

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

Comic Opera Ending of a Serious War Scare.

Ludicrous and Rather Undignified Manner in Which Mason and Slidell Were Surrendered to the British Authorities.

By E. J. EDWARDS. Forty-eight years ago, on January 2, the United States government, yielding to the demand of England, ordered the release of the confederate foreign agents, Mason and Slidell, and so brought to an end the possibility of war with England over the seizure by this government of the two commissioners from an English vessel.

After President Lincoln had ordered the release of Mason and Slidell, said Mr. Webster, "Gustavus V. Fox, the assistant secretary of the navy, called upon the secretary of state. 'Mr. Seward,' he said, 'you know that there is a sort of etiquette among naval officers which causes them to ask to be relieved of the duty of undoing what some other naval officer has done. Therefore, the secretary of the navy is anxious that the state department should take over the release of Mason and Slidell. Have you anybody who can undertake the work?'"

"Yes," said Mr. Seward, "there's Mr. Webster. Please tell Mr. Wells that the state department will place him in charge of the work." "It was necessary," continued Mr. Webster, "that Mason and Slidell, who were incarcerated in Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, should be transferred secretly, because public opinion was running so high against them in Boston and elsewhere that it might not have been safe to take them through the streets of Boston. So we communicated with Lord Lyons, the British minister, offering to deliver the two prisoners to any British vessel and at any place he might designate. After some consultation he informed us that a British vessel would be anchored off the harbor of Provincetown, Mass., ready at any time to receive two commissioners."

"We engaged a tug at Boston, which was to await us at Fort Warren, and then steam across Massachusetts bay to Provincetown. When we reached Fort Warren and gave our instructions to the commanding officer, he summoned Mason and Slidell. Mason was a great user of tobacco, and the evidences of it were plentiful upon his chin and his linen, for he was not always discreet in his expectation. He was simply tickled to death to get out of Fort Warren and to be taken to Europe to meet his family."

"But Slidell, who realized that as long as the north held him a prisoner, the chances of British intervention in favor of the confederacy were not hopeless, declared that he wouldn't leave the fort."

"You have put me into this place," he said, "and now you have got to keep me here."

"Mr. Slidell," retorted the commander of the fort, "you were received here by orders of the United States government, and now your release has been ordered by the same authority. If you won't go willingly, I shall have to call a body of soldiers to put you out."

"Slidell still protesting that he would not budge of his own accord, a file of soldiers was ordered up, and they were all ready to take the recalcitrant commissioner, feet first, and deposit him in the tug, when Slidell thought that would be too undignified, and so reluctantly went aboard."

"A heavy sea was on, and that little tug rolled in Massachusetts bay like a cockleshell. The two commissioners were frightfully seasick, and Mr. Slidell, amid his groans, muttered dire imprecations upon the United States government."

"At last we sighted the British man-of-war, signaled to her, and found that it was going to be almost impossible to persuade Mr. Slidell to leave the tug. He was a pitiable object, with his seasickness, his anger and his heavy sense of dignity which had been severely shocked. But we told him that if he did not leave the tug willingly, we should have the sailors put him upon the British launch. Then Mr. Mason, who despite his seasickness was quite happy over his immediate release, came to our aid. 'Come, Slidell, don't be a baby,' he cried. And so this former senator from Louisiana stepped tottering into the launch, and in this rather ludicrous manner the two commissioners, over whom so much fuss had been made, involving danger of war with Great Britain, departed from the United States."

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"Twas Ever Thus. 'There are tricks in every trade but mine,' quoted the stranger. 'What's your business?' we ventured to inquire. 'I'm Boxo, the Great Magician,' we were informed."

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

Great Politician Who Relied on His Intuitions.

Samuel J. Tilden's Prophecy of the Intention of Conkling and the Stalwarts to Nominate Grant for Third Term.

By E. J. EDWARDS. I know that many persons who knew Samuel J. Tilden well were accustomed to look upon him as one of the most sagacious and cold blooded politicians that the country ever had produced. But because of a confidence that he reposed in me shortly after his return from Europe in the early autumn of 1877, I have always looked upon Mr. Tilden as a great politician who followed in great measure the lead of his intuitions.

Immediately after the electoral commission had decided in favor of Rutherford B. Hayes for president, Mr. Tilden set sail for Europe, where he spent the summer. On the afternoon of his return home I called upon him, bearing an important message from Mr. Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun and an intimate friend.

After he had given me a very courteous but dignified greeting, the governor asked a servant to draw two chairs in front of the open fireplace, in which a cannel coal fire was burning, for the day was a little chilly. Seating himself, Mr. Tilden removed his slippers and stretched out his feet toward the fire. I noticed that he wore old-fashioned, home-knitted woolen stockings made of gray yarn.

He drew my chair close to his, and then, in almost whispered tones, and putting his lips close to my ear—although I saw no one within hearing—began to question me after having acknowledged the message which I brought from Mr. Dana.

"I have been away since early April—nearly six months," he said. "I have only learned in the most incidental way what events of interest have happened in the country since that time. You have been here, and you can inform me on some things. Is there anything of interest at Washington, or in this state?"

