

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., April 21, 1911.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought—
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not:
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.
Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or noble pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.
But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,
A woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there it is that battle-fied.
No maraling tropes, no bivaucuous song:
No banner to gleam and wave;
But O, these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.
Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up tower—
Fights on and on in the endless years,
Then, silent, unseen, goes down.
O, ye with banners and battle shot
And soldiers to shove and shove,
I tell you the kindest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways.
—Joachim Miller.

THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT.

"Yes, Monsieur, it is true that our lighthouse-keeper is an ex-convict," said the cure, lighting the cigar that Slade had handed him. "But then, since he has paid the penalty to the province for the life he took, why should he not atone to God by saving lives? Besides," he added, smiling benignly, "it is hard for a man to be so very bad here, in Tete des Rochers."
Some girls came up the path that led to his little stone-hewn house, and, excusing himself, the priest led them inside. Slade and I sat smoking upon the stoop, gazing downhill toward the lights of the Gulf helmet.
"There's some mighty good-looking girls in this God-forsaken corner of the world," said Slade, "but I tell you that old convict's daughter has them all beaten. Did you see the look that chunky French Canadian mill-hand gave me in the store tonight? He's her fiance, it appears, and he's spotted me for a rival. When I think of Marie bestowing herself upon that lout it just makes me sick. It's a crime, that's what it is, and somebody ought to stop it. And if nobody will, why—"
Slade broke off abruptly, and I blessed the fortune that left me but two feet weeks in the year in which to play upon those vagrant fancies that Slade, freed from all need of toil, could indulge perennially.
"We'll hire a boat and row to the lighthouse tomorrow," said Slade. "I want you to take a look at her. I've had quite some talk with her at the store. She wants to leave home and see the world, and fancies it's a sort of magnified and glorified Tete des Rochers. What a life for her, cooped up in that old lighthouse with the old man and her crazy grandfather, or whoever that patriarchal old person is!"
The priest came out again and took up his cigar from the ashtray, on which he had laid it. He waited till his charges had tripped out of sight down the declivity.
"You wish to go to the lighthouse tomorrow?" he asked. "Pardon me if I overheard you; my windows open behind your heads. And I am so quick at hearing," he added, with self-deprecation. "Tomorrow I visit my charges there, and, if you like, I will call for you at your hotel in the afternoon. I shall be your boatman, for rowing is my soul exercise until the hunting season begins."
Slade made a grand air at me. "We couldn't refuse," he said, as we strolled down the hill. "But I don't fancy having that priest around. I wonder how much he overheard?"
He called for us on the following day, late in the afternoon, and we pulled out through the slack tide. A gaudy mist shrouded the Gulf, through which the booming of the bell-buoy seemed to diffuse itself in every quarter. On Tete des Rochers, where the long line of the hills plunged into the sucking sea in steep, black cliffs that shored up the edge of a continent, the lighthouse had already begun blinking gayly when we arrived. We grounded upon the reefs and stepped cautiously across the slippery weeds until we reached the little entrance door, where the keeper met us.
He only granted in answer to the priest's introduction and, turning, led the way up the worn steps of stone until we reached the living-room, half-way to the top, a barely furnished place, austere and devoid of those chromographs and cheap colored prints dear to the French soul. By the fireplace, almost beneath the hollow flue that ascended to the new fire, sat a tall old man of great age, who looked up at us, blinking and mumbling, but said nothing nor rose.
"Never speaks," the priest explained. "But it is thought he understands."
But the girl, Slade had not over-appreciated her. She had the black Breton hair so common among the Canadian descendants of those first voyageurs, tinted with gleams of bronze; in her blue eyes surprise and joy struggled with discontent and conquer it. And now a latent fear, of whose presence in my mind I had been but dimly conscious through the day, leaped in my heart. I felt the interplay of secret antagonisms among those three: between the girl, in whose timid hand I seemed to read a secret understanding, and the father, standing at the door; between the man and the man. At the hearth the graybeard, inscrutable and ever silent, yet appeared to play some part in an unfolding drama; and over all brooded the benign, keen spirit of the priest in his black robe.
Even as the father turned for one instant away I saw the girl's face change and her lips move in low, impassioned speech. Slade whispered something and her eyes flashed prettily in a half-childish anger. Then the father came back, and it was as though the curtain fell upon a drama.
"Come, Marie," he said, harshly. "Our oil runs low; we must carry up more."
Rebellion flashed out from her eyes frankly. Then, with supple adroitness, the priest had interposed himself between the girl and Slade. "I do not think he spoke," I saw the seams of the cassock start as he bent and little folds of cloth run rippling across his back; then the door closed and we three were alone, and the graybeard beside the fire, who never moved.

