

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., December 4, 1903.

A MILE WITH ME.

Oh, who will walk a mile with me,
Along life's merry way?
A comrade bilked and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play.
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.
And who will walk a mile with me,
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see,
The stars shine out o'er the darkening sea,
And the quiet rest at the end of day—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.
With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journey's end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then?—farewell, we shall meet again.
—Henry Van Dyke.

Escapes From Asylum.

Woman Leaps From Window and Passes Waiting Guard, Goes to Seek Her Child. Night Wanderer in Missouri Bottom Lands Had Been Refused Benefit of Expert Examination by Skilled Alienists.

Escaping from the South Dakota insane asylum at Yankton, where she had been confined, as she believes, because of something like a conspiracy; wandering two nights through the Missouri bottom lands, almost starved, and not daring to permit herself to be seen; passing her wedding ring for money to stop at an Elk Point hotel and buy a ticket there to Sioux City, now holding a good position in this city and enlisting her influential South Dakota friends in the search to find her little boy, who has been taken from her and sent to an orphanage—such is the startling story of Mrs. Mable Whitney, formerly a teacher in the South Dakota school for the blind at Gary.

Mrs. Whitney, a bright, educated and talented young woman of possibly past 30, is well known in South Dakota. She read her story to B. H. Lien, of Sioux Falls, at the Garretson hotel. Mr. Lien was a member of the board of charities and corrections when Mrs. Whitney was a teacher at Gary, and was well acquainted with her.

Mrs. Whitney was one of the best teachers ever employed in the Gary school, according to Mr. Lien. She made friends among all classes of people, especially with the unfortunate children who were her wards.

SPIRITED TO ASYLUM.

Leaving the school at Gary, Mrs. Whitney went to Armour, where she conducted for some time a large millinery store.

After leaving Armour Mrs. Whitney went to Sioux Falls and engaged in teaching music. She has distinct talent and fine musical training and succeeded well in this line. Associated with her mother, she helped conduct a large boarding house in Sioux Falls. It is said that she and her mother had some disagreements, which may have been responsible for Mrs. Whitney's troubles.

At any rate, whatever may have been the causes, Mrs. Whitney was committed to the asylum at Yankton. She did not believe she was insane or deserving of commitment, and she tried to induce the authorities to give her the benefit of an expert examination by skilled alienists. In this she failed.

Her mind might have been shattered by the contemplation of her hopeless plight but for her concern about her boy, a bright little chap, who, having lost his father, was the pride and the care of a devoted mother. When she was sent to the asylum, according to Mrs. Whitney's story, the little fellow was sent away to an orphanage or some institution, without her knowledge, and which she has thus far been unable to locate. Nobody would tell her anything definite about her child and her sorrow was pitiable.

But it was this that saved her and determined her to escape. She concluded that she must take French leave of the institution that was practically a prison. The buildings and grounds were guarded and the windows of her room barred by heavy gratings. Escape was no easy matter.

DARING LEAP FROM WINDOW.

First of all Mrs. Whitney calculated that she must conduct herself as a model prisoner. She obeyed every rule, made no trouble to inmates or guards and kept her troubles and her plans to herself. In a short time she knew the routine of the institution perfectly and was ready to attempt an escape.

The heavy shutters of her first floor window were fastened by screws, and these she could reach from the inside. Waiting till a night when she knew there would be no moon, she took from the dining room table a silver spoon. Secretly it until she reached her room, she succeeded in removing the screws that fastened the heavy shutter.

She knew that every night, at a certain moment, the electric current which maintained the incandescent lights throughout the institution was turned off for a brief space. The current had to be switched at that hour from a dynamo to a storage battery. In that brief moment of absolute darkness the prisoner planned to escape.

The grounds of the institution were patrolled by guards. The halls inside were closely watched. But with great care she managed to loosen all the shutter screws, though leaving the frame in its place. Then she sat and waited for the moment when the lights would go out.

The moment of darkness came nearer. The prisoner stood by her window. Her hands were on the shutters, ready to snatch them away and open a road to freedom. The light went out.

Instantly the little woman tore away the loosened grating, dropping it to the ground, leaped through the window to the ground and ran for life and freedom.

She had so few seconds. In them she must get just as far as possible, but she must not be seen running when the lights on the grounds were turned on again. That would be fatal.