Instantly there came into my mind the events of the New York state Republican convention, which had been held at Rochester a few days earlier, and I told the governor that Senator Roscoe Conkling had made an extraordinary speech in which he had bitterly attacked the so-called reform element in the Republican party for causing certain removals of federal officials by the new administration—a speech that was a defiant challenge to President Hayes and Secretary of the Treasury John Sherman in behalf of the so-called stalwarts, the radical section of the party in the state. And I added that the speech had caused intense excitement and was taken to indicate a set purpose of the stalwarts, under the leadership of Senator Conkling, constantly to give battle to President Hayes and his administration.

For some time after I had finished my recital, Mr. Tilden piled me with many questions, seeking particularly to know of the personnel of the convention. Then he became silent, and for a long time looked very thoughtfully into the fire. At last he put his lips close to my ear.

"Young man," he said—and I shall never forget his impressive tone—"my political intuitions are infallible. They now tell me the meaning of this Rochester convention and reveal to me the hidden purpose that is in Senator Conkling's mind. From this time on the senator and those who regard him as their leader will strive to concentrate and organize sentiment in the Republican party so as to force the nomination of Gen. Grant for a third term at the Republican national convention in 1880."

I went away, puzzled. Gen. Grant, who had retired from the presidency in March, was then on his triumphant tour of the world, and until Mr. Tilden mentioned his name there had been nothing said about him. But when, months later, it first became evident to the players in presidential politics that Senator Conkling and his followers were planning cunningly to secure a third term nomination for Grant, Mr. Tilden's strange prophecy came back to me, and ever since then I have believed that all through his public career he was guided in large measure by what he was pleased to tell me were his infallible political intuitions. (Copyright, 1909, by E. J. Edwards.)

Pawnbroker Out One Ring.

One of the oldest established pawnbrokers on Lexington avenue, New York, learned something at his own expense the other day when an Italian came in with three diamond rings to pledge. The Italian asked \$350 for the lot. The pawnbroker, who after the custom of the trade carried a very fine diamond on his finger for purposes of appraising others, took off his ring and matched its setting with the stones offered.

"Three hundred for the lot," he announced.

"No-no, tree hun'erd feefty," the Italian protested.

They haggled over the value of the pledge for some minutes and then the pawnbroker shrugged his shoulders to indicate that he would do no business on his customer's terms. As he did so he pushed the rings over the counter. The Italian swept them into his palm and departed. It was not until too late that the pawnbroker noticed that his own gaudy ring had been among the lot that he pushed across the counter.

Ram's Horn Wisdom.

Trials are not sent to crush us, but to lift us.

The wider the Bible is opened the harder it strikes at sin.

God makes some men strong in order that they may help the weak.

The young man who has no fixed purpose in life will soon be "fixed."

Whether truth is handsome or not depends upon who looks into its face.

You can find a dozen honest men to where you can find one contented one.

You can generally tell how much people love the Lord by the company they keep.

A rich man may give the Lord too little, but a poor one can not give him too much.

Every man wrongs the world who does not do what he can for the public good while he is in it.

Jungle Manner.

It is the etiquette of the jungle for the elephant to drink first. No matter how many animals are around the water hole, they all stand aside for the greatest beast of all. Many of the animals come forty or fifty miles for a drink and there is a truce between even the most deadly enemies. After the elephant comes the rhinoceros. Although most of the other animals observe the water-hole truce faithfully, two rhinos will fight over their precedence.

When the rhinoceros has finished, the giraffes drink their fill, followed by zebras. Zebras always travel in herds and sometimes forty or fifty will arrive at the water hole at a time. According to the etiquette of the jungle, however, they only come in fourth for the drinking. The first four animals are fixed in order, but the rest get a drink just how and when they can.—[Pearson's Weekly.]

Passes for Bird and Beast.

Nowadays, even animals have to have a pass to enter a country. Did you know that without special permission from Dr. Palmer, chief of the game reservation division of the survey, no animal, whether bird or beast, may enter the country? The animals are divided into classes, marked injurious, beneficial or neutral. One day Dr. Palmer received a telegram from El Paso, on the Texas border. It read: "Party wishes to bring in one gray squirrel and two chachalacas." Dr. Palmer at once wired back: "Admit them." So this gave the foreign squirrel and the two little gray birds permission to take up their abode in the United States.—Selected.

In a dark night a traveler gropes his way along a familiar path, slowly and doubtfully. Suddenly a blaze of lightning shows him that he is on the brink of a precipice, having wandered in the darkness from the familiar road. What that blaze of lightning is to the eye, Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is to the mind; a revelation of unknown dangers and unappreciated perils. This great work on biology, physiology and hygiene is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"He always was a bad egg, but nobody seemed to notice it while he was rich."

"Yes, he was all right until he was broke."

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The Condescending Sparrow.

Owing to the loudness of its song, a lady in Chelsea used to hang up the canary in its cage in the trees in her garden. She noticed one day a sparrow fly to the cage and, standing on the top of it, began twittering to the canary. By-and-by it flew away, but promptly returned with a worm, which it dropped through the wires for its newly found friend. It continued to be thus civil day by day until the canary would receive

the worm directly from the sparrow's bill.

The lady's neighbors, observing this interesting display of courtesy, also hung up their cages, and were gratified to see the sparrow attend to their birds too; but it always made a point of ministering to the wants of its earliest chum first.—Little Folks.

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