

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 6, 1917.

A PERILOUS CROSSING.

They Got Safely Over and Then Came a Curious Climax.

Mrs. Exe stood on a crowded corner when the traffic was at its height, starting at the thick, tangled come and go of motorcars and drays and cabs, and not daring to venture in among the dangers of that moving mass.

"May I cross the street with you, madam?"

She turned and saw an elderly stranger with lifted hat and gallant smile.

"Oh, thank you!" said Mrs. Exe. And the stranger grasped her arm with a firm grip, and together they plunged boldly into the wild crush of vehicles.

In and out, right and left, up and down, they zigzagged, at imminent peril of life and limb. Pedestrians on the sidewalk stopped and looked at them. Drivers and chauffeurs shouted and swore at them. It was plain to all that they were in unusual danger.

The escort of Mrs. Exe, still wearing his gallant smile, still grasping her arm firmly, seemed to make no effort to avoid the oncoming vehicles. He darted erratically and yet calmly this way and that.

At last by a miracle the other side was reached. Mrs. Exe then jerked her arm away from her escort's grasp, and, with a look of scorn, she said:

"It's no thanks to you that we were not both killed. Why, the way you positively courted danger one would think you were blind!"

"Madam, I am blind," he replied. "That's why I asked if I could cross with you."—New York Tribune.

TALE OF A LOST MINE.

It is Somewhat Cloudy as to its Source and its Veracity.

This touching tale, for the veracity of which we do not vouch, comes from a source that we do not know, says the Engineering and Mining Journal:

"About 1690 a Spaniard in Peru named Jose Salcedo fell in love with an Indian girl. He proceeded to do a thing almost unheard of in those times—he married her. Out of gratitude her mother revealed to him a vein of silver of unexampled richness. He worked it and drew from it considerable wealth—too much for his happiness, for his opulence excited the cupidity of the viceroys. Count Lemos, who had him charged with high treason, the penalty of which was death and the confiscation of all worldly goods.

"It was in vain that Salcedo demanded permission to appeal to Madrid and offered to pay two ingots of silver daily during the fifteen months that must elapse before a reply was returned. The count refused and hanged him in 1699. But the butcher got small good out of it. The Indians, intent on avenging their friend, destroyed the works of the mine, filled it with water and concealed the entrance so cleverly that it could never be discovered. Neither promises nor threats could extract their secret, which remains so to this very day."

This story is more romantic than those of the Gunsight, Pegleg and several other "lost mines" of the American desert.

Getting Even With the Parson.

Parson Wheeler was invited out one afternoon for a motorcar ride with one of his friends. The minister, who enjoyed all outdoor sports, was very enthusiastic over motoring, so he was allowed to drive the car. While speeding along he was stopped by a constable and ordered to the station house. "Well," said the captain, after listening to their story, "you say you were going at only fifteen miles an hour, but the constable declares you were traveling at forty. Now, I don't like to doubt the word of either of you. Can you think why he insists you were traveling at that rate of speed? Is there any grudge he owes you?"

"No," said the clergyman thoughtfully. "No, I can't think of anything—unless it is that I married him four years ago."—Lippincott's.

Alternatives.

A stalwart young German applied for a position on a farm. As he walked into the barn he addressed the farmer. "Hey, mister, will you job me?"

"Will I what?"

"Will you job me? Make me work yet."

"Oh, I see; you want a job," said the farmer. "Well, how much do you want a month?"

"I tell you. If you eat me on der farm I come for five dollars, but for twenty-five dollars I eat myself at Schmidt's."—National Food Magazine.

The Same Medicine.

"Doctor, do you remember three years ago that you predicted positively that I would be a dead man in six weeks?"

"Why, yes, I—"

"Well, I've got a friend in the next room who is despondent about himself. Just tell him there is no hope for him, will you?"

Doing His Best.

Sportsman (after his tenth miss)—Oh, hang the birds! Keeper—Sorry, sir, but we ain't got no string, but if you likes to let me have the gun I'll shoot 'em for you.—Pearson's Weekly.

Quite a Long Way.

"Does it cost much to feed the giraffes?"

"No; you see a little goes a long ways with them."—Harvard Lampoon

DICKENS' ROMANCE.

His Early Love, Who Jilted Him, and Her Pathetic End.

