

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., November 3, 1911.

FOR YOU TO MEMORIZE.

Do not drop the fruit you're eating.
Neighbor mine,
On the sidewalk, sewer, or grating.
Neighbor mine:
But lest you and I should quarrel,
Listen to my little moral,
Go and toss it in the barrel.
Neighbor mine.

Look! When'e'er you drop a paper,
Neighbor mine,
In the wind it cuts a caper.
Neighbor mine;
Down the street it madly courses,
And should fill you with remorse,
When you see it scare the horses.
Neighbor mine.

Paper cans were made for papers.
Neighbor mine;
Let's not have this fact escape us.
Neighbor mine:
And if you will lend a hand,
Soon our city dear shall stand
As the cleanest in the land.
Neighbor mine.

DISILLUSIONMENT.

Hello, Zeke," cried somebody from the road down in the hollow in front of the house. A man's head and shoulders were seen gliding mysteriously across the edge of the field that sloped gently from the house to the road. A little way in front of the man the gold-tipped horns of a team of oxen were bobbing slowly up and down, now glimmering through the thin grass, now clearly visible above it.

"Hello, Frank," old farmer Curtis piped back, stopping half-way between the barn and the house with a big milk-can in his hands. "Been to the village?"

"No," drawled Frank; "but I guess I'll be goin' to-morrow."

At that moment the gold-tipped horns vanished behind a wall of green leaves, and a second later the man was no longer to be seen. Still the old farmer stood where he had stopped, gazing dreamily into nothingness.

"I think you're the only one around here that hasn't got a pair of oxen," I said.

"Them be steers Frank's drivin'," my host replied after a pause, speaking as if to nobody in particular. "And I've seen a finer pair only once in all my life."

"Why haven't you got a pair yourself?" I persisted, my curiosity piqued by a strange something in his manner.

"Had'a pair once, and hain't had no others since, and I'm goin' on seventy-one now," he said, moving toward me as if half lost in some dream. Then he sat down on one of the steps leading up to the back porch, placed the milk-can on the ground in front of him, and let a hand rest on either knee. The sunset wind brought a faint crunching sound from the direction in which the wagon with its team and driver had disappeared. As long as it could be heard, the old man turned his head to catch it.

"I was only a little feller then," he said when the silence around us was complete once more. "I hadn't got through with school even, when my father says to me one day: 'If you'll break in a pair o' steers, I'll let you have 'em for your own.'

"Of course, my father was a good man—everybody said so—but he was kinder cold and hard. What he wanted had to be done, and when he showed a favor, it looked much bigger 'an if it had come from somebody else. That there day he made me the happiest boy in this whole State.

"When the steers come, they was black and white, and perfectly matched, taller than I was myself, and they'd long, straight horns with gilt knobs on the tips—just like the steers Frank was drivin' down there."

For a while he rubbed the white stubble on his chin in silence. Then he placed his elbows on his knees, propped his head on his hands, and went on a little more thoughtfully than before.

"They was the finest steers I ever seed, and I let nobody handle them but myself, and I just growed to love 'em. I fed 'em and watered 'em with my own hands. I keep' 'em as shinin' and smooth as could be. I drove 'em in and out, and talked to them just like they was brothers o' mine, and I'd rather ha' sleep with 'em out in the meeder or in the barn than in my own bed. And soon, they minded every word I said, and I'd only to call 'em and they'd come, and I never needed no stick to drive 'em."

"I guess I must ha' had 'em close to a year, and 'twas summer again, and I come home from school one day, when father says to me kinder offhand: 'There's a man wants to buy them steers, says he.'

"But them steers be mine," says I.

"He's willing ter pay mighty good for 'em, too, if he can have 'em right off, says father as if he hadn't heard me at all."

"But you said—says I, and that was as far as I got."

"You're a fool," father rips out, speakin' real sharp, and then he says a little more quiet like: 'Them ain't the only steers in the world.'

"But I tried for the last time, and then father looked at he useter when something didn't please him—just like stone, that was. And he says to me: 'I Guess your mother wants some wood to get supper.'

"And I knowed there'd be no use talkin' to him when he spoke like that."

"The next day I was settin' in my par-

ticular place at school, which was where

I could see out through the window and

clear up the road that ran by right out-

side. And I see a man coming along with

a pair o' black and white steers. And I

see the sun shinin' and blinkin' on their

knobs on their horns."