"The old man thinks I'm no good," said Slade, his face flushed in humiliation at the priest's dexterous rebuke. "If he had any sense he'd never try to hitch her to that pudding-headed mill-hand. Why, the girl hates him! He's got a little less harsh with her and trust her... that's the way with widowers; they want to be the father and mother rolled into one."
The priest came back from the fire. "I believe he had been whispering to the graybeard," he said, "I overheard you again. What should a man do with such sharp ears?" he continued, humorously. "Now, my friend, I heard you misjudging that fine man down-stairs. Perhaps if you heard his story—"
I cannot reproduce his words, with their quaint accentuation, the stumbling idioms, and the strong phrases struck from the man's kindling anger and sense of stern justice; nor the scene in the dark room, with the bell-buoy booming below and the figure of the graybeard only a blur against the spears of the fire. But it was substantially this:
Twenty years before a new yacht lay in the little bay. Its owner was a son of a rich man, a millionaire even in those days, before wealth had heaped up new fortunes for its possessors. Tete des Rochers was then substantially the same as now, save that the cottages did not extend so far along the bluff, and the salmon swarmed in June up the Black River, where now the logs of the lumber-mill float in the dam. The yacht was anchored off the small pier; its owner spent each day ashore, fishing. Sometimes, when he was tired of the sport, he passed his days on the stoop of the village postmistress, whose husband acted as his guide.
I pictured the scene at evening; girls strolling arm in arm along the pier, to see the yacht once more and exchange words with the sailors; a little group just west of the cottage, and one who walked alone, then, seeing a young man approach her, making off, calling back:
"Run, Lisette. Here comes Pierre. If he should catch you you cannot escape him."
Envious were the glances that some cast back at him, for Pierre Desmoulin, with his fine figure and handsome face, could have won many a girl in Tete des Rochers in place of Lisette Tremblay, the daughter of the postmistress, though he was one of the life-boat crew and the death of his father in the maw of the sea foreshadowed his own.
Pierre caught the girl by the arm and linked his own through hers. Thus they passed onward toward the pier, he chattering volubly at times and again silent, she always silent. Gradually, before the girl's indifference, Pierre's speech died away.
They stood at the pier's end, side by side, their arms no longer linked. A tourist boat had cast anchor, and her passengers thronged the decks, staring at the fisher-girls, pitying their lonely lives.
"How happy they are, those people," murmured Lisette, enviously.
"Oh some are happy and some are not," responded Pierre, sagely. "But they conceal their sorrows—as we do."
"But they are free and they can go where they will," said the girl. They are going—to Gaspé," she said, with withdrawn breath.
Pierre turned and looked at her.
"When we are married you will not want to roam," he replied, linking his arm through hers again.
But she detached herself and stood gazing hard to sea, watching the gulls' flight into the gray shadows that crept over the waves. The steamship had cast off and was really beginning to lead into twilight. The opposite shore had vanished in the night mists, and out of depths the vessel shined from stern to bow, blazed like a galaxy of stars.
And he, too, would soon go thus, into that outer world—the young yachtsman who had first taught her that she was lonely.
A voice hailed her, pitched just so as to reach her ears. She started and glanced toward the pier. Pierre was talking to the harbor-master and did not see. A man was beckoning to her from the bow—she knew him: Mark Frere, who ran cargoes of contraband from Baie de Loup opposite, a man of sinister reputation among the coast folk. She saw him laugh, and his voice accentuated the horror of the lonely shore. The incoming tide, turning the brackish water salt, began suddenly to lay the rocks and send up little ripples of spray. Next moment Pierre came back; he had observed nothing.
"You are sad, Lisette," he said. "But when we are married you will forget. Perhaps—"
He could not continue, for the shadow that oppressed her seemed to fall upon him also; it was the loneliness of men who strike against the mighty forces of the hills and the sea.
She watched him in terror. Always that marriage. Would he never cease talking of it? More silent than before they retraced their steps toward the cluster of log houses under the pine-topped cliffs.
Later that night, while Lisette hemmed her wedding-clothes in the kitchen, Pierre talked with her mother, the old postmistress, and the unheeded telegraph clicked out its messages from village to village along the shore. The girl caught fragments of messages that came out of the void, through miles of emptiness. Suddenly HO HO ticked out. It was the call for Gaspé.
Gaspé, the ultimate port on the gray shores of the St. Lawrence, seemed the end of the world to her. And the yacht was going to Gaspé; going soon, going soon. The telegraph sang the words to her; soon, soon, soon, soon.
The old woman, having heard Pierre's story, laid her knitting aside and called. "Lisette, come here!" she cried.
The girl came slowly in, her fingers picking at the garment that she held.
"Pierre complains that you want to postpone the wedding again," she grumbled. "Why are you so foolish, child? If you don't take care you will lose him. He is not a man to be trifled with. Has not the cure talked with you?"
She scolded her, while her father, the half-witted man who guided the yachtsman, strolled in, chuckling and rubbing his hands.
"Jean," cried the mother, turning to him, "here is this daughter of yours again postponing her wedding with Pierre."
"Ha! I knew it!" cried the old man, shaking his pipe at her. "She is a wild thing—she is a little saumon, eh?"
"She wants to travel to Gaspé and the good Father knows where," cried Pierre in exasperation. "Are not all places the same?"
"I knew it," cried the father again. "There lies a salmon stranded upon the rocks hard by the river's mouth. When I saw him this morning I said to him, 'Thus it is with the daughter, my fine fellow.

