

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., April 8, 1910.

OLD TAVERN CHARGES.

Guarded as carefully as any of the guests' jewels that lie beside it in the big safe of a great and glittering Broadway hotel in New York city and treasured by the proprietor more than its weight in gold is an old cashbook. The entries run from March to December, 1846. They record in quaint, descriptive phrases the comings and goings of the travelers who stopped at a wayside inn on a turnpike road less than 100 miles from New York. This tavern was kept by the Broadway hotel proprietor's grandfather. The building of the railroad, the passing of the stagecoach and the changes of more than half a century have obliterated this once famous old inn at South Durham, and now all that remains of it is this ancient book, which served not only as a record of cash received, but took the place of the modern hotel register.

The prices charged by this innkeeper of long ago are as far removed from those exacted today as this ancient hostelry is from the gorgeous summer hotels of the countryside where it once stood. The regular price for a dinner was 19 cents, but even this appears to have been "cut" to frequent travelers. For instance, there is an entry of "Candy peddler from Albany, two meals and lodging, 31 cents." Almost every entry is a brief description of the individual traveler and what he got—for example, "Freckle faced, eagle nosed boy, hay, supper, lodging and grease, 31 cents." This boy was probably driving a horse and wagon, which would account for the hay and grease. Another man who was described as a "fellow with tired coat" got hay, lodging and breakfast for 44 cents.

Every few days there came along, according to this ancient register, a "Connecticut man." He invariably spent just 6 cents for food, and that was for pie. On two occasions there is an additional charge for "greasing wagon, 6 cents." There were no theatrical companies touring this turnpike road half a century ago, but a phrenologist appears and vanishes, it being recorded that for "hay, 6 quarts of oats, lodging and breakfast" he gave up 56 cents. Once in awhile a real spendthrift would come along, like the "gent with three ladies and two children." They had six dinners. For these, the hay for the horses, the "meals for the dog" and the "sugar" for the man \$1.23 was charged. There was a wedding breakfast at this quaint tavern too. It is set down as "wedding, Madell's sister, 6 dinners, 12 quarts of oats, \$1.63."

People "went west" by wagon in those days from the thickly settled east to seek their fortunes. Some did not find what they expected and came back again. One such group, an "emigrant family returning east—seven of them"—spent \$2 at the inn. "Three cents' worth of candy" is a frequent entry. Probably the "candy peddler from Albany" paid for his food and lodging in sweets. There are but two entries of anything stronger than lemonade, and those are for beer—four quarts for 9 cents. Oysters were cheap, too, for six plates of them increased the contents of the tavern keeper's money box by just 15 cents.

Among the journeymen along this turnpike road whose passage is recorded in this "yellowed volume" is "Old Partickler." Doubtless he was some cranky old codger who kicked about everything and whose goings the innkeeper sped as much as possible. Then there was the "Whistling Man," the "Stiff Arm Man," the "Dispeptic Man" (he had four quarts of tea) and the "Hen Man," who ate a piece of pie and traded roosters with the hotel keeper. Other travelers along the highway are thus described: "Abolition Man," "Mean Fellow," "Gent With Noble Horse," "Lady With Crying Baby," "Hank Day's Likeness" and "Cravat Peddler" (fool).

Occasionally an old acquaintance would pass by or some dignity, for it is set down that a "friend from Lexington" had hay and lodging one day at the inn. Who knows but he might have been a son of one of the "embattled farmers" who kept the bridge that April morning of the ride of Paul Revere? The "Grand Juror and His Wife" tarried for a meal at the inn the same day as did the "Domestic Wife and Child." On Nov. 3, so the careful chronicler says, the proprietor "went to York," where he remained six days. He must have had a roaring, roistering time of it while in the metropolis, for the next entry in his handwriting is somewhat shaky and says, "Sundries while at York, 50 cents."—New York Press.

The First Dessert Spoon.