AN EXCITING ESCAPE.

Yet every step she could place between herself and the building was a mile on the road to safety. She ran as long as she dared; she concentrated every ounce of physical power in those precious moments, and when she dared run no longer she slackened in an instant to a calm dignified walk.

That same instant the lights were turned on again. Right ahead of her the fleeing woman saw one of the hospital attendants. Walking with business like tread she passed him and went out of the circle of lights about the grounds.

She was started toward freedom. Regaining her breath and steadying her nerves, she set out toward the country. Tramping along a road which she knew led toward Elk Point, she walked till exhausted. Then she lay down in the woods and slept on the ground.

In her dress pocket she had some bananas and bread crusts that she had been able to carry to her room. With these in the morning she made a poor breakfast and trudged on toward Elk Point, keeping out of sight as much as possible. It was a long and difficult walk, but at night she reached the town almost ready to drop with hunger and weariness.

She could not conceal herself longer, for she would starve. She must take some chances. She went boldly to the Merchants' hotel and taking from her finger a plain solid gold band—it had been her wedding ring—said it was valuable and she wanted to raise enough money on it to keep her over night and get a ticket to Sioux City. The negotiation was soon closed. She slept that night and next morning came to Sioux City.

Once outside South Dakota she breathed freely again. She found employment at the Hotel Garretson as a waiter, and told her story to a few friends about the hotel and it was agreed that Mrs. Whitney shall be given assistance. Her child will be found if possible and she was told that she is safe enough in her position and secure from interference by the Yankton asylum authorities.

December McClure's.

McClure's Magazine for December, in harmony with the gentleness of the season, moderates a little its strenuous, battering-toned of the last few months. It is, in fact, decidedly Christmasy, with its beautiful illustrations—many in tint—and amiable fiction; and is all aglow with the spirit of the season. For the strenuous reader, however, there are articles by Ida M. Tarbell, Ray Stannard Baker and others.

"When Elizabeth Went Home," by Ethel Bowman Ronald, is a tale of a young woman who almost deserts her husband and her Dakota home in a burst of nostalgia for the Christmas-tide of her mother's house, but who is brought back in time to her finer duty. "The Celestial Garment" is a tender story by Mary Talbot Campbell of a child who gets her much longed-for and very necessary party dress "from Heaven, right through Mama's heart." The "Christmas Chimes," of Margaret Cameron, is a delightful comedy, permeated with the fragrance of holy and the warmth of yule-log—and love. "Ellie's Farming" is a new story by Helen Reimsnyder Martin, dealing with a little soul-struggle of two (need it be said, a youth and a maiden?) conscientious New Mennonites. In contrast with the tranquillity of these stories are Colin McKay's "Coming on the Chest," full of the strain and struggle and heroism of Man battling the elements; and "The Call," by James Hopper, a strange, weird story of the Philippines. For those that like humor unalloyed there are O. Henry's "Pimented Pancakes," and Sidney C. Kendall's "On the Trail of the Serpent."

The "pancakes" are mythical, but serve their purpose most thoroughly, while the "Serpent" is very material indeed and leaves behind him a most vigorous trail. Among the articles—and no matter how many good short stories there are, a number of McClure's always has stinging articles that one cannot tear to pieces—are Miss Tarbell's resumption of her tranquil and damning expose of Standard Oil moral turpitude; and Ray Stannard Baker's "Lone Fighter," a true story of men that fight for honesty and cleanliness against the active ill-will of the dishonest and corrupt and the passive skepticism of the "good citizen." La Farge begins his series on a "Hundred Masterpieces of Painting," by a splendid article on "Portraits of Civic Life;" and Clara Morris has a scintillating chat about Ellen Terry and Mrs. John Drew.

A Remedy.

He—The doctor told Jack that he had been studying too hard lately.
She—And what did he recommend?
He—Oh, he advised him to go into society a little more and give his brain a rest.—Brooklyn Life.

VIN-TE-NA.—The greatest of all tonics, restores a weakened nervous system, exhausted vitality, brain-fog, nerve-grip, nervousness and sleeplessness, by purifying and replenishing the blood supply. Makes pure red blood. Guaranteed. All druggists. 18-20.

Lo, the Rich Indian.