Farm Life vs. City Life.

"Back to the farm," seems to be the present-day slogan. Men born and reared on the farm in later life migrated to the cities, only to sooner or later discover that they made a mistake. Agriculture in all its branches is on the ascendancy, and its true independence—both from a financial and a health standpoint—is again calling its sons "back to the farm."
It is accepted that, in general, outdoor occupations are more healthful and conducive to long life than indoor industries. A table published some years ago in England shows that the mortality among farmers is less than among any other class studied, except the clergyman. Taking the latter as a standard at 100, the mortality among farmers is 14 percent greater, or 114; grocers, 139; fishermen, 143; carpenters, 148; lawyers, 152; shoemakers, 166; blacksmiths, 175; tailors, 189; physicians, 202; butchers, 211; plumbers and painters, 216; brewers, 245; file-makers, 300; hotel service, 397. Many other occupations are omitted from the above list, but these show how much more chance the farmer has for a long life than those in other business.

In part this is due to a more liberal and varied food supply. The monotony of the farmer's occupation is varied by the change of seasons and succession of crops, and the tiler of the soil is not affected by the practical sameness of his work, as the business man, the financier or the politician, or the broken rest, scenes of suffering and chances of infectious diseases of the physicians, nurses and hospital attendants.
Dr. Samuel W. Abbot says country life in general is more healthful than city life, and the average mortality is less in the country than in the city. The fresh outdoor air helps to promote health and life, but fresh indoor air is quite as important, especially in sleeping rooms. In many farmhouses of modern construction the sleeping-rooms are too small and lacking in means for proper ventilation. The foul air cannot get out to be renewed by fresh air from out of doors in a room with windows and doors tightly closed, unless there is an open fireplace or grate, and the grate is not sufficient for proper ventilation unless there is a fire in it.
It is essential to have pure water, and while the water supply of farms is, as a rule, superior to that of thickly-settled villages where it is drawn from private wells, there are many cases of badly-polluted wells on the farms, and when the water is used in dairies where milk is supplied to large populations they are a source of serious danger to public health. Driven wells are the safeguards. From these the water cannot become impure, coming up fresh from the bowels of the earth.

