oh! you went over? Why, all
our folks, and sister Sally and her
folks, an' Hiram John an' his folks,
an' Sarah Bell Ann—she ain't got no
folks, but it's all her own fault,
because John Henry Allen, he—

Oh, yes, it was a family party, sure
enough. Si Bartlett, he fixed up seats
for us in his old milk-wagon, an' took
over. Land, I felt as if I was goin'
to school again in that old school
wagon 't'p'd a used to run. I sort of
expected Hime and Benny to get
to pickin' at each other, the way they
used to, 'or to go to throwin' spit-balls
at Sarah Ann an' me, or to put their
feet in the dinner kittle and spoil
the squash pie. And that wouldn't
be a loss, sure enough, as it turned
out, though land knows, I never
thought of such a thing when I put
it in. What! ain't you never heard
tell about my squash pie? I took for
dinner over to Cattie Show good and
early, fore they'd get in out of
their prizes or Reward of Merit cards.

Wal, the men folks all went off
'loog o' Si to see about pntin' the horses
up some where, and so we women
folks started right off to see what
lookin' things some women will
have the face to bring to a fair,
and put on show for all the other
women to see. This time, though,
there was some real good-looking
things, though some others on 'em
did make you as sick as if you was
goin' round Pint Judy Pint in a
schooner. Wal, the first thing my
eye lit onto was a great blazin' bed-
quilt. It was handsome I will
give in. It must have took sights
and sights of gumpion, as well as
yaller cloth to figure that out, and
it must 'a' made the stars in the
heaven above feel machin' to look
down on it. Why, there isn't one
'em could hold a candle to it.

Wal, as I was sayin', I was lookin'
at that bedquilt and tryin' to take
the pattern of it off so I could make
one like it for our best bedroom,
when upstepped Hitty, and punched
me in the side, a good, strong punch,
and says she: "Ma, do come
over here an' look at these squash
pies a-settin' up for prizes. Land,"
says she, "why, I wouldn't send
such pies as them out to feed the
hogs with. They'd say: 'Give us a
squash, and we could do better
than that ourselves.' Wal, with that
I went over to see them pies, though
I laid me to leave that bedquilt
and, lady me—I was a sickly lookin'
set. Wal, says I, Hitty May, I do
presoon to say that that pie I brought
over for our dinner is enough
better lookin' than the best of these
here long with you, you'd better
bring it in," says she, "for the
judges are just gittin' round to
set on these pies." "I bought that
pie for our dinner, says I, and I
don't know as 'twould improve
it any to be set on by several men.
It was all I could do to keep
from trompin' all over it as we
came along this morning.

The young feller luffed and said
he guesed they wouldn't hurt it
any, but I felt sort of duber-
some; Hitty May, though—she
kept a nudgin' me and a sayin',
"Do ma, do," still finally, rather
than be drove clean out of my
seventeen senses, I give in. Wal—
all right, sez I. You run and
git it, Hitty May, an' if 'taint
all store to finders a-bouncin'
around in that kittle, you can
bring it to this man, and with
that I walked off, real unconcerned,
to look at the pickles and
jells. I wa'n't goin' to have
that feller think I was set up
by puttin' my squash pie in
Ta'nton Castle Show.

Bimeby, Hitty May came runnin'
up to me all nerved up. "It's in
ma, it's in sez she, 'an' it ain't
spilled a mite, an' it looks
real han' some." Wal—sez I,
cool as a cucumber—I gues I
guess it looks full as an
'em look at the garden sars.
Over by the cabbage-heads
we run across the rest o' the

folks an' I ain't the one to say
there was any'n' cur'us in that.
Then we went around and saw
all the rest of the things, and
the men folks got so sorter
intrusted in some horsencin'
that it was along quite late
when we got round to go an' eat
our vittles. On our way to the
wagon Si sorter hung back with
the women folks, and sez he:
"I'm in hopes you've brought
one of these squash pies yourn,
Hepsey; I've got a hole in me
big as a woodchuck, an' seems
to me one of them would taste
real good." I was goin' to
sort of pass it off, but Hitty
May spoke right up: "Ma,
put it in the show," sez she.
I could 'a' slapped her with a
good will. Wal, you ought
to have heard the howdydo—all
the men folks turned round
and pitched in—they was a
good red alien, but trust
men folks for hearin' when
you're talkin' about vittles
an' sich. Land, you'd have
thought I was goin' to starve
'em to death and that I hadn't
brought a single other thing
to eat but that pie.