Every member of the Osage tribe has a balance of \$4,644 deposited in the safest place on earth, in the vaults of Uncle Sam's big bank at Washington, drawing 5 per cent interest. In addition to this they have each 857 acres of land, says the World to-day, about one-fifth of which is in a good state of cultivation and is worth \$10 to \$30 an acre.

Of the total remainder, 866,000 acres are leased for pasturage, mostly to Texas cattlemen, at an average rental that gives the land a value of \$5 an acre to the Indian. But averaging up the whole at the low valuation of \$8 an acre, and this does not take into consideration the oil, natural gas and coal to be found throughout that region, nor the leap in values that must follow the several lines of railway now being constructed through the reservation, the land holdings of each Osage are easily worth \$6,856.

That is to say, a very conservative statement of the wealth of these people must place it at not less than \$11,500 for every man, woman and child of the tribe.

AT THIS TIME OF YEAR.—The word cattarrh means literally to flow down, and it has been observed that nasal cattarrh is a downward course internally, and if neglected affects the lungs and brings on consumption. At this time of the year, this form of cattarrh is greatly aggravated. The discovery of the constitutional nature of this disease led to the administration of a constitutional remedy for it, and the best of which we have any knowledge is Hood's Sarsaparilla—it radically and permanently cures.

Business Notice.

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

A COSTLY MISTAKE—Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake, but you'll never be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Headache, Liver or Bowel troubles. They are gentle yet thorough. 25cts. at Green's drug store.

Medical.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.
WHICH IS BETTER—TRY AN EXPERIMENT OR PROFIT BY A BELLEFONTE CITIZEN'S EXPERIENCE.

Something new is an experiment. Must be proved to be as represented. The statement of a manufacturer in not convincing proof of merit. But the endorsement of friends is. Now supposing you had a bad back. A lame, weak or aching one. Would you experiment on it? You will read of many so-called cures. Endorsed by strangers from far-away places. It's different when the endorsement comes from home. Easy to prove local testimony. Home endorsement is the proof that backs every box of Doan's Kidney Pills. Read this case:

W. E. Haines of No. 1 Beaver Row locomotive engineer says: "I was suffering from an acute lumbago in my back and a dull lingering aching over my kidneys. I felt in my head and there were pains over my eyes and in the top and back of my head and in the upper part of my spine. I was afraid I would not be able to attend to my duties as I was on night work and had to get some rest in the day either on account of my back and these pains I could not rest well. I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and obtained them from the South Block drug store. They proved to be just the remedy I required for they removed the whole trouble."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agent for the U. S. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute. 48-40

Prospectus.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1904.
IT WILL BE MORE INTERESTING, AND BETTER IN EVERY DETAIL.

ST. NICHOLAS is thirty years the best and best beloved of children's magazines: "I know of no magazine here or in England which will compare with it," says Rebecca Harding Davis. "The children of this generation are fortunate in having such a magazine," adds Lucy Larcom. "Nothing that has ever come into my household of children has been in equal degree the stimulus to their artistic and literary tastes," is George W. Cable's tribute.

And St. Nicholas for 1904 will be more entertaining and better than ever before. B. L. Farjeon wrote before his death a delightful story called "A Comedy in Wax." It has adventure for the boys, fairy doings for the girls, and a pretty bit of a love story for their elders; and will run through several numbers. Then there will be other stories, short and long, from Ruth McEweny, Bertha Runkle, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Joaquin Miller, Gabrielle E. Jackson, Elliott Flower, Grace MacGowan Cooke, Frank R. Stockton, Albert Bigelow Paine, Julia Ralph, Laura E. Richards, Tudor Jenks, Lieutenant Schwatka, Margaret Vandegriff, Howard Pyle, Charles F. Lummis, and scores of other well-known writers.

The list of verse writers and artists, some of the very best in the land, who have promised to contribute to St. Nicholas in the next twelve months is a long one. Some of the interesting articles, all of which will be splendidly illustrated, will tell of Japanese athletics for American boys, some queer mail carriers, interesting signs of old London, children in the White House, the Emperor Hadrian's wall, day with Hudson Maxim, how some animals sleep, secret alphabets, diving for pearls, biotic dwarfs, and many other fascinating subjects.