When the dessert spoons were invented Hamilton palace, the seat of Sir Charles Murray's uncle, was the first household north of the Tweed to adopt them. A small laird, invited to dine with the Duke of Hamilton, was disgusted to find a dessert spoon handed to him with the sweets. "What do you get me this for?" he exclaimed to the footman. "Do you think ma mooth has got any smaller since I lappit up ma soup?"—London Chronicle.

An Exception.

She (protestingly)—That's just like you men. A man never gets into trouble without dragging some woman in with him. He—Oh, I don't know! How about Jonah in the whale?—Boston Transcript.

Moral good is a practical stimulus.—Putnarch.

Business Deal Between Potter Palmer and A. T. Stewart.

At the time of the civil war Potter Palmer was in the dry goods business in Chicago, and Levi Z. Letter and Marshall Field were working for him. Palmer wasn't so well known, but he had a good reputation in the trade, and he didn't have to introduce himself when he called on old A. T. Stewart to buy some goods. After some dickering they agreed upon the price, and Palmer calmly said that he would take about \$100,000 worth. It was a little larger bill than Stewart exactly cared to sell young Palmer on credit, but he concluded to make the deal and told him to come in the next morning and arrange some final details. That night some big war news came, and it didn't require any declaration by the government to inform every dry goods man in the country that the price of goods would take a big spruce up. Stewart recognized it as soon as he had the news, and he immediately thought of Palmer. He also thought of the big bill of goods Palmer had bought of him. It didn't particularly tickle Stewart, that thought didn't. But it required only a few scratches of his red head to fix things to his satisfaction. He would simply tell Palmer that he was sorry, but that he didn't feel that he could sell such a big bill on credit, and as he knew that Palmer couldn't raise the cash immediately, why, that would end it, and the sale would be off. Well, young Palmer called early, and Stewart greeted him in his very abruptest manner, telling him how sorry he was, etc., but really he didn't think it wise business to extend credit for such an amount.

"Just how much does the bill come to?" said young Palmer, seemingly sorrowful-like.

"Just \$110,000," Stewart replied, and then he straightway gulped for breath as young Palmer drew an immense pocketbook from his inside vest pocket and, opening it, counted out 110 thousand dollar bills and, laying them quietly on Stewart's desk, said: "If you will kindly count them and give me a receipt I'll be obliged, as I must take the next train home. Ship the goods soon as you can, and when you're out our way drop in. Always glad to see our friends."

To Praise a Turkish Baby Is to Terrify Its Mother.

Turkish women, even the most enlightened of them, are very superstitious. To praise a baby to its mother is all your life is worth should the baby happen to fall ill afterward.

The evil eye is the most common belief, and little children, who may be dressed in the height of European fashion otherwise, will wear under the brim of their hats a piece of garlic or other potent charm against the evil eye. Nilsay Hanoun, a woman not only well educated, but possessed of an unusual mind, had four children. They were faultlessly dressed in imported English clothes, but each of them wore some trinket against the evil eye. I teased her about it, and she protested that it was not her doing. "The slaves put them on, and I do not wish to hurt their feelings by taking them off," she said.

I resolved to test her enlightenment, and the next time I saw the baby with her I exclaimed, "What a lovely little creature!"

"You wretch!" she cried. "Spit on that child at once!"

I laughed at her manifest terror, but hastened to add, "I do not think her lovely in the least, for she has red hair and freckles and a pug nose, but I wanted to find out whether it was you or the slaves who put that garlic on your babies."

She shrugged her shoulders. "The slaves did it, but I suppose I do in the bottom of my heart believe in the evil eye. It is in the blood."—Mrs. Kenneth Brown in Metropolitan Magazine.

A Sure Enough Rig.

Bob was telling about his visit to the country. While there he had acquired some rustic idioms, and his mother was correcting these as he proceeded.

"Well, we goes up"—
"Went up."
"Went up on the farm"—
"To the farm."
"To the farm, and there we see"—
"We saw."
"We saw a little kid"—
"Little child. Now begin again and tell it properly."

"Well, we went up to the farm, and there we saw a goat's little child." (Further narration suspended.—Judge.)

Politeness in China.