Wal—the upshot on it was that
I finally give in and promised
to go back and take my pie
on, providin' them judges
hadn't set on it and make
it more squash 'n it set out
to be. So back we all trailed—
Hitty May hated to like a dog,
but I made her, for I felt as
if she got us into all this
fuss—I leadin' off an' the men
folks taggin' on behind, to see
that I didn't back out when
I got there. I wanted to stop
a minute when we got to the
blazin' star quil, but the men
folks wouldn't hear of it; you'd
'a' thought they was about to
starve right in their tracks.
An' so we got to the row o'
pies an' there, right in the
middle of 'em all, set my pie,
marked full and plain "Mrs.
Hepsey Basset, 'Sonet, First
Prize." You could 'a' knocked
me down with a feather, I was
beat, and Hitty May, she
looked for all the world as if
she'd been made a queen, or
President of our Sewing Circle.
Even Sam yelled out: "Bully
for you, ma! Bully for you,"
and I could see that all the
folks was impressed. So I
turned around sort o' majestic-
like, an' I sez with a grain o'
sarcasm: "Wal, I gues you
won't get that pie for your
dinner this time, after all
you've done, mad as hornets
they didn't say nothin', but
the men folks turned round
pntin' sudden an' travelled
off towards the sheds. I sorter
waited a minute just to see
how my name looked with
'First Prize' tacked on to it,
an' just then upstepped that
same young feller, smilin' as
a basket o' o'chips, an' sez he:
"The judges didn't seem to
spile your pie very much, did
they? Of course they had to
take one piece out to sample
it."

Wal—sez I—I don't know
as they did, and I don't know
as they did not. I can't
reely blame 'em for takin' a
small piece for a sample, though
if they was niver men folks
they wouldn't have stopped
off short of the whole thing.
Why—they're out there now, mad as
hornets to them, they can't
have that pie for dinner.
You'd think they couldn't
relish any other vittles at
all. At that he sorter luffed,
and looked at Hitty May,
an' then walked off and
talked to another man that
was standin' near by. I took
Hitty May by the arm and
walked her across to the
bedquilt, for she's real sharp
at takin' patterns. Hitty
May is, we hadn't been there
more'n a two minutes when
I felt somebody a-touchin'
my arm, an' land sakes if
that same spruce young feller
again—smilin' than ever—
of so could be—an' with my
pie in his hand. He made
a regular dancin'-school
bow an' stuck out that
pie towards me, an' sez he:
"It seems a great pity that
nobody should enjoy this
delicious pie," sez he, "an'
if you're in a great hurry
to go, why I gues we can
oblige you by lettin' you
take your pie just a little
early." "An' then he made
another great bow, and
handed me over a spick-and-
span new two-dollar bill,
an' sez he: "I'm real proud
to present the prize to you,
Mrs. Basset."

At first I scarcely sensed it,
but then I grabbed Hitty May
by the arm an' marched
her off to where our folks
was. I wished afterwards
I'd asked the young feller
to come too—he was so
polite—but I was so
flustered I didn't think.

Wal—at any rate, there
set the men around the
wagon, gloomy as anything,
gittin' ready to eat the
baked beans and vittles
the other women had
brought. An' Hitty May
an' me, we pieced a bed-
quilt this winter that was
as far ahead of the stars
in the firmament above,
as Scipio says. You
step right up to the
north chamber an' take
a look at it; but don't
mention it around, for
it's to be in Hitty May's
settin' out-trossoo, they
call it—when she marries
that Ta'nton feller—
comes Thanksgivin', an'
I ain't only just told
two or three to the
sewin' circle, an' Deacon
Blodgett's wife an' A'n't
Sophie Pierce, an' one or
two others.

I got a secret. Step
right this way.—Winifred
Arnold, in *Everybody's Magazine*.

Something to Remember.

A sure, swift and easily procured
antidote to poisoning by carbolic acid
is said to be common cider vinegar.
This drug has heretofore been
supposed to have no known
antidote. It is claimed that a
half-teaspoonful of cider vinegar,
diluted with an equal amount
of water, followed in a few
minutes by a second dose, is a
sure antidote, to be employed
while waiting for medical
aid. Every poison should have
its antidote plainly printed on
the label of each bottle beneath
the familiar skull and cross-
bones. Quick emetics are the
first remedies to be administered
when poisons are taken, but in
an emergency, especially when
life is at stake, memory and
even common sense fails one,
and though we may recall that
various things, taken with
copious draughts of water, are
given with certain kinds of
poison, the danger of administering
the wrong one overwhelms
one with fear, but if we could
read on the fatal bottle what
to do as once life and, at the
least, much suffering might be
spared.