"Where'd you get them steers?" says I to the man.

"Up the road yonder," says he, keepin'

his eyes still on me. "And I paid as much

as seventy-five dollars for 'em. That's a

pretty big price for a pair o' young

steers."

"You got 'em cheap at that," says I.

"I guess I did," says he. "If only I get

'em home all right."

"Oh, they'll go along all right," says I.

"Well," says he, "the man I bought 'em

of says to me as I was goin': 'If you get

by the school with 'em,' says he, "then you're all right after that, but there's a boy down there as I don't know what he may be up to if he sees you comin' along with them steers."

"Oh, I guess you'll get by the school all right," says I. "All I've got to say is be good to them steers. They're well bro'd, and they're gentle as can be, and you won't need no stick if you only speak kind to 'em."

"So you're the boy," says he. And then he thinks a while and goes on again. "I kinder thought so, and I'm beginning to wonder—"

"Oh, I guess father knows what he's doin'," says I. "And you've got a long way to go before you get home."

"And with that I went back and set down in my place as before, and somehow, as luck would have it, teacher didn't ask me no more questions than that."

"I'd ha' given anything to put my arms around them steers fore the man drove 'em off, but I just dascent—for I known I couldn't trust myself that far."

"That's nigh on sixty years ago now, and I fellin' kinder foolish about it yet."

He raised his head and stared at some point lying up on the hills beyond the grain-covered fields. For a minute or two neither of us spoke. Then he said: "Of course, I known right along 'at was no use for me goin' against father when he'd made up his mind."

"Why did your father do it?" I asked. "He didn't tell me the money, I know."

"When I come home that night, I didn't say a word of the steers, and father didn't say the man to speak first. But I could see him watchin' me out o' the corner of his eye. And next morning I went to school, and still I didn't say nothin', and so it went on for some weeks, I guess, when father says to me one night: 'Pr'aps you'd like to break in another pair o' steers?'

"I've broke one pair," says I, lookin' hard at him. "And I'll never break another if I live to be a hundred."

"That was the last word as ever passed between us of steers. And I never had a pair since. You see, it wasn't that the steers was took away from me—though I'd grown more fond of 'em than of anything I can think of—but 'twas that he'd broke his promise. That I couldn't get over. Somehow the world didn't seem quite the same since, I guess I've been about as well off as most people, but somehow I've always felt things might ha' been different."

"Sakes alive, if you ain't talking of them steers again," broke in his wife, as she emerged from the kitchen wiping her hands on her apron. "Here I been waitin' for that milk—and, my land, if I don't believe you think more o' them steers than you've ever thought o' me!"

The old man rose with a grim on his face, gave his trousers a hitch, and picked up the milk-can again.

"No," he replied, shaking his head. "No—if you'd up and die on my hands, I'd never have another—"

"You're a fool, Zeke Curtis," snapped his wife, withdrawing into the kitchen.

"Yes, that's what father said, too—mussed the farmer speaking once more to nobody in particular. But I guess he meant it kinder different—and, as I said, when they was just a pair o' steers, but when they was gone, the whole world was changed for me, and it ain't never been the same again."

Once more he let his glance sweep the wide fields and the circle of blue, forest-crowned hills beyond them. At last he said almost in a whisper:

"What I'd like to know is how life might ha' looked to me if father hadn't sold them steers!"

Then he turned and walked slowly into the kitchen, still shaking his gray head. By Edwin B. Jorkum, in *Collier's*.

A Shower of Manna.

Some time ago there was forwarded to Paris for analysis from Asiatic Turkey a specimen of an edible substance that fell during a copious shower of rain in the vicinity of Mardin and Diarbekir. It was stated that the substance in falling had been plentifully sprinkled over a considerable area of country.

The inhabitants came out and eagerly gathered up the substance and with it made excellent bread. The "manna" was floury, palatable, and nutritious.

The Parisian chemists say that the sample of the "manna" sent them was in the form of small globules about the size of millet seeds, and that the mass, yellowish on the outside, was perfectly white within. It was pronounced to be a vegetable substance of the lichen family, scientifically known as *lecanora esculenta*.