In China parents are held responsible for the manners of their children. Accordingly, for the credit of their parents, people try to be polite. If you are mobbed in a Chinese town you should look straight at one or two of the people and say: "Your parents did not pay much attention to your manners. They did not teach you the rules of propriety." A remark like this will make the crowd slink away, one by one, ashamed of themselves.

The Reason of It.

"Why is it that novels are so much more popular with the women than with the men?"

"In a novel the fellow invariably asks the girl to be his wife."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Stood on His Rights.

The Lawyer (who is drafting Mr. Snarler's last will and testament)—Oh, but if I may make a suggestion, don't you—Mr. Snarler—Hang it all, who's dying—you or me, eh?—London Tit-Bits.

A lie always has a certain amount of weight with those who wish to believe it.—Rica.

But After Awhile the Young Man Made His Case Clear.

As the young man entered the old man looked up and scowled.

"Well?" said the old man shortly.

"Your daughter"—began the young man, but the old man cut him off abruptly.

"I've noticed that you've been hanging around here a good deal," he said. "I suppose that you've come to tell me that you love her and want to marry her?"

"No," replied the young man calmly. "I've come to tell you that she loves me and wants to marry me."

"What?" roared the old man.

"She says so herself," persisted the young man.

"I never heard of such an exhibition of ecstasical impertinence," said the old man.

"Then you misunderstand me," explained the young man. "My assertion is dictated by policy and not by impertinence. You see, it's just this way. What I want is nothing to you; now, is it?"

"Why—er—not—exactly."

"I might want \$1,000, but that wouldn't matter to you, would it?"

"Certainly not."

"You're under no obligations to supply me with what I want, are you?"

"Hardly."

"Then what a foolish proposition it would be for me to come to you and say, 'Mr. Parkinson, I have been very favorably impressed with your house and furniture, or I think I'd like your daughter' or anything else in that line. But when your daughter wants anything it's different. Now, isn't it different?"

"It certainly is different," admitted the old man cautiously.

"Precisely," said the young man. "She and I figured that all out very carefully last night. You see, I have no particular prospects, and we could both see that there wasn't one chance in a hundred that you would give her to me. Then she suggested that you had never yet refused anything that she wanted, no matter what the cost might be, and that perhaps it would be a good plan to change the usual order somewhat. We sort of felt that it wouldn't be right to ask you to do anything for me, but it's different in her case, as I remarked before. So I'm here merely as her agent to say that she wants me and that she wants me very much and to ask you to please see that she gets me. She never has wanted anything so much as she wants me, and I am so favorably disposed toward her that if you care to make the investment I shall be quite willing to leave the terms entirely to you and her."

Naturally she got him. No wide awake business man is going to overlook a chance to get such a fine sample of nerve in the family.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Bargain.

"I have something for you here, my love," said Mr. Darley as he proceeded to open a large, round box.

"What is it, precious?"

"Wait and see."

Darley carefully unwrapped the article and disclosed a lady's hat.

"Isn't it a beauty?" he asked. "I bought it myself as a surprise to you. Don't you think it is a perfect dream?"

Mrs. Darley gazed at the hat and burst into tears.

"I can't wear it," she cried. "It doesn't suit me at all. You meant to please me, I know, but it isn't my style at all."

"Don't cry, dear. The milliner said you could exchange it, and if you'll agree not to buy any ties for me hereafter I'll let you select your own hats and bonnets."

An agreement was concluded on that basis.

Her Very Clear Thoughts.

"Well, aunty, what are your thoughts about marryin'?" asked a young woman in Scotland the other day of her aunt, a decent body who had reached the shady side of life without having committed matrimony.

"Deed, lassie," frankly replied the old lady, "I've had but three thoughts about it a' my days, an' the last is like to be the longest. First, then, when I was young, like yoursel', I thoct, 'Wha'll I tak'?' Then, as time began to wear by, I thoct, 'Wha'll I get?' An' after I got my leg broken w' that whumel out o' Saunders McDrunthie's cart my thoughts syne have bin, 'Wha'll tak' me?'"

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