Water is not always pure that is clean and good tasting. It may even then be badly polluted. No well should be located in close proximity to the cowyard, the back yard of the house, the barn cellar or house cellar, the neighborhood of the hog sty or the cesspool, where the water is driven the pelting snows of winter. But a priest is like a doctor; he cannot wait till the sun comes out. I found a boat above the water-line and dragged it down to the sea, entered, and pulled for the point through the thick fog. A shallop boat lay on the reef, just a common little open boat, such as the tourists use in fine weather. Inside a woman crouched, shielding a bundle in her arms, and Pierre knelt at her side. I had just time to hear her and give her the Sacrament.
"With her two hands, unused to labor, she had pulled that tiny craft clear over the Gulf through the blizzard, her only guide the steady beam gleam on Tete des Rochers. But she was fleeing from sin, Messieurs, and her heart told her that God would strike her if she did not give up the child."
The children, the graybeard rose and came toward us from the fire, his arms stretched out in front of him, as though he groped through the fog of his mind. "She had a salmon's eyes!" he cried. "She had a salmon's eyes."
The cure went forward and supported him, led him back to his chair, and stooping, threw some more fog upon the embers. Then he came back to Slade.
"So perhaps you understand why that fine man is harsh with the girl," he said. "He knows that it is lonely in Tete des Rochers; he knows the tug at her heart and the wild things that clamor in her mind. It is natural that the young should be in love with life and that they should hunger for experiences." He addressed Slade only, and his voice seemed to fill the chamber, re-echoing the solemn call of the bell-buoy without. "But whose offenses against one of the innocent ones, if we were better for him that a millstone were put about his neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea."
Slade placed his hand upon my arm. "Let's go," he said.
"But said afterward that, with Saul, he had been before a binding light which seemed to encompass him, playing its fierce rays upon his soul, so that the necessity of righteousness lay like dividing steel between his purpose and its accomplishment."—By Victor Rousseau, in Harper's Weekly.

His Chance to Vote.

The chronicles of our vice presidents are notoriously barren of incident. This probably was the reason for the way Adlai Stevenson secured the exercise of a constitutional prerogative. It was one sleepy day toward the end of his term as vice president. The United States senate was plowing through its calendar and passing many bills. Bills are considered agreed to in the senate if no oral objection is raised after they have passed through the preliminary stages, but the usual form of asking for the yeas and nays is followed by the presiding officer. The vice president had said:
"Senators in favor of the bill will say 'Aye.' Pause. 'Contrary, No.'"
Not a single response.
"The vote is a tie," announced Mr. Stevenson.
The senator in charge of the bill paused on his way to the cloakroom and looked surprised.
"In case of a tie the vice president may cast the deciding vote. In the exercise of his constitutional privilege the vice president votes 'Aye.'"
A Pearl in the Trough.
"How are you today? Feeling well?"
"Do you really care a rap?"
"Not a rap. I merely asked out of politeness that I see was quite wasteful."—Pittsburg Post.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.—Emerson.

Near Boston Spa, in Yorkshire, England, there is a so-called "wishing well," which is probably nothing else than a survival of pagan tree-worship. The place is called St. Helen's Well, and has been so named ever since the days of the Romans, but those who introduced Christianity into these islands frequently re-baptized the pagan shrines which they found in their path.

The legend runs that people visiting this dried-up well to offer up prayers will have their wish granted if they leave an offering in the shape of a shred of their own clothing and observe a strict secrecy in regard to the nature of their demands. Not only lovers and superstitious country folk make pilgrimages to St. Helen's Well; the grove is frequented in summer time by quite serious people, who do not hesitate, when the backs of their companions are turned, to further the twisted scrap from their clothing to the twisted roots and murmur their heart's desire.