The Cost of Running Trains.

A recent investigation into the
question of the relative cost of
running trains at high speeds,
as compared with low speeds,
says the *Scientific American*,
has developed the fact that an
increase in speed from 32
to 48 miles per hour, or 50 per
cent., accompanied by a decrease
in the number of cars per train
from seven to four, has resulted
in an increase in absolute con-
sumption of 12 per cent., or about
90 per cent. when figured on the
basis of the number of cars,
which, of course, represents the
earning capacity.

A Remarkable Memory.

"For abnormal development of the
memory commend me to the suburban
railroad conductor," said a resident
of Ashbourne. "I have heard of
many instances of the remarkable
memory these men have for
faces, but I never believed all the
tales that were told to me until
I came home from a trip abroad
the other day, after having been
gone for over three months. I
sailed from New York in the
afternoon, and coming into the
city on my usual train that
morning I discovered that I had
no ticket. I usually buy them in
dollar lots, and my supply was
exhausted. Strangely enough,
I had no change in my pocket,
and I offered the conductor a
\$10 bill. He recognized me as a
regular rider, and said that if
that was the smallest I had I
could square him on the next
trip; that he couldn't make the
change. Well, I sailed that
afternoon and just got back a
week ago. On my first trip into
the city I handed the conductor
a ticket, and instead of passing
on he stopped, knit his brows,
sized me up and said: "Don't
you owe me a ticket?" I protested
that I didn't, and told him I
had been abroad for several
months; but he insisted, and
finally the memory of the occur-
rence came back to me, and I
made good. These conductors
are certainly wonders."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Son's Act Costs \$30,000.

The will of Edward Seidel, of
Fort Wayne, Ind., whose estate
is valued at \$225,000, has been
filed for probate. It puts all
the property in the name of the
youngest son, Otto, his father's
favorite, as trustee. The father
gave Otto a deed to property
worth \$20,000. The deed was in
an envelope with the will. In
the presence of all the heirs
Otto for the first time read the
deed, but, fearing it would be
a basis of family trouble, he
tore it up, saying he would
share equally with the rest. The
act cost him just \$20,000.

Thanksgiving Day November 26.

President Roosevelt issued his
Thanksgiving Day proclamation
on Saturday, October 31. He
designated Thursday, November
26th, as the day of thanksgiving.

A RUNAWAY BICYCLE.—Terminated

with an ugly cut on the leg of
J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill.
It developed a stubborn ulcer
yielding to doctors and remedies
for four years. Then Bucklen's
Arnica Salve cured. It's just as
good for Burns, Scalds, Eruptions
and Piles. 25c, at Green's
Pharmacy Drug Store.

Hard Hospital Fare.

Twenty-four men and five girls
employed at the municipal hospital
in Philadelphia, are on strike
for pure and nourishing food.
The forces at the hospital are
crippled, and physicians are
acting as ambulance drivers.
The strikers include waitresses,
laundry girls, ward maids,
yardmen, gate-men and drivers.
They claim that Emma Gilliam,
the matron, furnishes them
with tainted meat, half-cooked
sausage and hard potatoes.

VIN-TENA, a specific for Blood Diseases,

for Sluggish Tired Feeling, Sero-
fugal Chronic Catarrh, Pimples,
or any form of Skin Disease.
Take VIN-TENA it acts like
magic in restoring New Blood
to the system. If not benefited
your money refunded. All
druggists.

Business Notice.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
CHAS. H. FLETCHER.

Medical.

Mrs. F. Davis, of Logan street, says:
"Doan's Kidney Pills did more
towards freeing me from terrible
pains in my back than any other
medicine ever did. I had taken
so many kinds and so many
prescriptions without any per-
ceptible gain that I was un-
prepared for the improvement
I received from taking Doan's
Kidney Pills. I read statements
about Bellefonte people who
had been cured by their use
and I got them at P. P. Green's
drug store. After taking them
I felt so well that I was down
town with my husband some-
thing I had not done for two
years. I highly recommend
Doan's Kidney Pills to others
suffering from their back and
kidneys. I have more confidence
in them than in any physician's
prescription."

PEOPLE WE KNOW.

THEY ARE BELLEFONTE PEOPLE, AND WHAT THEY SAY IS OF LOCAL INTEREST.