To-day is a good day to subscribe. No girl boy should be without St. Nicholas. Three dollars a year, and that small sum means limitless pleasure and profit for the young people in the home.

The Magazine is an illustration of what can be done in setting a standard and keeping it so far beyond rivalry in a special field that there is no second.—Salt Lake City 48-44

THE CENTURY FOR 1904.

CAN YOU AFFORD NOT TO HAVE THE CENTURY THE COMING TWELVE MONTHS.

The Century for 1904 promises a wealth of reading matter that surpasses even the high standard achieved during 1903. Perhaps the most notable of all the strong features of the volume will be Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "The Youth of Washington," told in the form of an autobiography. It will be a daring and unique piece of historical work, written as if it were done by General Washington himself, sitting down in Mt. Vernon in his old age and recording, solely for his own eye, the story of his youthful life.

Then there will be a series of articles on "Italian Villas and Their Gardens," written by Edith Wharton and illustrated, largely in color, by Maxfield Parrish. Ernest Thompson Seton has prepared "Fable and Wood-myth," brief papers in a new vein, the illustrations in the author's most fantastic and amusing style. Early numbers will bring John Burroughs' "Current Misconceptions in Natural History." Already have commenced the important Thackeray letters, telling the story of the great novelist's friendship with the Baxter family of New York, with facsimiles of manuscripts and drawings by the author. Ray Stannard Baker, whose articles on the Great Northwest and the Great Southwest have been leading and widely accepted features of recent volumes; will continue his notes on these regions; and there will be valuable contributions by Jacob A. Rits, Dr. James M. Buckley, and scores of other notable writers.

Fiction of the volume will include Jack London's strong new novel "The Sea-Wolf," and Wilder Goodwin's clever "Four Roads to Paradise," and a wealth of short stories from Anne Douglas Sedgwick, J. J. Bell, Maurice F. Egan, Roy Roffe Gilson, E. L. Sabin, S. Weir Mitchell, David Gray, Gouverneur Morris, Albert Bigelow Paine, the list might be indefinitely lengthened.

The artists whose work will appear in the Century for 1904 include the best of the day. It is not a question for any cultured thinking man or woman to-day, Can I afford to take the Century this year? The question is rather, Can I afford NOT to take the Century?

"One of the finest magazines of the day."—Oakland, Cal., Tribune, 48-44

Jewelry.

WHERE TO GET.
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.

HARDWARE,
STOVES,
TINWARE

AT...
STATE COLLEGE.

WE are prepared to furnish our patrons with a full line of Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware.

OUR Hardware consists of an assortment of Tools, Cutlery, Garden Tools, Shovels, Rakes, Wire Screenings, Poultry Netting, Locks and all kinds of Builder's Hardware.

STOVES.—We have just received a full line of the Prizer Ranges of the best make. For style they are unsurpassed, in weight they are the heaviest. The flues are large, with well regulated dampers making 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, considering 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 materials 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 pleased 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.

SCHOFIELD has the largest stock of everything in his line, in the town or county.

CALL AND EXAMINE AND GET PRICES.

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.

After July 1st we will Break the Record on Collar Pads.

JAMES SCHOFIELD,
Spring street,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Restaurant.

CITY RESTAURANT.

I have purchased the restaurant of Jas. I. 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. Cash in season.

COME IN AND TRY IT.
47-28-31 CHAS. A. HAZEL

Plumbing etc.

CHOOSE
YOUR
PLUMBER

as you choose your doctor—for effectiveness 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. 24th, 1902.	READ UP.		
No. 1	No. 3	No. 4	No. 2	
A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.	Lve. BELLEFONTE	Ar. P. M. D. M. A. M.	Lve.	
7:00	8:45	9:25	5:15	9:35
7:11	8:56	9:36	5:26	9:46
7:16	9:01	9:41	5:31	9:51
7:23	9:08	9:48	5:38	9:58
7:35	9:20	10:00	5:50	10:10
7:40	9:25	10:05	5:55	10:15
7:53	9:38	10:18	6:08	10:28
8:05	9:50	10:30	6:20	10:40
8:17	10:02	10:42	6:32	10:52
8:29	10:14	10:54	6:44	11:04
8:41	10:26	11:06	6:56	11:16
8:53	10:38	11:18	7:08	11:28
9:05	10:50	11:30	7:20	11:40
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