The story of how Charles Dickens was jilted is particularly interesting. When he was eighteen Dickens became acquainted with the three daughters of George Beadnell, a Lombard street banker. With one of them, Maria (the original of Dora in "David Copperfield"), who was a year his senior, he immediately fell in love, and Maria flirted with him very desperately. But the love making of the future novelist was not treated very seriously, for he was not considered by any means an eligible party, and even Maria herself adopted an attitude of amused tolerance.

For three years the affair went on, and then Dickens realized that his case was hopeless. He pleaded in vain with the girl, whose caprices maddened and saddened him alternately, for, as a matter of fact, Maria Beadnell was a willful coquette. The end of it all was a reply that held out no hope, and so the parting came. For twenty years they saw no more of one another.

Ultimately Maria Beadnell was married to Henry Louis Winter, and when Dickens met her again time had wrought sad havoc on his youthful ideal. Mrs. Winter wrote to her old lover, but Dickens did not care to renew a correspondence with his old sweetheart. Then Mr. Winter failed, and the chagrined wife appealed to the lover of her girlhood for help, but without avail, and the romance ended long before the death of Dickens in 1870.—Exchange.

THE LADY EXPLAINED.

Then He Probably Smiled, but It Must Have Been a Sickly Effort.

A woman with fifteen bundles boarded the street car the other afternoon when I was on my way to my suburban residence. She was a very pretty young woman. I felt sorry for her. She was returning from a shopping tour. Being a man with a kind heart, I helped her upon the car and piled her bundles about her. A man got on at the same time and took a seat on the other side of the young lady.

When the car came to my street I was surprised to see her rise and begin to pick up her bundles. Instantly my sense of chivalry prompted me to help her off the car, and, as I was going in the same direction, I asked permission to carry her fifteen bundles. The man got off also and started on ahead.

I was loaded down like a camel crossing the desert. In those packages she had everything from an electric flatiron to a five pound bag of prunes. We trudged along about a half mile. The man turned in at a gate.

When we reached this gate the young lady thanked me and said: "This is as far as I go. I live here. Thank you very much."

"But the man ahead of us, the man who came out on the car with us, turned in here too."

"Yes," she said. "He is my husband, but he hates to carry packages through the street."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Muscular Christianity.

Muscular Christianity found an exponent in the curate of an English diocese of whom James Bryce tells in his "Studies in Contemporary Biography." He "had once, under the greatest provocation, knocked down a person who had insulted him, and the bishop wrote him a letter of reproof, pointing out, among other things, that, exposed as the Church of England was to much criticism on all hands, her ministers ought to be very careful in their demeanor. The offender replied by saying, 'I must regret that, being grossly insulted and forgetting in the heat of the moment the critical position of the Church of England, I did knock the man down.' The bishop—it was Fraser of Manchester—retaliated by asking the curate to dinner."

Indian Caricature.

Humor is more or less a secular enjoyment, and its suggestion in pictorial art therefore necessarily has a secular significance. And as the chief motive of Indian art was religious expression, secularism in the form of caricature was never very much emphasized. But this aspect, though not very frequently represented, was not entirely absent in Indian art. Even the oldest records of Indian painting bear evidence to the fact that the sense of ridicule or satire was not altogether divorced from the canons of art of those times.—Calcutta Modern Review.

Lille and Its Pictures.

Lille, according to a writer in the London Academy, is one of the few uninteresting towns of France. He went there "obstinate in the belief that no town in France with over 200,000 inhabitants could be entirely without interest," but finally "fled to the station, defeated, and took train for Leon." In justice, however, the critic makes the considerable admission that "Lille has perhaps the finest collection of pictures in France outside Paris."

Why She Held on to It.

Mrs. Willful—My husband told me if I didn't like the brooch you'd exchange it for me. Jeweler—Certainly, madam. I'll be only too glad, as four different ladies of your set want it.

Economy.

"Oh, Ethel, why don't you use your finger bowl?"

"What's the use o' wastin' this good jam, mother, when I can lick my fingers?"—Life.

By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world.

CANING THE CULPRIT.

The Marks It Leaves Look Worse Than the Whaling Feels.

In a London police court recently a teacher in a public school was prosecuted for assaulting a pupil by caning him. The magistrate decided that he had not used undue violence and therefore discharged the master.