When an incident like the following
occurs right here at home, it is
bound to carry weight with our
readers. So many strange occur-
rences go for the rounds of the
press; are published as facts, that
people become skeptical. On one
subject skepticism is rapidly dis-
appearing. This is due to the
actual experience of our citizens
and their public utterances
regarding them. The doubter
must doubt no more in the face
of such evidence as this. The
public statement of a reputable
citizen living right here at home,
one whom you can see every day,
leaves no ground for the
skeptical to stand on.
Mrs. F. Davis, of Logan street, says:
"Doan's Kidney Pills did more
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years. I highly recommend
Doan's Kidney Pills to others
suffering from their back and
kidneys. I have more confidence
in them than in any physician's
prescription."

FOR FINE BANANAS, ORANGES,

Pine Apples and Lemons,
come to us.

SECHLER & CO.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

BUGGIES FOR SALE.—We have

a nice lot of NEW BUGGIES

FOUR SECOND-HAND ONES

which we wish to dispose of. Prices to suit
the times. Call and see them.

S. A. McQUINN, Bellefonte, Pa.

Jewelry.

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The Latest Novelties,
DIAMONDS,
WATCHES,
STERLING SILVERWARE,

CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
POCKET BOOKS,
UMBRELLAS.

SILVER TOILET WARE,
An abundant Stock at Moderate Prices.

F. C. RICHARD'S SONS,
High St. BELLEFONTE, PA.

College Hardware Co.

41-46 High St. BELLEFONTE, PA.

Hardware, Stoves, Tinware

AT STATE COLLEGE.

WE are prepared to furnish our

patrons with a full line of

Hardware, Stoves, and Tin-
ware.

OUR Hardware consists of an

assortment of Tools, Cutlery,
Garden Tools, Shovels,
Rakes, Wire Screenings,
Poultry Netting, Locks and
all kinds of Builder's Hard-
ware.

STOVES.—We have just received

a full line of the Prizer Rang-
es. We consider these stoves
of the best make. For style
they are unsurpassed, in
weight they are the heaviest.
The flues are large, with
well regulated dampers mak-
ing them one of the best
working stoves in the market.
Everything that is modern is
found in these stoves. We
ask you to come and see
them for yourselves. The
prices are the lowest, consid-
ering quality, etc.

TINNING.—Our tinning is up to

date. We are prepared to do
all kinds of work in this line.
For spouting and roofing we
use none but the best mater-
ials and the best workmen.

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS.—We

have also a full line of paints,
oils, varnishes and glass at
the lowest prices.

WE ask the public to come and see

our stock. We will be pleas-
ed to quote prices at any
time. It is our desire to deal
fair, as we wish to continue
in business.

COLLEGE HARDWARE CO.

State College, Pa.

Saddlery.

WHAT SHOULD YOU DO—

DO YOU ASK?
The answer is easy, and
your duty is plain....

—BUY YOUR—

HARNESS, NETS,
DUSTERS, WHIPS, PADS, COLLARS,
AXEL GREASE

and everything you
want at

SCHOFIELD'S.

Building Business on Cheap John
Goods is an impossibility—that's why
we believe it is to your best interest
to buy from us. Over thirty-two years
in business ought to convince you
that our goods and prices have been
right.

CALL AND EXAMINE AND GET

PRICES.

Restaurant.

CITY RESTAURANT.

I have purchased the restaurant
of Jas. L. McClure, on Bishop
street. It will be my effort and
pleasure to serve you to the best
of my ability. You will find my
restaurant

CLEAN,

FRESH and
TIDY.

Meals furnished at all hours.
Fruits and delicacies to order.
Gave in season.

COME IN AND TRY IT.

47-28-3m CHAS. A. HAZEL.

Plumbing etc.

CHOOSE

YOUR

PLUMBER

as you
choose your doctor—for effec-
tiveness of work rather
than for lowness of price.
Judge of our ability as you
judge of his—by the work
already done.

Many very particular
people have judged us in
this way, and have chosen
us as their plumbers.

R. J. SCHAD & BRO.

No. 6 N. Allegheny St.,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
42-43-61

Travelers Guide.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Condensed Time Table.

READ DOWN No. 1 No. 2 No. 3 No. 4 No. 5 No. 6 No. 7 No. 8 No. 9 No. 10

Nov. 24th, 1902.

READ UP

No. 1 No. 2 No. 3 No. 4 No. 5 No. 6 No. 7 No. 8 No. 9 No. 10

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