Now that crocheting and Irish lace have become a fad, the girl with many leisure moments spends much of her time making dainty laces if she is skilled in this sort of work. One of the most effective forms of this work is the crocheting of covers for little gold collar pins, and while the lace-maker can cover six of these pins in very little time if she attempts to buy the covered pins one of the shops she will pay a pretty price for them.

You can make beaded hatspin yourself, and so easy is the work and so effective the result that I venture to assert that you will have more than one set in your wardrobe for summer list. Work the beaded hatpin in the same manner as the hatpin, and then gather the edge of the piece and draw up after covering the wooden head. Sew firmly around the pin, and if there be a suggestion of slipping, apply a little mullage on one spot underneath. This will hold the cover firmly in place.
Make two or three pins to complete your set. You can do this in an hour, and you will be pleased with the results.
Abroad some bridesmaids carry a floral muff in place of the conventional bouquet of flowers—a mode very much in favor this year. One of the lovely muff designs shown last week was made entirely of a mass of pure white stockings mounted on a flat mauve silk foundation that had a frill of the silk showing about an inch beyond the flowers on either side.
The white flowers were further brightened by a border of mauve sweet peas, a bunch of the same being laid on the muff. Large muffs made of black lace and net that match lace neck ruffles are likewise to be seen. A very effective addition to a Royal white chiton veiled in fine black and trimmed with a border of black velvet ribbon about an inch wide. To match this was a big flat muff made of blue chiffon veiled with black and trimmed with a big black velvet bow.

Straw beads are the latest trimming for straw hats. These are made in chains and gradles of about three-quarters of a yard in length, and are composed of big, round and oval beads threaded alternately. They can be had in all black or in various colors, and are quite the newest things in the world of millinery.
Another bead novelty is a toque-turban composed of large and small white coral beads, the only trimming of this being one huge conventional flower formed entirely of white coral, which is set in the very front of the toque.
On many of the simple morning tub frocks the collar and cuffs are the sole trimming. There are all sorts of arrangements of these collars, some of which are more on the order of a fichu instead of a plain collar.
These fichu-like collars are generally made of net or lawn and are arranged in folds around the neck opening of the frock, the ends fastening at the belt under a buckle or rosette.
The majority of bridesmaids' frocks are made up in corn-color, blue, mauve, champagne or apricot tones, though the rule is that any light, delicate tone which the bride may fancy is suitable for it. Picture effects rather than strictly fashionable ones are sought for in such dresses, but these, of course, are made to conform to prevailing ideas in dress.

Just now all girl attendants' dresses are short and narrow. They run to the extremely slim dress with perhaps a foot trimming (either a band or embroidery) and seamless sleeves or those that close about the arms snugly. Swan-down trims many of the paler-hued dresses. —Harper's Bazar.
Heavy gray linen is much used for the background for embroideries which are to be employed as house decorations. Bed rooms and living rooms for country houses are furnished in gray in many instances, and the linen is used for bed hangings, cushion covers, table cloths and window hangings. Ambitious needlewomen are embroidering these articles quite elaborate designs in several colors. For one bed room a set of hangings for the bed and windows is being made of the gray linen embroidered with designs of wood fairies and fuschias in tones of violet, green, pale yellow and fushia red.

Although there are only 400 women among the 5,000 students at Cornell University, they won 15 out of 27 places in the society of highest scholastic standing. What significance will the anti-suffragettes in the sex discover in that?

For a spring salad slice Brazil nuts, broken paradise nuts or broken butter-nuts are delicious sprinkled over a green salad that is dressed with mayonnaise or oil and vinegar. These nuts are the rich that they need little else besides the green to make a substantial dish.
The first change of life, the time when the girl becomes, in Nature's purpose a woman, is a critical period in every girl's history. Mothers should use every vigilance not to permit the establishment of conditions which will involve a tremendous penalty in later years. Nothing could be wiser than to suggest the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription at such a time. It establishes regularity, quiets the nerves, and gives a healthy balance to the whole body. "Favorite Prescription" contains no opium, cocaine or other narcotic, and is entirely free from alcohol.