In this case the father of the boy who had been caned took him to a physician on the evening of the day of his castigation and this doctor found about fifteen wheals on the lad's back. This was evidence of severe punishment, but the magistrate considered it was not too severe for the offense which had caused it, and said that parents had formed an exaggerated opinion of the amount of force that had been used.

Commenting on this the London Lancet says:

"A blow from a cane causes at the time an appreciable amount of pain (which, by the way, is what it is intended to do, but it leaves behind a mark quite out of proportion in its formidable character to the amount of suffering which it causes after the first sting has been endured. If any one doubts this, having perhaps avoided the opportunity to observe it in the course of an exemplary boyhood, the experiment is easily made. Any small boy will be willing to do his share by inflicting upon the seeker after truth a sharp cut or two, the results of which will no doubt be distinctly felt for a time, but only for about an hour, while there will be visible on the well protected and tender skin of the back for some days wheals which would harrow the heart of any mother."

In other words, a boy's back after a caning looks far worse than it feels.

HARDY TUSCAN WOMEN.

One Vigorous Old Dame Who Acted as a Mountain Guide.

Illustrative of the hardness of women in Tuscany, Sir Francis Vane relates in "Walks and People in Tuscany" the experiences of two Englishmen who were traveling in Italy and who appealed to a village innkeeper for a trustworthy guide to conduct them over the pass between the mountains of Rondinajo and Tre Potenze. To their surprise an old woman appeared and announced that she had come to make arrangements for the journey. They concluded she must be the mother of their guide.

"What was our amazement to learn that this elderly dame was our destined leader, and indeed she was got up for the fray in long boots and short skirts.

"On we tramped, she always ahead, walking with a fine military swing which a lifeguard might have envied. The path was difficult and could not be used by vehicles. Our guide led us up the steep way which follows a small and rushing stream issuing from out the side of Rondinajo, and up it we ascended for an hour or more until the pass was reached.

"We here had the merciful intention of sending the old woman back, an intention, however, she very strongly opposed. It was only by allowing her to come some few miles farther on that we could induce her to leave us before she had seen us safely to the end of the journey."

Father and His Daughters.

The habits of a lifetime which began a generation or more ago, the habit of being a source of maintenance and the need of keeping in hand the means of maintenance, the habit of power and of keeping hold of the source of power, may make a man less than fair perhaps in dividing his acquisitions with his wife, but when it comes to the daughters whom he is going to leave in the world when he quits it he is all for securing to them as far as he can a full share of all that is worth having. Hardly can sex selfishness squeeze in between him and his girls. As between them and all males, he is for them. He wants them to lose no good thing that may lawfully be coming to them. He wants no man to bully them, no man to impose upon their generosity, no man to bring them to want, or sorrow or a hungry heart.—Edward S. Martin in Atlantic.

A Maker of Cripples.

Dr. Charlton Wallace once investigated with great care 400 cases of hip joint disease—tuberculosis of the hip. He found that of this number 70 per cent came of tuberculous families or had lived in houses where there had been known cases of active tuberculosis within a year. In both cases the explanation was the same—exposure to infection. When the tubercle germ cannot murder a victim it does its best to cripple him. The only safeguard is to make sure personally that your house does not harbor this greatest of human enemies.—Chicago Journal.

Inappreciative Man.

"You say you occasionally smoke one of your wife's birthday cigars?"

"Yes; I dug 'em up the other day, and they are a great help in my present situation."

"What is that?"

"I am trying to quit smoking for good."—Albany Knickerbocker Press.

Courtesy at the Pawnshop.

"You go first, Frau Meier. I can wait."

"Thanks. I'd have you know I'm in no more hurry for my money than you."—Fliegende Blatter.

Real Ability.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the fool.

"The ability to conceal your lack of ability," replied the sage.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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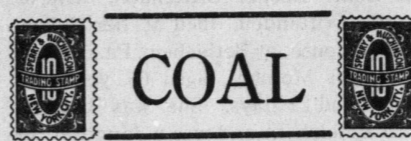
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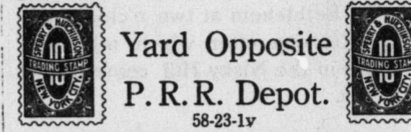
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