This lichen is frequently found in the most arid mountains of the desert of Taryar, where the soil is calcareous and gypseous, and grows on the ground amid the pebbles from which it is to be distinguished only by the closest scrutiny. The chalcites came out and, eagerly gathered up the substance and with it made excellent bread. The "manna" was floury, palatable, and nutritious.

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It is regarded as likely that this lichen, abundant in the country where it fell, has been carried up by a water-spout—not an infrequent phenomenon there—and, after being carried by a vaporous wind at a high altitude, had fallen to the earth again in a rain shower.

Nail 106 Years Old.

A 90 penny cut nail that is just 106 years old is some curiosity and it is now in the possession of L. D. Gulich, of 511 21st avenue, Altoona, a carpenter, who thirty-one years ago helped to remodel the Elias Howe house in Philipsburg, when that residence had weathered the winters for seventy-five years. The nail was manufactured in Bellefonte, which was the first nail works in Pennsylvania. The iron was in those days melted and run into pigs when it was cut into nails. This particular spike was found by Mr. Gulich, driven into a piece of hemlock and when first driven it would hold an even ten before pulling out. The Elias Howe house was one of the first houses built in Philipsburg in the good old days when Mr. Phillips who founded the town, was living.—Altoona Times.

What Did She Mean?

"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now," said Mr. Bore; "I'm living just across the bay."

"Indeed," replied Miss Smart, "I hope you'll drop in some day."

The Soul of the Dog.

When the faithful shepherd-dog kills the sheep and attacks his master, psychologists say that, however fatal the dog's impulse, it is not inexplicable; that, like men, dogs have periods of suffering from inherited instincts, the instincts of the little wolf of India, the ancestor of the dog. At such times the mind of the dog returns to the condition of primitive savagery.

Fear plays an important part in the paroxysms of both dog and man, but fear is not the only factor. During the atavistic impulse the dog ceases to be a dog, and yields to the instincts still latent in his nature, despite the eliminating work of thousands of years of civilization. Then terrified by some mental vision, or seized by some dormant hereditary impulse, he breaks the ties uniting him to the master of his love, and becomes the criminal, the killer of man, the cruel exponent of the right of might.

At such periods the dog feels nothing but the impulse to destroy. The sheep-dog has been known to rise from his sleep at dead of night to do his work of murder, and to return to his place on the hearthstone to sleep and to awake in the morning gay, caressing and apparently innocent of evil. Perhaps it is the dim consciousness of his evil ancestors that gives the bravest dog fear of punishment. In the mind evolved by ages of civilization lurk the instincts of carnage; the instincts of a time when to kill was the necessity of life, and when at the last desperate stage, the dog felt before the fury of a stronger than himself.

The natural impulse to give chase to the fleeing, and the desire of fight for its prey, are characteristic expressions of the atavistic instinct, the sudden loosening of the cruel instinct of the wolf, when the dog, trained to defend his master against an enemy, runs in with eyes starting from his sockets and with fur bristling, to set his teeth in friend and enemy alike.

Students of animal mentality cite the case of a dog whose character was so changed by acute pain that his condition amounted to madness. When in his crisis of agony he believed himself to be the victim of an attack from men, then, under the impression that men were his enemies, he was ready to kill.

Such a phenomenon occurs in the mind of the dog who kills the sheep or attacks his master. The violence of the atavistic animal feeling, the feeling of the wild beast, is to kill, because for centuries he lived by killing. At such times the feelings attaching him to domesticity, to civilization, to his master, and to his duty, are temporarily lost, to be found when the crisis has passed.

The same phenomenon is seen too often in humanity, when the untamed savagery of the brute rules; when with nerves exasperated by fury, by fear, or by greed, the man falls to the level of the beast of prey. In time of peril by fire, and at times of other public excitement, many show the instincts of the lowest ages of primitive barbarity.

The dog is like the man; he is what man has made and is making him; he has all the feelings—good and bad—of his master; but he can disintegrate even to hypocrisy.

The faculty most highly developed in the dog is the emotion of tenderness. It is unperceived, all too often, because dogs have but a feeble means of expressing their feelings, and because the majority of masters care little how they feel, but he who can interpret their attitudes, their gestures, the pantomime of the tails moved by all the springs of the spinal nerves he who can read the pathetic language of their implored eyes, knows all their meaning.

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